From the Toledo Blade.

The Indignation at the Corners.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Wich iz in the State uv Kentucky,
March 24, 1885.

It wuz egg-spectid that the Corners wud be awl tore up by the unaccountable perversenis uv the President in not immejitly removin the nigger Lubbock from the Postoffis, Pollock and Bigler from the two Collectorships, and appintin me, Issaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram in ther places. The good Deekin, Issaker, Bascom and myself hed got ourselves worked up into sich a fury over the slownis uv the President in doin this act uv justis to a long sufferin quartet thet we hed got it worked into our systems thet the entire Corners wuz ez indignant ez we wuz. Bascom wud look at the chalk marks at the back uv hiz door, wich iz hiz day book, and then open hiz ledger, to wich he posts the door, and dror a sigh that wuz hart-renden. Under the supposishen that the feelin in consequence uv this onaccountable delay wuz somethin intense in the Corners, we called a meetin uv the Dimocrisy to consider the situashen, and we antissapated a demonstrashen wich wud make hiz Axidency quake in the White House.

Ther wuz a good many present, for the Corners, hevin nothin pertik'ler to do, iz alluz reddy to meet and consider things, ther care for things uv Nashnel importens, taking in evrything from the best settlin uv the Nashnel debt.

But it wuz a disgustin meetin after all, and did not pan out ez well ez I hoped and expectid.

I hed a series uv resolutions prepared, wich I offered, recitin that the Dimocrisy uv the Corners hed been groanin under the inflickshen uv federal offis holders for 24 long and dreery years, and that now that the Dimocrisy had finally triumfed, the people they demandid with one voice and likewise in thunder tones that the Radikel offishels be turned out and the patronage uv the Government be given to them wich wud uphold the banner of Dimocrisy, and so on.

"Now, my friends," sed I, "we want these resolushens to go thru with a whoop that will be heerd at Washinton, and show the Mugwumps that the Corners iz in earnest. Vote 'aye,' and vote with a will."

To my astonishment, the only voices heerd wuz Deekin Pogram, Issaker Gayitt, Bascom and my own.

"Wat duz this meen?" I exclaimed in a white heat. "Iz the Corners ded? Do yoo know that the nigger Lubbock iz still in the postoffis, and that arch feend, Joe Bigler, is collector uv customs, and Pollock uv revenoo?"

Then ariz Samyooel Smiley, a old Dimecrat, wich iz testified by hiz hevin served in the Confedrasy four yeers.

"I hev a remark to make," sed he. "I did not vote fur the adopshen uv these resolushens, fur a reeson. It iz true the nigger Joe Lubbock iz postmaster, and hez bin fur meny yeers. It iz true that Joe Bigler and Pollock iz Collectors, hev bin fur meny yeers. I know that you, Parson, want to be postmaster, and Issaker and Deekin want to be Collectors, awl of wich Bascom wants likewise. You four hev an interest in awl this. Three uv you want the salaries, and Bascom wants you to hev em, fur he iz very shure that evry penny uv the salaries will filter thru hiz till.

"But wat interest iz awl this to me? I ain't in the ring. I hev no interest in the Postoffis, for I don't send any letters, and ef I did Lubbock will continner to do my biznis jest ez well ez you wud do it. The Collectors we hev collect jest ez well ez anybody kin, and ef the Government is satisfied I am. Ef I wuz goin to hev one of these offises I shud git up and howl about it and howl about it and stay up to howl. I shud sit up awl nite so ez to be on hand early in the mornin to howl. I shud never stop howlin till the commishen wuz in my hands, and I hed histid Lubbock. But ez I ain't goin to git any uv the places, I ain't rendin my linen about it to any alarmin extent. Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but wat do I care, so that I don't git the increase?

"I may ez well remark that there ain't goin to be any trubble among the Dimocrisy uv the Corners ef you don't git the offises at awl. I don't know uv only four members uv the party wich is interested in the matter a bit. I can't see that it will fatten my hogs and to hev you drawin the salary, nor will it give me credit at Bascom's bar to hev the Deekin and Issaker take the places uv Pollock and Joe Bigler. It is possible that the foundashens uv the great deep may be broken up ef yoo don't git them places, but I think not. Shud President Cleveland conclude to continyoo the present officials for two yeers or sich a matter, I think the sun wud continyoo to rise and gild the east with its golden beams every mornin, and illumine the western horyzin ez it sinks to rest evry nite. I hev no doubt the planits wud continoo to gyrate about each other ez usual, end that the comits wud be no bigger nor hev longer tales, than ez before. It woodent bring hog colera nor rust in the oats.

"I move yoo, Mr. Cheerman, that we substitoot this resolushen:

Resolved, that it is the judgment uv the Dimocrisy uv the Corners that ef the President does ez he dam pleases about the offises, three men may starve to death, but that otherwise it won't act either as a fizic or emetic on the body pollytik.

And he put the moshen and it wus carryed by evry voter present ceptin us four, and the meetin adjourned.

And so we ain't goin to git them places! And this iz the reward uv devotion to one's kentry! It iz time thet my tume-stun was bein ordered at once.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Despairin.)

Taken at His Word.

Cleveland Ledger.

When Gen. Sherman's army was at Goldsboro, N. C., Gen. Sherman made a visit to the headquarters of Gen. Howard. While there Gen. Sherman felt the need of a small draught of whiskey to drive off the malarial effects of the climate on his system. Now, all the officers of the army knew of Gen. Howard's rigid temperance proclivities, and were strict in their respect for them. Gen. Sherman knew there was no whiskey in Gen. Howard's quarters, and therefore did not mention his wants to Gen. Howard. Presently Dr. John Moore, the medical director, came in, and after a little conversation Gen. Sherman gave him the wink and said: "Doctor, have you a seidlitz powder in your quarters?" The Doctor answered that he had. Gen. Howard spoke up and said: "Gen. Sherman, it is not necessary to go to the Doctor's quarters; I have plenty of seidlitz powders here and good ones too, I will get you one." If there was anything in Gen. Howard's quarters that Gen. Sherman did not want it was a seidlitz powder, and therefore he said to Gen. Howard: "Never mind, General; give yourself no trouble." Gen. Howard was then getting the powder and glasses of water ready. "I will be going by Moore's quarters after awhile." Dr. Moore was a great wag, and quickly took in the situation and became a party to the joke on Gen. Sherman. He said to Gen. Sherman: "By the way, General, I don't think I have a seidlitz powder in my quarters, and you had better take the one Gen. Howard has." By this time Gen. Howard had the powder all ready for use, and handed the glasses to Gen. Sherman. Rather than offend Gen. Howard by saying he meant whiskey, he drank the foaming stuff down, much to his own disgust, to the satisfaction of Gen. Howard and to the amusement of the staff.

A Hint to Cleveland.

New York Evening Post (Mugwump.)

The request made by the Commissioner of Pensions to Miss Ada C. Sweet, Pension Agent at Chicago, for her resignation, coupled as it is with an expression of entire satisfaction with her management of the office, savors strongly of the spoils system, and appears to be in contravention to President Cleveland's letter to the Civil Service Reform League. In this letter Mr. Cleveland distinctly indicated his purpose not to remove faithful, non-partisan officers during their respective terms, merely to make places for other persons. Miss Sweet's term does not expire untill April, 1886. She has certainly not used her place for political ends. She is not even a voter. A good deal of interest was already called to her during President Hayes' term, by an effort, seconded by a powerful array of "influence," to displace her in order to make room for Mrs. Mulligan, the widow of the late General Mulligan. Secretary Schurz opposed the change on the grounds of civil service reform and retained Miss Sweet against all the pressure that could be brought to bear upon him by the Illinois Senators. Mis Sweet has declined to accommodate the Commissioner with her resignation, and the question now comes up, "Shall she be removed?" This can only be decided by the President. When he comes to examine the case and compare it with the text of his letter we presume that he will at least allow Miss Sweet to retain her place until her commission expires.

An Editor's Tribute.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., *Gazette*, writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle, Large Size $1.00.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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New Orleans Picayune, Jan. 20, 1884.

Mr. Mathias Doll, business place No. 23 North Peters street, residence Royal street, between Jeanne and Bartholomew, New Orleans, has been a most intense sufferer from kidney trouble (diabetes) for the last six long and weary years. He said to us: "Even earlier than that I frequently suffered from pain in the back, and frequent making of water, but gave it no thought until about the time stated, when the almost constant desire to make water became unendurable. The pain in the back, and sometimes in the legs, made me so lame at times that I could scarcely walk. I consulted one of the best doctors in this city, and was under his constant treatment for one entire year without deriving the least benefit. I then consulted from time to time, during the last five or six years, six other physicians, each one standing in the front rank of the medical profession in New Orleans, and though I sometimes was a little relieved of some excruciating suffering, yet upon the whole I was not only no better, but in many respects much worse. My limbs became so swollen and sore that I could not cross my legs when sitting on a chair—all of which, they said, was caused by diabetes. I then tried some highly lauded patent medicine. But they all turned out to be humbugs. I had given up all hopes of ever getting relief, much less being cured, when I noticed in the papers some wonderful cures that PERUNA had made in this city, as prescribed by Dr. Hartman, giving the name and address of each person treated. I called to see him; he at once prescribed his PERUNA, which is not over three weeks ago. I am so much better that if I would not improve any more, I would not for any amount that I had not placed myself under his treatment. All my pain and lameness is gone. The swelling and stiffness in my legs has disappeared, and instead of making water every fifteen minutes, I now make it once in three hours during the day, and only twice in a whole night. I am, indeed, quite well again. Don't hesitate, don't say humbug, but get the PERUNA at once and take it as its printed label directs, or, if you think this is only an advertisement, and not strictly true, call and see me and see for yourself."

Mrs. Huldah Riple, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, & Co., Columbus, O. I have used your PERUNA and it has done me a great deal of good. Have recommended it to many of my friends, who have since expressed themselves as wonderfully pleased with its virtues."

A. A. BLIZZARD

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J. M. RUMBAUGH,
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March 7th, 1885.

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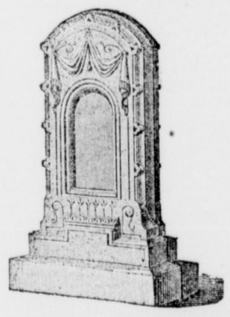

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All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
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Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
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As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885. NUMBER 9.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S
PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST.

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy,

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 284, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 7.

A Fine Farm,

6 miles from Oakland—2,461 acres—100 acres under fence and in cultivation. Good dwelling, good barn, granary, dairy. Well watered. Apples, cherries and peaches; 13 feet of coal, 7 feet superior fire clay.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 160 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality; each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehesver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,
OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration to the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if the medicine is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 531 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. [621-yl

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up-stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A FULL SUPPLY OF
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS
NOW ON HAND.

THIS IS ONE OF THE

Lightest Running Plows

IN USE.

☞ Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
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CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

THE YOUNG WIFE'S PLOT.

"They are determined not to like me," said Octavia Durell, with the tears of mortified pride sparkling in her eyes as she laid down the frigid letter she had been reading. "And it is cruelly hard for me to be forced to meet them without Sigismund's presence to sustain and uphold me. I know just how it will be. My mother-in-law will look coldly and critically upon everything I do; my step-daughter will fancy me a tyrant, and steel herself against me as if I were an inquisitor. Home will be a dungeon and life a burden! Oh. I wish—I almost wish," she added correcting herself, with the shy smile of happy wifehood—"that I had never married. But, after all, what nonsense that is, when Sigismund is so good, so noble, so worthy of a wife's devotion!"

Mrs. Durell was on her way home from India, and, seated in the cool, marble-paved apartment of Gibraltar, from whence the Peninsular and Oriental steamship was to sail the next day, she watched the palm leaves swaying in the breeze, the flutter of the gay green and white awnings, and the turbaned Eastern servants passing to and fro with trays of black coffee, delicately flavored ices, moulded to imitate apples, oranges and pomegranates, with absent, unseeing eyes.

Never before had she been parted from her husband, who was American consul at one of the oriental ports, but a sudden call had arisen for his presence many hundred miles back into the mountain country—a wilderness to which it was impossible that he could take his delicate young wife.

"There is no telling how long I may be detained among those semi savages, Octy," he had said to his wife "and I can neither take you nor leave you. Go home to my mother, and make friends with little Eudora. It is possible that I may follow you in a few months, if all goes well. But, at all events, I shall feel safer if you are secure on American soil. Benson, your maid, is an accustomed traveler, and Leonard, who commands the Pacifica, is my old friend, so that you will lack no care."

"But, Sigismund," cried Mrs. Durell, with a countenance of ludicrous dismay, "a—mother-in-law! and a step-daughter! To be compelled to confront them, all by myself!"

"My dear little goose!" said the consul laughing. "Now you are frightened at mere shadows. My mother is the dearest old lady in the world, and Dora is a darling."

"Couldn't I stay with you? pleaded the young wife, clinging to his arm. "I'd rather be murdered by the natives, or die of cholera down on the plains, than go back to America all by myself!"

"Nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!" cheerily cried out Mr. Durell.

And so the matter had been settled. And Octavia was thus far on her tedious voyage home, when, crossing the chequered pavement without, a slight, graceful figure glided by, with floating lace scarf and deeply-fringed, rose colored parasol.

"It's Janie Weldon!" cried Octavia, springing up and rushing out to intercept the movements of the beautiful stranger.

"Why," cried Miss Weldon, in infinite surprise, it is Octavia Olcott! And here on the heights at Gibraltar! Of all places, who would have dreamed of meeting you here?"

"I am going to America," said Octavia

"So am I," said Miss Weldon.

"But my name isn't Olcott any longer," added the young wife, laughing and blushing. "I am Mrs. Sigismund Durell."

"Then," said Miss Weldon, with her eyes growing larger and more brilliant than ever, "you are the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Alkmond Durell, the lady I am going to Durell Court to visit. Do tell me about her! Is she nice! Is she lovely? Is she——"

Octavia burst ont laughing.

"I never saw her in my life," said she.

"Neither have I," said Miss Weldon. "But she has invited me to visit her because my Aunt Barbara was an old friend of hers. And you really have married the charming young consul-widower? My darling, I congratulate you!"

"I was a governess at Calcutta," said Octavia, blushing and looking exceeningly pretty. "And——"

"I see how it was, nodded Miss Weldon, who had been Octavia's schoolmate long ago. "Love at first sight—and I don't blame him when I see how pretty you have grown. And I suppose dear old Mrs. Durell is delighted to have you?"

"She isn't delighted at all," said Octavia, solemnly. She has written me a letter as cold as ice, regretting that her son should have married again so precipitately (just as if his wife hadn't been dead five years) hoping that we should be congenial, but fearing very much that I should find the quiet and solitude of Durell Court too dull for my tastes."

"But that's horrid," said Miss Weldon. "Not in the least like the letter she wrote me. Wait a minute—I have it here in my pocket."

And, with a heart filled by involuntary envy, Mrs. Durell read the affectionate, almost motherly epistle, which invited Miss Weldon, for her aunt's sake, to make Durell Court her home for as long a period as she pleased, assuring her of the warmest welcome and love.

Octavia's eyes filled with tears.

"Why couldn't she have written such a letter to me!" she exclaimed.

"Because, my dear, you are her daughter-in-law," Miss Weldon philosophically answered. "No woman can welcome the girl who has stolen away her son's heart. It isn't in human nature."

Octavia was silent for a moment; then she suddenly exclaimed:

"Janie, I've an inspiration—a positive inspiration! Let me go! And you keep away for a little while!"

"Go where? Keep away from whom?" said Miss Weldon, in amazement; and then, with brightening eyes, she added: "Oh, I see! Octavia, you are a genius. Come here and sit by me, and we'll arrange it all."

* * * * * *

The golden autumn time had come, and the woods around Durell Court were wearing their brightest dyes.

Little Eudora had tripped around all day, gathering the sweetest roses, arranging violets in saucers of Dresden china, adding new beauties to the suit of apartments which had been prepared for Miss Welden, the only child of "grandmamma's dearest friend."

"For we must enjoy her society all we can before any odious stepmother comes," said Eudora, all unconscious that she was in the least degree uncharitable.

Poor child! she only echoed the chime of popular opinion, after all.

And when grandmamma's pony phaeton came back from the train with the tall, lovely lady in black, Eudora flew into her arms, with all a child's innocent enthusiasm.

"Stand off a little, and let me look at you," said the child, joyously, pushing back her jetty curls—and so like Sigismund's that Octavsa's heart thrilled within her. "Oh, you are exactly like what I pictured you in my mind! And we are going to be so happy together—you and I, and grandmamma—until—until my stepmother comes!"

Octavia looked wistfully at her.

"Dear Eudora!" she said, impulsively, "I love you already. Promise me that you will love me?"

The warm-hearted little girl covered her cheeks, brow and lips with kisses.

"Dear Miss Weldon," said she, "I promise you a thousand times over."

And Miss Durell led the guest smilingly to her room.

"My darling," said she, "I want you to be very happy here. For you are filling a place in our heart that has long been vacant—my daughter's place!"

"But Mrs. Sigismund Durell?" suggested the stranger, coloring deeply.

The old lady made a gesture of dissent.

"I can never love her!" she uttered, sadly.

"But me—you will be kind to me?"

"My dear Janie, you are like my own child already!" lovingly spoke the old lady.

And Mrs. Durrell never suspected the rain of bitter tears which poor Octavia shed when she at last was left alone.

"But I mill make thew love me!" she thought, "and when once their affection is thoroughly mine, I will not let them withdraw it from me, merely because I am Octavia instead of Janie Weldon."

And this beautiful young impostor had not been a week in the house before she had won all hearts. She was grandma's darling, Eudora's confidant, the pet and sunshine of the house. And oh, how her heart beat when Mrs. Durell looked at her tenderly one evening, and said, with a kiss:

"Dear little Janie, I was thinking how many thousand dollars I would give if Sigismund's wife were like you."

Octavia turned first red, then white.

"Mrs. Durell," she said rather hurriedly, "if I were Sigismund's wife——"

And just then a bevy of guests were shown in, and the words of confession checked on Octavia's lips.

But the secret betrayed itself at last as secrets will always do.

It was a rosy December sunset, the fields all decked with carmine, the huge fire of mossy logs cracking in the tiled fire-place of Durell Court. The old lady was serenely dozing in the blaze, and Eudora was helping her guests to arrange roses, fresh gathered from the green house, in antique majolica vases when the door opened and a tall, well-moulded figure strode in.

"Well, mother! Well, Eudora——"

The old lady started up with a cry. Eudora looked with dilated, wondering eyes; but first and sweetest of them all Octavia was in her husband's arms.

"Sigismund!" she cried hysterically; "oh, Sigismund!"

Old Mrs. Durell recovered herself with an effort, and looked on in amazement.

"Sigismund," said she, "I did not know that this lady——"

"This lady, mother," he answered, brightly, "is the sweetest and dearest lady in all the world to me—my wife!"

And Octavia hid her face on her mother-in-law's shoulder.

"Dear Mrs. Durell," she whispered, forgive me for stealing you by strategy, for, indeed, I despaired of ever winning it in any other way. Janie Weldon told me that I might borrow her personalty. She, too, is coming after New Year's, and——"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Durell, nervously wiping her spectacle glasses, "I don't know what to say!"

"Say 'I forgive you,'" said Octavia; "and also say, 'I love you little daughter!'"

"I love you, dear little daughter," said the old lady falteringly. "And as for forgiving—why I am not certain but I need forgiveness the most of all."

While little Eudora clung closely to the young wife's side.

"I don't care whether you are my step-mother or not," she said. "I love you, and I shall always call you mamma, now!"

And then the happy, excited little group gathered around the fire, and explanations followed all around.

Octavia had to recount her little plot so often betrayed by the fullness of her own heart. Sigismund had to relate the combination of circumstances by which he had obtained a year's leave of absence from his Eastern consulate, and managed to take them by surprise; and a more joyful household was nowhere to be found. "I was beginning to wonder why Mrs. Durell, junior, did not come," said the lady, with a smile.

"And I was dreading it terribly, said Eudora, with a pretty little grimace, and all the time the mischievous darling was in our very midst."

And that very evening Octavia sat down and wrote to Janie Weldon what a success her plot had proved. —Helen Forest Graves.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and an abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs."

Call at Sturgiss Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00

Several years ago General Grant uttered these earnest words about the Bible: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we look as our guide in the future."

Remove boils, pimples, and skin eruptions, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ETHIOPIOMANIA.

Vers de Societe (new style). Dedicated to a Fashionable Young Lady who Plays the Banjo.

I.

Piano put away
In de garret for to stay;
De banjo am de music dat de gals am crazed about.
De songs dat now dey choose
Am 'spired by de colored muse,
An' de ole kind o' poeckry am all played out.

CHORUS. O, Maud Elaine,
Sweet as sugar-cane!
Hush dat music, let my poor heart go.
For hit's sweeter dan de band
To heah yo' little hand
A-plunk-plunk-plunkin' on de ole banjo.
Clog dance.

II.

I ain't from de Souf;
But yo' pretty, pretty mouf
Done took to singin' darkey songs in such angelic tones
Dat jest fo' yo' sake
I'se a-gwine fo' to take
Some lessons on de tambourine, an' learn to
Play de bones.
CHORUS, *and double shuffle.*

III.

O, when Maudie sings,
And picks 'pon de strings,
'Twould charm a deaf-and dummy, or a possum from a tree.
She holds dat banjo so,
In her arms as white as snow,
I'd gib a half-a-dollah if dat instrument was me!
CHORUS, *and walk-around.*

IV.

So play, play an' sing,
For de banjo am de king,
Its music brings de belles an' beaux a-knockin' at de doah.
We'll dance heel an' toe
Till de lamp burns low,
An' de Turkey carpet's worn away from off de parlor floah.
CHORUS, *and grand break-down.*

—*Henry Tyrrell, in Century.*

AN ARCADIAN ROMANCE.

Which Ended as All Such Romances Should.

[Captain Prentice, C. S. A., to John Forbes, Esq., Brook Ranche, East Park, Colo.]

NEW YORK, June 11, 1884.—*Dear Forbes:* When I promised to write you during my leave I hardly expected to shower such favors upon you within a fortnight after leaving you in Denver. But the fact is, I have, as usual, a request to make. Don't feel in your pocket for your check-book, for this time I am not going to ask a loan. I met an old friend of mine at a reception last evening, Mrs. Harwood, whose husband was Major in the Seventh Cavalry. She played the dickens with my heart ten summers ago, and I have not seen her since. But in the interval she has married, become a widow, and, if reports are to be trusted, has broken a dozen hearts. Well! I did not start out to write you the history of my first love affair, or the fate of the heroine, but to tell you that Mrs. Harwood is going to Colorado for the summer, and that I have suggested the Park to her if she wants the best of times in the simplest of ways. Why I did it I can not imagine, for I have heard of her as a belle of the gayest New York set, and she does not look suited to Arcadian simplicity. But she seized upon my proposal; said she was leaving the "beaten road" in order to get just the attractions I held out, and to the Park she seems bound to go. Possibly when she reaches Denver she will decide on some other place, but my knees are knocking together lest she may carry out her present plan, and hate me as its author. Now for the favor. Will you, when you visit the hotel, look over the register for Mrs. Alice Harwood's name, and, if you ever find it, will you look her up?

I have promised her this in your name, and I know if you once meet her you will be friends and her stay will be made delightful.

Mrs. Harwood's party will consist of her two sons—have I told you she was the mother of twins?—and an aunt who plays duenna.

If you were not the best fellow in the world, and I not sure of the resulting pleasure, I would not ask you to give yourself a thought for one of my friends. But here's your chance, old man, of studying the best type of the American product. I am desperately glad you are going to be on the ranch this summer, for I should tremble to ask Wyndham anything in this line. I leave this afternoon for Washington. Beyond that my plans are not made, so write me care army headquarters and your letter will be forwarded.

As you have written me one letter and a postal during over six years' friendship, I anticipate great entertainment from your pen while on my travels. With regards to Wyndham, I am, very truly yours,

J. W. PRENTICE.

[Brantly Wyndham, Brook Ranche, Colo., to John Forbes, Esq., Sommerset Club, London, England.]

JULY 8, 1884.—*Dear Jack:* Your letter was brought over Saturday night by Beale and Richards, who came for some shooting. They agreed it was only fair for me to share so rare a treat, so Beale read it aloud. We roared over your description of the Edinborough trip and used some pretty hard language over the fate that kept us here when our hearts were "awa."

A pretty good idea that, for you and Black to wait for me in London, and if all goes as well as I now expect I shall be able to join you by October. It will be time enough to quarrel over the trip when we can plan together, but I am for Greece and Italy, unless you both take a stand against me, in which case I shall yield to the majority. The cattle are looking splendid, and I am more and more convinced that Duncan understands how to look after details better than you or I ever did. The round-up will not commence before August, and I shall stay in Colorado till not only that but the shipping is over. I am going to consign to the Chicago yards this year. Beale has talked me over. Richards and he are talking of getting another range near Cheyenne and forming a stock company. If they do I shall put in $5,000 with them.

With the exception of one trip to Denver I have been vegetating right here ever since you left. I gave a dinner yesterday to two Philadelphia fellows—friends of Richards. As the new china hasn't come, we were two plates short, and the fish gave out; but I saw no inclination on the part of Wilson—by the way, he is proving himself an excellent cook—to follow the example of Vatel. Perhaps because our nearest approach to a sword is the carving knife, and that has been pointless for weeks.

We made the welkin ring and had as good a time as only five jolly bachelors can.

I have left to the last my remarks on the colossal impudence you displaced in inclosing Captain Prentice's letter to me. "So as you are not here to dangle after the mother of the twins I will be obliged to do the proper thing by her!" By Jove! I'll cut and run first! Confound Prentice! If I had dreamed of the contents of that letter it would not have been forwarded to you. How did it happen you missed seeing him in New York? It's all well and good for you to say I shall only have to call once. You know well enough that this "American prodigy," will never hesitate to ask me to let her see the ranch; that she may know how we live so far from civilization. They are all alike, and I remember too well that girl from St. Louis—wasn't she?—who wanted an invitation to dinner of you for her party after you had been presented to her half an hour. If a girl can get along that fast what wouldn't a widow accomplish? I tell you Prentice showed a great mind when he said what he did about me. I will do all I can for any man you send out to my cara, but away with twins, duennas, and widows. I am not for them.

Well, my lad, remember you are under oath to run up to Inverness and tell my blinded family all of good you conscientiously can about their idolized son. If any matter of business comes up I will write again. At any rate, you will hear from me before I join you. I know too well your epistolary habits to say: "Let me have a letter soon," but you know, when you wish to write, who appreciates your efforts most highly. With good wishes from Beale, Richards and myself for a jolly holiday, I am, hastily, BRANTLY WYNDHAM.

[Mrs. Alice Harwood, East Park, Colo., to Mrs. James Creighton, New York.]

FEB. 24, 1884—*My Dearest Edith:* This is the sixth letter I have written this morning, so you can imagine the desperate state my correspondence was in. I know you are furious with me for not writing you before; but, my dear, you would forgive me could you realize how entirely I am shut out from the world in this beautiful Park, hemmed in as it is by mountains and having no connection with the busy life outside save the stage that comes in every other day. Don't think I am about to plunge into rhapsodies over the scenery. I shall spare you all that, knowing that Aunt Mary has written you, and that her poetic soul has not been content until you and Jim shared her ecstacy as much as possible. But I do wish you were here to enjoy the lovely walks and drives, and, best of all, rides I am delighting in. Speaking of rides suggests a funny adventure I had a week ago, which may amuse you.

Did Aunty write that we met Captain Prentice just before we left New York?

You remember him, of course. I had a desperate flirtation with him at West Point the summer before I was married. I had not seen him since, but we renewed our old acquaintance, and it was he who told us about this delightful place. Just before leaving us he told me that he should write to one of his best friends, a Mr. Forbes, who lived on his ranch, ten miles from the hotel, to call upon me when I arrived at the Park. Naturally I felt a flutter of delight at the thought of knowing one of those mythical ranchmen of whom we hear in New York, and especially as Captain Prentice told me he was an Englishman and a thoroughly good fellow. I confidently expected each day after we were domiciled here to receive a card from Mr. John Forbes, but none came. Finally, becoming impatient, I asked one of my fellow-sojourners, an awfully pretty Philadelphia girl, if she had ever heard of him. Now, my dear, I do not intend you and Jim to be allowed to prophesy my speedy retreat unless an attractive man is forthcoming—for I am perfectly absorbed in Aunt Mary and my boys: and, besides, I came here to escape the sex. But I digress.

She had heard of him; her brother had dined at his ranch when he was here, but Mr. Forbes was not his host. He was in Europe, and his partner, a Mr. Wyndham, was in command. Of course this led to a discussion of the ranch, which my pretty girl tells me her brother raved over, and then to a mention of Mr. Wyndham. His name is Brantly—did you ever hear anything more swell—and the brother aforementioned described him as the best of good fellows—but dashed his sister's hopes by the cheering information that he was never known of his own free will to speak to a woman. Naturally after that I gave up all expectation of seeing a ranch, and devoted myself to the boys and learning to leap a four-barred fence.

This, my own dear sister, is a descriptive prologue. As the curtain rises on the comedy itself, picture a country road—mountains as a back—and seated on a stump a woman dressed in a riding-habit and gazing anxiously in every direction. A stanhope suddenly comes into view by a turn on the road, and the solitary woman leaps to her feet, prepared to attract the attention of the driver. The signal is made. The horses are stopped, and a decidedly good-looking young man, arrayed in a white-flannel suit and East India hat, leaps to the ground.

Young Man (removing hat)—"I fancy I can be of some service to you by your look of distress as I was passing."

Forlorn Female (very hot and red)—"You are very good to interpret my signal correctly. I foolishly started from the hotel for a ride alone this morning"—marked disapproval expressed in young man's eye—"and getting off my horse to gather some flowers, he broke away from me and left me as you see, at least six miles from home."

Y. M.—"Certainly a shabby trick to serve you, but if you will allow me the pleasure, I am going to the hotel and will be most happy to have you occupy the other seat in my cart."

F. F.—"You are extremely kind, and I gladly accept."

Thereupon the young man assists the F. F. into the cart, his face bearing a decidedly bored expression and a determination to be frigidly polite—nothing more. Desultory conversation on each side—the weather touched upon—the beauties of the Park mentioned—then a long silence. Young man gazing into space. Young woman casting about in her mind how to find out her protector's name. A sudden inspiration! It must be—it is—Brantly Wyndham. The woman's name is Harwood, and she has been called good-looking, but no glance of admiration comes from her host. No time is to be lost! They are reaching the hotel! It is now or never! She turns and says: "I wish to thank you for so kindly bringing me out of my dilemma. I think I was getting quite hopeless—so far away and alone." Quiver in voice. Young man turns, evidently fearing hysterics. Grand coup d'etat. "I am Mrs. Harwood, of New York, and I should like to know the name of my rescuer."

There, it's sheer nonsense for me to try and keep up this farce! I beg leave to drop all dramatic form. It was Mr. Wyndham, and he is the best looking man I ever saw. He pulled himself together after my little finesse had wrung from him his name and told me "that his friend Forbes, who was abroad, had written him about me." It seems Mr. Forbes had sent Captain Prentice's letter, which followed him to Europe, back to his partner asking him to take his place in what it asked. Mr. Wyndham said that, being no lady's man, he had hesitated to call upon me in his friend's stead, but "was grateful for this meeting," etc., etc. All bosh, because I knew he was raging inwardly. We reached the hotel, and I asked him to pay me the visit now. This he declined to do, but would, with Mrs. Harwood's permission, "drive over soon to further an acquaintance so charmingly begun." So he bowed himself away, and I never expected to see him more, for he looked anything but happy over the situation. But the fates have determined to bring us together. I was sitting on the veranda this afternoon waiting for the mail when he appeared before me. Of course he stopped and tried to prevaricate without looking conscious. "He was just about to send me his card; would I not accept a call here?" I think I made quite a good impression, for, gauging my man, I used no little feminine arts to attract him—was calm, dignified and collected. We discussed the West—Chinese Gordon—and finally his beloved mother country. He told me that he was a Scotchman, and that his family lived at Inverness. While we were chatting Aunt Mary joined us, and Mr. Wyndham staid on until the stage came in, bringing a friend, whom it seems he was expecting—when he left us and in a moment bowled off toward his ranch in as swell a stanhope as graces Bellevue avenue.

Here, sister mine, ends the first chapter of as pretty a tale as I can write you from Arcadia, and most probably you in the whirl of your Newport season will have no time to interest yourself in it. I have succeeded in covering a number of sheets with my nonsense, and my watch points to the mystic hour of midnight. With love to Jim, whose chief perfection in my eyes is his good taste—so beautifully displayed in the "sister" he chose for me—and with a hope of soon being cheered with one of your letters, I am your own ALICE.

[The Same to the Same.]

MY DEAR EDITH: It was so sweet in you to pretend to find such an interest in my rambling letter! I show my grateful appreciation by answering yours at once. I do not like to think how soon this lovely summer will have ended, and my journey back to civilization commence! But I do long to see you and tell you all I can not write. And so I really excited in your breast a wild desire to see Mr. Wyndham? You would detest him, I know; and he would disapprove you from your Langtry bang to your Louis Quinze heels, so you can imagine how little I should love to be the means of bringing you together. I have grown to know him quite well and like him better every time we meet. He is so genuine, so honest and frank, that he is like a new element in my life. My set of men at home are so detestable, worldly and blase. Yes, I like him, and yet I never get over my surprise that I know him, he is so little of a woman's man. After that day on the veranda—of which I wrote you, did I not?—we met several times casually, when one day, to my surprise he asked me to drive over the scene of our first meeting with him—in his cart—and that jaunt completely broke the ice. So I have driven with him, and ridden Mr. Forbes' horse, and spent one delightful day on his ranch. O, that day! I give a sigh of happiness every time I think of it.

Mr. Wyndham had a couple of men from Cheyenne stopping with him, and one evening, when they had all been dining at the hotel, he suggested to aunty that she bring Leslie Stephens—with whom, by the way, I am very intimate, she is a Philadelphia girl, and very pretty—and your humble servant over to his quarters next day for luncheon. Although poor, dear Aunt Mary questioned the propriety of visiting Bachelors' Hall, we persuaded her to our way of thinking, and went.

The road to the ranch lies through the park and is perfectly beautiful. After ten miles, which aunty and the boys took in a carriage, and Leslie and I in the saddle, we reached the dearest little log-house, with a veranda across the front furnished with lounging-chairs and a hammock to make it inviting. A tiny lake within two hundred feet of the house added to the picturesqueness, and the glorious old mountains and brilliant blue sky completed the scene. Our host and his friends, a Mr. Beale and a Mr. Richards, met us on the veranda—helped us dismount and took us inside, where we were served with sherry and crackers.

After a lovely hour spent out of doors we sat down to as dainty a lunch as heart could desire, in the sunniest of dining-rooms, which is worthy of being described. It looks out upon the lake, and is not more than twelve feet square. On one side is a great bay-window, and on the other an old-fashioned fire-place, with a high, narrow mantel over it. The china was all in view in cupboards built in the walls. All over the house the rafters are left in the ceilings, and the plaster is rough-dried, which is really wonderfully effective.

Besides this pretty dining-room there is the hall, a trifle larger, which serves as a living-room. It also has a fire-place, and a great log was burning on the andirons the day we were there. The hall is furnished with great easy-chairs, two luxurious couches, quantities of skins, and a few really fine etchings. All over the house Navajo blankets hang as portieres, but "all over the house" does not mean much, as there are only three sleeping-rooms and a kitchen besides those I have described. There! Now that I have done justice to Mr. Wyndham's abode, I will go back to my tale. After luncheon we roamed over the place, took a row, swung in the hammocks, and had, in fact, a long, idle, lovely day. Mr. Beale brought out his banjo, and we sung a lot of old songs, and finally at five o'clock we went home, escorted by all three men. Don't think, my dear, that the fascinating Brantly has succumbed to my charms. He likes me, I fancy, as I like him, but there is not a vestige of a flirtation between us. This party even was proposed by Mr. Richards, who is dead in love with Leslie, but I profited by her attractions. Yet I am confident that if in Mr. Wyndham I have not even "half a lover" I have "all a friend," which in this unstable world would be far more desirable.

I am making my plans to be at home in two weeks. We are all vulgarly well. Aunty longs to dwell in tents forever, and my dear boys contemplate the return eastward with moans of dismay. With love to Jim and your sweet self,

YOUR DEVOTED SISTER.

[Brantly Wyndham, Chicago, to John Forbes, Sommerset Club, London, England.]

SEPTEMBER 27.—*Dear Jack:* I suppose Duncan wrote you that I had started East—so you will not be surprised at the postmark on this letter. Everything was so satisfactorily finished up at the ranch that I decided to come on to Chicago, settle with the commission men, and get to New York ten days before I sail. Perhaps this will not reach you before I am on the ocean, for I am booked for the Gallia the 22d.

I have had a tremendous summer. Richards was with me for six weeks, and he did not get away until he had been taken captive, bound and made a slave by a girl, from the East somewhere, named Stephens. The poor old man is completely gone, and the only remedy I see for him is matrimony. Speaking of the fair sex, I met Mrs. Harwood after all, and knew her quite well. The fact is we were thrown together by chance. Her horse ran off and left her alone on the ranch road. I came along, gave her the vacant seat in the cart, and took her home. Of course, after that we met more or less, and she is such a sensible little woman, with as much horror of a flirtation and all that as I have, that we became good friends before the summer was over.

That's right! Shout all you please! For, of course, you *are* making an ass of yourself.

Richards wanted his love over for the day, so I asked Mrs. Harwood with her aunt and children to join her and lunch with us. The new china had come, so we could make a decent enough appearance. They seemed to enjoy themselves so thoroughly that we repeated the invitation, and had them all over to dinner, driving home later by moonlight. Mrs. Harwood has gone back to New York, so I shall see her before I sail. Don't think I am going to be a second Benedict. Remember, Beatrice did not have twins.

This is all stuff and nonsense, old man. Your widow turned out to be a jolly little woman, and improved my summer, but I have no intention of trying to replace the late major. So make your plans to meet me in London, and early in November we will start on our jaunt.

Business has been magnificent this year. We cleared fifty per cent.

Auf wiedersehen,
BRANTLY WYNDHAM.

[Mrs. Alice Harwood, New York, to Mrs. Mary Van Littart, Boston.]

OCT 9, 1884.—*My Dearest, Most Beloved Aunty:* I have something to tell you the most surprising, the most unexpected, and the most delightful it has ever been my good fortune to confide to you! Are you prepared? Will you swear you will not faint? Very well, then, here is my news:

I am engaged to Brantly Wyndham! O, my dear aunt! you who have been a mother to me, I wish I could lay my head on your breast and tell you how happy I am. It all came about so strangely. I had not heard a word from Brantly since we left the Park, but knowing he had his passage engaged on the Gallia I expected to see him here about the 9th, and that was one of my reasons for refusing to go with you to Boston. Well, Sunday evening I was sitting alone over the fire, feeling forlorn enough—you know how I hate my own society—when his card was brought me. I don't know how it happened, for I was all unconscious of my state of heart, and Brantly vows he came to call without a thought of offering himself to me. But some way it came about. He had told me that he loved me, had asked me to be his wife, and I had accepted him, all in a minute, and without any preface as I look back to it. And we are the two happiest creatures the sun shines upon. I am in too excited a condition to write intelligently. This is only a word to beg of you to come home and give me your blessing. Jim and Edith came up from Newport this morning. They dine here to-night and meet the man of my choice. I want to look my prettiest, so will say good-by to my dearest of aunts and hie me to my bed to snatch a beauty sleep. Come home and help me make my friends approve my choice. Of course I need not say that Brantly has given up sailing. He has postponed it until January, when we will go together. Lovingly,

ALICE.

[To John Forbes, Sommerset Club, London, Eng.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1884.—Can not join you. Make plans without me. Have given up passage. Will write reasons.

BRANTLY WYNDHAM.

[Extract from New York Paper Jan. 28, 1885.]

WYNDHAM—HARWOOD.—Wednesday, Jan. 27, at the residence of the bride's brother Mr. James Creighton, Percival Brantly Wyndham, second son of Sir Lhyniph Wyndham of Invernsss, Scotland, to Alice Creighton Harwood of this city, the Rev. Dr. Banner officiating.—*Chicago Tribune.*

BIRDS.

The Erotic Character of Their Melodious Outpourings.

The majority of ornithologists agree in ascribing an erotic character to the songs of birds; not only the melting melodies, but also those of their tones that are discordant to the human ear, are regarded as love notes. Darwin finally, saving some reserves, came to accept this view. To be able to speak critically of the love song one should pay especial regard to the love life of birds. It would be to throw water into the sea to add to what ornithological writers have advanced concerning the vital worth and cosmical significance of of love. Nevertheless, I venture the opinion that the origin of the song habit is to be found in other sources as well as in this important factor, among which is the joy of life, manifested in an irresistible determination to announce itself in melody; and that the song is more perfectly brought out in proportion as this feeling is more highly developed in the organization. Birds in freedom begin to sing long before pairing, and continue it, subject to interruptions, long afterward, though all passion has been extinguished; and domesticated birds sing through the whole year without regard to breeding time, though no female or companion ever be in sight. Such birds, born in captivity, never feel the loss of freedom, and, if they are well taken care of, are always hearty and in good spirits. The bird sings, to a large extent, for his own pleasure, for he frequently lets himself out lustily when he knows he is all alone. In the springtime of love, when all life is invigorated, and the effort to win a mate by ardent wooing is crowned with the joy of triumph, the song reaches its highest perfection. But the male bird also sings to entertain his mate during the arduous nest-building and hatching, to cheer the young, and, if he be a domesticated bird, to give pleasure to his lord and the providence that takes care of him, and in doing so to please himself. Lastly, the bird sings—by habit, as we call it—because the tendency is innate in the organs of song to exercise themselves."—*Boston Globe.*

LITTLE LEAKS.

It Is the Little Wastes That Bring Trouble to the Householder.

It is an old adage that "a looker-on sees more of the game than the players," and this has been forcibly brought to mind by observations made in some households for a few months past. The housewives of course were not aware of the little wastes or leaks that were constantly in progress in their family; they were mere trifles taken one by one, but it is the small leaks that sink the ship sometimes. For instance the bread pan had dough and flour enough left on the bottom and sides to make a good-sized biscuit; this went into the swill pail or drain. The gravy or butter left on the meat platter, or perhaps a large piece of nice steak, went the same way, or to the chickens or cat. It was too much work to make soap; it was cheaper to buy; so scraps of meat and grease were thrown away. Potatoes were cooked by the quantity, and what were left after a meal were thrown into the swill pail. Buttered toast, cake and doughnuts all went the same way. "We farmers raise our own wheat, grow our potatoes, make our own butter, etc." True; but we farmers make our money by these little things, and frugality and stinginess are too very different things.

All these are little items, but in the course of a year they amount to quite a sum, that might just as well be saved, and I could not help thinking that it was no wonder that some farmers had such hard times to get along and make both ends meet. The men do not see the waste. They provide bountifully, as in duty bound, and if they wonder why things do not spend better and last longer, it does not answer to find fault or grumble, and, perhaps, they do think sometimes "that a woman can throw out faster with a spoon than a man can throw in with a shovel."—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—Charlotte Cushman "had a foot of her own" in size, and generally wore fours, but could crowd into a three-and-a-half on a "tight squeeze." One night, soon after recovering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, she was wearing a pair of slippers much too small for her. Darting behind the wings between the scenes, she snatched them off and threw them as far as she could, exclaiming: "Ye gods! Somebody lend me a pair of slippers, or I'll go on in my stockings!" "What number do you wear?" asked a young actor, ready to help her in her emergency. "O, never mind the number; anything from five to twenty!" she replied.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—One of the greatest curiosities in Japan is the wonderful and almost indescribable variety of coins that are used daily, it requiring in some instances 1,000 pieces to make a dollar.

IRON MAKES WAY FOR STEEL.

Steel Taking the Place of Wrought Iron for All Purposes—Its Superior Strength and Cheapness—Puddlers Out in the Cold.

A correspondent has written to the *Sun* asking whether the rails now in use on the railroads of this country are made of iron or steel. Although no iron rails are made now, there are still a few old iron rails in use. As fast as worn out they are replaced by steel rails.

Few people now actually engaged in the metal trade are aware of the wonderful strides made by steel in recent years. In fact, steel is wholly taking the place of wrought iron. Steel is simply a mixture of iron and carbon, the quantity of carbon ranging from twenty-five to two per cent. of the mass. It is not only stronger and for almost every purpose better than wrought iron, but it is cheaper.

Its first victory over wrought iron was obtained in England, where steel rails for railroads were found to be much better than iron in several ways. They did not wear away so rapidly under the wheels, and they were able to stand a greater strain. The first Bessemer steel plant in this country was started in 1867. Its product was used for making rails, and the total amount for the year was 3,000 tons. For a number of years the Bessemer steel was almost wholly devoted to that purpose, the high price at which it was sold making it unprofitable for other uses to which wrought iron was put. Steel rails brought $160 a ton in 1867. But after the panic of 1873 prices came down, and in 1875 the rails brought $75. The hard times of 1879 lowered the price, in spite of combinations among owners, and in 1883 steel rails sold for $40 a ton. Since that time the price has fallen steadily, and a recent price list puts the price of rails at $29, and of steel slabs, ready to be rolled or forged into any shape, at $28 per ton.

The result of these low prices is that bridges are no longer made of iron. Steel beams have taken the place of iron in the fireproof buildings. Steel ships are built instead of iron ships. Steel boilers replace iron boilers. Steel rifles replace the old cast iron cannon. Wherever tensile strength is required steel is used.

The use of steel in beams and girders for houses and bridges was a natural sequence of their use in railroad tracks. But the use of this steel has not been confined to railroads and steamships. The big tin plate factories in Wales began to experiment with steel instead of iron about two years ago. Tin plate contains about ninety-three per cent of iron and seven of pure tin. The steel plate was found to be cheaper, and the articles made of steel tin plate were superior. For making tin dishes without seams or soldered joints, the Siemens process steel plate is not only superior, but it is about the only kind that can stand the spinning process. This country now imports 240,000 tons of tin plate annually, and it is all made of steel plate with a tin coating.

One field in which steel has not yet wholly displacee iron is in the manufacture of nails. The plates from which nails are cut can be rolled from steel ingots as easily as from puddled iron, but the steel plate is harder to cut and the cutters charge a little more for the work. The plants engaged in making steel nails are limited in number, and the price of steel nails is higher than that of iron. The steel nail is smoother, stronger and handsomer, and has made its way in spite of the higher price, but the difference in price is rapidly dwindling, and will, no doubt, soon disappear altogether. In November, 1884, the Wheeling manufacturers charged thirty cents and the Troy men twenty-five cents a keg more for the steel nails. Quotations during the last of February this year were $2.10 per keg for steel nails and $2 for iron. The profit to the manufacturer of the steel nails is much greater on account of the smaller cost of the plates, and the only thing that prevents the iron nail makers from using steel plates entirely is that it takes money to change the plant, and after the great depression of the past two years money is not over abundant among iron manufacturers in any branch of the trade.

A curious outgrowth of this improvement in the manufacture of nails is the action taken by the trades unions in the West at the instigation of the puddlers. By the old puddling process of making iron plates for nails, the pig iron was melted in a great furnace and a small army of men stirred up the melted mass with long rods until the impurities were burned out and the iron became pasty instead of liquid. By the new process the melted pig iron in a big pear-shaped kettle is subjected to a powerful blast of air which is forced up through it from the bottom until the impurities are burned out. Then another small amount of melted pig iron is poured in and the mixture is ready to be cast into ingots. By the old process twenty skilled men could turn out fifteen tons of nail plate in a day, while by the new process four common laborers and one skilled mechanic can turn out from 150 to 250 tons in a day. Naturally the puddlers must lose their occupation.

There is one thing that has not yet been successfully made of steel, and that is a propeller shaft for a steamship. Experiments were made in England and after considerable money had been lost the attempt was abandoned.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Up-Hill Journey.

A tavern keeper on the San Bruno road was aroused late the other night by the call of an antiquated granger, who sat over the front wheels of a lumber wagon, and who was very much preplexed about something.

"I say, Mister," said the old man, scratching his head; "this is the road to 'Frisco, ain't it?"

"Cer't—but, old man, what have you done with your hind wheels?"

"Jerusalem Scott!" said the old farmer, getting out his specs; "If I haven't lost them hind wheels. That explains the whole thing, Mister. Seemed like I had been going up such an all-fired long hill I was beginning to think I'd lost my way."—*San Francisco Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The University of Madras has graduated 899 persons, none of whom are Christians.

—The Jesuits have recently purchased the villa in the Island of Elba which was occupied by Napoleon after his abdication, in 1814. It is to be converted into a college.

—During the year 1884 there were 244 new Lutheran churches erected in the United States, divided in language as follows: German, 138; English, 59; Swedish, 22; Norwegian, 14; Norwegian-Danish, 7; Danish, 2; Finnish, 1; Slowakian, 1.

—"The City of Churches," as Brooklyn has been styled for many years, appears not to be correspondingly a city of church-goers, as one of her ministers finds upon investigation that there are 250,000 people there who never go to church.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Wedding fees constitute an important item in the revenues of the popular ministers of New York and Philadelphia, their annual receipts sometimes reaching $5,000. The fees vary from $10 to $200. The average of one minister last year was $80.

—An eccentric Perthshire Scotchman, all his life a member of the Free Kirk, has left his entire fortune—about $150,000 in our money—for the building and endowment of a Wesleyan chapel in a village where, so far as is known, there are no Wesleyan inhabitants.

—A Lowell man whipped out his memorandum-book in church the other Sunday and took down this remarkable thanksgiving from the lips of his scientific pastor: "We Thank Thee, O Lord, that we are permitted to unwind the mighty coil of material circumstances, and gaze into the everlasting abysses where flaming comets roll."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Pastor Dickinson, of Norwich, Conn., was accused of having said in prayer meeting that the spirit of the late U. S. Gardner had appeared to him. What he did say was that a brother of Gardner, who had spoken in the meeting, brought the dead man so vividly to his memory that he could almost see him standing by his side. His description was so striking that the hearers construed it literally.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The new head-master of Eton proposes to return to the old system of admitting boys of eight or nine years of age, it being the latter usage to admit only those of twelve or thirteen. It is urged that the boys are at the school too short a time to get the full benefit of its discipline, and, as they cannot be kept till they are older, they should be gathered in when they are younger.

—Donald G. Mitchell, better known as Ik Marvel, is said to be much pleased with the Professorship of belles-lettres, which he has held for a year past at Yale College. The students regard him as an amiable and delightful instructor, and many of them have read his "Dream-Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor" with an interest approaching enthusiasm. He studied law forty years ago, but never practiced, and afterwards attempted daily journalism, but did not find it to his liking.

—Rev. Dr. Shedd, in a letter to the New York *Observer*, insists that faith in eternal torment makes men tranquil and cautious, but never throws "a sound orthodox man into a consternation or makes him lose his head." On the contrary, he says: "Hell is like any other danger. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. In order to escape danger one must believe in it. Disbelief of it is sure destruction. Speaking generally, all who acknowledge hell and fear it, will escape it; and all who deny a hell and ridicule it, will fall into it."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—In respectable society it is said that usually one generation in a family makes the wealth, a second spends it, and the third goes back to the foot to begin again.

—Bill Nye says: "Some of the things that we know should be saved for our own use. The man who sheds all his knowledge and don't leave enough to keep house with fools himself."

—Some people think it would be nice if everybody in the world would mind their own business. But it would not. Over one-half of the people in the world would be out of employment and not know what to do with themselves.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—A forlorn-looking man said: "I've tried everything that I could turn my hand to, but couldn't make anything answer; and now I have decided to go up among the hills, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mrs. De Blank—I am so glad Mrs. De Bright is going to remain in the city another month. She is perfectly charming; the most lovely woman I ever saw. All the ladies adore her. Mr. De Blank—Is she pretty? Mrs. De Blank—Of course not.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A twelve-year-old boy entered a news-stand, threw down fifteen cents, and said: "Gimme 'The One-Eyed Demon of the Ditches,' 'Crimson-Handed Bill, or the King of the Highwaymen,' and 'Sal Slumpkins, the Queen of the Shoplifters,' of the Half-Dime Series." And yet an English review once sneeringly asked: "Who reads an American book?"—*Norristown Herald.*

—Patient—"And so you advise the hot-water cure for my dyspepsia?" Doctor—"I am sure it will relieve you if you take it in the right way." Patient—"When is the best time?" Doctor—"Just before meals. Take about a quart after you sit down to the table." Patient—"A quart! Why, then I would have no room for anything else." Doctor—"Certainly, and consequently no indigestion."—*N. Y. World.*

—"Now, then," said the cashier to his wife, "are you dressed for the journey, my dear?" "All ready, my love." "Got the boodle safe?" "All safe." "What kind of a dress is that you have on?" "It is a pull-back." "A pull back! Good heavens! The idea of your thinking we can escape to Canada while you wear a dress like that! Don't you see I've got on a cutaway coat? Go and put on a dress with a sloping train, and your hat with a flyaway feather. We must take every precaution setting out on such a journey."—*Buffalo Courier.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE NEW BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I is a brand-new baby, just two weeks come to town;
My eyes is any color, an' my hair is soft and brown;
The best of it I'se ain't a girl; that makes me crow with joy!
An' I'll show 'em who is master here when I'se a bigger boy.

I is the first grand-baby my grandpa ever had?
I'se got a lot of grandmas, but only one granddad;
I'se got a lot of uncles an' a good big lot of aunts,
Who I guess are very anxious to see me dressed in pants.

But papa says I'm yet too young, an' mamma laughs a b.t,
Till Rover dog an' baby me finks she must have a fit;
I guess now I will shut my eyes, an' when they see me smile
They'll say "he's gone to slumberland to stay a little while."

—*Irene Dana, in Philadelphia Call.*

TOT'S EXPLOIT.

She Goes a-Begging and Meets with Wonderful Success—Her Triumphant Return Home.

Crash! bang! ting-a-ling-a-ting! went the piano. Mrs. Bevere lifted her aching head from the lounge with a groan.

"Oh, Tot! *won't* you please be quiet for five minutes?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Tot, shrilly, scrambling noisily from the piano-stool, and coming up to where mamma was lying. I was trying to play a jewet with kitty, but she's just horwid to-day, Mamma Bevere. *She* made all that noise."

"Put the kitten out of the room, Tot," said Mrs. Bevere.

"Shall I fan you, mamma?" asked Tot, when the reluctant kitty had been dragged out of the room by the tail.

And two or three gusty breaths from a palm-leaf fan swept coldly around Mrs. Bever's throbbing head.

"Thank you, no, Tot," said mamma. "Won't you go into the dining-room and shut the door behind you? If I could only go to sleep, perhaps I'd wake up with my headache gone. You may tell Mary Ann to give you some bread and milk."

"Shall I sing you to sleep, mamma? I can sing 'Little drops of water' lovely. Shall I?"

"No, Tot," said mamma, in desperation. "I know you must be hungry, so I won't keep you here. Mary Ann may give you an orange, too."

So Tot went, blaming herself remorsefully for neglecting "Mamma Bevere," but an orange was something not to be resisted.

And now the bread and milk and orange were gone, and Tot was making lively, if rather discordant, music on her silver mug with the spoon. It had been raining, but now the shower had ceased, and a beautiful rainbow appeared in the east. Tot had watched it, delighted, till it had slowly vanished; but Tot was quite sure that one end had been sticking in the ground in their garden.

"I am going to dig some gold," she announced to kitty, who was purring contentedly in the warm sunshine which had suddenly burst into the room. "Don't you want to go 'long? Why, you naughty, lazy thing! Don't you know we'll get rich if we go?"

"Now we *ain't* rich, kitty, for I once heard Mrs. French say it was queer that mamma had only one servant, when papa was making so much money. She didn't know I helped do the washing, I guess. When I told Papa Bevere he just laughed and said:

"'Mrs. French is liable to be mistaken.'

"I'll bring you a chain for your neck, kitty, made of twenty gold cents."

But digging gold was certainly discouraging work, and Tot's arms soon began to ache. She knew exactly where the end of the rainbow had been, but she could find nothing there except a rusty nail. Mamma's silver spoon had broken right in the middle. Tot became disheartened. Then a happy thought struck her; she would go a-begging.

She had seen a little girl once who sang and danced, and who got, oh, ever so many pennies!

"I can sing 'Little drops of water,'" thought Tot, "and Papa Bevere says I can dance lovely."

Mr. Smith, the next-door gardener, was tying up some vines that had been beaten down by the rain. His dilapidated straw hat was hanging on the fence. Tot put it on. It was ever so much too large, and flapped dismally over her face when she walked. But beggars must not be choosers, you know.

In a twinkling Tot was out on the sidewalk, with the silver mug which was to hold the pennies clasped tightly in her hand. Oh, naughty little Tot!

There was an old gentleman reading a newspaper out on the veranda of the first house Tot decided to enter. He looked just like her grandpapa, so she wasn't a bit afraid of him.

How he stared when Tot began to sing "Little drops of water," and how he laughed and applauded when she danced!

Really, begging was great fun, Tot decided, when, breathless with her exertions, she held out her mug, and the old gentleman put a shining silver piece into it.

How people laughed on the departure of the funny little figure, which rang their door-bells so furiously and sang and tripped a polka so irresistibly! Most of them knew who she was; but, somehow, no one thought of sending her home.

Tot felt very rich, indeed, as she looked at the shining heap of pennies and silver pieces in her mug.

Two ladies and two gentlemen were playing croquet out on Mrs. French's smooth-shaven lawn. They looked as fresh and happy after the rain as the birds and flowers did.

Mrs. French her-self was reclining in a hammock, reading a book. She was a slender, elegant lady, who talked in a soft voice, which fascinated Tot, in spite of the vague idea she had conceived that she ought to dislike her very much.

"I've come a-begging," announced Tot, halting directly before the hammock. "We ain't rich. My papa says you're liable to be mistaken. We don't *need* more n one servant, 'cause I help do the washing. Shall I sing for you?"

As Mrs. French nodded, her face was a study. She was a lady, with lady-like instincts, and I am sure she felt thoroughly ashamed of herself because of what she had said about the Beveres.

The croquet-players made believe they had not heard, for their faces were very, very grave. Tot wondered why, because they had been laughing a moment before.

After Tot had sung and danced for them, Mrs. French invited her to play a game of croquet. Then tea was brought out under one of the trees, and Tot felt like a dignified young lady, for Mamma Bevere never allowed her to drink tea at home. Mrs. French herself drove Tot home in her pretty pony phaeton.

There had been a coldness between Mrs. Bevere and Mrs. French before Tot's exploit; but after that they became the best of friends again. So Tot's escapade was productive of great good, after all.—*Anthony E. Anderson, in Golden Days.*

THE BOYS' CLUB.

How It Is Carried on, and the Good Time It Affords Its Members.

The Boys' Club is not a school nor a lecture-room, nor any kind of a meeting. It is only a club for the East-side boys, where every fellow can read, or play games, or talk, or tell stories, or do anything that is regular out-and-out fun, and not mischief.

The Superintendent has one or two boys to help him—one to look after the hats and caps, another to keep an eye on the wash-room, and another to take charge of the drawing materials used by the boys who are busied with the study of drawing. These officers, if you have a mind to call them so, take turns, so that every young member of the Boys' Club has a chance to make him-elf useful, and may be promoted to the highest position if he shows himself fit for that honor.

Every night at half-past seven, excepting on Sundays, the doors are opened and the boys file in, down the stairs to the big basement where the club holds its jolly meetings. Show your ticket at the door, give up your hat to the gentlemanly usher, aged nine, and take a check for it. Will you read the picture-papers, sir, or play checkers? Will you read a story-book or indulge in "Go-Bang?" A game, eh? all right; show your ticket to the librarian. He takes it, punches a hole in it, and keeps it while you have your game. Here are a table and five chairs.

On the walls of the room are posted the catalogues of the books in the library. Half a dozen little fellows are reading the enticing lists, and off they go to the librarian, and present their cards for their books. Here's a good, quiet place in a corner, where a fellow can read in peace. There is a great clatter of voices, with every one talking as fast as he can; but your city boy can read anywhere.

Every boy can talk and laugh as freely as in his own home. Make all the noise you like, within reasonable bounds. It is good for the lungs. Who ever heard of a boy who could fold his arms and be truly good all the time. In the Boys' Club every fellow can be as lively as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with any other boy's fun. Only house fun is in order; and, if any boy feels that he must race about the room, the fatherly policeman suddenly wakes up and Mr. Race-horse is invited into the street, where he can run to his heart's content. He can not come again to the club till he learns how young gentlemen behave in the house.

Of course there are rules of some kind. To enter the club, the boy must apply for a ticket, and this ticket is only good for a month. If, during the month, a boy behaves badly in the club-room, he will lose his ticket, and, perhaps, not get another for a long time. All the boys who show that they wish to do the right thing, and treat the club and each other properly, have their tickets renewed every month. You see from this that, really, the club is practically free to any little East-side fellow who wishes to escape from the dismal streets, and is willing to behave himself for sake of the good time the club affords him.—*Charles Barnard, in St. Nicholas.*

BRIDGE BUILDING.

The Extraordinary Structure Being Constructed Across the Firth of Forth.

The great railroad bridge across the Firth of Forth in Scotland will be when completed one of the most remarkable feats of engineering in the world. The bridge will be more than a mile and a half long, so high that the largest warship can pass safely beneath it in any part of the channel, and so strong that the heaviest railway train can be run upon it at the highest rate of speed.

The principle of the bridge is known as the cantilever. A powerful structure of steel, in shape not unlike that of the walking-beam of a paddle-steamboat, rest upon a pier. The weight on one side balances that on the other. But the arms of the two cantilevers do not meet.

Imagine an engine's walking-beam thirteen hundred feet long—almost a quarter of a mile long—resting upon its center, so that it projects in either direction six hundred and seventy-five feet.

Next fancy *two* such cantilevers so placed in the same line that their ends leave an abyss of three hundred and fifty feet between them. This space is filled with an ordinary girder bridge, the ends of the two cantilevers serving for piers.

The process of constructing this bridge is extremely interesting. The structure is largely made of steel cylinders from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and some of them two or three hundred feet long. There will be a length of six miles of such cylinders in the bridge. Some parts of the bridge will cost more than twenty dollars an inch to build.

Four great railway companies unite to construct it, and its total cost will be more than ten million dollars. It will not be finished before the year 1890, even if all goes well.—*Youth's Companion.*

—"Toothpick's were used in Shakespeare's time. "I will fetch you a toothpick now from the farthest point of Asia," is a sentence in "Much Ado About Nothing."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The engineer of the Washington monument says it will stand 100,000 years, and children need be in no hurry to climb it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In British India the large river Sutlej, which has a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, or nearly sixty-seven feet per mile, is said to be the fastest flowing river in the world.

—The love of draw-poker passeth all understanding. If a player is a constant winner he is a gambler, and should quit. If he is a steady loser he is a fool, and should play no more. If it is a see-saw arrangement, the players eat up and drink up the profits, and should be in better business.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The new paper bottles are said to withstand the action of water, wine and alcohol. It is thought that druggists will be able to furnish them free of charge, just as they provide wrapping paper for dry drugs. The cementing material of the bottles is a mixture of blood, albumen, alum and lime.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There are about a dozen, more or less, breweries in and around Boston, and the number of barrels of beer manufactured may be counted by the hundreds of thousands. In 1883 there were drunk in Boston 756,140 barrels, and in 1884, 788,882 barrels, an increase of 32,742 barrels. Besides this, there are large importations of ale and porter from Europe.—*Boston Globe.*

—What children want, within the bounds of right, they should, if possible, have. Their wishes should be respected. The small desires of a child are, to him, as important as the great desires of a man, and should as carefully be considered. The wet blanket, "You can't have that," often causes keener pain to a boy than the loss of thousands of dollars in after life.—*School Journal.*

—Dan Rice, the circus clown, is running a ten cent circus in the French quarter of New Orleans. He talks sadly of the good old days when his Floating Palace was the sensation on the Father of Waters, and thousands upon thousands of people swarmed from far and near to see him. He gave an entertainment a few nights ago when not 300 persons were present, and about one-third of those were professional and other deadheads."

—Those people who argue that Grant is a great smoker, Grant is afflicted with cancer, therefore all smokers are afflicted with cancer, are very much like the English tourist who rode upon the box of an American omnibus. He noticed that the driver carried his whip in his left hand. Asking the reason, the driver replied: "I am left-handed." Straightway into the notebook went this astounding bit of information: "Stage drivers in America are left-handed.

—A safety paper manufactured by a Massachusetts mill will make it difficult for anyone to tamper with bank notes or checks printed upon it. The coloring matter of the paper is so prepared that the application of any chemical to remove the ink will permanently change the color of the paper, and an ingenious device is added which betrays at once any attempt to make an erasure. Between the two the enterprising forger will be sure to come to grief.—*Boston Journal.*

—Pete Osterhout is one of the most rascally negroes in Galveston. He was caught stealing poultry and brought before the Justice. "The evidence," said the Judge, "shows that you stole the chickens from Colonel Jones' hen-coop, and the fine should be five dollars; but I'll let you off this time." "Who wants to be let off?" exclaimed the prisoner; "I steals my chickens and I pays my fine, and don't ask nuffin oh nobody. Dis heah mixing up sentiment and bizness am what's ruinin' de kentry."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Dr. Heber Newton says: "Taking the average human life, he would be a bold man who, rightly weighing the manifold daily blessings which come like the sunshine and the dew, would venture to pronounce the lot of man rather of pain than of pleasure. Much of the pain of man is, moreover, to be subtracted from the charges against Providence and to be credited to our human responsibility. The thriftlessness of the poor, the greed of the rich, and the common ignorance of social laws cause most of our poverty."

—Successful experiments have been recently made at Cincinnati with the new electric railway brake. The trial was made with a heavy coal train of ten cars, each car weighing empty about eleven tons and having a tonnage capacity of 40,000 pounds. The loaded train, with full steam on, was put to a speed of forty-eight miles per hour on a down grade of sixty-eight feet to the mile, and brought to a dead stop in 37½ seconds after putting on the brake, the distance run in that time being 445 yards, exact measurement.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Dr. Dallinger, the eminent microscopist, holds that the development of living organisms in a piece of fish-muscle, previously subjected to a temperature of boiling water, does not indicate spontaneous generation, despite the belief that such a temperature is absolutely destructive of life. He hopes the microscope may yet reveal more about the details of the life of minute creatures, but, in the meantime, he says, philosophy must take it for granted that the principle of life is something wholly distinct from the matter with which it is clothed.—*Current.*

—How many persons have even a rough idea of the average sum upon which by far the larger part of the citizens of the United States are fed, clothed and housed? A recent statistician estimates that eighty per cent. of the population of this country is supported by from forty to fifty cents per capita a day. At the latter figure this makes $164.25 as the average annual cost of living; but, as by average we mean the balance between extremes, there must be many persons who have not even this sum to live upon. That fifty cents a day is a generous estimate will be admitted when it is remembered that many mill operatives earn only from five to seven dollars a week, and that the wages of farm hands run from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and that on these sums several persons are often supported.—*Chicago Times.*

ARMED WOMEN.

The Extremity to Which the Mahdi May be Reduced.

The announcement that Osman Digma has been arming the Arab women, in view of a supreme effort to oppose the advance of a relief party by way of Suakim, is not by any means absurd. From the earliest period of the history the women of the desert tribes were as celebrated for their skill with lance and bow as for that bronze beauty which the composers of the "quasidah" or the "moallakat" were never weary of describing. Before Islam it was the boast of many Arabian tribes, as it was afterwards of certain Tartar hordes, that their women could fight as well as the men: the Himaryites were among the most famous of these. All through those ancient Arabian poems to which Mahomet is said to have referred as final authority for the meaning of certain words or phrases in the Koran, one finds legends of Arab girls celebrated for their equestrianism, their dexterity with the cimeter, and even for the number of men they have overcome in single combat. Islam, by subordinating the woman to man and destroying the idea of female equality, did much to extinguish the warrior-spirit of the fairer sex throughout the greater part of the Orient; but in the deserts of Arabia and Northern Africa something of those ancient ideas still prevail.

And the modern Arab woman who acquires skill with any weapon might well appeal to Moslem tradition in justification of her use of such powers. When Mahomet was struck down at the battle of Ohod, it was a young Arabian woman who stood over him and fought valiantly with bow and sabre in his behalf—keeping back the enemy until she herself was disabled by a severe wound in the shoulder. Still it must be observed that among the very famous warrior-women of Islam who appeared after the death of the Prophet, all did not fight in a strictly orthodox cause. We need not refer to the prophetesses like Sedjah, or female leaders of schismatic movements—some of whom displayed great personal bravery and were treated with shocking cruelty—but will confine ourselves to a brief mention of some other renowned female warriors who went into battle to engage in hard hand-to-hand fighting.

In the first century of the Hegira two remarkable women fell, sword in hand, in a great battle—Djahizah and Razalah, respectively the mother and the young wife of Chebib, who aspired to win the Caliphate by force of arms in the days of Abdel Melik. Chebib was perhaps the finest soldier of his time; he won many victories, and his mother and wife fought always by his side. Razalah on one occasion actually made a vow to recite the second and third chapters of the Koran in the Mosque of Kufa while that city was in the possession of the imperial troops. The second chapter (Sura of the Cow) contains 286 verses; the third 200. Razalah and seventy companions unexpectedly forced a passage through the gates of Kufa, galloped to the mosque and, after the vow had been accomplished, cut their way out again. Several times in battle the young woman attacked the Governor of Irak, the ferocious Haddjadj, and put him to flight. The army of the Caliph finally overcame Chebib in a bloody engagement by mere weight of numbers, and Razalah and Djahizah died fighting to the last. In the second century of the Hegira lived the famous Delhemeh, or Zat-el-Hemmeh, whose name signifies "Lion-heart"—the most renowned warrior-woman in the history of Islam, and the heroine of an enormous Arabian epic. There was scarcely a siege or battle during the three reigns or El Mahdy, El Hady, and of Haroun-al-Raschid in which she did not take part. Joan of Arc could scarcely be compared with her; the huge work in which her deeds are recorded pictures her rather as a rival of that wonderful type in the Nibelungen, Brunehild. It does not appear that she men to whom such women were opposed always lacked the true spirit of chivalry. When, during the reign of El-Raschid, the Chief of the Kharejites, El-Wady, was killed in battle, his young sister, Alfarea—famous for her grace, her beauty, and her poetical talents—buckled on her dead brother's armor, and charged, all alone the conquering army. Yezid, the Chief, shouted to his cavalry, "Let no man lay a finger on her!" but, riding up to her, he struck her horse with the staff of his lance to stay its course, and exclaimed, "Shame! Will you disgrace your tribe?" It was not death she had to fear, but ill-treatment if captured alive. The rough but kindly observation effected its purpose, and she rode away in safety.

It is not very likely that the women of the Arabs about Suakim—a mixed and swarthy race—possess such physical charms as might disarm the English soldiers, much less the Indian contingent expected. But they might certainly in battle win the respect of those against whom Osman Digma promises to lead them by the same warrior-qualities which once distinguished the women of these ancient tribes to which the Arabs of the Soudan are related by blood.—*London Standard.*

A Gambling Incident.

A clerk in a large German counting-house was spending his honeymoon in Italy, and while there a firm paid him 40,000f., owed to his employers. Having the 40,000f., the clerk thought he would go to Monte Carlo. He knew it was the worst possible place for him, because he would be tempted to gamble, but nevertheless being the foolish and weak-minded clerk he was, he set off for the spot. Lest he should be impelled to go to the rooms and speculate with his employers' money, he handed the sums over to his wife to keep. Devoted to each other as bride and bridegroom were they rambled about this very small place independently of each other. The wife, with 40,000f. in her pocket, went to the tables, lost all, and jumped into the sea.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Professor Loomis, of Yale, says that with two exceptions last February was the coldest February known in that section for one hundred years.

MILLINERY.

The Novelties in Spring Millinery Goods, According to an Expert.

The present season, while not specially prolific of striking novelties, has a full complement of attractions.

Spring bonnets are shown in fine split straw and English braids. A new fancy braid, somewhat heavy, is called "tramway" braid. There are all possible modifications and novelties in the combining and sewing of braids to produce odd effects. The shell braid and "row and row" pattern are exceptionally novel, the latter being braids of contrasting colors sewed alternately. Among the favorite colors are blue and white, garnet and white, blue and brown, blue and cardinal, and there are others equally striking. There are also many braids with threads of gold, silver or steel running through them; and there are braids sewed so that there is a center like a crown on each side of the head. Many of these shapes have the brim down over the forehead, others have jaunty gable effects under the brim suggesting a humming-bird's nest in the dainty lace and flowers.

Round hats have high crowns, and some of the newest and highest shapes are very conspicuous. They might do for school-girls, but would scarcely suit the styles of ladies of quiet tastes. A few shapes have crowns that must be ten inches high or more and incline almost to a sharp point. The more conservative shapes are really very attractive, and roll back on one or both sides, in many cases the brim being cut from edge to crown so as to be caught up and allow of large masses of trimmings being filled in just at one side. There are charming "Tam O'Shanter" caps of the new straws in a variety of colors. They will be desirable for early spring wear, but of little use when the bright sunny days come.

Trimmings are in great variety, but those most popular will be the moyen age scarfs of ecru canvas with quaint printed designs in dull colors and gold. The ground material is not unlike rather heavy, round thread scrim. Some of these scarfs are nearly two and one-half yards long and at least eighteen inches wide. They seem very heavy for millinery purposes, but when it is taken into consideration that no other trimming is required, the use of them is less a problem. Square handkerchiefs of the same stuffs are also in great demand, more so even than the scarfs. They trim most effectively, especially on the tall hats where a good deal of spread is required. Tiny pins in great profusion attach these materials and make bows and puffs and rosettes of them; the variety of arrangements being limited only by the ingenuity and patience of the designer or trimmer.

Feathers will be in fair request for trimming tall hats, and will appear in close bunches just over the brims of the bent-in bonnets. Ostrich plumes, ten to fourteen inches in length, will be used for some of the very high crowned hats, but must be very artistically handled and suitably worn else they will destroy a really superb effect. One of the most perfect of this class is a dark brown English straw with fourteen-inch plumes, one curling upward and around the front, the other rolling over the first and drooping slightly below the brim in the back. The stems of the plumes are set into a mass of plaited gold lace, with fine straw flowers and trembling bead pendants.

Flowers are as nearly perfect as it is possible for skill to make them. The creamy velvet jonquils and daffy-down-dillys" tempt one's sense of smell by their natural appearance. More velvet is utilized in flowers than ever before, and hosts of delicate crape flowers will be used later. For immediate demand velvet and straw flowers, gold wheat, oats and gold-tinted gold-dusted flowers and feathers are in the ascendant. Early spring roses, the ones we used to watch for while yet the snow-drifts lay in sheltered places in the fields, come in heavy sprays of buds, blossoms and leaves. Ferns will be very popular, the early grown, just uncurling fronds, and shaded brown mushrooms, chestnuts in velvet-burrs, hazle-nuts with dew-sparkles on them, grasses and pretty weeds; for indeed flowers are only weeds when they are out of fashion or before fashion has patronized them.

Ribbons come in great variety and novel styles. Widths known heretofore as sash ribbons will be used for trimming, massed in rosettes, bows and knots upon the tall-crowned hats. Gauze and grenadine ribbons promise to be very popular. They are dotted, striped and cross-barred with velvet and chenille, and are charming. Surah ribbons and those in watered silk, or combinations of velvet and satin or watered stripes, will be received with favor. Indeed we are promised a revival of watered effects, not only in millinery but in dress materials. There are very soft Ottoman ribbons in market, but they receive very little attention by the side of the novelties. Scotch plaid and Madras effects in surah ribbons, scarfs and handkerchiefs will be much sought after for trimming straws.

Lace will be among the almost indispensible articles in millinery, and will yet be very conservatively used. Tinsel laces rank first in the list. Wide gold lace will be used for upright plaitings in which to set the ends of flowers, plumes and trimmings of velvet or silk. Widths from one inch to four or five inches will be used. Gold combined with brown will be fashionable. Some silver will be used, but it will not be specially in request. Real old-time Lima laces are coming into popularity again, and the standard Spanish laces in Escurial, hand-run and Van Dyke patterns will be included in the schedule of millinery materials.

The new piece goods for millinery uses are very desirable as well as varied in style. Canvas cloths in ecru with printed middle-age designs like the scarf and handkerchiefs are shown. Embroidered velvets, embroidered surahs, soft watered effects, embroidered veiling and pongees expressly for millinery and matching dresses, are among the latest importations.

High hats will be very profusely trimmed, indeed one might fear, in the light of conservative taste, that they would be overdone. Bonnets will show many puffed crowns and shirred brims of the various popular fabrics, and full garniture of some sort of lace.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

MR. GILL'S DAUGHTER.

Poor Katie! A great sufferer she was, and most patiently did she endure in the hope that at last her sufferings would come to an end. She was just budding into womanhood; a fine-looking girl of nearly nineteen, who had, previous to her attack of illness, enjoyed robust health.

Let her mother tell the story, as she told it to two of our editorial friends who recently spent an evening at the house.

"Katie's illness came on slowly, with great pain in her thigh and hip. For a while she kept on going to school, but the pains became so severe that she had to stay at home, and most of the time He down on a little lounge here in the sitting-room. We tried the best physicians we could get. The disease baffled them all. One said it was ulceration of the thigh bone, and wanted to have the poor child undergo a terrible operation. It turned out to be sciatic rheumatism. Poor child! how she did suffer! About four o'clock in the afternoon she would begin screaming with pain. She couldn't help it. She would scream and moan till about four in the morning. Then she would fall asleep from weariness, and sleep for some hours. This went on for about eight months. During the nights neither she nor I could sleep.

"Katie was a great reader. One day, in a paper, she saw an advertisement of Athlophoros. She asked me to get it and see if it wouldn't cure her. We had tried a good many different things, but I thought we would try this. And I went and got a bottle. I gave her a dose of it towards evening. It was simply wonderful how it quieted the poor child's pain and put her into a gentle sleep. She slept nicely until ten. Then she was in a great perspiration. She waked, and I gave her another dose, for the first one had done her so much good. Then she fell asleep again and slept till morning. Her pain was gone. She had hardly any returns of it. The Athlophoros did the work for her most completely.

"But the terrible sciatica had drawn Katie's leg up, and made it shorter than it had been, by several inches. She was lame for life, although the rheumatism was all driven out of her. She had to walk on crutches. One day she fell down stairs and was so badly hurt that she had to be taken to the hospital. There she suffered a great deal, and after some weeks she died.

"Father Tacheider, of the Paulist Fathers, saw much of Katie during her illness, and knows all about us. Go and ask him, and he will tell you all about it.

Some time ago we gave a letter about Katie's case, and it was published. We have had numerous inquiries in reference to it, all of which we promptly answer.

"I must tell you," continued Mrs. Gill, "of our neighbor, Mrs. Summers, and her eleven-year old boy. The boy had one of the most terrible attacks of rheumatism I ever knew a boy to have. I had a little Athlophoros left in the bottle from which Katie had taken. I gave it to Mrs. Summers, and she gave it to the child who was screaming with pain. When Mr. Summers came home, he was surprised to find the boy sitting up, free from pain, and cheerfully singing. I wish you would go and see them. They live not far from here, on West 12th street, No. 905."

Mr. Gill added in his own behalf:

"I have had a good deal of rheumatism myself, chiefly in my shoulders and arms. But I took Athlophoros and I got rid of the trouble. I did not have to take much either. I found the medicine acted very quickly."

The Rev. Father Peter Tscheider, assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Family, was found at his pastoral residence, No. 417 West 12th street, Chicago. Father Tscheider took pleasure in saying that he knew Mr. and Mrs. Gill, and that he esteemed them highly; also that he had seen Katie frequently during her illness, and knew all about her wonderful recovery from sciatica, and her subsequent injury and her illness at the hospital.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Painful Impressions.

A remarkable characteristic of the average newspaper reader of the day is the eagerness and avidity one seeks for painful impressions caused by perusing accounts of human suffering. Is there a railroad accident, a steamboat disaster, a hanging, a lynching, a murder or anything of this nature vividly written up and glowingly pictured in reportorial descriptive style, it at once becomes the most interesting item of the paper. Managers of our large and most successful metropolitan dailies pander to this corrupt and morbid taste of their patrons. A reporter will be dispatched a hundred miles to gather the latest and most minute details of some licentious rape or revolting murder, while the deeds of the good and the virtuous are never known outside a narrow limit.

"Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

All this is evidence of mental disease, a truth that can not be contradicted. They that are clothed and in their right mind loth evil and a recital of evil ways; with them it is "peace on earth and good will toward men." "Heaven on earth" is printed on their banner, while "all their ways are ways of pleasantness and all their paths are peace." Not all are conscious of their mental impairment; so long have they suffered from urinary, digestive and nervous disorders, that they consider their feelings and impressions natural and common to even healthful individuals. But if all such should regain perfect health and strength of mind and body by using DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA, they would experience a change of feeling that would be most gratifying and pleasurable.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf 10c cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.

In our paper of last week we called attention of our readers to the object and purposes of the Baltimore and Ohio Immigration Company. We trust all persons who have land to sell in our county have considered the matter carefully, and if, after such consideration, they believe the Company will aid them in finding purchasers for their surplus land, it will be a great benefit to our county. If those who have read our article of last week have not duly considered the questions involved, we urge them to do so, as it may be a matter of great importance to them.

As we have heretofore suggested from time to time, we confidently believe that it would be infinitely better for many of our land owners if they would sell a large portion of their land. In many cases men own large tracts of land upon which they have been paying taxes for years and from which they receive no income or return from the money thus expended, If a portion of these tracts could be sold to settlers and improved by them, that would certainly add value to the remaining portion of land.

So far as the settling or selling of land through the company or otherwise is concerned, much depends upon the prices demanded for land, and if a demand for land should spring up through the opportunities offered by the company, we hope owners will not fix their prices too high, because such a course would drive away settlers and would render the efforts of the company of no use. If any benefits are to accrue to our people by reason of the opportunity offered in the way we have pointed out, they can only be received by mutual fair dealing between the company and land owners.

The standing of the officers and directors of the company is a sufficient guaranty on the part of the company, and we advise our readers to write to Dr. W. T. Barnard, the Secretary, for a prospectus and general information.

Cleveland's Policy.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American* says in that paper of Tuesday:

The President has had occasion to announce his policy once more about office giving. Talking the other day with one of the territorial delegates, who had called to say good-bye and give a parting word of advice, he said that he proposed to move very slowly, and that he could not turn men out of office simply because they were Republicans. "Well, Mr. President," said the delegate "I wanted to know something of your policy in that direction, so I can tell the people on my return just what to expect."

"You can say to them that I have been so pressed with other business that I have not had time to think about the territories yet. But when I do reach them, I cannot make sweeping changes. I cannot turn out a good officer simply because there is a cry for a change," was the President's answer.

Mr. Cleveland won't have to say this more than a hundred times more before the place-hunters begin to understand it. Some of them already catch his idea, and the crowds in the hotel lobbies here are beginning to show the effects of it. Another thing is noticed: In cases where there is a hot contest over any particular position, the President often urges a compromise. "Why can't you agree on somebody, and save me the trouble and responsibility of settling this thing?" he often says to the men who are pressing rival candidates for some position. "Why not lay aside these candidate over whom you are quarreling, the appointment of either of whom would cause much dissatisfaction with a good many people? Why can't you drop these men and agree on somebody else?" This advice, however, seldom results in a solution of the problem, for when your average politician sets his heart on any particular scheme, he is never willing to give it up unless he sees something better within easy reach. It is, therefore, pretty easy to tell what the President's general policy is to be in regard to offices. He will appoint men to places when the terms of the present incumbents expire, and will slowly make changes in the offices which have no fixed terms, refusing to remove men except for very good reasons, and leaving a very large number of Republicans in the smaller offices. That this will make some heart-burnings and party dissatisfaction goes without saying, but that it will make him popular with the people generally is quite certain. This much for what the President himself will do. It is not so sure that the heads of the departments will observe the same rule. It is hardly to be hoped that they will. But as far as presidential appointments are concerned, there is a fixed conviction here in Washington that the above policy will be adhered to.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says in that paper of Monday:

Mr. R. D. Johnson, of Cumberland, was in town again yesterday with ex-Representative Walsh, who is also urging him for the position of internal revenue collector for Maryland. Gov. Hamilton and that wing of the party affiliated with him will make a strong contest for Mr. Johnson, while Senator Gorman and Representative Compton will put in their best licks for Dr. George Wells, of Annapolis. The District of Columbia is included within the jurisdiction of this collection district, and it is rumored that one or two patriots residing in this city are thinking of putting in an application. It is not linkly, however, that the appointment will go out side of Maryland. As it is understood that the present collector, Mr. Sellman, reports that the services of emgloyes whose compensation aggregates $4,000 per annum can be dispensed with, his recommendation, if approved by the Treasury Department, will result in lessening the patronage of the new appointee, whoever he may be, to that extent. The Western Maryland Democrats will doubtless not concur in his suggestion that the stamp office at Hagerstown can be abolished. It may be anticipated that the friends of all the applicants for the collectorship will agree in opposing any action by the department in advance of the new appointment, but it is just possible that the department will not be influenced by such considerations.

War Rumors.

LONDON, April 20. — Dispatches which have passed between this city and St. Petersburg in the last forty-eight hours have resulted in further widening the differences between both governments, arising out of the Russo-Afghan frontier embroglio. An attache of the foreign office stated to a *Central News* representative to-day that the situation had grown very serious over Sunday, and that a war seems now almost inevitable. "The Russian officials," said he, "emboldened by their success with regard to Penjdeh, have made further demands which I fear will force a war or result in the utter humiliation of England in the eyes of the world."

It is stated on the semi-official authority that the Russian Government has greatly increased its demands with regard to the Afghan boundary line, and that Russia will not yield one inch, nor in any way seek to avert war. These fresh demands are said to have been accompanied by a note to the effect that England must either concede them or fight.

Alarmists are predicting that war with any Power possessed of a decent navy would result in the presence of a hostile fleet at the gates of the Tower. Their prediction is made in view of the weakness of the defenses of the River Thames, and it is argued that the incomplete and untried system of torpedo defense, so much relied upon by enthusiastic military engineers, might prove inadequate to the proper protection of the metropolis. A society has been formed which has for its object the organization of an extra naval reserve force, composed of boatmen, watchmen and others at present engaged in trade on the Lower Thames. This contingent would be expected to act as a volunteer brigade for the defence of the river. The society proposes to shortly send a deputation to wait upon the Government for the purpose of procuring official sanction to their Thames defense scheme.

LONDON, April 21—Earl Granville, British foreign minister, in the House of Lords this afternoon stated that the government had come to the conclusion that the condition of affairs justified putting the army and navy and the whole of the auxiliary forces in condition of immediate readiness for service if required.

The governmet has asked for a credit of £11,000,000 for the army and navy account. Of the 11,000,000 pounds the sum of 4,500,000 pounds is for war purposes in the Soudan, and 6,500,000 pounds for other naval and military prepartions.

Capt. John M. Mentzer, editor of the Hagerstown *Herald and Torch*, died on Thursday, of last week, after a long illness, aged 57 years. He was a brave Union soldier and as an editor he was intelligent and fearless. He leaves a wife but no children.

Tales of the Disappointed.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—One of the worst cases of disappointment is that of a distinguished Democrat from a Southern State. As the member of the National Democratic Committee from his State he came to Washington early and took rooms at one of the principal hotels. He was in no Ring, and in no sense a Boss. All that he wanted was a fair deal and celerity of movement. After the inauguration, Democrats from his state came on for what he had provided for them, subject to the President's approval, about which no doubts were entertained. Contests over the offices were avoided, and there was a fine feeling over the prospective good things. The expectants waited. One by one the offices they were to have went to others. The committeeman faithfully visited the White House, but he got no satisfaction. The President did not seem interested in him or in his friends. Finally, when nearly the last of the coveted places were filled by strangers, he gathered his disappointed friends around him and said:

"Generally I can do tolerable justice to any subject I understand, but this is beyond my powers. I would go on and do my best, but it's no use. You all know how it is yourselves! Boys, let us take a drink together, and then we'll all go home and let the blank things go to the tropics!"

Senators and Congressmen have their occasional jokes in the White House if they are out of humor with the President. A Senator entered the President's room one morning and inquired for a map of the United States, which he scrutinized for some time. "What are you looking for?" asked the President.

"I was seeing if my State was still in the Union, I see it is," replied the Senator.

"How is that?" inquired the President.

"Oh, as you have given it no attention I did not know how it was."

Both smiled grimly.

What Doctors Don't Know.

It is rather unfortunate for the medical profession that whenever there is an eminent patient under treatment, and the public interest in the case is so great as to justify daily or hourly bulletins from the sick-room, strong differences of opinion should exist among the attending and the consulting surgeons. During Garfield's illness it was insisted for a while that the patient would recover, though it afterward came out that some of the surgeons from the first regarded recovery impossible.

In Gen. Grant's case, however, it appears that all the doctors regarded his disease as certainly fatal; and now it is said they are divided in opinion whether his life has ever been at any time in danger. One physician, it is said, still adheres to his opinion that the malady is cancer; others say it is not cancer at all, and that the patient will recover. One thing is certain—the doctors all expected from hour to hour that Grant would die, and the patient refuted their diagnosis by recovering from his prostrated condition and regaining a considerable store of strength. He now walks about the house, goes down stairs to his meals, looks out the window and salutes his friends, and in other ways sets at naught medical predictions.

A few weeks ago, however, the doctors had a consultation as to whether it was advisable to cut out the cancer. The operation, said one of the surgeons, would require the division of the jawbone and its removal, the cutting out of the tongue and other organs; and this was deemed so grave an operation as to be impracticable on account of the weakness of the patient. There was no doubt expressed that it was a fatal cancer—the only doubt was whether the patient was strong enough to bear this fearful operation. Grant's weakness, therefore, saved him from this dreadful mutilation, and the death that would in a large proportion of cases result from it. And now it is said there is no cancer, and that the strength has returned.

Yet these physicians have carefully guarded themselves against adverse criticism by giving out as few facts as possible. They have suffered to escape very little in the way of details upon which the medical profession outside could base an opinion. Altogether, the impression made upon the public mind is very painful, and a distrust of medical science is freely expressed.—*Balto. American.*

According to an interview, Senator Harrison, of Indiana, thinks something more serious than appointments will yet trouble President Cleveland. The main body of the Democratic party is at war with the silver policy of the executive, and there are hot times ahead in a fractional fight between the Randall and Carlisle wings over the tariff,

Cancer of the Tongue.

Dr. Jesett, surgeon of the London Cancer Hospital, states that out of 2,227 cases of cancer known to him, the tongue was the seat of the disease in 190, or 8.5 per cent.; the breast in 697 cases, or 31.3 per cent.; and the uterus in 12.3 per cent. In 2,412 cases given by other surgeons, 8 per cent. were upon the tongue. Irritation is a cause of cancer, and one cannot, therefore, be surprised that the tongue should be frequently affected. Curious and broked teeth, with rough, sharp edges, against which the tongue plays; the large quantities of tartar which collect upon the teeth, false teeth, especially when the plates fit badly, or are of inferior materials; smoking, particularly the short clay pipe, with its jagged end; ardent spirits; hot condiments, chilies, pickles, etc., may all be placed among causes of tongue cancer. Phthisis and syphilis increases the danger, though the liability, in a weakened system, of one kind of ulcer to change into another, and heredity appears to be traceable in some instances. Dr. Jesett's advice should be noted of all men. He says: "I would in all cases of suspicious ulcer of the tongue, if after ten days' or a fortnight's treatment it did not commence to heal or assume a healthy appearance, strongly advise the excision of the ulcer. Should it prove after its removal to be innocent, I should know my patient was not a bit the worse for its loss, while we would have been prevented from running the risk of further mischief. It is unfortunately, very rarely that we are able to see patients at this early stage, and when we do it is very difficult to imbue them with the gravity of the import of these small nodules or ulcers until the former have ulcerated, and they have infiltrated deeply into the substance of the tongue; but still, up to this point, if the glands of the neck and submaxillary region remain free much can be done by the removal of the diseased tissues." When it is remembered that no specific for cancer is as yet known, and that cancer once developed is hopeless, the importance of this advice cannot be overestimated. Care of the general health after the removal of a very early stage of cancer might prevent its reappearance.

Coupons Good for Taxes.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—The United States Supreme rendered an important decision to-day in the group of cases known as the Virginia coupon tax cases, involving the validity of the recent legislation of that state with reference to the payment of state taxes in the coupons of the state's bond. The decision was against the state and in favor of the bondholders on all material points. The court holds that all the legislation of the state which attempts to evade the obligation under which it rests to receive the coupons of its bonds in payment of state taxes is unconstitutional and void, because it impairs the obligation of a contract; that the taxpayer, having once made a due tender of coupon in payment of his taxes, is under no obligation to pay such taxes in money, and that a tax collector who attempts thereafter to forcibly collect such taxes by levying upon the taxpayer's property is not shielded by the legislation of the state, but makes the attempt at his personal peril. The court holds furthermore that a suit brought against a tax collector for seizure of a tax payers property, after due tender of coupons, is not a suit against the state, but is a suit against an individual trespasser acting without the legal authority of the state. The opinion was delivered by Mr. Justice Matthews. The chief justice and Justices Bradley, Miller and Gray dissented, Justice Bradley delivering the dissenting opinion.

The whole country has been informed, through the medium of the newspapers, that the McCormick heirs of Chicago, had given the very large sum of $100,000 towards the endowment of a theological seminary. At the same time it is announced also through the press that the 1,600 workmen in the large manufactories of the McCormicks have struck against a 10 per cent. reduction in their wages. These two facts contrast very disagreeably. Perhaps the reduction proposed would in the course of a year amount to as much as the donation to the theological seminary. Was the first the natural outcome of the latter? Then, again, while this great gift was given to the noblest of purposes, it may nevertheless be questioned whether the money would not at this particular time do more good if distributed among the needy families of these 1,600 laborers. At all events, if the business of the McCormicks will allow of such liberal gifts it will also allow of the payment of living wages to those who have been directly the means through which such a public benefaction has been made possible.

Takes a Walk on the Street.

NEW YORK, April 21.—At 7 this morning the curtains were opened in General Grant's residence. At 8:20 A. M. Dr. Douglas left the house. He stated that the General slept through the night without disturbing him even once; that he was much improved after a drive yesterday, and that he would go out to-day. As far as can be gleaned from the increased amount of exercise taken by the General, the Doctor thinks he is gaining in bodily strength. The swelling at the base of the tongue, however, still contingues, with a little sloughing.

The *Sun* editorially declares that Gen. Grant's hemorrhage was caused by a sore which has now disappeared; that he has not had cancer; that the doctors now admit it, and that Shrady and Douglas have got a good deal of free advertising and are sharp fellows.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon the General in an overcoat, high hat and neck scarf left his house and walked down the steps. Behind him came Col. Grant, who walked beside him but not touching him. The General walked to the corner of Sixty-sixth street and Madison avenue, there turned and paced back. He used a cane and walked slightly limping, but there was nothing of tottering feebleness, and as he was congratulated during the little walk, he responded with "thank you," in a voice that was clear and firm. The Colonel slightly assisted him in mounting the steps on his return.

A Japanese House.

In describing the Japanese village at Knightsbridge, the London *Telegraph* says: The houses are built of wood and bamboo, and stands on posts raising them about eighteen inches above the grounnd. The floor is composed of thick rush mats called tattams, each five feet ten inches long by two feet ten inches wide. The size of the house is invariably determined by the number of these mats used, and a Japanese, in giving an order for the construction of a house, would at once indicate the kind of structure he required by saying that it must be so many mats in area. Thus, an ordinary house will have the floor covered with three or four mats, whereas that of a wealthy person might have twenty. Commonly the buildings have only one floor, but sometimes another is added, and one of these is erected here. Access to the second floor is obtained by a ladder inside, and there is a small balcony running round, intended however for ornament and not for use. The fronts of the houses consist of sliding frames filled with paper, and all the windows are also of paper, and very thin texture. Each house has its shrine inclosing a god, and some of these shrines are very elaborate and beautiful pieces of workmanship. The internal decorations usually consist of paper, printed or painted with flowers and various designs, but in some cases there are also most ingenious and beautiful effects produced by means of embossed paper and silk.

The Cost of the White House.

Most people believe that the $50,000 a year which the President gets as his salary is the sum total. This is a mistake. The estimate of the amount which Congress is to appropriate this year lies before me, open at the page relating to the President. I see that $36,064 is asked for him in addition to his salary of $50,000, to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks. His private secretary is paid $3,250; his assistant private secretary, $2,250; his strenographer, $1,800; five messengers, each $1,200; a steward, $1,800; two doorkeepers, who each get $1,250; four other clerks at good salaries, one telegraph operator, two ushers getting $1,200 and $2,400, a night usher getting $1,200, a watchman who gets $900, and a man to take care of fires who receives $864 a year. In addition to this there is set down $8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets and the care of the Presidential stables. And further on, under another heading, there is a demand for nearly $40,000 more. Of this $12,500 is for repairs and refurnishing the White House; $2,500 for fuel, $4,000 for the green-house and $15,000 is for gas, matches and the stables. The White House, all told, costs the country in connection with the President considerably over $125,000 a year.

Babyhood, the only periodical in the world devoted wholly to the care of young children, has succeeded in securing the services of eminent specialists in every subject with which it deals. The April number contains aaticles on "The Care of Children's Hair," by Prof. Geo. H. Fox, M. D.; "Isolation in Contagious Diseases," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "True Croup," by J. H. Ripley, M. D. &c. Under the title of "Domestic Disinfections," George M. Sterberg, major and surgeon, U. S. A., publishes some of the results of the recent Government investigation into the properties of the best disinfectants. Among the miscellaneous articles is an especially entertaining and practical one, by an anonymous lady writer, entitled "Nurse's Day Out." Marion Harland's writing is an attractive as usual, and the "Baby's Wardrobe," "Nursery Problems," and other departments contain the accustomed variety of useful hints. [15 cents a number; $1,50 a year. 18 Spruce Street, New York.]

The New Era of Reform.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

President C-l-v-l-n-d: "Are you getting your department into shape?"

Att'y Gen'l G-r-l-n-d: "Yes, your Excellency, I've sold off two wagons, three sets of harness, a billy goat and six curry combs."

President C-l-v-l-n-d: "That's right. Economy and retrenchment are the order of the day. The public will applaud you. Can't you keep it up?"

Att'y Gen't G-r-l-n-d: "Why, there is a coal scuttle and two tin spittoons——"

President C-l-v-l-n-d: "Sell them! Sell them! They are the relics of an extravagant and corrupt party. We must show the people we are earnest in reform."

Att'y Gen'l G-r-l-n-d: "But—ah, I chew tobacco."

President C-l-v-l-n-d: "Get a soap box then and fill it with sawdust. Don't let two tin spittoons stand between the Administration and its duty."

New Causes of Pneumonia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17.—Major Sternberg, of the United States army, who is detailed at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, investigating causes of disease, stated before the Pathological Society of Philadelphia to-night that pneumonia was simply the failure of the system to resist the ravages of a micrococci or sort of vegetable fungus growth that exists in every healthy human saliva, but differs in virulence, being greatest among the colored race. He gave results of the fatal effects on various small animals of injected saliva from medical men in different parts of the country. He injected his own saliva into a number of rabbits, and declared that they would die within twenty-four hours with symptons similar to pneumonia.

Secretary Lamar, in conversation with several Democrats, one of whom remarked that there was dissatisfaction in the party at what was considered the dilatoriousness of the administration in removing Republicans and putting in Democrats, said, somewhat significantly, that it should be remembered that not only a new party, but new men had come into control of the government; that the men in charge of the departments could not familiarize themselves with the vast interests and duties entrusted to them in a day, and it was better for the country for the administration to proceed slowly and cautiously in making selections for office. Secretary Lamar intimated quite plainly that a great deal of harm might result from undue haste, while nothing but good could come from deliberation.—*Washington Star.*

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, April 20, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@5¾ c., that generally rated first quality 5¼@5½ cts; medium or good fair quality 4@5 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3½@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 3½@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 4¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,202 head, against 1,229 last week and 1,740 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 681 head, against 831 last week, and 984 head the corresponding week of last year.

The wholesale market was more active and higher than it was last week, and the retail trade opened fairly active at a fractional improvement on the better grades—of which there was a fuller representation than last week. But the advance was early lost and trade became very sluggish, the market closing dull, and, in some instances, lower figures ruling than last week. There were few as common Cattle as last week, and a larger line of the middle grades. Prices 3½@5¾c., with most sales from 4¾@5¾.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The supply this week is largely in excess of last week's offerings, but it is generally reported as about equal to a fair to good demand, at prices near about the same as those of last week. The quality is fully as good as it was last week. We quote prices at 6@6½c., and extra at 6¼c. net; same time last year 7@8½c. net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

A fair trade is generally reported in nearly all the yards, in presence of some little outside demand and the usual purchases of our home butchers. The quality will scarcely average as good as it was last week. The supply falls some nine hundred head less than last week. Prices for wool sheep ranged from 3½ to 5½c.; clipped 3@4¼; spring Lambs 9@12½; fall lambs 5@6. Same time last year clipped sheep sold at 3@5¾c.; wool sheep 4@6¾; lambs 8@10¼.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Florida oranges at Lakin's.

—Ladies' underwear at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

—Lemons and cocoanuts at Lakin's.

—M. L. Scott has now open spring and summer millinery goods. Now is the time to select your hats.

—Join Nydegger's watch club and get a watch worth $26.00 for $20.00, and have 20 weeks in which to pay for it.

—All persons indebted to the late firm of Harne & Sons are requested to come forward and settle immediately.

HARNE & LAWTON.

—If you want a good cigar call at Lakin's.

—John Strawser, committed to jail last week by Justice Gonder, charged with maliciously injuring the dwelling house of E. Jamison, made his escape Wednesday about noon and is still at large.

—We note some little activity in the way of building and improvements in Oakland this spring. Mrs. Sincell has commenced the erection of a building on Railroad street, to be used as store rooms. The building will be 30 by 35 feet. Mr. G. H. Pritchard will also erect a business house on Third street between Oak and Alder streets. Mr. A. Nelson will make extensive improvements to his place of business on the corner of Third and Oak streets. Other improvements in a smaller way are contemplated by our citizens.

—On Friday of last week, about noon, considerable excitement was occasioned in Oakland by the report that Clarence, the two-year-old son of Mr. Samuel Boyer, had been drowned in the cellar under Mr. Boyer's residence. On inquiry it was ascertained that the child had fallen into the cellar, which contained about three feet of water, was rescued by its father apparently lifeless, but was resuscitated by the active exertions of Dr. J. Lee McComas and others. The water was almost ice cold and the little fellow was threatened with pneumonia for several days, but is now apparently as well as usual.

Join Nydegger's Watch Club.

Are you a member of Nydegger's watch club? If not, don't fail to join at once.

Notice!

All persons indebted to the undersigned, will confer a favor by paying all they can by May next.

CHARLES SCHLOSSNAGLE.
Accident, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

New Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Mr. John Shartzer has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with the finest lot of Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil-Cloth, Wall Paper, &c., ever brought to Oakland. Call and get his prices before buying elsewhere,

Bread, Cakes, Pies, &c.

Mr. William Roth has purchased the bakery and confectionery heretofore owned and operated by Mr. C. P. Smith, on Second street, Oakland, Md., where he will keep constantly on hand fresh bread, cakes, pies, &c., &c., as well as canned goods, candies, nuts, fruits, &c. Ice cream in season. Give him a call.

For Sale.

House and lot in Oakland. House contains 4 rooms, two 14 by 17 feet, one 12 by 17, and one 6½ by 11. Hall 6½ by 7; pantry 7 by 8, shelved; ceilings all 10 feet high; back porch 7 by 12; front portico 6 by 12, from which there is a good view of Oakland and of the depot and of the B. & O. hotel. House newly spouted with tin. Lot corners on Pennington and Bartlett streets, and runs back to an alley; is 160 feet deep and 50 feet front. Title good. I will also sell at private sale, a Walnut Bedstead, Walnut Bureau, two Rocking Chairs, Poplar Wardrobe, Walnut Marble Top Center Table, Husk Mattress, one-half dozen Maple Chairs, Orb Heating Stove, with pipe, Flowered Carpet, and several pieces of Rag Carpet. F. P. ARNOLD.
4 11 3t Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. G. Sturgiss.

[For The Republican.]

Autobiography.

Autoo. Of the begining of my life I can truly say nothing, only on hear-say.

This is how I heard it:

On the eleventh day of June, in the year of grace, 1838, some seven miles east of what is now the city of Wooster, Ohio, and was then the city of nothing, save a few very small and very plain houses, a boy-baby was added to a growing family—a very small, and not particularly prepossessing baby, with a countenance squally, and a white head: the father's name was John, and the mother's Mary, and the family name ——. The house stood in the woods, and the woods was full of white-oaks, hickorys, deer, turkeys, boggy bottom and indian turnips.

The father and mother of this new boy-baby had come from Pennsylvania direct, some six months previously: before that, the first had come from Switzerland, and the second from Baden—eigh-year-olds, sailing in the same ship, and thus begining "the voyage of life" together at a somewhat tender age. What they most remember now was, that they had come to the "back-woods," in a one-horse wagon, drawn by the black horse "Coly," were living in a cabin, and had three boys and one girl to provide for—to clothe, feed and—flog.

One of the largest facts about me, was room to grow. But this, on the hear-say authority, was not notably appreciated: at the end of my first six months of pioneer experience my weight was only bare six pounds. However, in this case, the child was *not* the father of the man—for the wielder of this pen can to-day balance about 220 lbs. at the other end of the beam. But some forty-six years have gone into the working of this change, so that I have been adding but a fraction over five pounds per year to my individuality, on the average. As to my taxable value at the outset, I heard—so far as memory serves me—no close calculation. This I know, of my own consciousness, in the neighborhood of my twelfth birthday, I would have exchanged my American independence for the right to a day's fishing, or the ownership of a new "barlow" knife. But years have brought their changes in this relation too; so that to-day, I would likely be disposed to estimate myself at a full market price—possibly rather higher than some of my acquaintances. UNCLE JOHN.

Miners Ask for More Pay.

CUMBERLAND, MD., April 17.—At a meeting of the miners from the different mines in the Cumberland region, held some time last week, it was decided to ask the companies to increase the rate of mining coal from 40 to 50 cents a ton, the same as paid before the reduction last December. The presidents of the different coal companies were to-day notified by letter of the increase asked for by the miners. In addition to the increase, the letter asks for a compliance with the laws of Maryland in reference to hours of labor. The increase is to date from May 1.

The miners claim that the reason for asking for an increase is that they are unable to maintain their families on the present wages. It is also urged that the men who are required to work by the day have to work 11 hours without any increase of pay. On March 15 the companies posted a notice that after that date the men would be required to work from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., with one hour for dinner. The men claim that they have to work according to the notice or be discharged, and that it is a vioation of the law to ask them to work the extra hour without extra pay. The companies maintain that the condition of the coal market will not justify the slightest increase. It is said by some of the coal men to-day that the request of the miners will not be considered. The companies are still bound together by their agreement of 1882, and they have no idea of acting in any other way except as a unit. The merchants, who have heard of the miners' request, claim it will amount to nothing, as the miners are not able to strike, not having fully recovered from their strike of 1882. Some of the miners seem confident that their request will be granted and that they will have plenty of work during the season.

Ex-Gov. Hamilton and Gen. Bradley T. Johnson were in Washington last week to urge the appointment of Mr. R. D. Johnson, of Cumberland, for Internal Revenue Collector for Maryland.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* from the principal distributing points report that demands from country merchants have thus far been disappointing. Spring trade is declared to be a fortnight late, even where the demand is most active. The dry goods trade is moderately active from jobbers' hands, but manufacturers' agents report it dull. Boston advices report prices in some lines of cotton goods as low as ever before, and the outlook for improvement is uncertain. Seasonable fabrics are in best demand. The four weeks' stoppage of production of Fall River print cloth mills prior to July 1 covers thirty-four factories and affects 12,225 employes, earning $67,900 weekly. The weekly production of those mills is 136,500 pieces. Stocks will be reduced about 550,000 pieces. Some Rhode Island mills will also stop. The volume of sales of wool at Eastern markets has been a fair average, but prices are no better. Manufacturers refuse to stock up in advance of early requirements.

The industrial situation is practically unchanged except for the strike of 1,500 flax spinners at Paterson, N. J.

The iron and steel trades are unimproved. There is no material increase in the demand for pig-iron, and the competition between the mills renders nominal quotations subject to reduction. Orders for steel rails are light and prices are as low as ever.

The excessively cold weather during Febrnary and March benefited the anthracite coal trade, and stocks have been reduced 60 percent. But trade at present is only moderate.

Grocery staples have been quiet. Tea is lower and coffee easier. Others are nominal. Dairy products have moved in large volume both for home and for export.

There were 196 failures in the United States during the last week, as compared with 174 in the preceeding week and with 155, 169 and 86 respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About 84 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than $5,000. Canada had nineteen—a decrease of seven.

*

BOSTON, April 18.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been quite active; prices are for most descriptions fairly steady, but there is a disposition among dealers to reduce their stock. The tone on the whole is healthy, as the good demand and the increased inquiry come from a more active improvement in woolen goods and more orders to manufacturers. Manufacturers have shown more interest on the market than for some time. They have been in the market in much larger number than usual, and a great many sample bags have been taken, which should bring larger sales later. The war excitement has served as a topic of interest and discussion, but it is not thought clothing wools could be effected. Early in the week in London desirable wools declined ½d, but this has since been recovered, and is not likely to reoccur, as the suppiy there is very light. The only direct effect of any war would be in carpet wools, of which large supplies come from Russia.

PITTSBURG, April 18.—The *American Manufacturer* says: As the cause of present depression in the iron trade is primarily the refusal or inability of railroads, who are the great consumers of iron, to purchase, it is evident that there can be no revival in the iron trade until this condition of things shall change. For nearly four years no great undertaking, involving the large consumption of iron, has been entered upon. Enterprises inaugurated before have been carried on, many of them to completion, though a few are still in progress, but as one after another of these enterprises have been completed they, of course, have gone out of the market as consumers of iron, confining purchases to the few enterprises remaining uncompleted, and to the demand for renewals and repairs. Of course there are always some minor enterprises in progress and undertaken from time to time that in the aggregate consume considerable iron, and to these and repairs and renewals must we look for the running of the mills at the present time. The return of prosperity, however, can only come with the undertaking of important enterprises with an increase in the number of minor ones and with a much greater increase in the renewals and repairs.

CONNELLSVILLE, April 18.—The *Keystone Courier* says of the coke trade: The bright star of hope that has been steadily dawning upon the coke trade is slightly obscured at this time. Orders have fallen off considerably, and coke is accumulating on the yards and in the cars at a rate that must demand a curtailment of production unless the market moves out more briskly.

The Revised Old Testament.

[From the New York Times]

The revision of the Old Testament has been completed, and on May 21 the new revision will be issued simultaneously in London, New York and Philadelphia. This version is the joint property of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and each university will issue its own edition, although both will be printed from plates made from one set of types. For the American trade Thomas Nelson & Sons, of No. 42 Bleecker street, New York, will control the Oxford Bible, and Lippincott, of Philadelphia, will act as agents for Cambridge. The Harpers, of this city, will also have an edition of the Cambridge Old Testament, which will correspond with their own reprint of the revised New Testament published three years ago. They will have only one style, in pica type, and in four octavo volumes, making five volumes of the Old and New Testaments. The binding will be in brown cloth, with red edges, and the four volumes will be sold for $10. The Nelsons will offer a variety of styles on the day of issue, and a copy of the complete Bible, printed in pearl type and bound in cloth, may be had for $1, or the purchaser of luxurious taste may secure a royal octavo edition in five volumes, printed in pica type and bound in Turkey morocco boards, with gilt edges, for $52.50. There are to be in all six editions and twenty-three styles of binding. The "parallel Bible"—the authorized version arranged in parallel columns with the revised version—will doubtless suit the scholar who desires to make a close comparison. It is to be a crown quarto edition, printed in minion type, and, as to price, $8 will secure the book in cloth boards, $14 a Persian morocco binding, and $18 a cover of Turkey morocco.

The interest of the public and even of the book-sellers in the publication of the revised Old Testament appears thus far to be of rather a quiet sort, and such excitement as attended the issue of the New Testament three years ago is not anticipated. The Harpers, however, state that there is a fair demand for the new Bible, and the Nelsons report that they have received a greater number of orders than they had obtained for the New Testament, at about the same period prior to publication, although the aggregate quantity ordered is somewhat less. It is said, too, that the universities have printed a much larger number of Bibles than that at first supposed to be sufficient to meet the demand.

As to a comparison of the old and new version of the Old Testament, nothing can be said at present, as the translators keep their own counsel Every precaution has been taken to prevent a premature issue of the work, and to prevent stray copies from getting out before the day of delivery. It is asserted that the two universities and the three American houses who are to act as agents are working in perfect harmony in the matter, in proof of which the fact that the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles are printed from the same set of types is mentioned. All the editions to be offered in America are imported from England in the completed state, no sheets even having been sent forward for binding. Whatever arrangements may have been made for reprinting must await the issue of the English work in the prescribed form.

Lee on Grant.

"I wish," said General Lee, "to do simple justice to General Grant when I say that his action toward my army is without a parallel in the annals of nations. When my poor soldiers, with famished faces, having neither food nor raiment, hungry and footsore, came before him in the hour of surrender, it was then that Gen. Grant immediately issued the humane order that 40,000 rations should be given to them. And that was not all. I was giving orders to one of my subordinate officers, who was making out a list of the things to be surrendered. I told him to include the horses. At that very moment Gen. Grant, who seemed to be paying no attention to what was going on, quickly rose from the camp-stool and said: 'No, no, General Lee, no surrender of the horses. Not one, not one. Keep them all. Your poor people will need them for the spring crops.' It was a scene never to be forgotten."

As Lee spoke he paced the room, and with tears streaming down his cheeks repeated two or three times this incident of the surrender.

I then asked him whom he thought to be the greatest of Federal soldiers. "Indeed, sir, judged by Napoleon's test of 'Who did all that?' General Grant is the greatest of living American or European soldiers."—*Lee's interview with Chaplain Pepper, in* 1865, *in New York Sun.*

Hundreds of persons using Ayer's Hair Vigor certify to its efficacy in restoring the hair to the health and beauty of youth.

An "Anti-Treating" Law.

The lawmakers of the far western States are a practical set of fellows who seem to be entirely capable of giving their eastern brethren points in the science of legislation. Here, for instance, is the Legislature of Nevada—and who expects any good to come out of Nevada—dealing a powerful blow at intemperance, and that, too, without either directly antagonizing the whiskey men or taking sides with the prohibitionists.

These wild western Solons, noting the evil effects of the social custom of "treating," so prevalent in this country and so potent in encouraging excess, have determined to strike at the root of the matter, and if possible break up the custom. The result is a stringent "anti-treating" law, which, if it can be enforced, ought to be placed on the statute-books of every one of the thirty-eight States. The outcome will be watched with interest by thousands of parents whose sons are subjected on every hand to the alluraing temptations of a habit that has become universal. We give herewith the text of the first four sections of the bill:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to treat or entertain gratuitously any other person or persons to or with any spirituous or malt liquor or liquors, wine or cider, or any beverage whatever, or to or with any other article whatever, whereby any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage, shall be obtained in any public bar-room, saloon, beer hall or grocery in this State, or in any other public place of resort or amusement in this State.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any one to attempt to evade the provisions of this act by any chicanery or subterfuge whatever, such as pretending to sell one article and delivering another, or by falsely pretending to buy or sell any such beverage.

Sec. 3. Any person or persons violating the first section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $20 nor less than $4, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than ten days nor less than two days, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 4. Any person or persons violating the second section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $50 nor less than $10, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than 25 days nor less than five days, or both such fine and imprisonment.

The remaining sections provide that in the event of the failure of any person convicted under the act to pay the fine imposed, it shall be served out in the county jail at the rate of $2 per day. The fines so collected are to be paid into the school fund.

Isthmus Troubles.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—Secretary Whitney has received an account of the recent troubles of the Isthmus of Panama up to the time of the first engagement between Preston and the Government troops just preceding the burning of Colon, written by Capt. Dow, agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It differs in no material point from the accounts by mail from there; and Commander Kane's report, which has been already published, except that it goes more in detail as to his (Dow's) and Mr. Connor's arrest and treatment by the insurgents.

It appears that they were arrested and locked up in the calaboose together with Consul Wright and one or two others on the afternoon of March 30, but were released upon a promise from the Consul that the arms and ammunition in the steamer Colon should be delivered to Preston. Wright went on board the Colon and subsequently to the Galena, but as soon as the latter vessel made preparations to take possession of Colon, Dow and Connor were rearrested, Preston ordering his men to shoot them if a shot was fired from the Galena. They were guarded in the calaboose until 2 o'clock on the morning of March 31, when they were marched under guard several miles into the country. They managed to escape in different directions in the confusion following the attact on Preston by the government troops. They did not reach the Galena until 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning.

Capt. Dow concludes thus: "I have been thus particular in my accovnt of this unjustifiable and entirely irresponsible outrage committed on Mr. Connor and myself in order that we may put ourselves on record as demanding, through the United States Government, satisfaction from the United States of Columbia for the treatment we received."

In his speech to the Middlesex Club in Boston, Saturday evening, Sen. Evarts expressed the opinion that Republicans were not likely again to show their faith in the stability of the Government by voting the Democracy into power, and that in 1888 there will be no talk about repugnance to any candidate, and very few people will shout for the Prohibition nominee, but the votes will be cast for one of the two great parties. Mr. Evarts may draw his sentences out to undue length, but in this matter his head is decidedly level.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust my wife, Anna Bray, who left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, as I will not pay any bills contracted by her.

NORMAN M. BRAY.
Oakland, Md., April 21st, 1885.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our lands near Oakland in any manner.

NATHAN CASTEEL.
4 25 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

NOTICE!

Merchants and others are hereby notified to give no credit to any person whatsoever on account of L. Levering or Thomas J. Crouser, from this date.

L. LEVERING.
4 25 3t VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Atty's.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain LakePark, Md.

IF YOU GO TO

HARNE & LAWTON

WITH YOUR PRODUCE

You are sure to get the highest market price, and will always find a full line of

GROCERIES, FEED, FLOUR,

QUEENSWARE, TOBACCO, &c.

We are always ready to buy

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE

—Such as—

BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES, &c.

☞Bring your produce and give us a trial.

HARNE & LAWTON.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md.

SHERIFF'S LICENSE NOTICE!

NOTICE TO MERCHANT TRADERS AND OTHERS.

All persons and bodies, corporate or politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT ENSUING,

under the penalties prescribed by said laws for the infraction thereof.

M. R. HAMILL,
April 1, 1885. Sheriff.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

A. BENJ. F. HARVEY vs. HIS CREDITORS. } No. 77 Insolvents.

Ordered this eighteenth day of March, 1885, that the fourth day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which A. Benjamin F. Harvey, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett County, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that Frederick A. Thayer, Permant Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said fourth day of May next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
March 21, 1885.—6 t.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 20th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, May 4th, 1885,

for the transaction of business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
4 25 3t Clerk.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A LOVE SONG TO A WIFE.

'Tis the beautiful, love-breathing gloaming hour,
And the breeze is rocking each slumbering flower,
And 'neath the clustering hawthorn boughs
Lovers are breathing their tender vows.

Shy lids are drooping o'er radiant eyes,
And the air is full of delightful sighs;
Cheeks glow and dimple, and red lips part—
And, O, how fondly heart answers heart!

For very gladness young pulses sing—
Ah, love is a wildering, witching thing;
An exquisite, tremulous, heaven-born strain,
That fills the soul with delicious pain.

We have been lovers for forty years;
O dear cheeks faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well.

O pale brow shrined in soft silvery hair!
Crowned with life's sorrow, and lined with care;
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Those dear, dear records of faithful love.

Ah, fond, fond eyes, of my own true wife!
Ye have shone so clear through my chequered life,
Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way,
That I can not think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands, that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving, and brave and strong!
Ye will never tire ye will never rest,
Until you are crossed on my darling's breast.

O, warm heart throbbing so close to mine!
Time only strengthens such love as thine,
And proves that the holiest love doth last
When summer, and beauty, and youth are past.

—*Fannie Forrester, in the Quiver.*

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Why a Warrior's Hair Changed from Black to White.

You wonder that my hair is so white while I am not an old man as years go? Perhaps your hair would be as white as mine if you had passed through the ordeal of death in life that it was my fate to endure.

Tell you about it? Ugh! I shudder to think of it. Everything comes up before me so vividly when I tell my strange story that I seem to be living the terrible hours of terror and suspense over again: I do not tell it often, but if you care to hear it, listen, and when I am done tell me if you wonder my hair is white.

I was a soldier in the late war, and it was my fortune to be wounded in an engagement in Virginia. A ball struck me in the shoulder, and I fell to the ground and knew nothing of what happened for hours after that.

When I came to myself I was in an ambulance and was being taken to the hospital. The jolting of the wagon caused almost unbearable pain in my wounded shoulder. At times it seemed as if my suffering would drive me wild. By the time we reached our destination I was so weak I could hardly speak above a whisper. I was taken from the ambulance and carried into the hospital ward, and a surgeon was sent for at once.

He came presently—a kindly featured, mild-voiced man, who won my confidence at once. He asked me some questions about my wound before he proceeded to examine it. Seeing how weak I was he gave me something that soon quieted me.

When the drug had taken effect he examined my shoulder. I saw from his face that he considered amputation necessary.

"I wont consent to have my arm taken off," I cried. "I'd rather suffer any amount of pain than the loss of that."

"But—you might lose your life," he suggested.

"I might as well, and be done with it, as to go through life with one arm," I answered. "I'll never consent to any operation that will deprive me of it."

He reasoned with me in vain. At length he left me.

Shortly after the nurse having charge of that ward came in. The surgeon had made out a prescription for me, and I swallowed the medicine he sent, wondering if life or death was to be my lot.

I fell into a broken, troubled sleep, from which I woke to the consciousness of a keen, knife-like pain in my shoulder, a sudden darting pain that ran through all my nerves and tingled to the extremities of my body.

In this condition the surgeon found me when he made his next visit.

"I knew how it would be," he said, shaking his head. "I tell you what it is, my boy, you had better submit to the loss of a limb than a loss of life. It will soon be too late, if this inflammation goes on, to risk an operation."

"I can not consent to it," I persisted, thinking of the disadvantage I would be laboring under in attempting to fight the battle of life without my trusty arm. "Besides, the shock of amputation might kill me. It probably would. As well die with my arm on as to have it taken off and then die."

"It might, it is true," said the surgeon; "but the chances of recovery after an operation would be far greater than now. However, if you are determined to hang to it we'll do the best we can for you."

Then he proceeded to dress my wound. The pain the operation caused was terrible. Once I almost fainted away.

"Grin and bear it," said the surgeon. "After a little you will be more comfortable, I think. But I tell you the truth when I say that you will suffer far more with your arm, if you live, than you would in having it taken off."

"It isn't the dread of the pain of amputation that makes me refuse to have it taken off," I answered, "it is simply because I can not bear the idea of going through life with but one arm to depend on."

For a time after my wound was dressed I was tolerably comfortable. Then the shooting pain I have spoken of commenced running all over me again. My suffering was so intense that I could feel the sweat starting on my forehead. I could not keep back the groans of agony which rose to my lips.

Presently the nurse came in. Seeing how terribly I was suffering he called the surgeon, who chanced to be passing through the hall.

"Poor fellow! he's bound to have a hard time of it," the surgeon said. "Give him this powder now, and if it doesn't relieve him give another. It may be necessary to give two; but don't do so unless he suffers intensely."

I swallowed the powder. Gradually the sense of excruciating pain died out, and at last oblivion came.

It was late at night when I woke from the stupor produced by the drug.

Just as it became daylight the pain began again, with redoubled intensity. It would seem to concentrate itself for a moment in my shoulder, then spread all over my body like ripples on a puddle of water into which one drops a stone. Every ripple of pain seemed to burn its way along nerve and artery, and I could not help shrieking out in the intensity of my torture.

The nurse was greatly alarmed when he came in and hastily emptied some powder from a vial he carried into a glass of water, and held it to my lips. I drank the draught eagerly, hoping for relief from pain, or death, I cared not much which.

Again that deadly stupor crept over me, and I felt consciousness leaving my brain. Soon I knew no more.

When again a vague sort of consciousness came stealing in upon my benumbed senses as the first faint beams of coming day steal in upon the gloom and darkness of night, I became aware of the sound of voices in the room. I could hear words spoken, but they seemed far off. Gradually they seemed to come nearer, until at last I could distinguish what was being said.

"He died day before yesterday," I heard the surgeon say, in tones full of respectful sympathy. "The nurse found him suffering terribly and gave him a large dose of morphine. That seemed to quiet him. The nurse reported the case to me, and I came as soon as I could. When I came he was dead. I am sorry that you could not have been here sooner, madam. He often spoke of his mother. If I had dreamed how near the end was I would have telegraphed at once. But I supposed there was no immediate danger."

"I wish I could have been here," a voice choked with tears made reply—the voice of my mother. "O, my poor boy!"

Then I felt warm kisses pressed upon my lips and tears fell like rain upon my face.

Good God! They thought I was dead! The terrible truth flashed over me like lightning.

Dead!

For many hours I had been lying there wrapped in the icy semblance of death, and my mother was preparing to take my body home for burial! I tried to open my eyes, to speak. In vain! No muscle moved in response to the dictates of my will. The current of life was frozen in my veins.

It was terrible, terrible, terrible, the awful, sickening feeling that crept over me when I found that my body had thrown off allegiance to my will and that I was powerless to move a finger or lift an eyelid. I was dead, to all outward appearance. Once the thought came to me that perhaps this was really death and my soul had not yet taken its leave of the house of clay. But I could not believe that, and I strove to shake off the lethargy upon me again and again. But my will could not accomplish its purpose. I felt myself receding into unconsciousness again, as a wave goes out from shore till its identity is lost. I was a wave on the tide of life going out into oblivion. I thought then that I was indeed dying. The semblance of death was fast becoming its reality. Then came another long and utter blank in my existence.

When again consciousness returned, it brought a sensation of intense cold. I seemed to be in some region of ice and frost. All my energies seemed congealed in deadly numbness. Again I tried to move, to open my eyes. Not a muscle stirred.

How long was this to continue? I asked myself that question, but I could not answer it. Then the thought came again that after all I might be really dead. How did I know that the soul left the body when what men call death takes place? Might it not remain and be conscious of earthly things the same as before? Who could tell what happened after the breath of life has left the body? The lips of those called dead never opened to divulge the secrets of death. Perhaps I was finding them out. But no! no! It could not be that I was dead! I was in a trance. But they believed I was dead, and they would bury me alive!

By slow degrees the truth of my position came upon me. I was in my coffin.

I leave you to imagine, if you can, what I felt. But you can not. No one can who has not been through the same terrible experience.

Then steps came into the room. I felt myself lifted and borne out. I was carried for some distance. Then I knew that those who bore me were ascending steps. I heard the creaking of heavy doors, and then the deep and solemn tones of an organ broke forth in the Dead March in Saul.

I knew, then, that I was in the church I had attended previous to my enlistment. I was back in my old home and friends had gathered to pay their last tribute to my memory.

Then the organ's mighty voice died out in a long minor chord, and the minister read in slow, impressive tones:

"I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall he live again."

Then came messages of comfort from the word of God to sorrowing hearts. I heard the sobs of friends about me, as the good man spoke. Then he prayed. A hymn was sung. Then the lid above my face was lifted, and friends came about me to take the last look. I felt tears falling on my face. I felt that my last chance had come. Now, if ever, I must shake myself free from the deadly lethargy upon me. It seemed as if my frantic efforts to break the bonds that bound me must avail and set the current of life in motion.

My mother came to me last. She leaned across the coffin and laid her cheek against my face, and whispered: "O, my boy, you were all I had left and I loved you so!"

Somehow those words seemed to touch the hidden spring of life. The stagnant current began to move again, my will resumed its power over my body; I opened my eyes and cried out: "Mother!"

I can not describe the scene of terror and excitement that followed. Imagine how it would be if you saw the dead come to life. For months after that many looked at me with frightened faces, as if they could not rid themselves of the impression that I had really been dead and that they beheld my ghost.

Do you wonder my hair is white? What I wonder at most is that my mind stood the strain of that terrible experience.—*N. Y. Journal.*

NO MUSIC FOR HIM.

A Gentleman Who Believed That He Would Look at the Sick Horse.

Old 'Squire Haggleson, who came to town the other day to urge the petition asking that young Zeb Sailor might not be hanged, was induced by a friend to attend a rendition of "Il Trovatore." The old gentleman put on his spectacles, expecting to see a great caper, but in disappointment, he turned to his friend and said:

"This is a sort of singin' show, ain't it?"

"O, yes, it is an opera."

"Singing, is it?"

"Yes, a grand opera."

"Don't they give no p'ints that a fellar can ketch on? Suthin' that a fellar ken tell the folks when he goes home? A man kain't tell nothin' about a song. He ken only say that he heard it and that's all. Now some time ago I went to a thing that wuz full of pints. Why I sot down an' talked an hour about it, an' at the log-rollin' I showed the boys how the whole thing went, but this thing don't 'pear to have no place to hinge on. Now look at that fellar with the tin clothes on. He don't say nuthin', don't do nuthin'; all I ken say about him is that he wore tin clothes. Then Oscar Piler will say, 'tin clothes?' 'Yes, tin clothes,' I will reply, then he will say, 'that's a deuce of a note. A fellar kain't jump with tin clothes on.' That shuts me up, you see. No, I'm afeerd that I kain't say nuthin' about this show. Lawd a massy! look at that woman with the fine duds. My lands! how she hollers. They call that singin', don't they?"

"O, yes, that's singing. It is grand opera."

"Yas, but when air we going to have some music? It's a strange thing that some folks don't know what singin' is. Now, thar's my daughter Ann. Ef she was here it would tickle her to death to hear that gal squeal. I allus did feel sorry for a pusson that ain't got no ear for music.

"Don't talk so loud. This is considered very fine music by educated people."

"I reckin so. I'm glad they like it. Say, did you ever see a filly r'ar up an' squeal? Wall, that woman puts me in mind o' one. Now a person that pretends to be interested in this thing would be annoyed by the squealin' of a filly, but blamed if I ken see much difference an' I've stirred round a good bit, too. We must all give the filly the credit o' bein' the most nachul. Now look at them fellers singin' at each other. Do you call that music?"

"O, yes, it is the music of anger."

"They air mad, I reckin?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't they say so? Now, when a man gits mad, he don't feel like singin'. Cussin' is more in his line."

"That's all well enough, 'Squire, but this is an opera."

"So I see, but I kain't find out the pin'ts o' the thing. Wall, b'leve I'll go."

"Hold on, 'Squire, don't be in a hurry."

"O, I ain't in a hurry. I like to hear singin' an I can put up with most any sort o' noise, but you must excuse me. I don't like to see people dodge music this way. Wall, good-bye. Jim Anderson's hoss is down with the botts an' I b'leve I'll go round an' look at him a while."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Deaf Mutes Repeating the Lord's Prayer in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

A roguish-looking little fellow, probably twelve years old, stood on the carpeted platform near Mr. Beecher's armchair at Plymouth Church the other night and repeated the Lord's Prayer with such infinite pathos—so touching because it was wholly unconscious—that fifty people in the large audience devoutly joined in his "Amen," and nearly 200 more wiped the tears from their eyes. But little more than a year ago the boy was a street waif in Danbury, Conn. People pitied him and gave him pennies because he was deaf and dumb. A benevolent gentleman sent him to an oral school for deaf mutes in Mystic. He watched the lips of people in the audience fifty feet away, and repeated words after them. "Maggie," "Herman," "Hartford," "boy," horse," and several other words were spoken as plainly as four out of five school children of his age would have pronounced them. "Brooklyn" bothered him. He called it Bruglin. The boy could not hear a sound. He never has since he was born. So keen was his observation that he repeated words by watching the shadow on the white wall of the person who uttered them. He did not shirk a syllable of the Lord's Prayer, nor stumble once in his articulation. His pronunciation of some words was peculiar, but the whole was rendered with such plaintive simplicity and peculiar falling inflection at the termination of sentences that many ladies who heard him sobbed.

Another boy stepped on the platform, a sharp little fellow in short trousers. He watched people's lips with eyes like a lynx and shouted the words after them as vociferously as a newsboy. Somebody tried him with hard words, such as Nebuchednezzar, but he pronounced them before the tones of the first speaker's voice had died away. People pointed to articles of clothing, such as a cuff, collar, glove or coat, and the boy told them what they were doing. He never dreamed of the applause that followed him to the seat.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A man's education is not complete until he runs a newspaper for a while. Then he learns a good deal that he did not know before.—*Galveston (Tex.) News.*

—There are said to be 534 seamstresses in New York City, each of whom earns only one dollar a week.

THE FINGER NAILS.

How They Should be Cared for so as to Secure the Maximum of Comfort.

While serving as a protection to the extremities of the fingers, well-preserved nails add much to the beauty of the hand.

On the contrary, nothing renders the hand more unsightly than thick, irregular and soiled nails. But another consideration, making a proper care of them of the highest importance, is the fact that every person who labors with the hands is liable to gather, under the free margin of his nails, foreign matter, which may be very poisonous to the tissues of the body. Many cases have occurred in which the slightest abrasions of the cuticle by means of the finger-nail have resulted in malignant, even fatal, inflammations.

If, from any cause, the nail becomes thick and inelastic, it soon becomes rough, and assumes the appearance of an excrescence rather than an ornament. In this condition it is much more difficult to keep clean. To avoid this, the hand should not be subjected to the action of strong alkalies, such as quicklime, etc.; neither should foreign substances be removed from the surface by scraping, as, from the peculiar manner of its growth, this will cause the nail to thicken.

To cleanse the surface and the margin adjoining the skin, a soft nail-brush, mild soap, and soft water should be applied once each day, while the foreign matter, accumulated under the free margin should be removed as often as the hands are washed, by passing the rounded point of a small knife-blade once or twice beneath it.

This being done while the nail is wet, one movement will generally be sufficient to remove the substance completely; but care should be taken to detach no more of the nail, as this may, if repeated, cause the detached margin to recede until it is necessary to allow a wide growth to protect the end of the finger.

The paring should also be done while the nail is soft from washing, with an instrument which will make a perfectly smooth edge, and sufficiently often to limit the breadth of the free margin to about one-twelfth of an inch. This breadth is best, especially in the case of persons who have to do rough work with the hands, for two reasons; it prevents the breaking of the nail and also the accumulation of much foreign substance. The corners should not be very closely cut, or the troublesome condition known as ingrown nail may be produced.

To prevent the breaking of the cuticle near the root of the nail (commonly called "hang-nail"), the skin should be pressed—not scraped—loose from the nail at least once a week.—*Youth's Companion.*

RICH MEN AND COLLEGES.

What a Few Rich Men Have Done for the Cause of Education.

Johns Hopkins gave $3,148,000 to the university which he founded. His gifts for benevolent purposes amounted to $8,000,000. Judge Packer gave $3,000,000 to Lehigh University. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $1,000,000 to the Vanderbilt University. Stephen Girard gave $8,000,000 to Girard College. John C. Green and his residuary legatees gave $1,500,000 to Princeton College. Ezra Cornell gave $1,000,000 to Cornell University. Isaac Rich bequeathed the greater part of his estate, which was appraised at $1,700,000, to Boston University. On account of the great fire and shrinkage in value, and other unfortunate circumstances, the University will realize less than $700,000 from this magnificent bequest. Amasa Stone gave $600,000 to Adelbert College by direct gift and by bequest. W. W. Corcoran gave $170,000 to Columbian University in money and land. Benjamin Bussy gave real estate worth $500,000 to Harvard University. Samuel Williston, William J. Walker, and Samuel A. Hitchcock gave between $100,000 and $200,000 each to Amherst College. Whitmer Phœnix gave the bulk of his property, amounting to about $640,000, to Columbia College. J. B. Trevor gave $179,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary. Matthew Vassar gave $800,000 to Vassar College. Gardner Colby gave $170,000 to Colby University and $100,000 to Newton Theological Seminary. J. B. Colgate gave $300,000 to Madison University. George I. Seney gave $450,000 to Wesleyan University. The Crozer family gave $300,000 to Crozer Theological Seminary. It would be easy to add to this list. There are hundreds of men and women whose splendid gifts entitle them to be held in everlasting remembrance. Such gifts are so common now that they are expected. If a rich man should live and die without doing something for the cause of education, he would at once become the subject of adverse criticism.—*Pennsylvania College Monthly.*

MEN'S HATS.

The Fashionable Styles and Colors for Men's Head Gear.

A Boston manufacturer is showing with some success a bell-crowned flexible hat in three heights, and in this connection it may be as well to say that the flexible hat is steadily gaining in popularity all over the country.

In curls the favorites are either a half-inch D'Orsey or half-inch round curl, although two 'fancys" are selling well. One is a half-inch D'Orsey reversed and ironed on to the under brim, and the other is a D'Orsey curl run in wide front and rear and narrow on the sides; both of these curls look better than they sound.

In colors nutria mixtures and blue pearls seem to be the favorites in stiff hats for light colors, and in soft browns, wines and side nutrias seem to prevail.

The stitched cloth hat in round and square crowns has lately come to the front, the demand in New England being something remarkable. These hats are mostly made in tweeds in prominent patterns of checks and plaids, and have been greeted by cloth hat manufacturers as something in the light of a special providence.

The taper square crown bears out our predictions as to its popularity, and will run in light colors. As made, it is a neat and graceful style, and will, from present indications, form one of the staple shapes for a long time to come.—*Hatter and Furrier.*

TEMPERANCE.

DRINK PLAIN COLD WATER.

Eminent English Doctors Singing the Praises of Temperance.

At an annual dinner of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, instead of such songs as "The Glasses Sparkle on the Board," or, "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt," the following ditty was sung:

AIR—"*Love's Young Dream.*"

Oh! the days are gone when Claret bright
Inspired my strain,
When I sang on every festive night
About Champagne.
Prime "Thirty-four"
In floods may pour,
And glasses gaily clatter,
But there's nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.

Though the bard may make a greater noise
Over his wine,
When with other bacchanalian boys
He chances to dine;
Yet if he wake
With a headache,
And wonders what's the matter,
He learns there's nought so safe to drink
As plain cold water.

There's Dr. Hassall, he proclaims
That water's full
Of curious brutes with curious names,
In every pool.
Now you will see
That this must be
A most important matter;
For it's clear there's meat as well as drink
In plain cold water.

Professor Clark of Aberdeen
Says chalk is there,
And Monsieur Chatin, iodine
Finds everywhere.
If this be true
It's clear to you
It's just so much the better,
For there's meat and drink and physic, too,
In plain cold water.

So if your health you would keep good,
With wine have done,
And like that wise man, with your food
Drink water alone.
About he drives,
And well he thrives,
And every day grows fatter,
Which shows that folk can live quite well
On plain cold water.

—*Irish World.*

IS TEMPERATE DRINKING SAFE?

A Woman's Testimony—What She Had Seen, and Known, and Felt—A Dramatic Incident.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and *then* hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess. Look upon me!* You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted—of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you (pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects with dismay and horror. I felt we were to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare; and they could not escape; and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's Word!" And with her arms flung high and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician hung their heads; and when the President of the meeting put the question: "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was: "No!"—*Memoir of George N. Briggs, late ex-Governor of Massachusetts.*

Chocolate Bombs.

The serpent of the still calls to his aid the candy manufacturers and evades the law against selling liquor to minors by sugar-coating his poisons. A chocolate bomb is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and is made of a hollow shell of crystalized candy, filled with sweetened fusil oil and alcohol! They are coated with chocolate and have half a kernel of a maderia nut on top. The contents of three bombs will fill a wine-glass. School children in some of our large cities were made partially drunk on these bombs, and the rock-and-rye drops which are permeated with the same vile compound. Brooklyn was flooded to such an extent with similar candy, that the Board of Health stopped its manufacture. Papers of New York are calling attention to the matter. It is an evil that, unchecked, will spread into all our cities and towns, and parents and teachers must be on the alert for the foe that hides himself in sweet disguise.—*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

Climate and Liquor Drinking.

No climate exactly suits the constitution of the drinking man. In the hot climate he falls an easy victim to cholera and kindred epidemics; in the cold climate he is the first to freeze to death when a cold wave sweeps down from the Northwest. With every severe storm of the past winter the daily papers have made mention of poor besotted drunkards found frozen to death in country fields or city alleys, where they have stupidly lain down to sleep. On the other hand, temperate habits are known to bring added power of endurance against extremes of heat and cold. It was said at the time that the survivors of Lieutenant Greely's exploring party were men who had not injured their constitutions by even the use of tobacco. And now attention is called to the fact that the comparatively slight amount of sickness among General Wolseley's troops in the Soudan, considering the climate and the circumstances, is owing to the sparing use of stimulants by the soldiers. The dispatches state that no liquor can be purchased south of Wady Halfa, and that General Wolseley sternly punishes any native caught selling a drop to one of his men. Ten thousand gallons of rum were shipped to the Commissariat Department in November, but little of it has thus far been used.—*S. S. Times.*

Depleting the Church.

How the saloon depletes the church is most strikingly shown by the following statistics gathered by Rev. H. W. Bennett, formerly of Dubuque, Ia., and now of Bloomington. He says of Bloomington: "There are about 4,500 young men in this city. Of a total membership of the Christian churches of 3,511, only 356, or about one-tenth are young men, and the average attendance upon public worship is placed at 400. Of 854 arrests made by our police in 1884, more than 600 were young men. Think of that! More young men arrested in a year than attend churches. Of 111 people confined in the jail in one year, 81 were young men. Of 1,309 calls made at 49 saloons from seven to eight p. m., Saturday, 1,021 were young men. Only front doors are watched. Notice how the proportion of arrests compare with the visits to the saloons. Here are the open gates to that hell which blackens moral character, blinds moral perceptions, weakens will power, and will engulf with earthly shame and eternal perdition every young man who passes through them to remain. If Christian ministers are not willfully blind, they will engage in this holy war upon the liquor traffic as the surest means of winning souls.—*Union Signal.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE "one more" drink has made a hundred thousand drunkards.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is only fourteen years old, and numbers over forty thousand members.

THE "wet ticket"—that is what they call the whisky ticket in Georgia. It is a good name for it; the "wet ticket"—wet with the tears of broken-hearted women and drunkards' children.—*Christian Advocate.*

IT looks as though there could be but little doubt as to the ultimate acceptance of prohibition in Canada. So far during this year Lennox and Addington, Lanark, Brome, Guelph, Kent and Carleton counties have added their voices to the long roll of constituencies which have spoken in its favor. Bit by bit in this manner will at length do the work.—*Canadian Baptist.*

THE first woman's benefit society under teetotal auspices ever organized is known in London as the Independent Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress. It has not been over progressive, however, during the twenty-four years of its existence, having but $1,000 to its credit in bank at present. It begins, however, to show tokens of advance, and branches are to be formed outside the metropolis.—*Union Signal.*

IDAHO put in its W. C. T. U. Plea for more scientific Temperance instruction in the schools, and received, not "a stone" for its cry, but "half a loaf." Instead of enacting the law, the Legislature inserted the word "Temperance" in that section of the School law which enumerates the principles to be impressed by public education. So we go—swinging on toward the day when the school-house shall cradle the Temperance reform.—*Union Signal.*

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "intemperance is exceedingly common among the Russians, and that the great number of holidays contribute much to this state of affairs. The people become frightfully drunk, and remain so until their money is entirely exhausted. They have a custom there called Pominki—a remembrance service forty days after a person's death. Once a year they visit family graves. This is often accompanied by debauchery. And our own holidays are extending in the same direction. We saw more men drunk on the street last Christmas day and evening than we have seen all the rest of the year."

TEMPERANCE work by the young and among the young has recently received a strong impetus in Wisconsin. The Sunday-school workers of that State have perfected a plan for organizing the Wisconsin Sunday-school children into a "Wisconsin Temperance Army," the schools of each township forming a regiment and those of each county a division. A gentleman interested in the movement is said to have offered a costly silk banner to that county which shall have enrolled the largest per cent. of its children in this total abstinence before June 1. The Wisconsin Sunday-school leaders at the Monona Lake Park Assembly last summer urged the importance of putting more emphasis upon Temperance instruction in the religious training of the young.—*S. S. Times*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Barley is excellent for beginning to fatten cattle, as there is less danger they will cloy on it than on corn.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—White china, with gold bands and the monogram in large gold letters on rim, is coming again into fashion, and very satisfactory it is, since one may then be certain of being able to replace a piece which has been broken.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Potato chips: Cut them round in long strips like peeling an apple and throw them into cold water. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth and fry them in hot fat using a frying basket for the purpose. As soon as they are nicely colored, drain before the fire, sprinkle with salt and serve.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A brilliant black varnish for iron, stone or wood can be made by thoroughly incorporating ivory black with common shellac varnish. The mixture should be laid on very thin. But ordinary coal tar varnish will serve the same purpose in most cases quite as well, and it is not nearly so expensive. —*Chicago Journal.*

—One of the most delicious dessert dishes for this season of the year, and one which has never to the writer's knowledge met with a word of aught but praise, is this very simple recipe: Slice an equal number of oranges and bananas, and add to suit the taste, a little preserved pineapple and powdered sugar. The resulting salad is served cold.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. William H. Brewer, Professor of Agriculture in the Sheffield Scientific School and President of the New Haven Board of Health, lectured on "Cholera" recently in Hartford, in the course of his remarks saying that he had little faith in quarantine to keep out cholera, which, he thought, would probably reach us, but by no means certainly. A quarantine was useful, but caution on the part of the people should be the chief quarantine dependence. Clean up! said the Professor with emphasis.

—Sponge Drops: Beat to a froth three eggs and one cup of sugar. Stir into this one heaping cup of sifted flour, in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been mixed. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water and add last, after beating well. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or vanilla. Butter tin sheets with washed butter, free from salt, and drop the mixture in teaspoonfuls upon them, about three inches apart. Bake in a quick oven. Serve with ice cream.—*The Household.*

—It is well known that the common potato is the product of seed which in its wild state is wholly unfit for food. That the quality of potatoes now, however, depends largely on the soil and methods of cultivation is less generally understood. The potatoes grown on soil full of vegetable matter will be large and coarse. In a wet season they will be "soggy" when cooked. If not well covered from the sun while growing the tubers will be green and have a harsh, bitter taste, which is really that of poison.—*Exchange.*

—Economy counts in the course of a year, and the care of the kitchen utensils, the wash tubs, etc., is by no means lost or useless; it is wise also to look after the fruit cans; when the fruit is taken out they should be washed in warm water, hot ammonia put into them and be filled with water, and allowed to stand for an hour or two; then they should be rinsed in clear water, and the rubbers and tops all be taken equally good care of, so that when they are needed the next autumn no loss may occur.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Charlotte Russe Pudding: Heat one and one-half pints of milk to near boiling; stir into it the beaten yelks of four eggs; one half a tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in a little cold milk; one-half cup of white sugar; flavor with vanilla; let it thicken like custard; lay slices of sponge cake in a deep pudding dish and pour over them the custard; when cool beat the four whites of eggs, sweeten with one-half a cup of powdered sugar and spread over the pudding and set in the oven to brown. —*Boston Globe.*

BEES.

The Profits That Can Be Realized by an Intelligent Apiarist.

In these times of seeking for new sources of profit on the farm, as that of grain growing wanes, bees come in for their share of attention. Prof. Cook relates how bee-keeping may be profitably associated with general farming: "We often hear that only specialists should keep bees, that bee-keeping is no business for a farmer or for a person with any other business." The Professor relates the experience of his brother, E. J. Cook, of Owosso, who is one of the best farmers in the State, and whose crops are always among the best in the county where he lives. "A few years ago he purchased a few colonies of bees more to interest his boys than with the expectation of making money. He winters them in a good cellar and has never lost any. In 1883 his colonies reached fifty, and last year sixty. In 1883 his profits from his bees exceeded by a considerable sum those from his farm. Last year the excess was even greater. Either of his boys, one sixteen, the other fourteen, is capable of entirely managing the bees. The apiary has been a source of valuable thought and study to all, and the constant profits have brought no small satisfaction. Mr. Cook and his boys have spared no pains to secure instruction and never refuse needed attention to the bees. They say they had better neglect the farm." Prof. Cook further says of the profits of bee-keeping, that a good, thoroughly prepared bee-keeper can easily care for one hundred colonies with no help. Except from the middle of May to July 1 he could care for two hundred colonies, which, to do well, should be separated into two apiaries which should be at least four or five miles apart. Thus, by hiring an assistant for two or three months during the season for storing, a good apiarist can care well for two hundred colonies. In a good bee region which abounds in such honey plants as white clover, basswood, raspberries and abundant fall plants, it is not too much to expect as the year's average fifty pounds of comb honey per colony and increase to double the number of colonies. This estimate is below rather than above what has been secured by our best bee-keepers.—*Detroit Post.*

OLD-TIME SUGAR MAKING.

Scenes in and About an Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp.

The regular typical "sugar weather," freezing at night, thawing and slopping by day, recalls the scenes and fashions of a day long past, when "home-made sugar"—we never called it "maple" nor misnamed the tree that way, except by Yankee inculcation—was not a fancy confection, a luxury beyond the "barber-pole" candy of infancy, but a necessity, when "Orleans" sugar was not to be had, or was too expensive for the poor in pocket, as many a rich man of to-day was in that day. The free-handed householder laid in his year's stock of sugar by the time the apple trees are in bloom, at the latest, and frequently before the frost was well out of the ground. It deteriorated in the close chests—the protection against ants and flies—or in cloth-headed barrels, and lost much of the peculiar flavor of the early product. It got musty and weak to the "sweet tooth," though possibly not to the tea. For cooking it was never so good as the can product. It did not mix well, and left black spots of undiffused sugar that variegated the taste of cake too gaudily. In molasses it was best, and it is still unmatched for pancakes and fritters and all table use. No syrup equals it, no honey of hive or hand rivals it for these uses. The demand for it has manufactured a score of imitations, but they can't fool the tongue that has been taught in the cradle the taste of the essence of dew, distilled through ten million tubes in the sugar tree.

When the sugar season—"a movable feast," like Easter—came on, sometimes early in February, sometimes early in March, but usually between the two, the owner of a "sugar camp"—some few untutored or overtutored noodles call it "sugar brush" he would, with the customary wastefulness of backwoods habits, go out with his ax and chop fresh cuts in old trees and new cuts in fresh trees, to collect the water in. One primitive fashion was to slope a cut four or five inches into the body of the tree, a foot or more up, and scooped at the bottom into a rude little trough, from which the water was dipped as fast as it gathered sufficiently to be reached. This was wasteful every way, and sensible farmers, after cutting a little notch, would bore a hole a couple of inches or so deep and drive in a spile of elder with the pith punched out. In time, though, the notch was abandoned and the hole bored directly through the bark, and tin tubes substituted in some cases for the elder spiles. "Sugar troughs" made of a cut two or three feet long, of a log a foot or more in diameter, split in half sometimes and hollowed out to hold a couple of gallons or so, were in general use, but they were wasteful and those who could afford money better than muscle bought crocks and buckets. These were emptied, and sometimes by hand, sometimes by sleds or wagons carrying tubs, the water was taken to the kettles at rounds made at regular intervals.

The primitive furnace long remained—probably in many places yet remains—in use, and that was a couple of big logs a dozen feet long and a foot or two in diameter, laid parallel and far enough apart to make room for a fair pile of fuel between them. On these the kettles—sometimes two or three, or more, owing to the number of trees tapped—were set, and the water boiled down, added to as it went down and still boiled down till it grew "thick and slab," and then the fragrance that was on the passing breeze through the grove could have discounted "nard and cassia's balmy smells." Pungent, inviting, suggestive, it is the "bouquet" of our backwoods nectar, and commonly surrounded by blooming hebes of the cabin and kitchen. The fitful flashes of fire, tempered to the bubbling of the kettles, which, unguarded, sometimes boiled over, lit up the woods about with a somber glow that gave the streaks of snow, the bare boughs of the trees, the gray trunks and the brown leaves at their roots a sort of diabolical, gory look, as if a gleam of Pandemonium came through some crack or knot-hole; and the figures standing over the kettles or seated on the end of the furnace-logs might have been mistaken by eyes untaught of the keener perceptions of the nose, for lazy devils loafing about a fire they hadn't energy enough to keep from going out.

The scenes of a sugar camp, however, were anything but somber in spirit, whatever the light upon them. There wasn't much idling, and there was always fun. If the camp owners had families, and the backwoodsman without one was a wonder, the young folks made a frolic of the work of "stirring off" or graining the sugar. The name was eminently descriptive. To keep the sugar from solidifying into a mass of impenetrable candy it had to be incessantly stirred, and the work was too hard for anybody to endure long at a time. But as Shakspeare might have said, and did nearly say, the fun "physicked the pain." The manager, man or woman, frequently tested the condition of the syrup by pouring a spoonful into a "gourd" of cold sugar water and noticing its "ropiness," its rapidity of cooling, its tendency to "grain," and thereby judging when it was necessary to reduce the fire or put it out. And all the while the "stirring off" went briskly on with many a laugh, and giggle and squeal of girlish glee or boyish frolic. Egg shells were filled with the ungrained denser syrup, to cool into lumps as hard as "dornicks," or cast into the mold of teacups greased with butter or clean lard to keep it from sticking, or rudely molded into some uncouth form or formless chunk. Hands and hair and sleeves got sticky, drops of sugar fell on the clothing and cooled and stuck like paint.

Most of the sugar woods anywhere near the city have long been gone in smoke, and ashes, and heat that has mixed with the universe of correlated forces, and it needs no long sighted prophecy or pesimisms to see that the time is on the wing and will soon be here when the sugar tree will be as completely lost as the dodo, and its sugar as impossible as "potable gold." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

—"Main street, about half way up on the left side, in a tall building," was the address on a letter received recently in the Buffalo (N. Y.) Post-office and destined for delivery in that city.

THE RAZORBACK PIG.

An Animal Monstrosity Indigenous to Some Portions of the Country.

Flamaton has two hotels, six houses and about 700 razorback pigs. I will not attempt to give the exact population of the pig family. I approximate; that's all. These pigs are weary of life. They court death every day in a thousand different ways. When an engine or a train starts up anywhere in the yard a score of these pigs will dash recklessly up to and under the wheels. Sometimes they get run over, but they never find it out. They are ferocious-looking beasts. The biggest part of the Flamaton pig is that which runs from his high intellectual brow out to the tip of his nose. If he would stand on his hind legs he would be very tall. As for thickness, he has none. You could seal one up in an envelope and in stamping it the postmaster would never discover that it contained anything thicker than a sheet of brown paper. I thought of mailing you one for an ornament, but I learn that bric-a-brac is no longer fashionable.

Two thousand years from now some lover of curiosities will halt in passing through a museum in front of a queer looking piece of antiquity and ask of his guide: "Is that a model of a flying ship or the side-view of a new fangled penknife, with corkscrew attachment?" The answer will be: "Neither, my son; that is the last remains of a razorback pig that flourished in the nineteenth century in the southern part of what was then known as the United States of America, a place where people had a firm belief that they were free, and felt so secure that they allowed alien and native land thieves to gobble up the best lands in the country, and this pig was forced to grow up and exist in a place where an acre of ground was not rich enough to raise anything except just such a pig, and was so hard that you could not drive a railroad spike through its top crust with a sledge-hammer. The pig is still alive, and he still imagines that he lives at Flamaton. We have to watch him closely, for every time he hears a bell ring or a whistle toot he makes a break for the train with the intention of mixing himself up with the wheels. He's bent on suicide still." —*Florida Cor. Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*

He Had a Wife in Texas.

A sorry-looking specimen was before the Police Judge.

"You are charged with being a vagrant," said the Court.

"I reckon hit's a fa'r deal, Jedge," replied the man.

"Have you no home?"

"Not in these parts, Jedge."

"No friends?"

"I've got a wife in Texas, Jedge."

"Why don't you go home to her instead of starving and freezing up here?"

"Jedge, did yer ever meet my wife?"

"Of course I didn't."

"I thought so, Jedge, er you'd never axed me that question."

"Sixty days," said the Judge, curtly.

"Much obleeged, Jedge; I wuz afeerd yer wuz goin' to sen' me back ter Texas."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Vermont carries off most of the premiums for sheep at the New Orleans Exhibition.

A Great Horseman.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, that having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle he cheerfully accords this great pain-cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

A MAN is often call a bartender when in reality he is a bar tough.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MR. JAMES BRUNT, Deputy Sheriff, Baltimore, Md., writes: Suffered some time; deeply-seated cough. Astonishing. Few doses of Red Star Cough Cure cured me. No harm to the system.

THE law of the road—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—*Lowell Courier.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

VELOCITY is defined as "what a man puts a hot plate down with."

"LAW sakes," said old Mrs. Relict, "all Melinda thinks of now is the skatin'-rink. And she's got so high-toned a-rollin' round on them wheels that she can't even go her old mother's home-made bread now, an' she talks all the time about the Dutch rolls they have up there."—*Boston Times.*

A BOSTON girl never says butter. It is always "butta." A longer word would melt before she got it out of her mouth.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THEY say the only soldiers who were not affected by the sand winds of the Soudan were those who had worked in grocery stores.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"PA," said young Sevenoff, "what is a whisky straight?" "Whisky's trait?" repeated old Sevenoff; "crookedness, my son, crookedness."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"GEORGE" sends us this poser. "Can an ink stand on roller-skates?" We are not much on conundrums, George, but think perhaps it could if it had a penholder.—*Judge.*

BARBERS should make good editors.—*Oil City Blizzard.* No; great talkers are seldom good writers.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THIS country controls three-quarters of the cornfields of the whole world. This shows the American bunion's progress.—*Boston Post.*

A "MIDDLE-AGED girl" recently advertised for a situation. Soon we expect to hear of "youthful octogenarians."—*Oil City Derrick.*

AT a book-sale a copy of Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, innocently asked the auctioneer if he had any more books on shoemaking to sell.—*Exchange.*

THE sweet gurley was reading a booklet when he approached with a light steplet and tapped her on the cheek, at which she indulged in a blushlet followed by a little laughlet, when he asked for a kisslet and she said: "Oh, let up!"—*Brooklyn Times.*

THE best hunting dogs are like the best jokes—they are pointers.—*Stockton Maverick.*

YOUNG or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAN wants but little here below, but wants that little paid.—*Whitehall Times.*

"The Slough of Despondency"

in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

A MAN doesn't know the true import of wearing a tile until he gets a brick in his hat.—*Merchant Traveler.*

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat troubles they are superior to all other articles. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE inventor of a flying machine is soarly to be pitied.—*Boston Times.*

DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

It will be a cold day when any one gets to the North Pole.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

SHAD jokes are bony-fide humor.—*Philadelphia Call.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHEN a fisherman takes his net proceeds out of soak does he do it with his spawn tickets?

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches. Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons. PROMPT, SAFE, SURE Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Hearing and Smell. A quick Relief. A Positive Cure. Cream Balm has gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

METAL POISON.

I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into sores on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Mercury administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless invalid. I took two dozen bottles of Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S. PETER E. LOVE. Jan. 9, 1885. Augusta, Ga.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure. Feb. 28, 1885. M. D. WILSON, Gainesville, Ga.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

For Weak Women.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best stypties the physician could prescribe did not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhea, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. *She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose.* Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been *wonderfully benefited* and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used."

C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all disease caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. $2.5° For Sale by all Druggists. CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

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is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

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DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA. The book has been read and strongly endorsed by such eminent critics as Hon. Geo. W. Julian, Gen. Butler, Prof. David Swing, Bishop Sam'l Fallows, and a host of others, who prophesy that it will work as great good to our country as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Send for circulars and terms to W. T. RAYMOFF & CO., 109 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. AGENTS WANTED

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A Dangerous Case.

* * * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony.

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again and after several weeks, they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I pooh'ed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children, well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

J. J. BERK, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife.

"Sister!

"Mother!

"Or daughter!

"Can be made the picture of health!

"With a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

"*Will you let them suffer?*"

☞ Not a genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

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"ARM & HAMMER BRAND"

To insure obtaining only the "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus, buy it in "pound or half pound" cartoons which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm & Hammer brand when bought in bulk. Ask for the "Arm & Hammer" brand SALSODA (Washing Soda).

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Also furnished in large cans, for breeders' use, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

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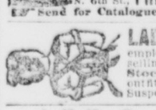

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Young Men If you want to become Telegraph Operators, and be guaranteed employment, address P. W. RYAN, Ada, O.

Mr. Nasby Goes to Washington and is Disgusted.

CONEEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Ky.,)
March 30, 1885.

It is a long and dreary way to Washington when yoo hev to pay yoor fare, and yoor friends wich put up the money ain't willin to advance enuff for sleepin cars. It is espeshly a terrible thing to make the trip at this pertikeler time. The cars are crowdid with sad-faced men, wich hev bin watin a sentoory for suthin to come wich ain't come yit, and is in dout ez to whether it ever will come; men wich is lookin at yoo ez ef they wuz mentally kalkelatin whether yoo hed 25 cents about yoo wich they cood borrow, and also ez tho the problem uv gittin a bed to sleep in, when they got ther wuz not yit solved.

I didn't look that way. I thot I knew Washington. I cood, alluz, in the old times, ring in at the barrooms fur my likker, and I knew the free lunch routes ez they wuz. I wuz disappointed in all this, but uv this more anon.

Bascom, Deekin Pogram and Issaker Gavitt put up enuff money to git me to Washington, and I insisted that they give me enuff to git me home, but they wuz firm.

'Ef yoo don't git back at all,' sed Bascon, 'we shel be happy, and ef we give yoo a return tikkit yoo will sell it and squander it in whisky. It wood brake my hart to see my good money go into another 'sloon man's till'

So I made my way to Washington in a second-class car, settin up nites and days, and, undismayed, I towunst perceeded to an old haunt uv mine on the avenue wher the lunch yoost to be good. To my horror they wuz nuthin on the counter.

'Wher is the lunch?' I demandid uv the barkeeper.

'We ain't settin out a free lunch this spring,' he remarkt, with a sternness that I never saw ekalled. 'We did it till the sixth uv March, and quit becoz bankruptcy wuz starin us in the face. Ther is a difference between a lunch and full board, and ther got to be sich a rush uv fellers like yoo, with turned paper kollars, wich wood take a full-grown person's dose uv likker and eat a square meal and then tell us to hang up the drink, that we wuz forst to suspend the lunch and require the drink to be paid fur invariably in advance. And we hev a able-bodied pugilist to turn em out at midnite, fur they commenst viggerously sleepin in our chares. We keep a 'sloon, not a hospital or infirmary.'

I tried all my old places with the same result, and becum discouraged. However, I went immejitly to the Postmaster General, and got awjence. I representid to him that the nigger, Jim Lubbock, had held the Post Offis at the Corners sence Linkin's time, and that in the interest uv Civil Servis Reform he shood be moved, and I put in his place.

The Postmaster-Generyl wuz affable, too d—d affable. He recognized the necessities uv the case, and wuz goin to do his best. He said to me that the wuz considerin the cases in alfabetikle order. He wuz eggsamin each case on its merits. Lubbock! L was the tenth letter in the alfabet. There is 40,000 Post offises in the Yoonitid States, and L wuz about half away down. He cood eggsamine about 20 a day, and ef ther wuz about 20,000 before yoo come to the L's he shood say that he would git to the L's in about three years, to determine whether Lubbock should be dismissed at all or not. Then my name, Nasby, commencin with a N, wuz also about half-way down the list, and ez ther wuz, on a average, 50 applicants fur each place, it would require suthin more than that time to determine whether I shood be appointed or not. That wuz the sitooashen. 'Good morin, Call again when yoo come to Washington.'

'But,' I exclaimed, 'ef this is the way yoo are goin to do it I shel be ded uv starvashen an cold long afore yoo git to me. Remember, sir, our sitooashen. The free lunch counter is entirely done away with—they demand cash for likker. I can't stay here and I can't live at home. I wuz a patriot, sir, doorin the campane; I kin show the coal oil on my coat from the torches I kerried, and to me, more than any other man, is doo the result in Injeany.'

'Yoor patriotism duz yoo credit,' remarked he, smilin sweetly, 'and you hev yoor reward in the conshusnis uv doin yoor duty. Look and see wher Mr. Nasby's applicashun comes in,' he sed, turnin to a clerk.

'28,765!' replied the clerk.

'We are now considerin 254,' replied the Postmaster General. 'We shel git to yoors, I shood say, in about three yeers, possibly a yeer later. Good mornin!'

And I wuz hustled out uncermoniously.

Is this Dimocrisy? Is this the way we who electid Cleveland are to be treated? I lived in Washington a week by going into the bars uv first-class hotels wher ther custom is sich that they can't demand payment in advance because Senators and Congrismen paternize em, me and another patriot from Noo York. He wood address me ez we met, ez ef by chance:

'Good mornin, Senator!'
And I wood promptly respond:
'Good mornin, General.'

This very loud so't the bar-keeper wood heer us. I hey the same general appearanse uv most uv the nooly-elected Dimekratic Senators, and the imposishen wuz easy.

Then I wood ask the Noo Yorker to take suthin, and when we hed took suthin I wood hawtily remark, 'Chalk it down!' and walk out. It worked several times, but the trouble uv dedbeetin fur likker is that after yoo git so many drinks down yoo lose yoor proodence, and the result is bein kicked out. Myself and the friend from Noo York hev bin kicked out so many times that we hey both acquired corns under our coat-tails.

I returned to the Corners disgustid, and found our friends disgustid likewise. The party in the Corners is disruptid, and chaos is come again. Bascom hez shut down onto us, and all the Deekin and me hev is a jug wich he bot afore credit wuz abolished, but when that is gone hevin knows wat we shel do.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Discurridged.)

Scientific Miscellany.

An Australian naturalist has discovered the nervous system of the sponges.

Electrical footwarmers for use in railroad carriages are undergoing experiments by M. de Meritens at his works in the Rue Boursal, Paris.

Liquefied oxygen is lighter than water, and a little heavier than alcohol, according to a french chemist, who has calculated its specific gravity as 0.888.

The quinquennial prize of the Belgian Government has been awarded to Prof. La Paige, of the University of Liege, for his researches in mathematics and physics.

H. M. Leply has from analysis of masses of boiled beetroot obtained an average of 131 grains of nitrate of potassium and 143 grains of chloride of potassium in every 100 kilograms.

Cows are said to eat horse chestnuts very rapidly; but these nuts do not appear to do so well with other animals of the stock raiser. Meal made from horse chestnuts contain 10 per cent. of albuminoids.

Aseptol is said to be a better antiseptic than either salicylic or phenic acid. It is a syrup liquid of an amber color, and it has a peculiar disagreeable odor. It boils at 266 dgr. Fahrenheit and crystallizes at 46 dgr.

Dr. M. Rubner says that, while the experiments of Chossat, Regnault, and others seem to show that small animals consume relatively more nutriment than large ones, he is unable himself to confirm this conclusion.

In Cape Colony the extensive planting of the common tomato is recommended, as it is alleged that insects shun the land on which it is grown. The suggestion is made, however, that the same effect may not be produced in cooler countries.

Mons. Onimus has reported to the French Academy of Sciences that the cholera epidemics of Paris and Marseilles were attended by a low proportion of ozone in the atmosphere, and that the administration of ozone produced favorable results in cases of the disease.

A French archæologist, Mons. Saillard, has discovered the workshop of a prehistoric armorer in a steep rock on the coast of Brittany. The workman lived in a stone age, and his skeleton was found among the various stone weapons and implements upon which he has been working.

A German mining engineer, Herr J. Muller, brings light coins up to the standard weight by the electro-deposition of metal upon them. Unless it is necessary to add considerable to the weight, this process—simply forming a thin and uniform coating—does not deface the characters upon the coin.

Pasteur, the great French chemist, devotes his entire time to original research, although he receives equivalent to $2,000 a year as scientific director of the Superior Normal school of Paris. Koch, the eminent German physiologist, is provided with a laboratory by the government, and is paid a sum equal to $1,500 per annum.

Most experiments with hydrochlorate of cocaine have been confined to mucous surfaces, like the eye and the mouth. By applying it under the skin, however, Mons. J. Grasset has found that the new anæsthetic may be made to produce local insensibility in any part of the body, the duration being sufficient for various surgical operations.

An English observer has reached the conclusion that the musk beetle (Aromia moschata) has the power of emitting or suppressing its odor at pleasure, but that when dying the scent is continuous and very powerful. He mentions a case in which a scent of roses has been known to proceed from the human body in fatigue and weakness. Similar instances are given by another writer.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Remarkable Case.

Mrs. Henry Ellis, 500 Scott street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, O.: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hopes of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your MANALIN and PERUNA, and I am most happy to say in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured, without any appliances or support of any kind."

Mr. G. A. Proehl, New Portage, Summit County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sick for about five years. In the first place the doctor called it leucorrhœa, and treated it about one year, and she grew worse, and turned to ulceration of the womb, and was treated for that two years, but she grew worse and the doctor gave her up. Then I employed Dr. Underwood, one of the best doctors of Akron, but under his treatment she grew worse. She was paralyzed; she had lost all of the sense of feeling and her eyesight. She could not walk for nearly two years. About six months ago Underwood gave her up. She tried your PERUNA. She has taken three bottles, and it did more good than any other medicine. The paralysis has about left her; her eyesight is getting better. We will continue the use of PERUNA until she is well."

Mr. Isaac Nicodemus, Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pa., writes: "I am induced, by a sense of duty to the suffering, to make a brief statement of your remarkable help, as a sufferer of catarrh in my head and throat. I doctored with one of the best physicians in our place for that dreaded disease, catarrh, and found no relief. But in 1883 I lost my speech, and was not able to do any kind of work for near three months. I could neither eat nor sleep. PERUNA and MANALIN did wonders for me. I used three bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and now I am in better health than I have been for ten years, and I can heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering from that dread disease, catarrh."

Mr. I. W. Wood, Mt. Sterling, Ohio, says: "Your medicine gives good satisfaction. My customers speak highly of its curative properties."

Order of Publication.

Benjamin F. Harvey, Plaintiff, vs. Samuel W. Arenhalt, Administrator of Amos W. Arenhalt, deceased, and others.

No. 27 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of Amos W. Arenhalt, late of Grant county, West Virginia, deceased, for the payment of the claims of his creditors.

The bill states that the said Amos W. Arenhalt was, in his lifetime, seized and possessed of valuable real estate in Garrett county.

That being so seized and possessed of said real estate, the same being less than $2500 in value, and having some personal property, he sometime in the month of January 1885, departed this life, intestate, and unmarried, leaving surviving him as his only heirs at law, the following brothers and sisters, viz: Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain David Moreland, David Arenhalt and Keziah F. Arenhalt, who resides in Grant county, West Virginia, Martha Ann Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain Thomas Crow, both of whom reside in Garrett county, Maryland; Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, who are infants under the age of twenty-one years, and reside in Grant county, West Virginia.

That the said Amos W. Arenhalt was in his lifetime indebted unto the plaintiff in the sum of five hundred dollars, and also to divers other persons in various amounts.

That Administration of the personal estate has been granted by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, to Samuel W. Arenhalt.

That the said personal estate is insufficient to discharge all the just debts due and owing by said Amos W. Arenhalt at time of his death.

That the plaintiff and the other creditors are entitled to have the balance due on their claims paid out of the real estate.

The bill contains a prayer for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for Order of Publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore this 13th day of April, 1885, ordered by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 16th day of May next, give notice to the said absent defendants, Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Moreland, David Moreland, her husband, David Arenhalt, Keziah F. Arenhalt, Job M. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, of the object and substance of this bill, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 13th day of October next, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

W. H. HAGANS,
Register of Wills for Garrett county, Md.
True copy—Test:
4 18 5t W. H. HAGANS, Register.

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The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

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Please send for price list and order at once.

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Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.
3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.12 A. M.
No. 1	12.57 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.58 A. M
No. 33	1.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M
No. 4	3.08 P. M
No. 6	9.03 P. M
No. 14	6.00 P. M.
No. 34	9.52 A. M
Way	10.11 A. M.

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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Rumbaugh, Stoner & Co., doing a lumbering business in Garrett county, Md., was this day mutually dissolved, C. S. Funk being the retiring partner.

J. M. RUMBAUGH,
J. F. STONER,
L. S. STONER.

March 7th, 1885.

The business will be conducted as heretofore by the remaining partners, and under the old firm name.

3 28 3t RUMBAUGH, STONER & CO.

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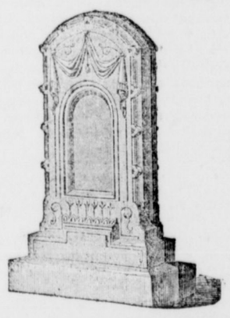


MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885. NUMBER 10.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S

PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy,

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's Socialite Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 294, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot. Improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 7.

A Fine Farm,

6 miles from Oakland—2,361 acres—100 acres under fence and in cultivation. Good dwelling, good barn, spring, orchard, &c. Well watered. Apples, cherries and peaches; 15 feet of coal, 7 feet superior fire clay.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 169 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the **Inflammatory Rheumatism,** with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration to the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up-stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

A PLUCKY BOY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to day?"

"O, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them.

When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of his cravat a brush and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes—are they coppered?"

"What sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes any how, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him—he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you are like."

"I'm older than I'm big sir," was the next rejoinder. "Folks say that I'm very small for my age."

"What might your age be, sir," responded the man, with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—breakfast, sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears came into the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man feeling in his vest pocket.

"There will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Sanders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Sanders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towere.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter, "yes he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out the first week. Can you remember?"

"Work sir—work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of the shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist in the whole flight, creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm cash boy. Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash?'—well I'm that. Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little ten-by-fifteen room, but how these blue eyes did magnify it. At first she looked confounded; then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheek. But they were tears of thankfullness.—*English Journal.*

Going in Debt.

The worst mistake the farmer makes, especially at the start, is going too heavily in debt. It seems that on this point farmers are not willing to take experience of others. Although they need but to look around them to see the mistakes others have made in this particular, though they have been warned time and again by their best friends, the agricultural press, yet they seem to think they will fare better than others have done. They do not take into account the very many things that may come to pass which will be against them. In short, they will not take the experience of others as a guide in this matter, and only a bitter personal experience will teach them the lesson; and even then it is somewhat difficult for them to appreciate fully the true case, but they often imagine that other things were the prime cause, and going in debt only the secondary one of their failure.

The great trouble is that "time waits for no man." Hot or cold, wet or dry, whether the seasons and crops are good or bad, pay day is sure to come, and sometimes when a man is sorely pressed time seems to fly.

A man comes along with a new machine of some kind to sell. He is a good talker and will give the farmer six months or a year to pay it in. "I can surely make that much money in that time," thinks the farmer, and the purchase is made. Almost before the farmer is aware of it the time has gone and the note is due. The farmer has not the money and the note begins to draw interest.

I know of a farmer who was once in good circumstances. He got in debt a little at the stores for different articles for his family. He bought several articles of farm machinery on credit, expecting to pay out of his wheat crop. That year wheat was a failure. So far his farm was clear and well stocked, he had plenty and could have got along without going in debt a dollar, by simply economizing a little, but the debts had been made and when the time of payment came he had no money. Then he thought, "Well, I can borrow a thousand dollars on my farm and pay off all these little debts, and have something left over to live on next year until I can make a crop. I can get the money for five years at ten per cent., and one hundred dollars is not very much for me to make on my farm and I can easily pay the interest.

So the money was borrowed and the mortgage given.

At the end of the first year everything seemed to have gone wrong, and he could not pay the interest.

"Never mind," said the creditor, "the note is a compound interest one, and as long as I am safe I will wait."

This was easy enough. Next year he would be more careful, and would surely pay up.

But his crops failed to come up to what he had expected. He had gone in debt at the stores, the blacksmith shop and at other places. These men wanted their money, while the man that held the mortgage would wait.

At the end of four years there still stood the mortgage, no interest paid, and the amount growing larger every day. To him there seemed but one course, and that was to save himself while he could. He sold the farm for all it would bring and went West to make a new start. Going in debt was a bitter lesson to him, but he learned by experience.

A Missouri Man and the President.

Washington Cor. N. Y. Graphic.

The difficulty of criticising the Administration was pretty neatly illustrated by a Missouri man the other night when I asked him what he had to find fault with. "The trouble is," he answered quizzically, "that I haven't got the standard to go by yet. My state of mind is that of a fellow in my town who went to the circus and saw the elephant. Somehow the brute standing there idly, waving his trunk in the direction of one angle and swishing his tail toward another angle, made the man mad. He walked around the leviathan and looked him over on all sides. He chucked a few pebbles at the creature in disgust, but they rattled off the thick hide and the elephant blinked in a scornful sort of way that made the man still madder. At last he burst out savagely: 'Goldarn, ye ugly brute, I'd like to lick ye, if I knew which end to begin at!'"

Notes and Comments.

The matches consumed in the United States require wood to the annual value of $3,298,562; the railroads use about $3,000,000 of wood for fuel and $2,000,000 for ties each year.

A solid silver balustrade, which had stood in one of the Mexican churches since the time of Cortez, was torn down not long ago and taken to the mint, producing over sixty thousand silver dollars.

Some person has calculated that to manufacture the 950,000 tons of paper annually required for the supply of the world, 430 days' medium flow of water down the river Thames would be needed.

Near Chickasawhatchee, Ga., says the Savannah *News*, a line of earthworks can still be seen which were thrown up by Gen. Jackson (Old Hickory) as a protection against Indians on his march to Florida through that section in 1818.

A Bloomington (Ill.) youth of 15, after a course of yellow-back literature, wrote to a merchant that unless he immediately received $100 he would burn down the merchant's store. He confessed afterward that he adopted the scheme from a novel.

Francis Morphy's coat was stolen in Pittsburgh a few days ago. The thief pawned it and sold the pawn ticket, the buyer of which attended a Murphy meeting and took the pledge. Francis Murphy then tied a blue rib. bon in the buttonhole of his own coat on another man.

Alcoholic intemperance is stated to be increasing to an alarming extent among the women of Australia. In discussing the matter at a meeting of the Melbourne Medical Society the physicians present concurred in attributing the trouble to close confinement, anxiety, and the fatigue arising from overwork.

Mr. E. Matthews, Jackson county, Ga., has a colored man living on his place who was left in the Cherokee Nation, in Twenty-nine-mile Stretch, sold twice by John A. Murrell and shot at three times by the Confederate soldiers. He is now the father of 49 children and is 90 years old. He can plow as much in a day as any man.

One of the cases recently reported at a meeting of the Charity Organization of Washington was that of a professional beggar who had two dresses—a begging dress and a society dress. Her name appeared in the society columns of a city paper as receiving guests during the inauguration, and she was found to be living handsomely out of alms,

A serious epidemic of whooping cough has run through the islands of the Fiji group. The malady has carried off all the very young native children, and left a decrease in the population of 3,000. A few years ago 30,000 persons died from an epedemic of measles. Since then the local government have done much to instruct the people in the laws of health.

"I passed through a funny town the other day," remarked a gentleman who is just home from the South. "It was a place called Fulton, on the Illinois Central Railroad, and is built right over the dividing line between Kentucky and Tennessee. The main street of the town is the dividing line. On the Kentucky side of the street local option is in strict enforcement, but you may cross over to the Tennessee side and find a dozen saloons in full blast."

Mr. Walter, of the London *Times* is said to have been the originator of the custom of charging for marriage notices in the newspapers. The charge at first was trifling, and the income of the *Times* from this ssurce was paid regularly to Mrs. Walter as pin money. On her death she passed this prescriptive right of hers to her daughter, and when it was repurchased a few years ago by the present proprietor of the paper it was assessed at from £4,000 to £5,000 a year.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six year with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

Free trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Sturgiss' old reliable drug store. Large bottles $1.00.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

'Twas spring when I first found it out;
'Twas autumn when I told it;
The gloomy winter made me doubt,
And summer scarce could hold it:
"She loves," the mating robins sang
In sweet, delicious trebles,
And in the woods the echo rang
In music o'er the pebbles.

The fresh air, filled with fragrant scent
Of blossoms, softly hinted
The self-same song; where'er I went
I found the message printed
On bud and leaf, on earth and sky,
Through sun and rain it glistened,
And though I never reasoned why,
I always read or listened.

The summer dawned and still the birds
Sang in their tree-top glory,
And something seemed to make their words
A sequel to my story:
"You love," they twittered in the trees;
When'er the light wind stirred them—
Distracting words!—on every breeze
They fluttered, and I heard them.

At last the mellow autumn came,
And all the leaves were turning,
The fields and forests were aflame
In golden sunlight burning;
The parting birds sang out again
A sentimental message:
"Go tell her," whispered they, and then
I thought 'twas love's first presage.

O timid-hearted twenty-four,
To faint and lose your courage,
Or half-reluctantly implore
A pretty girl at her age!
For when I stammered what they sung,
And all their secrets told her,
She said the birds were right, and hung
Her head upon my shoulder.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman, in Century.*

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stage Secrets Revealed by a Newspaper Correspondent.

Description of the Means Employed to Produce Theatrical Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, Baby Cries, Fires, Moonlight, Snow-Storms, Etc., Etc.

Have your readers ever seen the interior of a theater when a performance was not in progress? Of all dreary places this is the dreariest. Nothing can be more depressing than the contrast between that imperfect light which makes everything appear mean and shabby, and the splendid glories of performance time. Seats, then the comfortable resting-places of happy people, are now cold and draped as dismally as the parlor of a farm house. The costliest decorations appear dingy; the effect of the whole is ineffably disagreeable and chilling.

The height of desolation is presented behind the scenes. How different are these coarsely-painted views from the pleasing effects shown at night! The bare walls, cold iron staircases, draughts and miscellaneous seeming rubbish affect one with sepulchral gloom. Can it be possible that only last night was here produced that which delighted thousands with bright wit and brilliant scenes, or stirred the higher nature with great thoughts and generous emotions?

Your correspondent's wish to elicit some information as to how effects are produced on the stage, in aid of the dialogue and assisting to hold the mirror up to nature with a perfection which astonishes, was favored with the courtesy of a thorough gentleman.

Preliminary talk led up to the discussion of the baby as an "element" in the domestic drama.

"How is it, Mr. Fortescue, that you are able to charm the ladies of the audience with an exact imitation of the inevitable bab.?"

"Nothing can be easier, my dear sir, than to procure a good imitation of that endearing but troublesome article."

"Of course not; but by what means do you make the counterfeit cry with a justness of tone and accuracy of pitch which suggest midnight tribulations to the married man, and give ladies mischievous recollections, not to say foretastes, of the woes the little innocent works to the impatient and nightly-habited father?"

"You are a little out of my depth; my time has yet to come. But I will answer your question. You don't care to see the 'baby cry,' I suppose?"

"Not, if it is not necessary."

"Which, as Mrs. Gamp says, it is not. It is merely a tube with a hole or two in it, like those of a flute, and a small bag at the end opposite the mouth-piece. The whole thing while in use is covered by the hand of the 'super,' who blows into it like a child blows into a whistle, making the 'justness of tone and accuracy of pitch' of which you speak, with the additional advantage of prolonging the various cry, by means of the bag at the opposite end, which, of course, is made to contain much or little air at the pleasure of the operator. After a little practice with this instrument the ordinary 'super' becomes an eminently successful cry baby."

"That is all, then; but to jump from a little thing to a great one, I am one of those people who share the terrors of the theatrical tempest."

"Are you, indeed? It would be a pity to spoil your reverence."

"'Barkis is willin'.' Pray proceed."

"What do you say to a storm at sea?"

"Just the thing. Tell me as much about it as you can, there's a good fellow."

"I'll try. The first requisite to the production of a first-class storm at sea is the sea-cloth, which, I need not say, is appropriately painted. This cloth is shaken as long as the storm lasts, from the different entrances on the stage. If four on each side, twice four being eight, eight 'supers' have the job on hand. I assure you that eight muscular Irishmen can make an awful time on the briny deep."

"Is this way of producing an agitated ocean the only one?"

"In all my experience I have not known another practiced."

"I ask the question, because a few months ago a paragraph was running here, there and everywhere in the newspapers, which contained an alleged account of the production of great waves by the exertion of small boys kicking under the sea-cloth."

"Don't you believe that. Why the poor little chaps would have been suffocated by combined heat and dust. There can not be a word of truth in the account. 'How the world is given to lying!'"

"But the pelting rain?"

"An effect easily produced, and in several ways. Beans are a valuable element in theatrical rain."

"Beans? Please explain."

"With pleasure. These symbols of culture are shaken in a large box on the interior bottom of which are iron 'cleats,' so that the beans trip on them and make the natural sound of rain, that is, near enough, as the imagination of the audience amends the device. Frequently beans are used in another way than this, being poured from one barrel to another. You see that when a company is on the road, the readiest way to make rain is to get a couple of barrels and a few gallons of beans from the nearest grocery. Sometimes, if far from Boston, you know, out West, for example, corn is used instead of beans, but beans are better, my dear fellow, always better. Nothing like beans."

"I think I have heard that shot is used in the production of rain."

"Yes: you are right this time. It is rolled down a kind of trough or spout of wood, placed at the suitable angle. But nothing can shake my faith in beans as a help to a stormy time."

"Suppose we assist the storm with a little thunder and lightning."

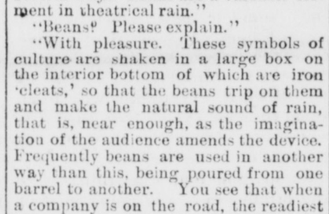
"With pleasure. The proper way to produce lightning on the stage—I do not say that no easier but less effective plan is practicable—but the *right* way is by means of a vessel which is among the properties of all well-conducted theaters."

"I should like to see it, if not too much trouble."

"You shall see it."

Leaving their snug quarters for a while your correspondent and his friend made their way to where the property in question was to be found. Its production necessitated considerable explanation.

"I guess we'll go back to my room and take this thing with us. 'Tis horribly cold here."



We returned to comfort accordingly where the scribe was shown a funnel-shaped tin-box, with a mouthpiece reaching out in a straight line from the bottom, the tube communicating with the inside of the box. The top of the vessel was closed, but was perforated pretty liberally. In the center of the top was a small kind of lamp, a cup with a wick in it. It was difficult to associate this remarkable contrivance with lightning, and your correspondent said so.

"Be patient, now, and I'll throw light on the subject."

"Do, please, for I am very much interested."

"All right. At the druggists' can be bought an inflammable powder, which we theatrical people call 'Lycopodium.' When a coming tempest is to be embellished with lightning, a quantity of the powder is placed in the bottom of this tin box."

"Yes."

"You see that this tube and mouthpiece lead to inside the box."

"I do."

"Thus far all is perfectly plain, then?"

"I am not much the wiser yet."

"No, but you will be, presently."

"This little cup or lamp on the tin top, is filled with alcohol, in which is placed a wick. The wick is lighted; the 'super' blows through the tube, the inflammable powder is blown through the perforations in the top of the box, catches fire, and consumes in a flash, which is lightning itself, so far as its appearance goes."

"Ha-ha-ha."

"What are you laughing at, if I may ask the question?"

"I was thinking of the disillusion which would take place were a spell-bound audience to be suddenly treated with a sight of the 'super' blowing into this queer box."

"That would be truly funny—a fellow in his shirt-sleeves thus occupied, standing on a step-ladder, with the ocean agitating in front of him. But seriously you must not under-value the mechanical devices of the stage. If effective, they are none the worse for being simple and cheap."

"I take your rebuke in all humility, Mr. Fortesque, and hope you will not cut me short in the interesting discoveries I am making. At least I would like to learn something of the mechanical theatrical thunder."

"And you shall, of course. I am delighted to have so interested a listener."

"You have noticed," continued my informant, "how exactly the awful crack which succeeds the flash of lightning is imitated on the stage."

"I have, and wondered how it was done."

"I need not take you out to show you. A large piece of sheet-iron, having a handle at its lower end, is suspended behind the scene. The well-accustomed 'super' seizes the handle and reminds devout people of the crack of doom when he shakes the iron by its aid. To keep up the natural sound of thunder immediately succeeding the crack which follows the flash of lightning large wooden balls are rolled down a common wooden 'shute,' in which are catches at intervals to trip and hinder the balls and vary the noise of their descent. By these ways, you see, both explosive and rolling thunder are successfully imitated."

"I should be obliged to you for information with regard to the manner in which conflagrations are shown on the stage. Sometimes there appears to be the danger of an actual fire in

these very exact representations. Is there not reason to apprehend trouble in this way?"

"Not the slightest, ordinary care being exercised. You probably know that the scenery used in showing a building on fire is strung around with wires in different places. Upon the wire is twisted cotton saturated with alcohol, which is ignited. Red fire can be bought of most druggists, and is burned as long and in as large a quantity as may be deemed proper. There is nothing particularly interesting to be said about theatrical conflagrations, excepting, perhaps, as to the manner of producing explosions in association with them."

"Yes; I was just about to suggest that. When nervous old ladies and other people, too, nearly jump out of their seats for fear, it is time for the public to know that theatrical ingenuity does not endanger the lives of patrons of the histrionic art."

"Perhaps it would be well to treat the matter in the grave manner you suggest, but after the public have read what you are preparing for them, audiences will not be so easily frightened, will they?"

"Perhaps not."

"You have noticed how circumstantial, so to speak, a theatrical explosion is. I will tell you how it is done in as few words as I can. The explosion and its effects are caused by igniting a mixture of pulverized charcoal, sawdust and gunpowder by means of a torch. With the explosion of the powder, the sawdust and the charcoal are thrown up; and, as you say, what with burning alcohol everywhere on the stage and as much red fire as is necessary, with a noisy explosion and its scattering debris, the combined effect is apt to scare the public, more or less."

"'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!'"

"I see what you are aiming at. I wonder sometimes how the primitive style of theatrical product on in Shakespeare's time admitted of giving the proper effect to his lines. We indeed fall short, as a rule, of what may be called mechanical faithfulness to the master even now, but, coming back to your suggestion, we can manage to give 'Lorenzo' and 'Jessica' a very good moon."

"I remember to have seen moonlight most cleverly imitated in some representations I have attended."

"Yes, and by very simple means, as you may judge for yourself. The form of the moon is cut in the scene, making it a full, waxing or waning orb as may be preferred. After the space has been cut out, it is covered with some kind of woven material of the proper tint, which will permit the light of a lamp or a candle to pass through it, without showing the means of illumination itself."

"In the words of the immortal Bottom: 'Well done, moonshine!'"

"Your reference suggests how awkward were the means employed when Shakspeare trod the boards, to assist the illusion of the story presented."

"I suppose that was so, and how ready he was to make fun of their imperfection. By the way, when we were talking about storms and tempests, we forgot wind 'quite entirely.'"

"So we did. An omission soon filled, however. When you were a boy did you ever amuse yourself by making a noise by rapidly moving a split, flat piece of wood backward and forward in the air?"

"Many's the time and oft."

"Just so. Well, now, the instrument created by your boyish ingenuity embodied the idea and principle of that used in producing the 'sough' heard in the theater."

"Something a little more elaborate than that, I suppose?"

"Very little more so, I assure you; but decidedly tempestuous effects are produced another way, involving the use of a machine."

"What's the machine like?"

"It has a handle like a grindstone—don't rise; we need not leave the stove to see it—and turns after the same plan. The body, which is turned in the frame, is a cylinder-shaped thing made of laths. Over this is thrown a piece of silk or satin, which the 'super' holds down with his foot on one side, but it is quite short on the other and loose. When, therefore, the operator turns the handle of the machine, the piece of cloth, loosely thrown over the cylinder, makes, in connection with the laths and hollow form of the body of the machine, a sufficiently near approach to the efforts of old Boreas himself."

"We have had a long chat, Mr. Fortescue, and——"

"A pleasant time."

"As I was about to say, my good sir, I dislike to detain you longer, but other mechanical aids to the 'elegant entertainments of the theater' may occur to you, and I am selfish enough to wish to take every advantage of this opportunity."

"You are quite right in doing so. A row of strong-lunged 'supers' make the best possible imitation of bloodhounds in full cry."

"Yes, but to make a snow-storm may not be so easy."

"'Tis, in fact, a great deal easier. A man gets into the 'flies' and throws down torn paper in sufficient quantity. That is all there is to a snowstorm."

Your correspondent was a little puzzled by this assertion, and probably looked puzzled.

His informant observing this, continued: "I ought to add that the snow-covered appearance presented by people passing over the stage is not due to falling paper, but to corn-meal smeared on their clothing before they enter the scene. To change the subject. You have heard in the theater an imitation of the sound of wheels. This is done by rolling a round counter weight of appropriate size on a wooden surface. When the crack of the whip accompanies the noise of the approaching carriage, two pieces of leather attached are snapped together."

"I am indebted to you exceedingly, my friend, for the information you have given me. It makes me think that an injustice is done to somebody."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean the poor 'super.' While he works unseen and unthought of by the public the actor gets all the applause. —*N. Y. Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Corner in Peas.

In the early fall a Boston firm bought about 5,000 cases of canned peas. The market afterward dropped, but the firm decided to protect the original investment, and accordingly bought freely in Baltimore and other markets, until they held all the canned peas in the country. From the bottom price paid there has been an advance of sixty-five cents per dozen, and they have sold thus far 13,000 dozen. The advance in canned peas has affected other canned goods, and canned tomatoes and canned corn have advanced ten per cent. The corner in canned peas is so complete that the Boston firm referred to is sending canned peas to Baltimore, New York, and other leading markets.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The following story is told of the wild young "Prince" John Van Buren, son of Martin Van Buren: "He once accepted an invitation to address a large gathering of Sunday-school children, and in the course of his remarks undertook to entertain them with the story of Jacob and Esau. Midway in the narrative he was aware that his coat-tails were being vigorously pulled, and, half turning his head to find out the trouble, he was met by this exhortation from his friend in the rear: 'For goodness' sake, John, cut it short and sit down; you're getting the hair on the wrong man.'"—*Baptist Weekly.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PIP! POP! FLIPPERTY FLOP!

Song of the Corn Popper.

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Here am I, all ready to pop.
Girls and boys, the fire burns clear;
Gather about the chimney here.
Big ones, little ones, all in a row.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Into the bowl the kernels drop.
Sharp and hard and yellow and small,
Must say they don't look good at all.
But wait till they burst into warm white snow!
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Don't fill me too full; shut down the top!
Rake out the coals in an even bed,
Topaz yellow and ruby red.
Shade your eyes from the fiery glow,
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Shake me steadily; do not stop!
Backward and forward, not up and down;
Don't let me drop, or you'll burn it brown.
Never too high and never too low,
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Now they are singing, and soon they'll hop.
Hi! the kernels begin to swell.
Ho! at last they are dancing well.
Puffs and tuffs of feathery snow,
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
All full, little ones? Time to stop!
Pour out the snowy, feathery mass.
Here is a treat for lad and lass.
Open your mouths now, all in a row.
Munch away! crunch away! here we go!

—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

HOW BENNY RAN AWAY.

His Week's Experience as a Wanderer, and How Glad He Was to Get Back Home.

It was cold and rainy that morning, the morning that Benny ran away, and this was how it happened:

Benny and his mother lived at Dr. Grey's, and the doctor's little boy, Charlie, and Benny were great friends, but this particular morning there had been a quarrel, and Benny went off to the barn, if the truth must be told, sulking and refusing to play with Charlie—well, not for a long time, not before dinner, at least.

But it was cold at the barn and he soon started for the house. Now, he had been up on the hay-mow while he was at the barn, and so started for the house covered with dust. It rained on him, and he got his feet muddy, and altogether it was rather a dirty-looking Benny that walked into the sitting-room and up to the stove. Charlie, curled up in a big chair with a picture-book, looked up, saw him, laughed at him, pointed his finger at him and said: "Shame! dirty thing," which made Benny very angry.

Benny's mother was very neat, and coming in just then and seeing how dirty he looked, scolded, and tried to make him look somewhat cleaner. But Benny didn't like to have his face washed at any time, and this morning he was so very cross, and made so much fuss and noise that the doctor, sitting by the window studying, after looking up sternly once or twice, rose, set Benny gently outside the door saying: "There! stop there until you can come in and be quiet." Oh! how angry Benny was. He ran to the barn and walked around the floor for a long time. How shamefully he was used—what should he do—how mean Charlie was to laugh at him—and the doctor had treated him still worse—what made his mother stay there—he wouldn't any longer—Mrs. Gray, too, she was kinder to him than any of the rest, but she always made him go to bed at eight o'clock—he would run away, and then maybe they would be sorry—where should he go—perhaps he had better go down South—that gentleman visiting at the doctor's the other day said it was always warm there. Benny had heard him say to the doctor: "To one who has never visited the South, it is truly surprising the difference of climate one finds starting from here some night and traveling until some time the next day." "Well, Benny thought he could stand it to travel one night and part of the next day—he would go at once, so off he started. He heard Charlie calling him as he started but he only ran the harder. He went across the fields most of the time, for he was afraid of so many people and teams.

In the afternoon he began to get rather hungry. But about four o'clock he met a little girl coming from school. She called to him, and gave him what was left in her lunch basket. She tried to coax him home with her, but he would not go. He found a barn standing in the middle of a field and slept there that night, nestled down between some hay and straw.

It was late when he woke up the next morning, for he had got very tired the day before. His supper had been rather light, and he felt terribly hungry. Where was he to get his breakfast? Perhaps if he stopped at the next house they might give him something to eat; he would try. But here he received a terrible fright. He was scarcely inside the gate when a big boy coming out of the house, saw him, and cried: "What are you doing around here? Clear out! We don't want you! Towser, here Towser!" Benny ran away before he had got half through, but he heard the dog barking and expected to be overtaken every minute. But the boy, evidently satisfied, called the dog back and went off in the opposite direction whistling.

Poor little Benny. He had been so frightened and ran so fast he thought his heart was surely coming out of his mouth. As soon as he dared he stopped to rest, down by a bank and some bushes where he was sheltered from the wind, for it was growing colder.

It seemed to him as though he had not rested at all before he heard the sound of wheels coming down the hill beyond. He crept around to the other side of the bushes and lay peeping out. It was Dr. Grey. Oh dear! would he see him—was he looking after him? He thought he had got so far that the doctor could never come, but in reality it was only a few miles from the doctor's house, although it seemed such a distance to Benny—he wished he knew how his mother and Charley and Mrs. Grey were—the doctor is looking in this direction—will he see me?" Evidently he did not, for he drove right on, and after a while Benny started out once more.

He must have something to eat. About noon he saw a house that appeared to have no one around. He ventured into the yard after a time, and found a piece of bread and a cold potato by the kitchen door.

Benny was too hungry to be very particular, but he couldn't help thinking of the nice bread and milk Mrs. Grey gave him.

The snow was beginning to fly and it was growing so cold. Benny thought that he must find a place to sleep, early. How cold he was, how tired he was and how hungry he was. He wondered how much farther he would have to go to reach "down South."

The barn at which he stopped that night was old and dilapidated. The snow sifted through wide crevices over the hay mow.

Dr. Grey's horses were very gentle, and he had often gone up in the stall beside them and laid down. It would have been much warmer than on the mow that night, but those were strange horses and one of them kicked at him that night as he passed through the stable, so Benny dared not attempt to get very near.

He came down from the mow all covered with snow the next morning. A pail of milk was standing on the barn floor, where the farmer had left it for a few minutes while he gave the cattle some fodder.

Benny stole a drink, and hurried away.

He was much discouraged; he was so hungry, he was just starving, he thought; he had frozen one ear the night before and he didn't seem to get "down South," where it was "always warm;" it had grown colder ever since he started from the doctor's.

The result of his meditations you will see when I tell you that just one week from the time he ran away he was seen to walk up the gravel path leading to Dr. Grey's sitting-room door.

He was ashamed to go in. What would Charlie say; he looked worse than he ever did before?

He sat on the step for a minute or two and then began to cry piteously. The doctor himself opened the door. "Oh! ho!" was all he said as Benny walked past him into the house. Charlie jumped up from the hearth-rug, and hugged him, calling: "Why, Benny, where have you been? I thought I had lost you," and then hugged him again. His mother came running to meet him and commenced purring loudly, and walked up to Dr. Grey, who stopped and patted her, then she sat down by the stove and called Benny and began to wash his face, just as she did a week before, and Benny submitted without any fuss this time. Soon Mrs. Grey came in. She petted him and then brought him a saucer of milk. Oh! how good it tasted, and he was so glad to get back. There wasn't a happier kitten in the world than Benny that day.—*Toledo Blade.*

A CUNNING HORSE.

A Mischievous Colt Which Could Do Many Remarkable Things.

Did you ever own a nice horse, who was full of fun and mischief, and whose eye seemed to have a laugh in it? Let me tell you about such a one. She was as black as jet; she had a white star in her face, and a white stocking on her left hind foot. She was round and plump, and very quick in her motions. She could trot, rack, pace and run, and under the saddle was a charmer. Her name was Juliette. As a colt she took the lead in mischief.

She could untie a bow-knot, even when the end of the strap was put through the bough and drawn up tightly. But she was not so foolish as to do this when there was no occasion. But omit feeding her when the other horses were fed, and then step out of the barn for a few moments; suddenly return, and she would be found untied, and in a stall with another horse, helping herself to his grain. She had three associates, whom she led into mischief in the night. She would open the barn door, which was fastened with a hook and staple; open the barn-yard gate by drawing out the pin that held it. She would let down the bars with her teeth, and lead her three trusting companions into the grain field. There they would be found in the morning, while she had returned to the barn before the boys were up. She had such an innocent look when she had been on these excursions that it would call forth one's admiration. When I rode her to bring back the colts she seemed to know what we were after. She would go quite direct to where those wicked colts could be found, and we would chase them home in a hurry.

One night a mysterious noise was heard at the barn. Horse-thieves were not unknown, and, as we had the best horses in the neighborhood, great anxiety was felt. Father drew himself softly out of his warm bed. Revolver in hand, he went carefully and quietly out of the house, followed by a courageous bull-dog.

You can imagine his astonishment when, instead of finding horse-thieves, he found Juliette, standing with the raised pump-handle in her mouth trying to pump water; while the three colts, with unbounded confidence in her ability, stood at the trough watching her with expectant eyes.—*Our Little Ones.*

—Adirondack Murray now keeps a restaurant in Montreal, and he finds time to study Dominion politics. He writes to the Boston *Herald* that there are a large class who believe that Canada is destined to be something more than a colony of the British Empire. They hope for an independent nation. They hold that her population will soon outgrow that number which can be accommodated within colonial limits, and that the day will speedily come when a natural and peaceful separation will take place between her and England.

—The tower of the new city building, Philadelphia, will, with the exception of the Washinton monument, be the highest structure in the world; but, though the pressure on the foundation is nowhere more than nine tons to the square foot, the settlement of the more heavily-laden portion has cracked and broken the polished and sculptured stone in the interior.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Lieutenant Schwatka has presented to the American Yacht Club the National flag which he had planted at the nearest point to the magnetic North Pole yet reached.

TEMPERANCE.

WILLIAM TURNER'S STORY.

Some months ago, I need not mention where,
There was a meeting in a Temperance hall,
And many workingmen assembled there;
Among them sat a man well dressed and tall,
Who listened anxiously to every word,
Until one near spoke to him, saying thus:
"Come, William Turner, I have never heard
How that you changed so much; so tell to us
Why you gave up the public house! Ah! few,
I'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you.

Up rose William at the summons,
Glanced, confusedly, round the hall,
Cried, with voice of deep emotion:
"The little shoes—they did it all!

"One night, on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby
Sitting in its mother's lap.

"'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet,
'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?

"Ye may judge the thing was simple—
Disbel eve me, if you choose—
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.

"And they forced my brain to reason.
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And to let my own go bare?'

"It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night and wild,
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

"Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue;
Fathers! if the small shoes smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?

"Quick I thrust them in my bosom;
Oh, they were so icy chill!
And their coldness, like a dagger,
Pierced me—I can feel it still.

"Of money I had but a trifle,
Just enough to serve my stead;
I bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.

"That loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day;
Since that time I've been a teetotal:
That is all I've got to say."

—*Our Little Ones.*

DESTITUTION.

Caused by Improvidence and Drunkness Among English Workingmen.

The volume of United States Consular Reports for January, which has just been issued by the Department of State, contains three reports by Consul Locke, of Newcatle-upon-Tyne, the first on "Destitution in the North of England," the second on "Iron Workers' Wages in the North of England," and the third on "Trade Depression in the North of England." Many of the facts embodied in these valuable reports have already been given to the readers of the *Blade* in Mr. Locke's letters.

From the report on "Destitution in the North of England," the following portion is given, showing the lamentable improvidence of the English laborers, and the part that the traffic in intoxicating drinks plays in increasing the want and misery of their women and children. The men whose condition is discussed are those engaged in the various departments of the shipbuilding trade:

In times like these lessons are always read the laboring classes as to how they should have lived in order to preserve themselves from such straits as those in which they now find themselves. But it seems impossible for the laborer, of the north of England at least, to benefit by these lessons. This is due to a number of causes, one of the chiefest of which is what seems to be a faulty system of early training.

A few days a young man of perhaps twenty-five or thirty years came to me for assistance in finding one of his brothers in America. He wanted aid from him. He said:

"I have been out of work for fourteen weeks, and there is no prospect of getting anything this winter, and I can't bear to see my wife and two children suffer. I must appeal to my brother in America for help."

"What is your trade?"

"I am a fitter, sir; but you know there is no ship-building here now, and will not be till spring at least, and by that time we may be all starved to death."

"Why don't you go to work at something else?"

"I don't know anything else. I was brought up a fitter, and have always been a fitter; and now that there is nothing for fitters to do I am without any resources."

That explains it all. Instead of learning every branch of a trade thoroughly, these men seem to be content to know simply one part of it, and to that one part they seem to stick all their lives, living well when there is work in that particular branch and totally unable to do anything else when there is not.

The last few years have seen a great improvement in this district, but the fact still remains that the working classes hereabouts are frightfully improvident.

For the past four years wages in the shipbuilding trade (and it is the men in that trade who are suffering most to-day) have been far above average wages, as there was a remarkable demand for high-class vessels, and builders were reaping such harvests that they could afford to and did pay big wages. The workmen, not profiting by the experiences of the past, seemed to imagine that such a condition of affairs was to endure forever, and their money went as fast as it came, no provision at all being made for the possibility of a sudden and total stoppage of the flow of the golden stream. When work ceased from lack of fresh orders, the men found themselves not only without means, but too frequently badly in debt.

Then came the periodical visits to the pawn shop, and the final appeal to the relief committee for the aid their prudence in times of plenty should have provided.

SQUANDERED FOR LIQUOR.

And the Temperance question plays no unimportant part in this matter. In a city of the size of Newcastle, where there are so many diverse interests, the consumption of liquor and the amounts of money expended therein are not so noticeable as in smaller places, where the great proportion of the people are engaged in one branch of trade. Take, for instance, the town of Sunderland, in this consular district, whose population of 104,000 is very largely made up of ship-builders. There are in that town no less than 587 drinking establishments, and a careful estimate places the amount of money received direct from workingmen at £150,000 per annum.

Where the men are paid off Saturday noon, the public houses claim them from that hour till closing time at eleven o'clock at night, and only too often the next night also, the following Monday being devoted to getting into condition to resume work on Tuesday. A thorough, practical Temperance reformation in the north of England would most materially lighten the burden over which the taxpayer moans so unceasingly, and would go a great way towards preventing such frequent recurrence of widespread distress, such as that existing here at the present time.

—*Toledo Blade.*

LAW AGAINST "TREATING."

How Nevada Is Trying to Regulate the Drinking Habit.

The Legislature of Nevada has enacted a law against "treating," which its advocates hope to prove a powerful blow at the drinking habit. As this bill is of interest to those engaged in the war on the whisky traffic, we give it in full:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to treat gratuitously any other person or persons to or with any spirituous or malt liquor or liquors, wine or cider, or any beverage whatever, or to or with any other article whatever, whereby any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage shall be obtained gratuitously in any public bar-room, saloon, beer hall or grocery in this State, or in any other public place of resort or amusement in this State.

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any one to attempt to evade the provisions of this act by any chicanery or subterfuge whatever, such as pretending to sell one article and delivering another, or by falsely pretending to buy or sell such beverage.

SEC. 3. Any person or persons violating the first section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than twenty dollars and not less than four dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than ten days nor less than two days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 4. Any person or person violating the second section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than fifty dollars nor less than ten dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than twenty-five days nor less than five days, or both by fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 5. In the event of the failure of any person to pay any fine authorized by this act, the said fine shall be served out in the county jail at the rate of two dollars a day. All fines herein specified shall be over and above all costs of court and fees and charges of the trial.

SEC. 6. All moneys collected under the provisions and by the authority of this act shall be paid into the general school fund of the county by which the convict on is had.

JOHN'S MONUMENT.

A Political Structure Built in Thirty-five Years — A Reckless Expenditure of Health, Time and Money.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument and finished it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say $50,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed-clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish the monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back. And the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more on the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed, his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building, that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath.

That may seem strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other word!

Now, come with me, and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asks little Amy Arlott by his side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered in that way. He might have taken that fifty thousand dollars and built an asylum for the poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones' monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—*Eli Perkins' "Wit and Humor of the Age."*

A Shocking Story.

Under the title "A Child of the Prison" the New York *Herald* tells a shocking story of an episode of prison life in New Jersey. It is that of poor Rosa McCarty, ruined by drink, and of her little five-year-old daughter and only companion. Mother and child have just been arrested in Jersey City and consigned to the penitentiary for sixty days. Born in a prison, this little creature has passed four of her five years of life behind the prison bars with her drunken mother. The twain have refused separation, and thus far have been so fortunate as not to be driven into that amputation of a tie which is, perhaps, not the less sacred that its only associations are vile. The picture of the little sunny-faced child accompanying her mother to and from the scenes of degradation and the scenes of incarceration within prison walls is one whose incongruity is its chief lesson to humanity—a lesson of fidelity, or natural love that not all sin and all wretchedness can uproot, of mute, automatic self-sacrifice beyond mortal ken. It is an incident in the drink traffic whose mere relation conveys a moral that must appeal to the most common understanding.—*Irish World.*

Total Abstinence.

Total abstinence never destroyed a home, blighted a wife or cursed a child.

Total abstinence never robbed a man of character, manliness or integrity.

Total abstinence never filled a jail or an alms-house.

Total abstinence never led a pure life into vice, nor blackened a pure heart with shame.

Total abstinence never filled the land with wailing nor its households with want.

Drinking habits destroy, blight and curse.

Drinking habits rob and impoverish.

Drinking habits lead into vice and shame.

Which is better—total abstinence or moderate drinking?—*Christian at Work.*

THE Massachusetts Prison Commissioners, in their annual report on the new "Male Reformatory," ask for a longer imprisonment of inebriates, for purposes of reformation.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The recent vote of the faculty of Harvard University to dispense with the study of Greek as a requirement was set aside by the overseers.

—In an address at the Louisville University the late Dr. Yandell is quoted as recommending a habit of cheerfulness: "A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition," he would say, "is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears."

—The Anglican Communion now numbers 206 Bishops and 29,668 clergy. This gives an average of one Bishop to every 144 clergy. In England there is only one Bishop to every 553 clergy; in Ireland, one to 146; Scotland, 35; Colonies, 38; and United States, 51.

—The annual report of Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College, shows that much greater use is made of the library by the students than ever before. Nine years ago only fifty-seven per cent. of them used the library; five years ago the percentage had risen to seventy-seven per cent., and last year it was eighty-four per cent.

—The English University constituencies include the whole mass of graduates who choose to keep their names upon the books; the lawyers and the physicians, the 'squires and the parsons, the bankers, merchants, and writers—men of every trade and of every rank in educated England. Oxford has 5,400 such electors, and Cambridge about a thousand more.

—Dr. South, when once preaching before Charles II., observed that the monarch and his attendant began to nod; and as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon and exclaimed: "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud, lest you awaken His Majesty."

—Says the New York *Independent:* "It may be untrue that a certain clergyman advertised, 'Marriages a specialty; strangers particularly invited,' but we fear the story was 'founded on fact,' and that there might have been added the words, 'No questions asked.' Some ministers are altogether too ready to declare vagrant couples husband and wife."

—Several months ago the Russian Government interfered to suppress the mission work carried on in the empire by the Religious Tract Society of London. It is now stated, however, that all the tracts confiscated have been returned by the Government, and permission has been given to resume the work of gratuitous distribution of the religious reading.

—The late Francis A. Drexel, the wealthy Philadelphia banker, left one-tenth of his immense property to be divided among some fifty charitable institutions connected with the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a sincere member. This money is to be distributed by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The remaining nine-tenths of his property is left in trust, the interest to be divided among the three daughters, and the principal to their children, should they have any. If they have no issue, the Church of Rome is to receive the nine-tenths twenty-one years after the death of the last of the three daughters. The Church is thus likely to get a total of $10,000,000.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Matrimony Made Easy" is the title of a new book, but it does not show how to buy fifty dollars worth of dry-goods with a two-dollar bill.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Recipe for a delicious saucer of Southern strawberries: One decorated saucer, one gill of rich cream, one pound of pure sugar, one strawberry.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—An Indian princess has eloped from a Cincinnati dime museum with a St. Louis lawyer. There is no use trying to civilize these savages; their tastes are too depraved.—*Oil City Derrick*

—"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon; but a man who gives to a Judge that excuse for his unsteady condition will receive a sentence not found in any of Bacon's philosophy.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A grand old man said at the bar of the Supreme Court the other day that the life of a gentleman includes "not only good manners, but good morals, courtesy, kindness and honor and high-minded principles."—*N. O. Picayune.*

—It is stated that five petrified women were recently found in a small village in New Hampshire. Their husbands gave them money for bonnets without grumbling, whereupon the women were petrified with astonishment.—*Troy Times.*

—It is said that a New York horse recently stole three pies from a baker's wagon and ate them. What! ate three pies—baker's pies? O, no, there must be some mistake about this. It couldn't have been a horse; it must have been a donkey.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Take her up tenderly, lift her up with care,—" "Ah, that is a beautiful thing, sir," said the pensive stranger. "Wot is?" asked the man with a cast in his eye. "Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs' that I just heard you quoting," replied the pensive stranger. "That ain't no 'Bridge of Sighs,'" replied the man with a cast in his eye. "That's the commencement of an ode to a roller rink!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—"I assure you, gentlemen," said a convict upon entering the prison, "the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demand all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interest I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—At a large college there was a professor who fell under the ill-will of the students. In order to show their contempt the students one morning filed into the class-room and sat with hats on. The professor, entering a few moments later, saw what the boys meant. He stepped upon the platform, bowed with much politeness, and said: "Gentlemen, if you have no objection, I shall take off my hat." The students laughed, took off their own hats, and afterwards treated the witty teacher courteously.—*Golden Days.*

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Spring Openings—Hats, Bonnets, Millinery, Frocks and Costumes.

The spring openings of millinery and dry goods have begun. They are well attended, and the displays of hats, bonnets, dresses, wraps, and novelties of all sorts, but especially of woolen fabrics, are brilliant and bewildering. Not a tithe of the new styles of garments and bonnets will probably be adopted and worn, for the day has gone by when Paris, London, New York, or any particular city, or set of dress and millinery artists can "set the fashion" for the millions of well-dressed people in the world. So our readers will bear in mind that when we report what is seen at the openings this month it is not by any means to be inferred that those styles will be worn without modification. Just at the moment all is chaotic and uncertain.

The objective point of every street or carriage toilet is the hat or bonnet. To what extent the singular and startling headgear shown this spring in the way of Paris hats will be worn in New York and America remains to be seen. To cover the high coiffures, which seem to grow higher from week to week, both hats and bonnets are given large and high crowns. But that is not all. The crowns are made still more conspicuous by having all the trimmings massed in front and actually toppling, nodding and waving several inches above these high crowns. The effect is formidable. Then the colors and combinations of colors and materials on these hats and bonnets add to the startling effect. Gauze ribbons in Moyenage colors striped with moire bands are mingled with tinsel braids, both wide and narrow. Other ribbons of linen, wool or silk canvas are barred with gold or silver threads, while the flowers that help to form the mixture of millinery effects on the front of the crowns are of bold and pronounced form and color, and if nothing else can be said in their favor, they certainly imitate nature with wondrous fidelity. If feathers are used they are curled into huge panaches that encroach upon the brim, sometimes reaching over on the waved, frizzed and banged front hair. Especially is this the feature of the peaked and cut brimmed pokes.

Fanchons are no longer the modest cap-like bonnets of yore. They have high, aspiring crowns, cleft and upturned brims, and with masses of flowers, ribbons, gauze, tinsel braid and curled feathers, pompons and aigrettes placed directly in front of the high crown and on the top of the head, are scarcely less striking and bold in effect than the hats.

Are there no modest creations among all the varieties of hats and bonnets seen at these openings? Yes, but they are few, and are not conspicuously displayed. However, these unobtrusive capotes may become the popular bonnet of the season.

Most of the dresses shown at the openings are scarcely less exaggerated than the bonnets. When they are duplicated for American women they will, of course, be modified. This applies, however, only to the imported toilets. In ready-made American frocks there are good suggestions of the incoming season's styles. The tailor-made suits are particularly admirable this spring. Dressy without being too elaborate, and with excellent combinations of plain and plaid, plain and broche, plain and bourette, and boucie and tinsel shot novelty goods, or simply braided, they are as varied as taste could demand. The cost of such suits ranges from $20 to $40, and every lady ought to have one or more in her collection of summer wardrobe effects.

The dressy Paris costumes have, as a rule, exceedingly long-waisted bodices, high shouldered effects in the top of the armhole, very full pleated skirts, which, however, are not very bouffant, save in the back, where an enormous pouf formed of the stuff rises high above a bustle of horsehair, not crinoline, attached underneath to the waistband. Few side robes are seen, but the hip draperies are exceedingly modest, and, as a rule, composed simply of a scarf drapery which does duty in forming the pouf, and a long drapery in the back, falling in straight lines from below the pouf to the bottom of the skirt. These are the outlines of form in all sorts of frocks, whether for street, carriage, afternoon, or evening wear, save for occasions of highest ceremony, when the trained robe is adopted. Scarf draperies on the corsage, forming fichus, plastrons, waistcoats *a la Moliere*, berthes, and many nameless but graceful decorations are features in spring toilets. Much ribbon in the form of bows, loops, and lattice work is mingled with quantities of lace and chenille fringes. Jet and fine colored cut beads, tinsel thread passementeries, maccaroons, palm leaf patterns, and motifs of various forms also help to make up the ornamental effects. The mingling of two fabrics, one plain the other broche, boucie, bourette, plaided, or barred, and frequently silver or gold shot is the rule for all dressy frocks. Sometimes more than two or even three different kinds of stuffs appear in one costume of high ceremony.

Newmarkets, only slightly different from those of last year, are largely imported and produced for early spring wear. Some have loose fronts, while defining the form perfectly in the back. Others are tight back and front. The fastenings are large metal or small crochet buttons. Long raglans are also shown in the leading houses. Dolman visites, half long and short, with jacket-like effect, just like those of last fall's importations, are brought out in enormous quantities and endless variety, and priced, according to the materials, all the way from $7.50 to $150.

English walking jackets and a variety of military jackets, profusely and tastefully decorated with gold braid and jerseys, both for street and house wear, are shown. Jerseys are so much improved and save such a world of trouble in fitting the bodice, it is safe to predict that they will be more worn than ever.

The gold and metallic braid and tinsel effects used in millinery, costumes, wraps and dress fabrics this spring, though manipulated with much taste and discretion as a rule, do certainly give a rather brassy effect to the toilet. Some of the carriage wraps are a glittering mass of gold bead and chenille fringes all over the sleeves from the high shoulders to the wrist or elbow, and a prevalence of yellow flowers and ribbons mingled with other pronounced colors and illuminated with tinsel in the trimmings of hats and bonnets give them a bold and defiant look, particularly when seen on a woman of marked features, high cheek bones, high complexion, and that indignant expression of countenance which is too frequently seen among the throngs that go to openings and "try on" the new hats and bonnets.

Printed muslins, long discarded, are coming in fashion. The patterns are mostly sprays of flowers, most exquisitely copied from nature, hedge roses, blue corn flowers, forget-me-nots, scarlet poppies, dainty heliotropes and golden-centred daisies, pictured in all their natural tints, on grounds of white, cream, pale blue, rose, pearl gray, pale buff and black.

These new printed muslins, the batistes, printed challies and veilings will for young girls and young ladies not over twenty-five be made up with full gathered skirts, full Grecian bodices confined at the waist with wide sashes tied in big bows in the back, and full sleeves, and full petticoats over a crinoline bustle will be worn under the full skirts.

Brocaded tissues of all kinds are brought out in enormous quantities. The designs are small, large, and medium sizes, simple or elaborate, flowers, zigzags, small blocks, Maltese crosses, bouquets, and when the brocade is all of one color it is generally two-toned or in two or more shades of the same color, the velvet pile cut and frieze all in one design producing exquisite shading, and illuminating effects obtained by tinsel or fine jet or colored cut glass beads outlining the same.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE FARMER'S HOME.

Incongruities of Rural Home Life as Too Often Exhibited.

There is something decidedly incongruous in a house devoid of life and color, interiorly and exteriorly, set down in the midst of a lovely landscape, where earth and sky combine to give a charm to existence. It is often a matter of wonder that people are content to pass their days in such surroundings, without regard to architectural beauty or adaptiveness to use and circumstances. Too often they are regarded as mere places for staying in over night, a necessary shelter at meal times and during bad weather. They are hastily put together, without any special design or plan in view other than to enclose so many rooms to live in and sleep in, with as little regard for actual comfort, convenience, tastefulness and harmony of arrangement as there would be in building a stable for the cattle. The idea is to put up a *house* in so much time for so much money, and for the rest there will be time to think of it when the crops are in and harvested and marketed and the fine cattle bought and the new barn built.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear some penurious soul say that anything is good enough for the family. Proceeding on this principle, all the best things—the finest apples, the freshest eggs, the choicest butter, the tenderest meat—are sent away to market, while the family must be content with "nubbin" fruit, salt pork, and skim-milk. In such homes music, books, flowers, pictures, soft carpets, easy-chairs and innocent recreations are superfluities, and the ends of existence are satisfied if the mortgage is paid, so many bushels of corn and oats put in the granary and so many tubs of butter in the cellar. It is work, work, in doors and out, the weary year around, with nothing but rheumatism and chilblains in the winter, and occasional sewing bees and donations, to relieve the monotony of existence. Such homes are homes in name only. They are more like prison walls for young and ardent spirits who have tasted the freedom and delights of a larger and truer life. The chill and barrenness repel those who have natural cravings for what is bright and beautiful. They are left without regret, and remembered without longing. No fond memories and pleasant associations cluster around them to call back the wanderer and the wayward, and no tender recollections are awakened at the sight of their bare, leaden walls. They symbolize, if anything, a dry, hard, exacting life, narrow, repressive, unlovely—an existence bounded by breakfasts and dinners, and twelve hours' solid slumber.

If people would only come to understand that the home, in its truest and best sense, is the real center of our earthly life, the rallying point of all its highest and holiest affections, the true object of its loftiest ambitions, the goal of its noblest and worthiest aims, they would cease to give it a place inferior to anything that the world has or can offer. They would then act, as they should, upon the principle that nothing consistent with means and circumstances is too good for the home, nothing too beautiful for its adornment, nothing too costly for its use and convenience.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Coal-Tar Chewing Gum.

The Standard Oil Company is a big thing on wheels when you get to talking about oil, but it is just as big relatively speaking when you get into the province of chewing gum. They control nearly all of the refineries, and it is from them that the gum is evolved, so to speak. The refiners take the residuum from the crude oil after the refined article has been made, and work it in an agitator, producing a certain grade of parafine, a wax-like substance. This is sent to two firms located in Boston and New York, who put it through another refining process and then scent the stuff, cut it up into small pieces and then retail dealers take hold of it and make thousands of giddy girls happy with "somethin' to chaw." The wax, as loaded on the cars, is worth seventeen cents a pound, but when put through the second refining process, its cost is thirty cents a pound. A pound of refined parafine will suffice for the making of five hundred pieces of chewing gum; so the profit in the business is apparent when you recollect that it retails for one and two cents a stick.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

The Enormous Accumulations of the Chief Millionaire of the Day.

His fortune was at one time placed at as high as $200,000,000, but a good judge lately said that he thought $150,000,000 was now nearer the mark.

Still he is the richest man in the world.

None of the Rothschilds ever had anything like his wealth. The banking business of that famous house still, of course, goes on in London, Paris, and Vienna, but it is now in the hands of young men of the Rothschild family, and its wealth has been distributed among quite a number of its members by will, as one by one, the older men of the firm died. The combined capital of that family is now about $250,000,000, and some writers have declared that Mr. Vanberbilt's fortune exceeded that of all the Rothschilds put together, but this is an exaggeration. It would not be at all surprising if Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth should, before he departs this life, fully justify such a statement, but for the present it is enough to know that he comes as near as he does to the figures mentioned, and that he is not only far richer than any single member of the Rothschild family, but is, as already stated, the wealthiest man in the world. None of the traders of antiquity of which we have any record, none of the present financial barons of France or England, none of the monied princes of Germany, Austria or Russia, or of the world of haute finance anywhere, can really compare with him in point of personal possessions. Old John Jacob Astor with his fortune of $20,000,000 was, forty years ago, the Vanderbilt of his day, but even after making due allowances for the greater purchasing power of money in those times he came nowhere near the enormous accumulation of the chief millionaire of to-day.

His wealth is largely in Government bonds and railroad securities. He takes an inventory of his wealth once a year. In January, 1883, he told a friend that he was worth $194,000,000, and added: "I am the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth $200,000,000, but it is mostly in land and houses. It does not pay him two per cent." This was an unusual outburst of boastfulness on his part. A year ago he had $54,000,000 in Government 4-per cent. bonds, but the amount was afterward reduced to $35,000,000, partly for the purpose of aiding his sons who lost $10,000,000 by Wall Street speculations. Later on, however, he purchased about $10,000,000 more of the 4-per cents., and he has besides $4,000,000 in the Government bonds that pay three and one-half per cent. His Government bonds are worth, as near as can be stated, $70,000,000. He owned a year ago 240,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, 300,000 shares of Chicago and Northwestern, 200,000 shares of Lake Shore, 30,000 in the Chicago and Rock Island road, 20,000 in the Delaware and Lackawanna, besides some 20,000 shares in other railroads, so that in all he held, approximately, 810,000 shares of railroad stock. A large part of these he still owns, though he is reported to have sold considerable Lake Shore stock.

He owns $22,000,000 worth of railroad bonds, it is said, besides $3,200,000 worth of State and city bonds, and has $2,000,000 in various manufacturing stocks and mortgages. He valued his house on Fifth Avenue at $3,000,000, the art gallery being worth, with its contents, $1,000,000. He sold Maud S. for $40,000 last year. His ordinary expenses in a year, he has said, were $200,000, but his ball given in 1883 cost him $40,000 extra. Mrs. Vanderbilt's diamonds are valued at $150,000. He wears none himself. A Wall Street statistician, in referring to Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth, said: "From his Government bonds he draws $2,372,000 a year; from railroad stocks and bonds, $7,394,000; from miscellaneous securities, $576,695; total, in round numbers, $10,350,000 a year. His earnings are thus $28,000 a day, $1,200 an hour, and $19.75 a minute.

This was a year ago, when his wealth was reckoned at $200,000,000. The value of his securities has decreased since, through the hard times. The depression in trade has not improbably reduced his wealth nearly $50,000,000 but his fortune and his income are of course still almost fabulous.—*N. Y. Cor. Indianapolis Journal.*

The Force of Habit.

Colonel Beasly, who is a Justice of the Peace and accustomed to deal with the criminal element every day, was reclining on the sofa in his palatial residence, taking an afternoon *siesta*, when a female entered and took a chair opposite to him. Not yet fully awake, he imagined that he was in his office, for he said sternly:

"What's your name?"

"Maria Smith."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six," replied the female, with considerable hesitation.

"Where were you born? Don't try to fool me. I know your sort. How many times have you been punished already? Don't think up any lies, now."

Just at this crisis Mrs. Beasly spoke up from the adjoining room:

"Why, husband, what is the matter? You are talking to my dear friend, Mrs. Smith, who has come to spend a few days with us."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I congratulate you, Julia, on your approaching marriage," said Mr. Hyatt, a prominent New York merchant, to his daughter. "Marriage, pa? I don't know anything about it." "I am telling you about it now," replied Mr. Hyatt. "But who is the bridegroom, pa?" asked Julia. "That's none of your business. You must not have so much curiosity. That is a business secret that can not be divulged just now. I'll let you know who he is after the wedding is over."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The widest shaving ever made by a woodworking machine is on exhibition in a store in Winchendon, Mass. It is forty-two inches wide, several feet long and of uniform thickness.—*Boston Post.*

—The young ladies of the Ontario Ladies' College have organized two base-ball clubs

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885.

Please Give Attention.

Every section of the county will be represented in Court next week, and this will afford our patrons who are in arrears an opportunity of settling up back subscriptions to THE REPUBLICAN. Look at your receipts and if you find that your subscription is not paid up send the amount with your neighbor. We do not like to urge our patrons to pay, but the dull times affect newspaper men as much as any other class of people. Whether patrons pay or not the expenses connected with a printing office have to be met. Hence patrons of a newspaper will see the importance of settling their bills promptly. Don't stop your paper because you get in arrears, and are courteously requested to settle up, but pay just as soon as you can. Try if possible to get a little in advance, you will then feel happy and probably enjoy the news more when you know that you have paid for what you are reading. A good many subscribers to THE REPUBLICAN always pay in advance and all ought to do so, when it is published at the very low rate of $1.50 per year.

After July 1 postage on letters will be two cents per ounce or fraction thereof instead of two cents per half ounce, and newspapers can be mailed by publishers at one cent per pound.

General Grant Monday passed the sixty-third anniversity of his birth pleasantly. Many beautiful floral tributes and hundreds of congratulatory telegrams were receiyed from all parts of the country.

Immediately after his return from his southern trip Senator Gorman called upon President Cleveland to talk about Maryland appointments. Amongst other matters the postmaster at Baltimore was mentioned, and we are told that the President said he would be pleased to make the appointment in accordance with the recommendation of Senator Gorman. Applicants for the Oakland posoffice might do well to note the fact.

On Monday next the May Term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county commences. The several dockets are small and from members of the bar and other officials of the Court we learn that the term will probably be a short one. If the weather continues fair it will be a great hardship upon farmers to be in attendance to the Court as jurors or otherwise, and the shorter the term the better it will suit them at this busy season of the year. At every point from which we have any information legal business seems to be decreasing, and the dockets of the various courts getting smaller. We think this is an encouraging sign and we hope the term will come when men may be able to so conduct their business that there will be no necessity for law suits, when men will obey the law and crime cease.

This state of affairs would perhaps be hard on the lawyers, but it would certainly be better for everybody else and as we are in favor of the greatest good to the greatest possible number we would be glad to see it come about.

The Democratic stumpers paraded the country last fall and told the people about there being $400,000,000 in the United States Treasury that had been wrongfully wrested from the people, and that this sum was being added to at the rate of $100,000,000 annually. Now comes Secretary Manning, the U. S. Treasurer under the new administration, who in his first report says that the surplus amounts to only $22,000,000. Who has lied about this matter?—*Philippi Rep.*

Colonel Bradley Johnson, of Baltimore, the noted ex-Confederate officer, has been to Washington to warn Secretary Manning against doing too much for Senator Gorman. He spoke freely before a room full of visitors. General Johnson said apprehension was general in the State of Maryland that the Federal patronage of the State was to be used to promote the fortunes of one gentleman, and secure his re-election to the Senate. That impression, he thought was exceedingly injurious to the party. He did not share in it, and he urged the Secretary by some public act to demonstrate that it was without foundation. That public act, he claimed, could only be the appointment of a man to some conspicuous place, who, it will be apparent, was selected because of his qualifications and fitness, and not for personal considerations.

He said that gentlemen of his views considered it extremely important that the Federal patronage should be kept out of the local political struggles in Maryland. He did not ask that any appointment should be made for the purpose of injuring any gentleman's political aspirations, but urged that it would be equally understood that it was not to be used in favor of any one. It ought, he thought, to be bestowed upon the whole Democratic party of the State, and not for or against any one. The experience of the Republican party in New York, in the case of Secretary Folger, showed how the people would resent any interference by the Federal Administration in their local affairs. General Johnson then gave a brief view of the political situation in Maryland from his standpoint. The Secretary, in reply, said he would bear in mind what General Johnson had said on the subject.

Trouble in the Democratic Camp.

Frederick Citizen, Col. Baughman's Paper.

Among the names presented for the position of Internal Revenue Collector for the State of Maryland is that of Mr. R. D. Johnson, a well-known and respected citizen of our sister city of Cumberland. Mr. Johnson has many warm friends in this county and would find a hearty endorsement among our people. It is exceedingly unfortunate, however, that blinded and selfish partisans in Western Maryland should be so foolish as to make the appointment of Colonel Johnson what they call a "test case"—in other words Mr. Johnson must be appointed simply to show that Mr. Gorman and his friends have not the entire control of the Federal patronage in Maryland. Why such an issue, and why select a gentleman from Western Maryland to bear the blunt of somebody else's short-sighted policy? This and other appointments should be made on the broad line of competency and deserving party recognition. Mr. Gorman and his friends might have been just as anxious to serve this gentleman as Mr. Hamilton and his friends, therefore why should the heretofore self-constituted leaders of Western Maryland attempt again to divide our party and make a factional fight in our midst? Western Maryland has strong claims for recognition from President Cleveland and will no doubt be considered at the proper time, but in the name of the young men of Western Maryland, the new blood of the Democratic party, we protest against any man, or set of men, bringing up such a fight as they appear to be doing in the case of Mr. Johnson. If the issue is to be Gorman or anti-Gorman, there can be no choice in the fight, and as soon as the time is ready for action the young men are prepared to take their stand. We trust there can be no foundation in the absurd statements made in reference to this case.

Criticising Secretary Bayard.

Wash. Cor. N. Y. World, (Dem.)

* * * For all of the blunders of the Administration, or for all of the mistakes for which the Administration will be held responsible, one must look to Mr. Bayard, the member of the Cabinet who has had the longest experience in public life. It would seem that a long public career does not necessarily give a politician wisdom, but that on the contrary it may often so inflate him with ideas of his own importance, so prejudice his mind with the warp of unquestionable power, and so separate him in sympathy from the people as to make him the worst of political actors. The country has expected much from Mr. Bayard. His views of the duties of public officials have always been high, yet in the practical application of his duties as Secretary of State he has become the object of the greatest part of the satirical comment which has been directed against the new administration of affairs. * * * To ignore wholly the working members of the party and coldly snub the men who made a Democratic Administration possible in the interest of the inactive coat-of-arms branch of the Democratic party is not a line of policy worthy of the shrewdness of a veteran of Mr. Bayard's experience. He is very restless under the criticism that has followed his personal administratson of his department. If he should acknowledge his faults and seek in the future to be guided by the best opinion of his Cabinet associates he would discover the greater part of the criticism now made here on his political methods and his lack of judgment.

All Torn Up.

CINCINNATI, April 27.—A dispatch to the *Enquirer* from Washington says: The game of politics as now being played by the National Administration is beyond the ken of not only the layman, but the veteran. The Democratic leaders, those who represent the bone and sinew of the party, find themselves, after twenty-four years' battle, without influence with a Democratic President. None are so wise as to guess what the President's plans may be, but few so dull who do not think he is damaging rather than adding to the prestige of a party which has waged for years a political war under the most unfavorable vicissitudes. President Cleveland has, it would seem, strangely disappointed both parties. When his election was assured the whole mass of the Republican office-holders expected to go into private life soon after the 4th of March. Moreover, they were reconciled to the going. Only two glimpses of the moon have elapsed since Democratic ascendency, when these same patriots not only do not expect to give up their trusts, but refuse to let them go when asked. It may very pertinently be asked why the change. It may very truly be answered because of a policy inaugurated to please two political parties instead of one. The so-called Independent press, while it lauds the reappointment of a Rebublican Postmaster in New York, denounces the selection of those Democratic Revenue Collectors in New England.

From this point of observation there is this strikingly noticeable: coincident with President Cleveland's inauguration there assembled in this city as manly and as enthusiastic a body of men as ever congregated at one point under God's canopy. They were full of party loyalty and enthusiasm. The new President was inaugurated amid ceremonies and *ee.at* beyond the memory of the oldest resident. And yet with the change not sixty days old a wail of discontent, if not absolute disappointment, comes up from every Democratic quarter. In the hotel lobbies in this city one hears from the lips of Democratic criticisms upon the Presidents procrastination which are full of bad auguries for the future of the Democracy.

The Temperance Alliance not a Non-Partizan Organization.

The action of the Rev. T. L. Poulson in severing his connection with the Maryland State Temperance Alliance we commend to all sincere friends of the temperance cause as worthy of imitation. The Alliance was organized to advance the cause of temperance, and until last year it did its work well and was deserving of support and encouragement. At that time, however, a clique of selfish and ambitious men obtained control of the organization, and, solely for their own aggrandizement, diverted it from its original and legitimate purpose to make it a side-show to the Democratic party. That movement brought no honor to the men who engineered it, but it gave them the notoriety which they coveted, and whetted their appetites for more glory of the same questionable kind.

At the last annual meeting of the Alliance these schemers were on hand in force, and the adoption of the resolution declaring the Alliance to be a non-partizan organization was a mere blind to hide their real purpose. We have no hesitation in affirming that, all protestations to the contrary, the Maryland State Temperance Alliance is in the power of the very men who are the leading spirits in the Prohibition party, and who, when they consider that the proper time has arrived, will prostitute the Alliance as it was prostituted last November.

Mr. William Daniel has seen fit to tell a reporter that the non partizan wing of the Alliance came to the convention prepared to snub him and those who believed in him. Such a purpose would have been laudable, for we know of no man in this state more worthy of the censure of the true friends of temperance than is Mr. Daniel. But the facts do not bear out the assertions of the late candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. On the contrary, it appears plain that Mr. Daniel's followers made up their minds to run the convention, and that they succeeded in carrying out their plans. The address of welcome was made by a St. John and Daniel stump speaker; nearly all the speeches from the platform were made by St. John and Daniel devotees; the committees appointed were made up almost entirely of St. John and Daniel men; it is true that Mr. Daniel was not elected president, but the St. John and Daniel men triumphed in the election of Mr. Higgins, one of the electors on the St. John and Daniel ticket last fall; Mr. Daniel, presumably a St. John and Daniel man, was elected treasurer, and the anti-partizan resolutions offered by Mr. Janvier were killed in a St. John and Daniel committee and in their place were substituted resolutions prepared by a St. John and Daniel man and adopted by St. John and Daniel votes almost exclusively. This much for the non-partizan character of the Alliance. Now for its connection with the Prohibition party.

William Daniel, head and front of the Prohibition party, is treasurer of the Alliance; C. S. Mosher, secretary of the Alliance, was secretary of the Prohibition convention; William Silverwood, one of the vice-presidents of the Prohibition convention, its temporary chairman and treasurer of the state organization, is a member of the executive committee of the Alliance; out of the fifteen members of the executive committee of the Alliance, seven are identified with the Prohibition party; seven of the Alliance's vice presidents are active workers in the Prohibition party; Rufus Robey, of Charles county, represents the Alliance in its executive committee and the Prohibition party in its state central committee; and so on indefinitely might the inseparable connection of the two bodies be demonstrated.

What further proof is needed that the non-partizan resolution is a mere jumble of words, intended to deceive the public and cloak the designs of Mr. Daniel and his friends, who, caring no more for temperance than for sincerity and fair-dealing, await only the opportunity to use the Alliance to tickle Mr. Daniel's inordinate vanity or advance his wild and impracticable schemes. We do not think that those who have the cause of temperance at heart can afford to permit themselves to be made this man's cat's-paw. It will be discreditable to them and ruinous to the cause which they represent. Let all honest temperance workers take decided steps to repudiate at once Mr. Daniel and his two machines—the Prohibition party and the Maryland Alliance. Bundle all selfish and ambitious schemers out of the ranks, let politics alone and resume the practice of discussing temperance from a moral, not a political standpoint. It is only by such a course that the cause can be rescued from the peril in which Mr. Daniel and his followers have placed it.—*Balto. Morning Herald.*

Trade Matters.

NEW YORK, April 25.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: "The warm weather of the past few days has encouraged retailers at the East to make renewed purchases. This they have been doing to a moderate extent, the buying being on small orders. At the West, farmers generally being busy with spring work, country dealers have had less incentive to go into the market. Telegrams to *Bradstreet's* present this view of the situation, although, as is also noted, there has been a better feeling in trade circles, based on the improvement of the weather, and it must be confessed, on a widespread notion that a war abroad is inevitable, and that it will stimulate business in the United States.

There is no better outlook in industrial lines.

The volume of merchandise moving, as per current reports, continues about as last week. Leading freight officials announce that the total weight of freight moved since January 1, both East and West, is not as heavy as in a like portion of 1884.

Our special advices from the North west state that had the war news come a fortnight earlier, the spring wheat acreage would have exceeded that of 1884. Under the circumstances it is notably larger than it would have been were there no prospect of war abroad. The present outlook is for a slightly decreased area.

A special from California reports some damage to the wheat crop. Where the winter crop is reported so heavily short the continued warm weather has shown vitality in the plant in fields where the loss has been supposed to be almost total. It is possible, therefore, that the damage to winter wheat, great as it is, may be overrated.

BOSTON, April 25.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been fairly active for domestic wools, and the total sales, which are so large, are due to extensive transactions in foreign carpet wools, mostly Cordova. Some of the wool has been sold for some little time, but has not been reported until now. The war news had something to do with the extensive transactions, but prices were generally low and thought by many a great bargain, as in the event of a war between England and Russia, wool from the latter country will be obtained with great difficulty and must rise higher. The bulk of the wool sold is to Eastern manufacturers. All the Cordova wool has now been cleared up on the spot. While carpet wools may possibly find a way out of Russia, it must be more costly, with war premiums and additional transportation expenses. The prices made upon the wool are private, but it is common talk that low figures tempted the buyers.

The Woman in the Case--and the Man.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

The other day, in the town of Weston, in this State, a fallen woman was forcibly taken from her house and ducked in the river. There has as yet been no day in 1885 when a plunge in a running stream of West Virginia would have been either pleasant or healthful.

We do not know what specific offense was supposed to justify this rough regimen. The woman may have made herself very obnoxious to the neighborhood, and the ducking on a chill April day may have been intended as a reminder that her room would be more appreciated than her company. There must have been something which seemed to make it right to treat a woman so; for Weston is a town of schools and churches of intelligence and the average public virtue.

Without any special information on the subject, the *Intelligencer* is impressed with the incompleteness of the ceremony of indignation. It does not appear that a man was ducked at the same time, or that there is any intention of ducking a man, by way of making a suitable companion picture. No woman ever falls so low without at least one man to give her a start, and companions on a down grade are never wanting.

Who ever takes the trouble to look up the man or the men in the case? Society does not concern itself with both parties to the commerce of sin. There must be an aggravation of horrid details before the party of the other part loses caste. Ordinarily the woman wallows in the mire of degradation, while the man pursues the even tenor of his way. The forbidden companionship with him defiles her, but by the canons of custom he is not defiled. He loses nothing in business or in social life so long as he keeps his hands out of other people's pockets and has the good fortune not to startle his circle by a flagrant scandal which fills the public nostrils with foul odors.

This is the bad way of the world, which does not stop, to think that without buyers there would be no sellers, and therefore no traffic. All the odium, the pain and punishment are for her, as though she of all God's creatures were to be buffeted about the world and hurled unshriven headlong into hell. He holds up his head, is courted, flattered, petted. To duck him would be to resort to mob violence and punish without law a finer mortal who is entitled to trial by a jury of his peers.

But it is said, sometimes the man reforms; the woman never. Who gives her a chance? Who seeks her out, points to the better life and offers to help her to it? She may only have stumbled in the mad whirl—just once. Her heart may be breaking with remorse, her face buried in her shame. If the world finds it out her doom is sealed. The good people who are so much better and so much stronger—who know that they can never fall—how quickly they burn the scarlet letter into her breast, a stain that no penitential tears can wipe away.

Thieves and murderers are pardoned—Magdalen may die a thousand deaths of anguish; for her the world has no touch of pity in its heart. And so we go on ducking the woman and living on terms of good fellowship with the man. It is the unwritten law—and who shall say there is justice in it!

The value of a good local newspaper in a community is thus aptly set forth in the columns of the Philadelphia *Press*:

"The country newspaper is the most important and least compensated of all the agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the aid of local newspapers local towns are as a rule thriftless and dead. It is common for small great men to speak with contempt of the local newspapers, but the village newspaper makes more great men with less material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and it is the one ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning to wider fame. The advent of a local paper has always dated the increased thrift of a community. The local newspaper is the life of the locality, and the measure of the support as a rule measures the advancement of the people. Not only subscribe, but pay for your local newspaper. They are the friends and helpmates in all seasons."

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27.

Hitherto there have been few beneficial results from the issuance of Presidential proclamations when they affected the settlement or distribution of the public lands because there were so many interests involved in opposition to them, but the recent proclamation from the executive which absolutely and without reserve orders the removing and destroying of the illegal fences that have enclosed the lands belonging to the people, will be and must be carried out to the letter. The law provides that these fences shall be taken down, and the President declares that the law shall be enforced.

The veto message of the Governor of Dakota, declining to sign the bill providing for woman suffrage in that Territory, is a most ungallant official deliverance, the burden of his excellency's argument being based upon the assumption that women could be too easily persuaded to exercise the franchise, even if a few of them were possessed of sufficient judgment to know how to resist the blandishments of the masculine voter. The women out there think that Mr. Cleveland cannot get after this Governor's scalp any too soon.

A step in the direction of squelching polygamy in this country has been taken by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Clawson case, wherein the court decides that the exclusion of polygamists from the jury-box is not only lawful but is absolutely demanded, to make the administration of justice in Utah anything but a legal farce. To admit to the panel for the trial of a prisoner charged with polygamy, a set of men who believe that the crime committed is justified by Divine decree, and that it is no offence at all, is the highest absurdity and a travesty upon the system of trial by jury. This man Clawson was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of four years, and the case came up before the U. S. Supreme Court on appeal based upon the assigned error of excluding polygamic jurors. The decision paves the way for more convictions of the same sort, but the Mormons declare that the enforcement of the law against polygamy shall be resisted even to a resort to arms, because all such prosecutors are nothing more nor less than an infringment upon that religious liberty which the Constitution guarantees to all the citizens of the United States, Utah included.

JUNIUS.

Antiquity of Arizona.

Correspondence Portland Transcript.

Many regard the Southwest as a new country and they look for new things when visiting the far Southwestern land. But in reality the territory teemed with an active population, versed in sciences, in the art of government, in the knowledge of manufacturing, centuries before Milton and Shakespeare and Cervantes and Columbus were born. It is possible, indeed, and quite probable, that Arizona was a progressive and populous region when Noah built his ark, when the battle of Thermopylæ was fought, when Homer wrote his epics. In fact, it is an old country, rich with a history that may never be known, sacked and pillaged, neglected and forgotten during the years in which the East grew up.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, April 27, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@5 7-10c. that generally rated first quality 4¾@5⅜ cts; medium or good fair quality 3½@4⅛ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@3½ cts; extreme range of prices 3½@5 7-10cts; most of the sales were from 4½@5⅜.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,006 head, against 1,202 last week and 1,302 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 837 head, against 681 last week, and 696 head the corresponding week of last year.

The offerings to day consisted of very good grades generally—quite as good in quality as last week's offerings. Trade was slow throughout. All the dealers report a very dull market, and a decline of ¼c. to ⅜ strong in some cases, and in a few instances some operators accepted ¼c. lower prices than they obtained last Monday, and then they did not all close out. Prices 3@5 7 10c., with most sales from 4½ to 5⅜c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a heavy falling off in the receipts as comparod with last week, and some improvement in the quality of the offerings. Notwithstanding the diminished receipts, prices are off fully ¼c., and quotations now range at 6@6¾c., with extra only a shade higher. Trade is reported as fair to good. Same time last year hogs sold at 7@8c. net; most sales to-day 6¼c. net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a fairly good trade for good sheep and lambs, while common sheep and lambs are very difficult of sale. We quote wool sheep at 3@5½c. and clipped 2½@5; spring lambs 8@11; wool yearlings and fall lambs 5@6. The quality of the offerings is not as good as it was last week. Last year clipped sheep sold at 3@5¾c.; wool sheep 5@6¾; spring lambs 8@10.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lodge's Hall every Monday night.

ALFA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Florida oranges at Lakin's.

—200 bushels of Red Rust-proof seed oats for sale at John Shartzer's.

—The *Mountain Democrat* will hereafter be issued from the rooms over Mr. C. C. Michael's store, next door to Coddington's Hotel.

—Go and see Naylor & Richardson's hand made wagons.

—Our Circuit Court, which commences Monday, will probably be a short term. The criminal docket will be short and unimportant.

—Take your wagons, harrows, buggies and plows that need repairing to Naylor & Richardson. All work guaranteed.

—Mr. Will. A. Wortman has moved to Oakland and opened a silversmith shop in the Wm. Smouse building. Will. is said to be a good workman.

—The Second Battalion, M. N. G. will attend the Army of the Potomac Reunion at Baltimore next week. The Guards will leave Oakland Wednesday at noon.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels will be opened for the season about June 22, and will be under the management of Capt. Walker.

—Lemons and cocoanuts at Lakin's.

—Mr. S. P. Specht, Jr., paid us a pleasant call Wednesday. He informed us that he had closed out his business at Accident, and will take charge of the store at McHenry for the present.

—All persons indebted to the late firm of Harne & Sons are requested to come forward and settle immediately.

HARNE & LAWTON.

—If you want a good cigar call at Lakin's.

—D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md., who owns a handsome piece of property on Spruce Creek, paid this office a pleasant visit last week. He has enjoyed the wiater here finely and thinks with railroad facilities our coast country will prosper exceedingly.—*Halifax, Fla., Paper.*

—Cheap John wishes the people who attend court next week to know that he is again in his old business, at his old stand, opposite Coddington's Hotel, with a fresh stock of confections, notions, cigars, cakes, nuts, mineral waters, &c., &c. He invites his old friends and the public generally to call and see him.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Stone Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

New Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Mr. John Shartzer has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with the finest lot of Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil-Cloth, Wall Paper, &c., ever brought to Oakland. Call and get his prices before buying elsewhere,

Glendale-Reopening.

Needed repairs having been put upon the old Church at Glendale, by some of its friends who desire to see the old temple preserved as a place of divine worship, a special reopening service will be held at 10 A. M., next Lord's-day, May 3d. Services also on Saturday evening. Rev. Sechrist of Piedmont, will be present, and preach the sermon.

J. B. SHOUP.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. G. Sturgiss.

Bread, Cakes, Pies, &c.

Mr. William Roth has purchased the bakery and confectionery heretofore owned and operated by Mr. C. P. Smith, on Second street, Oakland, Md., where he will keep constantly on hand fresh bread, cakes, pies, &c., &c., as well as canned goods, candies, nuts, fruits, &c. Ice cream in season. Give him a call.

New Store in Oakland.

For a short time only the undersigned will offer to our people, clothing, dry goods, notions, hosiery, Stationery, jewelry, &c., in the room formerly occupied by the *Democrat* office, corner Alder and Third streets.

Do not fail to attend this great sacrifice of goods. These goods are from a firm that failed, formerly in New York, and everything will be sold regardless of cost and value. Call and see our goods and judge for yourselves, and you will admit that a chance to get such bargains will never occur again in this vicinity.

5 2 2t JACOB FELDSTEIN.

Mysterious Firebugs.

There were five separate and distinct alarms of fire in Piedmont and Westernport between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock yesterday morning, all caused by the firing of buildings by bold incendiaries, whose purpose is supposed to have been plunder. The first alarm was at Miller Bros.' establishment in Westernport, where a fire was started between 1 and 2 o'clock among boxes and barrels in the rear of the building. The fire was discovered and promptly extinguished. Scarcely had the flames died out before a precisely similar fire was discovered in the rear of J. S. Jamesson's store also in Westernport. It was discovered and put out before the flames had made much progress. By this time Westernport was pretty thoroughly aroused and men were soon patroling the streets to prevent a repetition of the alarms.

There was a lull of nearly an hour, when the trouble began across the river in Piedmont. The first fire started on the West Virginia side was in the carriage shed in the rear of W. H. Gilbert's place, shortly before 2 o'clock, followed by another at Suter & Minshall's about 3. At the establishment of the last named firm the fire was built directly under the showwindow in the front of the store. The front of the store was more or less damaged and there was a further loss in broken glass and chinaware. The would-be incendiaries finished their night's work by firing Davis Bros.' mill on the "Island" above Piedmont. All three of these fires were discovered and put out, as those in Westernport had been, before extensive damage was done. That at Davis Bros.' mill wss discovered by the watchman. In each instance the flames were extinguished by means of buckets. Piedmont's only other fire protection is a Babcock extinguisher, while Westernport has a hand engine. Neither were brought into use yesterday morning. The manner in which all the fires were started and their location shows that each was a deliberate attempt at incendiarism. Especially was this so in the Westernport fires, where boxes, barrels, waste, and other inflammable material was carefully piled up and set on fire. The boldness of all the attempts is almost unparalleled. Up to yesterday afternoon there was no clue to the miscreants. A suspicious looking man was seen coming away from the vicinity of Miller Bros.' establishment about the time of the fire. He is described as tall, but was not identified. It is said a man was also seen near Mr. Jamesson's place, but it has not yet been established whether he was the same referred to above. There is little doubt that one or both of them was connected with the incendiary attempts. The citizens of both towns are, of course, much excited over the matter.—*Cumb. News Tuesday.*

Newspapers of To-Day.

People generally, and even those who may be termed steady readers and close observers, have but a faint conception of the magnitude and influence the press of this country has attained. From a careful examination of the advance pages of the 1885 edition of the *American Newspaper Directory*, issued May 1st, by George P. Rowell & Co., of New York, it appears that there are 14,147 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; of these the United States has 12,973, an average of one paper for every 3,867 persons. In 1884 the total number of newspapers was less by 853 than at present, and while the gain this year is not so marked as in some previous years, it is still considerable. Kansas shows the greatest increase, the number being 78, while Illinois follows with a gain of 77. It is curious to notice that New York, the scene of so much political activity during the last campaign, should have only about one-third as many new papers as the State of Pennsylvania. As an index to the comparative growth and prosperity of different sections of the country, especially the Territories, the number of new papers forms an interesting study, and may well occupy the attention of the curious.

Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence,

[Published by request.]

I Could Not Forget Thee.

DEDICATED TO MISS MAGGIE TOWER.

I could no more forget thee,
Than the fixed stars of night
Could forget to hang out
Heaven's lanterns of light.

I could no more forget thee,
Than the bright orb of day
Could forget in the morning
To start on its way.

I could no more forget thee,
Than the warm southern breeze
Could forget to kiss softly
The young budding trees.

I could no more forget thee,
Than the sands on the beach
Could prevent the fine grains
God's memory to teach.

I *could not* forget thee,
Dear love of my heart,
Tho' our paths should forever,
Through life, lie apart.

CYGNET.

Baltimore, April 27th, 1885.

Bonnets and Hats.

We have now open a fine assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Hats, Ladies' Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Pompons, Gilt and Silver braids, Hat Scarfs in beautiful colors.

Ladies' and Childrens' hose, in black and solid colors.

We have on hand the nicest lot of gloves we have ever bought. Kid, Silk and Thread gloves in all colors, black silk lace mitts.

Ladies' Jerseys.

Childrens' lace Bonnets, Ladies' underwear, Ladies' neckwear, and many other desirable articles.

M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Deer Park.

Our little town is a very busy one just now. The new B. & O. cottages are being pushed on so fast that a small army of workmen may be seen every day going to and fro. Every available boarding place is filled to overflowing.

Mrs. Phillips and Miss Florence Phillips are visiting Deer Park at present.

Mrs. C. H. Tillson is in Piedmont for a few days.

Mr. T. Harrison Garrett's cottage is to be papered and painted throughout this month, and painters have also been employed on the Hotel for some weeks past.

Mr. Robert Brown has moved to Elk Garden.

Mr. Joseph Friend is still lying very low and evidently near the end of a long life. He is one of the oldest settlers of our county and one very well known and highly respected. His wife who died some years ago was a daughter of the celebrated Meshach Browning, Maryland's famous hunter.

Senator Davis' men are busily employed plowing and sowing his extensive oat fields.

The Band of Hope hold their regular meeting on next Saturday evening, and every one should be present to help us rejoice that the 1st of May ushers in Local Option for our district.

Word has just been received (Wednesday noon) that the house on Mr. Spencer's farm, about two miles from Deer Park, occupied by Mr. Theo. Hoff, was completely destroyed by fire this morning. Caught from a defective flue.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Baltimore, Md.—C. H. Lyon.

Belpre, Ohio—E. S. Twyford, L. E. Rounds.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—B. J. Fletcher.

Grafton, W. Va.—A. J. Shafer, W. E. Shafer, J. W. Leith, T. H. Jackson.

Rowlesburg, W. Va—J. W. Combs.

Terra Alta—J. A. Wardwell, G. M. Cramer.

Oakland, Md.—Joseph Painter and son, L. L. Leary, Geo. Kildow.

Piedmont, W. Va.—J. A. Suter.

***

Elder Hill.

As this place is not represented by a correspondent, we scratch down a few thoughts, simply heading them Elder Hill, but for the origin of the name will refer the reader to "A Sojourner," of Deep Creek, whose mind appears to be well stocked with historical knowledge, and pen readily adapted to portraying the various facts and circumstances giving rise to the names now applied to the numerous mountains and mountain chains of our mountainous county.

Quite a number of our *vocalists* were attending a concert at Friendsville on last Sunday, given by Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, at the close of a course of instruction in vocal music.

Our Sunday School is making good progress with Mr. J. H. Enlow Superintendent, and F. M. Conneway Assistant.

Mr. Archibald Casteel and family are just recovering from an attack of the "old-fashioned measles," of which they all have had a trial.

There is also several cases of French measles in this vicinity.

Mountain Lake Park.

The pleasant weather has made business more lively here.

Mr. Jarboe has about completed the exterior of the Hall and is now putting additions to the Sharp and Richardson cattages.

Mr. M. L. Selby has returned from his winter hiding place and has resumed his painting.

Mr. Joseph Lashorn, of Deer Park, is plastering the addition to Miss Jennie Smith's Cottage.

The Burns family have returned to the Carr cottage.

Mr. Lloyd Chambers, of Oakland, is doing the stone work for the rerection of the restaurant.

The quarterly election of officers in our temperance lodge was held last Saturday night. For W. C. T., G. P. White; W. V. T., Mrs. F. L. Sperry; W. R. S., Miss Julia White; W. F. S., W. A. Wonderly; W. T., A. Lower; W. C., Johnson White; W. I. G., Miss J. B. Umbel; W. S., R. Ream.

Our lodge is in good condition. There has only been three meetings since we organized that there has not been one or more joined.

The cottages are again secured from fire by burning the leaves off nearly the entire grounds.

J. A. E.

Selbysport.

Spring has apparently come to stay. We hope so, at least.

Our farmers are trying very hard to get their oats in before Court, as many of them will be obliged to attend its session.

Mr. C. H. Liston, our Constable, is kept quite busy.

Mr. H. M. Frazee has his new saw mill in operation.

Our farmers are building a great deal of board fence this spring.

Mr. A. J. Frazee lost about three thousand rails by fire last Wednesday. Persons should be more careful about fire this time of the year.

There were but few accidents on the river this spring, as but four rafts were wrecked. Their remains still lay along the river.

There has been considerable sickness in our town this spring.

Mr. D. W. Frazee leaves this spring for the West, where he will engage in business. Dennis is a very enterprising young man, and will make a success of any business in which he may engage. He has the best wishes of the many friends he leaves behind him.

Messrs. E. J. Frantz and Austin Brown have completed the contract they had taken from farmer Matthews.

Mr. John M. Kessler will soon leave this place to take charge of the grist mill at Friendsville.

Helping the Editor.

We like the volunteer journalist—fricf, if he is young, and boiled, if he is old—but we like him. The good people who lie awake nights devising plans to improve their paper—doubtless think they are doing the world a great service, and they are—not. If a journal is not properly conducted, the public will find it out. The subscription list and advertising patronage will tell the business manager that something is wrong, and the remedy will be applied without outside assistance. There are few people who would have the impudence and effrontery to stop a physician on his way to visit a patient and tell that physician that he was pursuing exactly the wrong course of treatment, and would surely kill his patient. Nobody but a lunatic would interrupt a judge in the midst of his charge to the jury, and say: "See here, you are not giving those twelve men the proper instructions; you ought to know better than that!" People don't rush into a dry goods establishment in breathless haste and tell the proprietor he made a mistake in buying calico last week, and ought to wait until next week. Our greatest millers and manufacturers are not besieged by a horde of wise idlers who are loaded to the muzzle with information about the proper time to buy wheat or the necessity of limiting the product until the demand increases. They are allowed to attend to their own business, and if they do not conduct it properly, decreased patronage soon warns them of their danger.

In the newspaper office it is different. One volunteer thought-molder advises the decapitation of a correspondent because he writes that ear muffs are not fashionable in Cuba. He fears it may injure the ear muff trade in Minneapolis. Another complains that the death of John McNiff, which occurred in Arkansas last May, was not chronicled with the postcript, "Pine Bluff and Moccasinville papers please copy." A tender miss of nineteen summers and an equal number of hard winters flutters in with a poem on "Love's Young Dream," and complains that hitherto too little attention has been paid to the muses. She adds that she would like to have her effusion printed on the first page, top of column, and will present her bill at the cashier's window. One man wants more foreign news, and another thinks it is an outrage to print rubbish from across the water at all. And so it goes. If the editor printed everything he is ordered to, he would have to issue a sixty-four page paper every day; and if he omitted everything his anxious advisers tell him to, his journal would be as white as the driven snow.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Battle in Asia.

LONDON, April 28.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "I am informed on good authority of another engagement on the Afghan frontier. Of 1,700 Russians who engaged the Afghans, nearly all were killed."

The *Standard* (Conservative), in an editorial says: "Mr. Gladstone's speech was wholly worthy of the occasion. It was manifestly intended to convey more than we thought it well to say. The upshot of the whole is, we take it, that Russia declines to admit the conduct of her officers to question."

The *Times* editorially says: "If Russia's policy is founded upon belief that England will submit to any exactions rather than rupture relations. Mr. Gladstone's speech may dispel the illusion. The cheers with which the speech was greeted will be echoed throughout the country."

The new President has had his first experiment with the typical Western steamboatman. Capt. Thos. Crummer, one of the veteran engineers on the Mississippi, called at the White House to present in his person his application for a Supervisorship of Boilers in the New Orleans district. He was accompanied and introduced by Representative Ellis. President Cleveland listened attentively, and then asked: "Captain, are you a mechanical engineer and machinist?" "Yes, sir," responded the old captain, with the emphasis on the "sir." He then added, in a burst of enthusiasm: "I can build an engine that will pull me into this office." The President smiled and asked: "About what power would you suggest, Captain, for such an engine?" "Well," said the engineer, reflectively, "when I left New Orleans I thought a two-horse engine would pull me in, but since coming to Washington and talking with numerous other office-seekers I have come to the conclusion that it will take a sixty horse power." The President laughed outright, and when the visitors withdrew was still looking as if something had amused him greatly.—*Chicago Times.*

Weights and Measures.

Every family should be furnished with scales and weights; and it is also advisable to have wooden measures.

About sixty drops of any thin liquid will fill a common sized teaspoon.

Four tablespoonfuls, or half a gill, will fill a common sized wineglass.

Four wineglasses will fill half a pint measure, a common tumbler, or a large coffee-cup.

Ten eggs usually weigh one pound before they are broken. Eight large ones will weigh one pound.

A tablespoonful of salt will weigh about one ounce.

One pint of water or milk will weigh one pound.

One pint of molasses will weigh one and one-quarter pounds.

Three tablespoonfuls of baking-powder should weigh one ounce.

One quart of flour weighs one pound.

One quart of Indian meal weighs one and a quarter pounds.

Law of the Road.

Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, last week expounded the law governing drivers of vehicles in using the highways. A new trial had been asked for by Moulton Thomas, against whom a verdict had been given for damages done to the wagon of Henry Brooks, in a collision with a vehicle of his. The judge said: "There is no rule of law which requires a traveler to drive over any particular part of a public highway. He can drive over the middle or on either side, no matter in what direction he may be going. What is called the "law of the road" is that persons meeting on the highway must each keep to the right. This rule is modified in the case of a footman or horseman, who cannot compel a teamster with a heavy load to turn out of the beaten track, or even a light wagon with a heavy draught. In those cases, if the horseman or light vehicle can pass with safety on the left of the heavily-laden team it is their duty to give way and leave the choice to the more unwieldy vehicle. Travelers naturally keep as near as they can to the right side of a highway, not because of any legal obligation so to do but because they are then in a position to require any one meeting them to turn out. They may travel on the left side if they please, but then, if they are met by a person driving in an opposite direction, they must turn out. The obligation is not to keep any particular part of the highway, but simply to turn to the right when others meet them."

The danger of war in Europe has started emigration to the United States on a grand scale, more than five hundred people a day leaving Queenstown during most of last week. At the same time there is a great exodus from Russia Finland, the people being afraid of conscription in case of war.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS, and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all Kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bldg, Washington, D. C.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 n.*

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust my wife, Anna Bray, who left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, as I will not pay any bills contracted by her.

NORMAN M. BRAY.

Oakland, Md., April 21st, 1885.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our lands near Oakland in any manner.

4 25 3 NATHAN CASTEEL.
T. W. CASTEEL.

NOTICE!

Merchants and others are hereby notified to give no credit to any person whatsoever on account of L. Levering or Thomas J. Crouser, from this date.

L. LEVERING.

4 25 3t VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Atty's.

IF YOU GO TO

HARNE & LAWTON

WITH YOUR PRODUCE

You are sure to get the highest market price and will always find a full line of

GROCERIES, FEED, FLOUR,
QUEENSWARE, TOBACCO, &c.

We are always ready to buy

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE

—Such as—

BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES, &c.

☞Bring your produce and give us a trial.

HARNE & LAWTON.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never falling well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIORENS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 20th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, May 4th, 1885,

for the transaction of business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
4 25 3t Clerk.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

The scent of the flower is a wonderful thing!
It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of spring;
So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power,
No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odors so blend with past happier years
They move us like melodies breathing through tears;
For they bring back the faces and forms that are cold,
And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know,
(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago,)
When tastes were more simple, and purer our pleasures,
And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One eve, when the dew on the leaves glittered bright,
He proffered the prize with a tender "Good Night;"
And my spirit grew faint with ecstatic emotion,
For I felt in that flower lay a life-long devotion.

He is gone—yet the scent of that delicate flower
Still holds me with all the old passionate power;
And oft my sick heart would lie down in despair
But that mercy divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

"Consider the lilies." Lord, grant us to be
By the field and the garden brought nearer to Thee;
To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power,
And an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

—*The Quiver.*

SHIP OF THE DESERT.

What the Arab Calls the Most Useful of Beasts.

The Land of the Camel—His Speed and the Load He Carries His Powers of Endurance—In the Service of Warlike Sovereigns.

The camel, whose area of servitude extends over a wide range, embracing Arabia, India, Persia and the largest portion of Africa, unlike the rest of man's four-footed friends and servants, seems to be a total stranger to the pleasures of freedom. At what era men first enlisted the camel into their service it is impossible to guess, but that it was at a very early period is plain from the fact that 6,000 camels formed part of the wealth which the patient patriarch was awarded after his terrible trial. The Moors during their rule in Granada introduced the camel into Spain, but the East was always the real land of the camels, the peculiarities of the animal being especially adapted for the vast deserts for which that quarter of the globe is famous. To carry men and merchandise across the arid waste an animal was needed at once speedy, untiring, sure-footed and capable of subsisting where vegetation was scanty and water scarce; all these qualifications are combined in the camel. The pads of its spreading feet, divided into two toes without being externally separated, prevent its sinking in the sand, over which it moves so noiselessly that it has been poetically and appropriately termed "the ship of the desert." The callosities on the flexures of the limbs and chest, upon which the animal rests or kneels to receive its load, prevent the skin from cracking from contact with the hot sand. The nostrils, closing at will, exclude the burning grains when the simoon sweeps across the desert, while the peculiar contraction of the stomach enables the camel to go without water for several days. He is as easily satisfied in the way of eating, delighting in the tough plants he passes on his march, which his strong, nipper-like teeth enable him to masticate with comfort. These good qualities are not, however, unalloyed. The camel is liable to slip in sloppy places and disjoint his hips, bears cold and wet weather but ill, and has so little recuperative power that when fagged out he generally succumbs altogether and is left to the jackal and vulture. Even if he should recover he becomes a poor, weak object, piteous to behold, a burden to himself and of little use to his master.

How many days the camel can go without drinking has never perhaps been exactly ascertained; in fact, the power of endurance varies greatly in different individuals, but it has been stated on very good authority that the dromedary can subsist nine days without water, though exposed the whole time to a heat resembling that of a furnace. It is certain that when the camel does drink he always appears to be laying in a stock for a week or so, and has even been known to swallow seven gallons and a half at one time. This allows three quarts a day for ten days, which, though not sufficient properly to quench the thirst of so large an animal, may yet be able to keep him alive. Comparative anatomy, which has indulged in a legion of experiments on the structure of much inferior animals, has not extended a proper degree of attention to the camel. It has, no doubt, been ascertained that this extraordinary creature possesses one stomach more than other mammalia, but curiosity has not been sufficiently busy with that immense bladder streaked with sanguine veins, which the animal sometimes blows out of its mouth in spring. In strings of thirty or forty I have noticed, during the greatest heat of the day, a majority amusing themselves after this fashion. On such occasions they will raise their heads, look around wildly and then, with a strange, offensive noise, draw up the bag from their throats and blow it out inflated to its fullest extent, as if to cool it by the touch of the external air. In a few minutes they would suffer it to collapse and suck it back with a ruckling noise into their throats. Is not this bag intended to contain, in addition to the fifth stomach, a supply of fresh water? And is it not in this that travelers, when compelled to kill their dromedaries to preserve their own lives in the Sahara, find the pure transparent fluid spoken of on such occasions?

It is during a sandstorm, or on the approach of the simoon, that the camel displays the most striking proofs of sagacity. Before the human eye can detect the swiftly approaching column of yellow or lurid gas which instantly strikes dead all creatures that breathe it, the camel discerns the danger and, uttering a wild roar, turns round and plunges his nose into the sand. The traveler also, who springs instantly to the earth, presses his face against the face of the desert, tightly closes his lips and protects his nostrils with both hands. What signs of suffering or agitation the poor dromedary exhibits, the traveler is too much terrified to observe, but he himself experiences throughout his frame, first a quivering, shooting pain, then a numbness and paralysis of all the limbs and vital functions, which prolonged for many seconds would be death. But the mysterious vapor, which comes almost like lightning, in the same manner departs. In many cases the sudden death of the beast and his rider reveals the fatal power of the simoon; but when they escape with life the process of reviving from the stroke resembles that experienced by patients after a long illness—languor, feebleness, prostration of the whole system, giddiness of the head, dimness of sight, a partial loss of memory and a bewildering of ideas. Foreigners flee to brandy as a remedy, the Arabs to coffee, while the camel, kneeling as if under a heavy burden, groans, grunts and looks ruefully about upon the waste.

The amble of the camel—a curious amalgamation of rolling and pitching simultaneously executed—would scarcely be extolled by any one accustomed to the pleasant canter of a good horse, but it has its advantages. The rider may sit sideways, backwards or in the orthodox fashion, with his feet in or out of the stirrups, he may let his legs dangle carelessly or sit cross-legged, after the manner of Turks and tailors, without any fear of his seat or equanimity being disturbed by the sure-footed beast stumbling, kicking, shying or bolting. A habit rather perplexing to the inexperienced camel rider is the animal's propensity for snatching at dwarf acacias and other vegetable delicacies as he wanders along. But these slight drawbacks are fully compensated by the measured regularity with which he moves, while the elevation enables the traveler to see all that is to be seen, and gives him the benefit of every welcome breeze that blows. The riding gear of the dromedary consists of a large double pad of goats' hair cloth, stuffed with grass or straw. This is thrown over the back of the animal. A wooden frame of flat sticks united into a pair of conical pommels six or eight feet high is placed on the pad, into which it settles itself comfortably, the hump of the camel forming the center of the apparatus and keeping everything in its proper place. Across this gigantic saddle the saddle bags are thrown, and the whole covered with carpets and cushions, until a sort of pyramid is formed, upon the apex of which the traveler is perched, his water bottles, carpet bags and other paraphernalia swinging below. The harness is completed by a halter of goat and camel hair twisted together passing around the beast's nose like our common stable halter.

The average speed of the ordinary caravan camels, which are seldom less than ten hours and sometimes twenty-four hours continuously on the march, is about two miles per hour, but the maherrie, or dromedary, can accomplish a much swifter rate of progression, being able to travel seventy miles a day for two or three days successively. Laborde went from Alexandria to Cairo (one hundred and fifty miles) in thirty-four hours, and mails have been carried between Bagdad and Damascus in seven days, at the rate of sixty-nine miles per diem. Still greater celerity was attained by Mehemet Ali, when he wished to communicate from Cairo with Ibrahim Pasha at Antioch. By adopting the system of relays the distance of five hundred and sixty miles was traversed in the short space of five days and a half.

The camel not being himself sociable is averse to encouraging sociability in others. It is only after much toil and a vigorous application of the whip that this stubborn animal can be made to move in line with individuals of his own species, though both in India and Africa the enterprise has been accomplished—in the former country by the creation of camel trains, in the latter by accustoming the dromedary to military evolutions, to charge and retreat in compact bodies, and otherwise to imitate all the movements of cavalry. But your trading camel having acquired different habits far exceeds a mule in obstinacy when you attempt to break through them. He will then oppose to your will a passive resistance utterly unconquerable; will lie down if he thinks you have put too much on his back, and refuse to rise though you should beat him to death. To show that this is often a mere crotchet, the Arabs remove two or three small packets from the load, upon which the animal, no doubt with an inward chuckle of satisfaction at having gained the victory, gives a loud grunt and rises without perceiving that during the operation the packages have been restored. As, however, he believes his load to have been lightened he trudges along merrily, if so sullen a heart can ever be said to be merry. But though serious and gloomy, this patient creature must not be supposed to be entirely without sentiment. When kindly treated, when patted on the shoulder, when gently spoken to, but more especially when treated to a song, the dromedary will exhibit strong signs of pleasure in his prominent eye, will turn round his long snake-like neck, look at you steadfastly, as if to express his thanks, and then gaze forth upon the outspread desert more proudly than before.

The load for a camel in India is fixed by the Government at 330 pounds; in Arabia it varies from 360 to 400 pounds; in Persia from 500 to 600 pounds; in Egypt it averages 800 pounds, while, according to Tavernier, the Turcoman camels will carry as much as 1,500 pounds weight. Where the road is tolerably good the burden camels of a caravan are tied to each other, the noose rope of one being fastened to the the tail of another, and so they march on, three to ten in a string, in single file, and such creatures of routine are they that a camel will refuse to proceed if the camel before him is changed for another. In Egypt caravans move abreast, and one of fifty camels will show a front for a mile in extent. The pilgrim caravan pursues its route principally during the night, lighted on its way with torches. It has been shorn of much of its splendor in modern times. Bagdad's celebrated ruler performed the pilgrimage to the Prophet's shrine no less than nine times, with a caravan of 120,000 camels, 900 of that enormous number being employed in carrying Haroun's wardrobe. The Sultan of Egypt was accompanied by 500 camels laden with sweetmeats, and 280 bearing pomegranates and other fruits. Every year the Sultan of Turkey sends a mahmal—a beautiful covering for the shrine of Mohammed—to Mecca. The camel honored by being chosen for carpet bearer is magnificently adorned with ribbons, lace, feathers and imitative gems. When Hasselquist saw the procession start from Cairo in 1750 this favored beast carried a pyramidal pavilion six feet high, covered with green silk, under which the mahmal was supposed to lie; but, like other great officials, the carpet camel did his work by deputy, the precious gift being actually carried by some of his less fortunate brethren. As a reward for "not doing it," the mahmal camel becomes exempt from all labor for the rest of his life, which is passed in a lodging provided for his special use, and he has servants to wait upon him, and due provision made for his sustenance.

The camel has served other purposes than those of commerce and religion: he has been pressed into the service of warlike sovereigns, and employed not only to carry the luggage of their armies, but to draw scythed chariots and to carry bowmen and swordsmen. The legions of Xerxes suffered by their camels being carried away by lions in the night, and Cyrus defeated Crœsus by craftily taking advantage of the antipathy the horse bears to the camel. He mounted some of his soldiers on camels, and ordered them to charge the famous Lydian light horse. The chargers of the latter, rendered ungovernable by fear, fled from the field, and with them the hopes of the wealthiest of monarchs. The time is possibly not far distant when the camel will be superseded by the great iron horse; but as long as the Arab finds in him a useful servant, meat, drink, clothing and fuel, we need not wonder at the faith of the true believer, who expects to find a white-winged camel awaiting him as he steps out of his sepulchre to convey his soul to paradise.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE OLD CLO' MEN.

How They Manage to Dispose of Their Accumulations.

Some very amusing characters are conspicuous in the streets of New York. I met one of these the other day. He was a middle-aged man, with a shrewd face and dark eyes. He was dressed in coarse, loose stuff, much the worse for wear, and he carried several garments over his left arm. He was what we call an "old clo' man"—a gatherer of cast off coats and trousers, shoes and boots and hats. As I was passing him he asked me if I had any old clothes to sell, and assured me that he paid the highest market prices. Then this little dialogue, inspired by my own curiosity, ensued:

"What do you do with the things you pick up?" I inquired.

"What do I with them?" he said, with a laugh, "I get rid of them—at a profit."

"How?"

"How? Easy enough. I sell them to the Westerners, and this is the way I do it: As soon as I get a big stock I make up a lot of bundles, as a pair of boots, a hat, a coat, or something else in each. I stuff the bundles into cheap bags and then start for some Western town. I hire a store there and sell off the bags at auction. When that's done I take the first train out of that place. If I stayed till morning I'd be lynched. There's a hundred places I don't dare to show my nose in. Once—only once—I was caught; badly to. I lost the train and had to stay all night in a Mississippi village. The next day I was kept mighty busy, I tell you, buying back my bags and old clothes. I never saw such mad people. The trade is dangerous you see, but it pays."

The philosopher whistled briskly and went his way.—*George Edgar Montgomery, in Newark Advertiser.*

A Lofty Pyramid.

Fresh proofs are reported to have been discovered of the existence of an ancient civilization in Mexico. In Sonora, about sixty miles southeast of the town of Madeline, some explorers have found in the heart of the virgin forest a pyramid which is 4,350 feet around in the base and 750 feet high—that is to say, nearly double the size of the great pyramid of Cheops. From the base to the summit there is a roadway on which vehicles can travel round the vast erection in a spiral. The outside walls are built of granite blocks carefully tooled and bedded. A little further off is a hillock, with hundreds of caverns and chambers cut in it, from five to fifteen feet wide and ten to fifteen feet long. They have no windows, and are entered by the roof. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and curious pictures with the feet and hands of men. Stone utensils have also been found there. Who the builders of these ancient monuments were is still unsettled, but, according to *El Liberal*, they probably belonged to Mayos, who formerly inhabited Sonora, and were a different race from the Indians, having blue eyes, a white skin, and blonde hair.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Lead Diseases.

An appalling list of diseases which arise from "repeated minute doses of lead" was given by Dr. Wynter Blyth in a lecture at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene. Paralysis, colic, gout, rheumatism, kidney disease, blindness, and insanity may all come, it seems, from drinking water with lead in it. Under these circumstances, a simple test for discovering the presence of lead in water may well be useful. It consists of adding a little tincture of cochineal which, if there be the least trace of lead in the water, will color it blue instead of rose.—*London Truth.*

YOUNG WIVES.

If They Only Knew It the Way to Keep a Husband is to Practice the Pretty Arts They Used so Cleverly to Win Him.

Why do all the watery-eyed, shaky-kneed young wives appeal to you for sympathy when they have rocked their first seraph to sleep in a cut-teeth Mother Hubbard (only meant for babies), and why do they all, as a class, wipe the corner of their off eye with a new ten-cent pink-bordered mouchoir and plaintively tell you that "Dick has changed; O, how horribly changed!" and that he doesn't love baby one bit—not half so much as his nasty sleuth-hounds, pointers and poodles? As for horses, "goodness knows, he prizes them away beyond her and young Richard."

Now all this is sadly true and truly sad. One by one they come, too, for a key to the family rebus, after a trip to Europe and a disappearance for a time in Ohio, which is a great State for Presidents.

When you shake your head, which knows a vast deal too much, you say you know not the reason why of this wherefore. You tell a big story and think she will take that round-eyed young Dick to the park, leaving you to answer your last love-letter in answer to one in which he promises so many kingly things and a dog-cart.

But she takes up baby, who is swallowing his left leg and mewing like a milk-hungry kitten, and she looks at you so soberly that you dare not trifle with her. In turn you gaze on her who was one of the jolliest, neatest girls you ever saw thirteen months ago.

Dick is still jolly to everybody but his wife, of whom he seems in awe because she is the daughter of her mother. He has lately walked on tip-toes, and romps only in the stable-yard with the dogs.

The real fact of the matter is that young girls lop down after having caught a man, tired from the effort, and they spend two-thirds of the year with "mar," who points out frailties in Dick's constitution much too often to suit Dick. He loved a jolly, cleanly girl, but he did not bargain for a weary, pale, slipshod wife, who never crimps her hair for him any more, nor wears pretty house dresses or clean collar unless company comes. He expected that some time he should have to do the right thing by an heir, but again he did not bargain for a damp, sickly, bottled-reared, poor, almshouse style of baby, who moans his days away and howls out the nights.

A jolly mother brings up jolly babies—you may be sure of that—and vice versa. Dick's smoking den is full of slop-water and baby garments in the process of drying. Smoke hurts Alice and young Dick, so her mother says. His old bright-eyed, red-cheeked girl has grown into a down-at-the-heel, quiet, non-reading, non-talking woman, full of complaints and neuralgia, with only a thin crust over her tears, and, to cap all, she is jealous because he can still laugh and admire a pretty woman neatly dressed. No woman expects to change so, but they make the grave mistake of fancying that maternity will also rouse some hidden paternity, and that the father will grow solemn and teary with the mother. Not a bit of it. The baby adds another chap to romp with, and if he isn't that kind of a little animal he is voted "N. G." until he is old enough to know dada and to know a papier-mache pistol from a doll.

All the time this youngster is looked upon as an interloper if his pretty mother gets slouchy and wears old flannel, musty, condensed-food smelling wrappers. Be bright, talk to him of the day's news, save some pin-money, and get a trusty woman who will look after the baby when you go out with Dick, but for your child's sake, don't trust him always to that social fraud and horror, a baby-nurse.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A SOCIAL TYPE.

The Unmannerly Pig of the Boarding House.

A person frequently met with at the seaside is the boarding-house pig. The breakfast bell has hardly sounded when you see him scuttling down the stairs, pushing and jostling every one; when you reach the room he is already seated; he has gathered two or three eggs, some bacon and sundry and divers other articles around his plate, but still he is not happy; he watches the door with breathless interest—there are always one or two delicious little dishes brought in delightfully hot at the last moment; perhaps it is kidneys, perhaps chops and mushrooms; anyway the pig wants them.

The waiter and dish appear—the pig gets wonderfully agitated; the waiter comes nearer and nearer—the pig watches him eagerly and calls his name; the coveted dish is put down two or three persons away from him; he sighs and leans forward.

"Mr. Grey," he says, "may I trouble you for those kidneys? I'er—I'mm," smiling, "particularly partial to them, so if you would be so kind."

Mr. Grey, perhaps, replies that others nearer to him are also partial to them, and the dish is cleared before the pig's face, the blood surges up into his head, and his eyes grow watery with vexation. He falls to on his eggs, etc., still keeping a sharp lookout at the door; when the next dish appears he starts up, leaves his seat, relieves the waiter of his burden and returns to his place triumphant. He invariably eats with surprising rapidity, tucks the end of his *serviette* as a rule into the top buttonhole of his waistcoat, and pushes his plates into the middle of the table as he finishes with them. The other visitors hate and circumvent him on every possible occasion; the waiters loathe him; but for all that, by his own untiring exertions, the tidbits generally find their way to his plate.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

—A lesson in Pushtu: Kabool is pronounced Kayble; Merve is pronounced Mahriv; Herat is pronounced Heraht; Kurrachee is pronounced K'rahchy; Peshawur is pronounced Peshower. In such words as Bolan, Robat, etc., the accent is on the second syllable and the "a" is pronounced broad, like "ah."—*English Paper*

A FAST MAIL.

The Experience of an Austin (Tex.) Gentleman in Posting a Letter.

Colonel Yerger, of Austin, had just finished writing a letter. It was very important that it should go off by the next mail, so he rang the bell, and upon the colored servant, Matilda, appearing, he handed her the letter, saying:

"Take this letter to the letter box on the corner as fast as you can. It is very important."

Matilda, the colored girl, went out with the letter, and meeting the coachman, handed it to him, remarking:

"Jess you take dis hear letter to de letter box."

The coachman started out with the letter. He happened to see a friend passing, and it occurred to him that he might save himself the trouble, so he handed his friend the letter, requesting him to post it without delay, as it was very important. That night the coachman's friend, just before retiring, made the discovery that he had forgotten to post the letter, so he gave it to one of the boys at the stable, enjoining him to put it in the letter box early next morning.

The stable boy was about to comply with the request next morning, when a baker, with whom he was acquainted, happened to drive past in his cart.

"Hello! Tom," exclaimed the stable boy; you take this letter and drop it in the letter box and save me the trouble."

Among the customers of the baker boy was Colonel Yerger himself. Just as the baker boy drove up to the Yerger mansion, Matilda, to whom the letter had been originally given, was just going out of the gate on her way to market. The baker boy handed her the letter with the request to shove it in the letter box. But just at that moment Mrs. Yerger happened to open the door and saw the boy hand her servant a letter.

"I will have no such goings on as that in this house," exclaimed Mrs. Yerger, and she seized the letter from Matilda's hand, and running into the house, exclaimed, in an excited voice to Colonel Yerger:

"It is not safe to have that Matilda about the house any longer. Here she is getting letters on the sly."

She handed the letter to Colonel Yerger, who recoiled in astonishment when he perceived the identical letter he had written and addressed the night before. Uttering an exclamation too profane to print in a family paper, Colonel Yerger violently forced himself into his coat, remarking:

"Now I will post that letter myself, and then I will know it is done."—*Texas Siftings.*

A CLERICAL ERROR.

The Very Natural Mistakes Made by a Philanthropist.

"Say, sonny," said the philanthropist, as he looked down at the mere mite of a newsboy in Park Row, "do your parents or any one help you to exist?"

"Not much," quoth the mite; "the ole man's doin' a stretch up the river and the ole woman's on the bum most o' the time."

"Does any institution house or feed you?"

"You bet your sweet life they don't."

"Pray how do you live?"

"O, I plug along on my own account. I'm pooty fly, and it takes a live chicken to do me up."

"My, my! So precocious!" marveled the philanthropist, "how want matures the faculties!" and he said: "Sonny, how do you pass the day?"

"O, I've got a shine route in the mornin', and just as soon as I work it off I tumble in on Fatty's for 'a plate' to grease the inside works. Next I clap on steam and pike along to get a lot o' *Tellys* 'fore enny o' the Degoes or Guineas around the row git their work in. Then I tackle Oliver for 'beef and,' sneak up the Bowery and catch the swell blokes that the show don't fit for an admission. Afterward me and some other ducks amuse ourselves with suckers we pick up. Catch on, Cully?"

"What strange precocity!" said the philanthropist, and went off and wrote an account of the effect of poverty in maturing the intellect of a youth—aged five years.

Next day he saw the mite again and thought he would make everything sure.

"Sonny," he asked, "how old are you?" and wondered if he hadn't overshot the mark.

"Goin' on fifteen, ole buck," said the mite. And the philanthropist went home and burned the narrative.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FOR ANTI-VACCINATIONISTS.

A Few Facts Showing the Beneficial Effects of Vaccination for Smallpox.

While the deaths from smallpox last year throughout the entire German Empire averaged one or two a week, and never exceeded four, there died in Prague, a city of about 270,000 inhabitants, no fewer than 828 persons between January and June, besides 409 in the last four months of 1883. Between October 1, 1883, and March 31, 1884, 56 cases nearly all children under five years of age, were admitted into the Polyclinic Hospital wards under Dr. Ganghofner. Of these 52 were unvaccinated and 4 vaccinated, 2 of the latter, however, not until after infection. Of the 52 unvaccinated 14 (21 per cent.) died; of the vaccinated none. There is a strong local prejudice against vaccination, with which several medical men, we regret to say, sympathize. Buenos Ayres is a city of about the same size—namely, 287,000 inhabitants; and vaccination is not compulsory, and is unpopular. While the births in 1883 were close on 11,000, the total number of vaccinations and revaccinations was 8,643. The deaths from all causes were 8,248, or 28 per 1,000, and those from smallpox 1,487, or 5 per 1,000 of the population, and 18 per cent., or nearly one in five, of the total deaths. In Prussia the mortality since 1875 has been from 0.34 to 3.62 per 100,000 yearly; in Austria, 5.57 to 50.83. In Berlin, in 1882, it was 0.43, and in Vienna 108.29 per 100,000. Since 1875 not a single Prussian soldier has died of smallpox; in the Austrian army 10 to 47 per 100,000 annually, and in the French 2 to 27 have died.—*British Medical Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Parisians ate 13,000 donkeys, mules and horses last year. The *Academie de Medicine* has awarded a prize to an essayist who strongly recommends a more general use of such diet.

—A London firm of pencil-makers manufactures its shavings and sawdust into an article which they call the "Dust of Lebanon." It is sprinkled upon the fire to remove the unpleasant smell of cooking noticeable in a room after a meal.

—British Columbia is realizing the benefits of its excellent harbors and magnificent forests. Two milling companies with an aggregate production of 35,000,000 feet of lumber, are now cutting exclusively for the export trade. They ship to China, Australia, Sandwich Islands, and even to England.

—We had in 1880 nearly 2,000,000 "common laborers." The number of clergymen in 1880 was 64,000, against 43,000 in 1870; the number of lawyers 64,000 in 1880, 40,000, in 1870; the number of physicians increased during the decade from 62,000 to 86,000. In 1880 there were 4,800 actors and 12,000 journalists in the country.

—An insane German, named William Weicht, created a sensation in the United States Supreme Court-room recently by announcing that he had several suits of clothes in a carpet-sack which he carried that he wanted the Chief Justice to wear. He thought they would be more becoming than the black silk robes that the Justice wears.—*Washington Post.*

—In Morocco recently a man was accused of having stolen a bullock from one of the local native authorities who acted as judge in his own case and gave orders that the supposed thief should have his eyes cut out, which horrid sentence was carried into effect. A writer cites this as a sample of a series of brutal atrocities continually occurring in that country.

—African colonization has already affected the price of elephants. An India exchange quotes Asian elephants six feet high at $2,000, tigers at $750, and panthers at $475. Yet at recent sales in England elephants have been sold as low as $500, six lionesses with cubs at $750, a tiger that had devoured two keepers brought only $252, and a panther was traded even for a poodle.

—The boys of Turner, Me., says the Lewiston *Journal*, are noted for training domestic animals—dogs, calves, sheep and steers are broken to all kinds of vehicles. One day Earnie Morse will drive by with a tandem team—a sheep and a calf. He may be followed by Harry or Ralph Bearce driving a span of merino bucks. Then a string of Jersey calves driven by a dozen boys. Willie French has a nice Jersey heifer trained to do all sorts of fine things.

—At the Bald Mountain extension drift mine, near Forest City, Cal., recently, the steel wire cable broke while loaded cars were descending the incline 360 feet long. One of the boys, by the name of Veal, employed at the mine, had the rare courage and presence of mind to jump on an empty car and chase the fleeing train down the tunnel, over 6,000 feet in length, and overtook and stopped it before the cars collided with the incoming train.

—The new servant girl came to her mistress crying and holding on to her finger. "What's the matter?" asked the lady of the house. "I run one of the forks into my hand, and if it is this plated stuff I'll get lockjaw." "Don't be alarmed," said the mistress, "all my silver is genuine; I don't keep any plated ware." Next morning the servant girl was gone and so was the silver. —*Texas Siftings.*

—The "law of the road," as understood in Pennsylvania, was laid down by Judge Biddle of the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia a few days ago. It is to the effect that persons meeting on the highway must each keep to the right. This rule is modified in the case of a footman or a horseman, who can not compel a teamster who has a heavy load to turn out of the beaten track, or even a light wagon with a heavy draught. If a horseman or light vehicle can pass with safety on the left of a heavily-laden team it is their duty to give way and leave the choice to the more unwieldy vehicle.

—When a Finland girl wishes to leave that country, according to the Cardiff *Mail*, she has to go first to her clergyman and partake of the sacrament and procure a letter of recommendation from him; next to a physician and obtain of him, after an examination, a certificate of permission to remain absent a certain specified number of years. This certificate costs her about twenty dollars. If she returns promptly at the end of the time prescribed all is well, but if not her name is erased from the book in which it has been entered, and she is considered as having violated her contract with the Government and loses her citizenship forever.

Preservation of Negro Dialect Hymns.

An old colored woman of Atlanta was asked how their dialect hymns were brought into existence. She answered:

"Well, I reckon de spirit was a crowin' and dey jess had to come out."

A good definition of inspiration, was it not?

Among the more intelligent negroes I find a strange disposition to eschew these wonderful slave songs. The young men and women of Atlanta University seem to share, in a measure, this slightly contemptuous estimation of the old melodies. I suppose it is because their awakening intelligence associates them with the degradation of their race, and they have not the penetration to see that these wonderful hymns embody the very genius of their people.

Another fact makes it hard to gather together a reliable collection; the various hymns are sung differently in different localities, so that frequently two versions of the same piece would hardly be recognized as akin. This was the inevitable result of the illiteracy of the negro, whereby both words and music were unwritten for so long a time.

It is a matter of regret to me that in most of the Southern city colored churches an effort has been made to discard these plantation melodies, except in social religious meetings.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Before whitewashing a poultry-house smudge the house faithfully by mixing carbolic acid, turpentine and sulphur, and firing the same, confining the smoke for two hours. Then air and whitewash, and you will save the fowls from the liability of lice, save feed, get more eggs, and have a clear conscience of duty done to your stock.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Jelly Roll Cake: Three eggs, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful full of flour; beat yelks till light and then add the sugar; then add the whites beaten stiff, and lastly stir in the flour gradually; bake in a long, shallow greased pan; turn out on a damp towel on the bread board and cover the top with any kind of jelly or thin layer of marmalade and roll up while warm. Slice as needed.—*The Household.*

—In almost all litters of pigs there will be one or more that are under sized. If the larger and stronger pigs are taken from the sow first and well fed they will not suffer, while the weaklings, if left with the mother somewhat longer, will grow rapidly, catch up to the others, and make the whole lot more even in size than if all be taken away at once, and it will be no worse for the sow.—*Toronto Mail.*

—A correspondent asks: Can apple trees be moved of five or six years' standing from a clay to a sandy soil without loss of trees, if so, at what time of year, and how to move them? In reply we would say that apple trees will do well enough on a sandy soil if it has a clay sub-soil; and if the trees are not too large you can remove them in the spring.—*Western Rural.*

—If horses or cattle are troubled with constipation, give such animals half a peck of potatoes each day for a week or two. Two quarts of wheat bran, mixed with a horse's oats night and morning, has a tendency to prevent and relieve costiveness. Bran fed moderately and regularly to cows, ewes and brood sows will keep the bowels in proper condition.—*Exchange.*

—Cocoanut Cheese Cakes: Take the white part of a cocoanut, three ounces of lump sugar and half a gill of water. The sugar must be first dissolved in the water and the cocoanut grated, to be added to it. Let all boil for a few minutes over a slow fire, let it get cold, and then add the yolks of three eggs and the white of one well beaten up. Put the mixture into small tins with thin paste at the bottom and bake in a slow oven.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To take up a young forest tree, first wind a wet sack around the stem, close to the ground, so tightly that it can not slip; then take a timber stitch with a small chain cable, cut off a few roots on the side opposite the steady team, and you will get nearly every root whole and plenty of soil. I took up 100 rock maples in this way last spring, after I had learned to wind the sack properly, without damage to the trees. In this way two men with a team will take up more trees in an hour than they could without a team in half a day.—*N. E. Farmer.*

WHEAT.

The Folly of Discouraging Production Because the Price Is Low.

In certain parts of the West it is reported that the winter wheat has been killed by the cold weather, and while it is not possible to discover what extent of the wheat area has been affected, enough is known to warrant the belief that the deficiency in produce in the new crop, as compared with last year's crop, will be large. This may lead to important results, for it is only one of the causes, and not one of the most active, that are tending to a "short" wheat crop this year. The great fall in the price of wheat can not but be a factor in the situation, for it will discourage the breaking in of new wheat lands, and will also lead to the devoting of area hitherto under wheat to other crops. The season is not sufficiently far advanced to determine to how great an extent this movement has occurred. It is reasonably safe to say that its results will be very marked.

For the world is always within one year of starvation; each year's produce being only a little more than is necessary to support the population. The United States has for fifteen years been very favorably situated. In no year since 1870 has the export of wheat been less than seventeen per cent. of the total crop, and it once reached as high as forty per cent., though the conditions under which this occurred were peculiar. But in the period 1870–1880 the area under wheat increased in every year save one, 1877, and then the falloff was only about 650,000 acres, while the actual yield was 75,000,000 bushels greater than that of 1876. In 1882, as compared with 1880, the wheat area had decreased by 900,000 acres, and the yield was about 5,000,000 bushels larger. Since 1882 the market price of wheat has fallen almost to the cost of production under the most favorable circumstances, so that it is very likely that this alone would cause an absolute decrease in the yield, apart from the damages arising from natural causes, like cold.

In the meantime the demand for wheat is continually increasing. England imports more than one-half of her needs; France, Germany and Austria have within recent years become importers and not exporters of wheat. These countries have largely looked to the United States for their wants, and in the event of a dearth here they would be obliged to depend upon the already known fields of Russia and India and the possible granaries of South America. It is not probable that the United States would have to go into foreign markets for wheat. The crop of last year was large, and much of it is still held. A loss of one-third even of the new crop would leave enough for our own wants. It is very likely that the price of wheat will rise, and this will not be a local movement. In that event the populations of France, Germany and Austria will have brought home to them the delights of increased taxes on the necessaries of life, and it would not be strange to have this result in renewed activity in socialistic movements. And in this country the folly of advising the farmer to go out of wheat because the price happens to be low may be demonstrated. There can never be too much food produced, for population keeps up with the supply.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE BUFFALO GNAT.

Suggestions Which Ought to be Heeded in Sections Afflicted With These Insects.

The Buffalo gnat, which causes such distress and destruction to cattle, horses and mules after an overflow, and which infested the overflowed portions of Louisiana and Mississippi to a worse degree last spring than ever before known, has been the subject of observation and study by Professor Riley, who suggests the following remedies in his report to the Commissioner of Agriculture:

The good effects of a smudge or thick smoke in keeping off the gnats has long been known. This method is used in the South at the present time and also in Hungary. In Hungary the inhabitants collect large and longish heaps of straw, hay, foliage, etc., both near their houses and also in the pastures. A brand is put in the middle and the heap begins to burn slowly and causes a thick smoke which prevents the approach of the gnats. The cattle there understand the effect of the smoke and make their way eagerly to the smoke heap as soon as they perceive a cloud of gnats, or when the gnats annoy them greatly, lay themselves down by the heap and always on that side of it to which the smoke will be driven by the wind or current of air.

The use of oil of tar by the employes of the Hudson Bay Company against the "black fly" of the northern woods, and the fact that long experience has shown it to be preferable to pennyroyal or any of the common prophylactics suggests a simple and easily applied wash, which has been several years recommended by Prof. Riley. A quantity of coal tar is placed in the bottom of a large shallow receptacle of some sort, and a small quantity of oil of tar or oil of turpentine, or any similar material, is stirred in. The receptacle is then filled with water, which is left standing for several days until well impregnated with the tar, etc. The animals are then washed with this water as often as seems to be necessary.

These smudges and washes are simply preventive in their character; as yet there appears no process by which the number of insects can be lessened. Prof. Riley thinks it not unlikely that the Southern Buffalo gnat breeds in the smaller tributary streams of the Mississippi River, in the shallowest and swiftest water. Such breeding places, once ascertained, it ought not to be difficult to kill the insect in its earlier stages, or on a large scale, by the introduction of some poisonous substance. If, on further investigation, it should be found, however, that the larvæ live attached to the stems of the water plants in the Mississippi itself, attempts to prevent the multiplication of the species will have to be abandoned as impracticable.—*N. Y. World.*

Profit in Growing Beets.

The experiment of making beet sugar in England is being tried with every promise of success. During the past year an area of about 640 acres in the vicinity of the sugar factory was planted, this acreage being distributed among some sixty farmers. Notwithstanding an exceedingly unpropitious season, by which it was calculated that the crop was only about half of what it should have been the product averaged over ten tons to the acre, in some cases running as high as twenty tons, and in others to five tons or less. The percentage of sugar was about thirteen, or a product of a ton and a half of sugar to the acre. The price paid the farmer was twenty shillings (fifty dollars) per ton for the beets, delivered at the factory. This, at the rate of ten to twenty tons to the acre, would seem to be a very fair return. To secure the best results the most careful cultivation and care are required at all stages of growth, but with a favorable season and a full harvest it would seem hard to find a better paying crop. When such results are reached in such a climate as that of England, there seems no good reason why California should not lead the world in the production of sugar from beets.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A zebra appears to be a hole in which the pursuing Arabs find the English.—*Atlanta Ga. Constitution.*

"The Plains" have almost disappeared from the great West. The railroad explains it.

Motto for bootblacks: After the rain comes the shine.

A locomotive is never alone, for there is always an engine-near.

"She wore white roses on her breast the night we said good-by," observes a poet. It is not mentioned that her father wore his boots as usual, though some will consider that quite important.—*Buffalo Express.*

Certainly a robin prefers worms to anything else on the bill of fare; but most of the robins are so confoundedly nearsighted that they can't tell a cherry from a worm.—*Boston Post.*

The mills of justice grind slowly, but they grind out many a fine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fashion Note—The old-fashioned two-for-a-quarter kiss has come in again with the revived style of wearing the mouth large and open.—*Buffalo Express.*

If a hen fails to come up to the scratch in the morning, but defers her lay until the evening, she has something egg-citing to cackle late over.—*Old City Derrick.*

Poetry—Speech is silvern. Prose—Money talks.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A paper asks: "Does moonlight soothe?" It does, with the trifling assistance of a pretty girl and a rustic bench.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Adam was the only man who could get off a joke without some one saying he had heard it before.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Cleave to me," she murmured to her escort at the opera. And as soon as the curtain fell he clove.—*Boston Post.*

A little girl noticing the glittering gold-filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth, like yours."

The striking resemblance between the Biblical lily and the girl of the period is in the matter of toiling and spinning.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A calico wrapper—a dry-goods clerk.

If you are going to raise shad, plant them in roes.

Mr. F. A. Stier, Washington, D. C., writes: I had a violent cold. A few doses of Red Cough Cure relieved me. Pleasant to take.

Miss-fortunes come to some men when they get married, and they don't mind it a bit.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred *outward* manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

A pensive maid often develops into an expensive wife.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

Hens are very exclusive; at least each one likes to stick to her own set.

For diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

The watch repairer's wife lets her husband do all the spring cleaning.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous deility or kindred affections, should address, with three letter stamps for large treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A tramp calls his shoes corporations, because they have no soles.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

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A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE COLD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER

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Is a Reliable Remedy for Liver Complaints and ills caused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the system, assists digestion.
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This invaluable preparation is truly a triumph of scientific skill, and no more inestimable boon was ever bestowed upon the mothers of the world. If not only shortens the time of labor and lessens the intensity of pain, but, better than all, it greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child.
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A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
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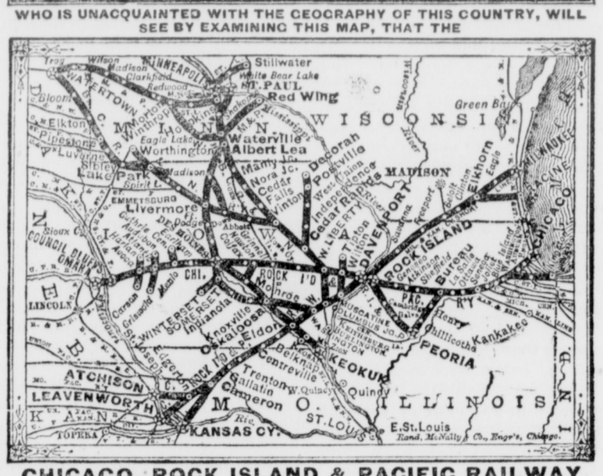

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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
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Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, of 1939 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, is well known to the ladies of that city from the great good she has done by means of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She writes Mrs. Pinkham of a recent interesting case. "A young married lady came to me suffering with a severe case of Prolapsus and Ulceration. She commenced taking the Compound and in two months was *fully restored.* In proof of this she soon found herself in an interesting condition. Influenced by foolish friends she attempted to evade the responsibilities of maternity. After ten or twelve days she came to me again and she was indeed in a most alarming state and suffered terribly. I gave her a tablespoonful of the compound every hour for eight hours until she fell asleep, she awoke much relieved and evidently better. She continued taking the Compound, and in due season she became the mother of a fine healthy boy. But for the timely use of the medicine she believes her life would have been lost."

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A sad phase of life is the large number of premature deaths constantly occurring. Health and longevity are our natural inheritance, but alas! too many squander the priceless heritage for a mess of potage. An observer may notice on every side a deplorable violation of Nature's inflexible laws. With many it is only the present moment that is considered, while to-morrow and its consequences remain unheeded. "He liveth long who liveth well," and to live out the allotted space of "three score years and ten" one must, indeed, live well, and walk circumspectly, carefully avoiding the many alluring by-paths of life that too late are found to be only short cuts to death and destruction. Pity the man, pity the woman that lead butterfly lives, thoughtless and heedless of future years, striving only for momentary enjoyments, unrestraining their appetites and their passions, ruining stomach, liver, kidneys, nerves and brain by improper foods and excessive indulgences. To all such the writer cries *Stop!* HOLD!! change your ways of living, restore strength to these important organs of life, become again perfect in mind and body, get yourselves again on the right road to health and longevity by using the only remedy that never fails to rebuild a broken-down constitution, known far and wide by the name of DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA. Your druggist will get it for you. Take no substitute. It restored the writer to robust health and will save you!

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
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Is a Cure for All Pains, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only
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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach or Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. It seized with threatened
PNEUMONIA,
Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucus membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on the part affected with congestion or inflammation and cure the patient.
A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.
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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.
Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.
Chronic rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., see our book on Venereal, etc.; price twenty-five cents. Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
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Whether transmitted by parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, a remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medicinal properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by all druggists. One dollar a bottle.
Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York, for "False and True."
TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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RELIABLE SALESMEN
To introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated cigars of the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMP'NY. Liberal arrangements. Salary or Commission paid to the right man. For further particulars and terms address, at once,
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EASTMAN COLLEGE
An open door to successful business life. EVERY STUDENT TRANSACTS BUSINESS in as thorough and complete manner as the Merchant, Trader or Banker in every day life. For full particulars address Eastman College, Pokeepsie, New York.

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SOLDIERS NEW LAWS: Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Success for Boys.

The study of the lives of great men shows that certain principles enter into and control humanity in all those life undertakings which are worthy of youthful endeavor. Not luck but labor, not chance but a clerly defined and settled purpose, not day dreaming but will power, not impulsive effort but concentrated toil, not listlessness but perseverence, not fretfulness but patience, not selfishness but economy, not exaggeration but truthfulness, are some of the things which must be observed to worthily win any vocation. A successful man *thinks* about what he is going to do. The world call him "long headed," "deep," "shrewd," "a natural genius," and the like. He is simply thoughtful. He thinks out his plans before he executes them, just as an artist conceives his picture in his own mind before he paints it. A mathematician once said: "If I had a problem to work in two minutes, I would employ the first minute in thinking how to do it." Successful men exercise forethought. They plan, they deliberate, they study their business, master it, and then push it ahead with enthusiasm. They are energetic. They show practically that they have will power. They use their friends face their enemies, create opportunities, venture their fortunes, and hold fast. Having deliberately concluded that a thing ought to be done, they vow to accomplish it. General Grant voiced their sentiment when he said: "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." They concentrate all their powers in one endeavor. "This one thing I do," is their motto. They are workers. They have staying qualities, too. They are always there. They believe in the old adage that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." They are contented to be "one idea men." Though they advance but slowly they are satisfied to advance at all.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Inauguration Balls.

It is said by statisticians that we now have nearly four millions of Methodists in the United States, and between two and a-half and three millions of Baptists—more than five millions in these two leading evangelical denominations. Presbyterians and Congregationalists, about two millions; and enough other Protestant denominations to make in all about ten millions of what we call evangelical Protestant communicants. Counting four adherents for every communicant would give a Protestant population of forty millions. All of these ten million Protestant Christians in all their ethical teachings are pronounced in teaching that the promiscuous dance, as now practiced, bears evident marks of its pagan origin; lecherous in its inception, and demoralizing in its tendency. The Roman Catholics claim a population of six millions. Whatever may be the practice of that Church, it is known to be a fact that the best element of that communion believe and teach that the promiscuous dance especially the "round dance," is fearfully demoralizing in its tendency, leading to lechery in thought and feeling, and prostitution in practice. Can forty-five millions of nominal Christians afford to have the Chief Magistrate of this nation inducted into office to preside over the destinies of fifty-five millions of American free men, amid the orgies of an "Inauguration Ball?" How does it look for myriads of Americans to hear the man whom they have called to the highest office in their gift, before taking the oath of office, declare in the face of the civilized world, that he needs and must have, as a condition of success in his office, the aid of the Almighty, and then in a few short hours, he and these spectators in the midst of the revels of a pagan-like dance? And shall these things pass without a protest?—*John B. Stevenson in Nashville Christian Adv.*

Pennsylvania leads all the other States in the amount of freight handled by railroad. During 1883 for every inhabitant of that State her roads carried 25 tons of freight. In the West the average is 7½ tons per inhabitant, and in the South only two tons. Pennsylvania's tonnage was more than one quarter of the total of the United States, or 105,000,000; New York comes second with 50,000,000; Ohio third, with 43,000,000; Illinois fourth, with 35,000,000. New Jersey is fifth and Indiana sixth. The Pennsylvania Railroad alone carried more than one third of the tonnage in Pennsylvania.

Kenward Philp has been awarded $5,000 in his libel suit against the New York *Tribune*. The libel was contained in the charge that Philp was the author of the notorious Morey letter.

For dyspepsia, or any stomach derangement, no other remedy can be found so pleasant, prompt, and effective, as Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

The Dime-Novel Cure.

Boston Herald.

A trustee of the Providence Public Library has undertaken to cure the small boy of his interest in the dime novel, and can be said to have succeeded. He has met the antecedent with its consequent. He has gathered into a scrapbook the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business in a quiet way to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought live and what they ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime-novel boy usually reads the scrapbook, which is rapidly increasing in size as the fresh exploits of the dime novel adventurers are added to it, about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to those stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading-room for a better class of books. This cure of a disease with its own poison has been so effective in Providence that the trustee in question is thinking of taking out a patent for the proces, lest other libraries and the heads of families and the guardians of the small boy generally may appropriate his invention without due credit. This gentleman is the first among moderns to give point to the old saying, "Look on this picture and then on that," and it is the other picture that is powerful enough to wind up the dime-novel business. These are the realism in literature, and this man, going further than Mr. Howells or Mr. James, or even M. Zola, has substituted the pastepot and scissors for the imagination, gathering his horrors and tragedies from actual life, in the firm belief that if truth is not stranger than fiction it has a wonderful power at the right moment over an awakened mind.

A Popular Medical Notion.

Among the modern medical whimsies is that of medication by pads. Some external applications are of use, and because they are, quacks find people ready to believe their assertions that their particular pad will perform wonderful cures. The circular of one of these pads shows it to be a reciprocating, back-action affair, as it both draws disease from the body and sends its curative influence into the system. Much of the belief in medication by pads rests upon the fact that a pad which is not medicated is of real service. Let one apply to any part of the body a piece of rubber cloth, or oiled-skin, or other water-proof and air-proof material and bind it in place. At the end of a few hours he will be surprised to find the material dripping wet, from the confining of the insensible perspiration. The surface thus covered will be in a soft parboiled condition, while any neuralgic or rheumatic pain that may have been located in the spot thus covered, will be likely to disappear. It is not necessary for a pad, in order to be useful, to contain "liver medicines" or even horseradish. Let those who are tempted to pay a high price for medicated pads, first see what virtue there is in an unmedicated piece of rubber or similar material.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

Permanently Cured.

Chicago Herald.

"Talk about a change of heart," said a long-haired and big-whiskered man at the Rock Island depot, last night, "I've just come from the biggest revival you ever saw." "Where was that?" asked a by-stander. "Why, out in Western Utah," the first speaker continued, "we had a Mormon settlement in Milliard county, and thought we were getting along mighty slight, when all of a sudden the United States Grand Jury fell on us like a snow-slide and clapped us all in jail. There was more'n a hundred of us, and when we come to talk the matter over we came to the conclusion that it was a good time to repent. So we held a revival right there in jail and sent for the preacher one of the Methodists, and I'm blamed if he didn't have us all enrolled inside of an hour. The District Attoaney paroled us just then, and as we filed out we ran into women. Do you see that welt over my ear? Well, that's where I caught the broom that my third wife dusted me with. The other fellows took to the mountains." "Will the conversion be permanent?" asked a listener. The stranger hitched up his trousers and taking a long breath observed: "As to the others, I don't know, but the jail and the broom cured me. I'm off for Jersey, and it will take the whole United States army to get me back."

The widow and children of the late President Barrios, of Guatemala, will reach San Francisco this week, and then, probably, a complete account will be obtained of the ambitious general's fall. Mrs. Barrios's parents live in San Francisco, and she will make that city her home. It is said that President Barrios settled upon her and her children a fortune in real estate valued at $8,000,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

She Had Confidence.

Mrs. H. C. Harshbarger, Manor Hill, Huntingdon County, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.: I have been afflicted for three years, caused by over-work too soon after confinement. My kidneys became seriously affected; could not retain my urine day nor night. It was high colored, thick and bloody. My monthlies had left altogether for fourteen months, during which time I was confined to my bed with a beating in right ovaries. The discharge from the womb was so offensive no one could stay in the room. The urine continued bloody, with pain in voiding it, and when in bed would pass from me in my sleep. I have had three doctors attending me regularly, one for four months, one of the others one whole summer, and the third all winter. We had two others in consultation with them, and used twenty bottles of different kinds of patent medicines, all to no good. I then got a bottle of PERUNA, and before I had three-fourths of the bottle taken I quit wetting the bed and could retain the urine sufficient to attend church, which I had not done for three years, and my monthlies came back as natural as ever; indeed, I considered myself a well woman again. Since that time I have had pneumonia. My confidence in PERUNA was so great that I did not send for a doctor. I followed the directions in your "Ills of Life" and am over it, as well as can be expected of one so delicate as I have been. Others in my neighborhood had the same disease, and among these were strong men, and had the best physicians, and yet died, while I sailed through in safety on PERUNA and MANALIN. I sincerely believe, and would say to all the afflicted in the wide world, that PERUNA and MANALIN are the only two medicines that any one needs in any disease, if used as directed in your book entitled "The Ills of Life."

J. E. Fleming, publisher of the New Dominion, Morgantown, W.Va., writes: "Some months since, I received some of your medicine in exchange for advertising. My wife has taken five bottles of it, and has derived great benefit from it."

Mr. M. C. Pershing, Bradenville, Pa., writes: "My wife has been using PERUNA for some time for weak lungs and liver and kidney complaint, and thinks it is doing her great good. Has used only one bottle as yet. Please send your book on the 'Ills of Life,' as we can't get any from our druggist."

Mr. John Denny, Mt. Vernon, O., writes: "We have a large sale in PERUNA. It gives satisfaction."

Order of Publication.

Benjamin F. Harvey, Plaintiff, vs. Samuel W. Arenhalt, Administrator of Amos W. Arenhalt, deceased, and others.

No. 27 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of Amos W. Arenhalt, late of Grant county, West Virginia, deceased, for the payment of the claims of his creditors.

The bill states that the said Amos W. Arenhalt was, in his lifetime, seized and possessed of valuable real estate in Garrett county.

That being so seized and possessed of said real estate, the same being less than $2500 in value, and having some personal property, he sometime in the month of January 1885, departed this life, intestate, and unmarried, leaving surviving him as his only heirs at law, the following brothers and sisters, viz: Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain David Moreland, David Arenhalt and Keziah F. Arenhalt, who resides in Grant county, West Virginia, Martha Ann Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain Thomas Crow, both of whom reside in Garrett county, Maryland; Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, who are infants under the age of twenty-one years, and reside in Grant county, West Virginia.

That the said Amos W. Arenhalt was in his lifetime indebted unto the plaintiff in the sum of five hundred dollars, and also to divers other persons in various amounts.

That Administration of the personal estate has been granted by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, to Samuel W. Arenhalt.

That the said personal estate is insufficient to discharge all the just debts due and owing by said Amos W. Arenhalt at time of his death.

That the plaintiff and the other creditors are entitled to have the balance due on their claims paid out of the real estate.

The bill contains a prayer for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for Order of Publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore this 13th day of April, 1885, ordered by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 16th day of May next, give notice to the said absent defendants, Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Moreland, David Moreland, her husband, David Arenhalt, Keziah F. Arenhalt, Job M. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arehhalt and Flora Arenhalt, of the object and substance of this bill, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 13th day of October next, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

W. H. HAGANS,
Register of Wills for Garrett county, Md.
True copy—Test:
4 18 5t W. H. HAGANS, Register.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,
from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,
of the best varieties.
Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,
Garden and Flower Seeds,
Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.
Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞ Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c., and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.12 A. M.
No. 1	12.57 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.28 A. M
No. 33	4.43 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.46 A. M
No. 4	3.08 P. M
No. 6	9.03 P. M
No. 14	6.00 P. M.
No. 34	9.52 A. M
Way	10.11 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

VITAL RESTORER

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance.

WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street, Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1885. THE SUN. 1885.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS, Baltimore.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS, THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, AND THE EVENTS LIKELY TO FOLLOW A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION AT WASHINGTON, will be attended by many circumstances of more than ordinary interest, while in foreign politics of the immediate future promises to be prolific of many striking occurrences. The industrial progress of the country will be marked by many incidents of interest, principal among which will be the Centennial Exhibition at New Orleans. Special correspondents of THE SUN in every part of this country and in Europe will keep its readers fully advised of what is going on in the world, and there could not therefore be a better time to subscribe for it than now, as THE SUN is a complete newspaper, impartial and independent, contains FRESH AND RELIABLE NEWS FROM EVERY QUARTER—INDUSTRIAL, POLITICAL, COMMERCIAL, FINANCIAL, SHIPPING AND SPECIAL MARKET REPORTS; Editorials based upon sound principles and treating upon every subject of current interest

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THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

TRUSTWORTHY IN ALL THINGS. AN EPITOME OF THE WORLD'S NEWS. THE CHOICEST GEMS OF LITERATURE. THE LATEST AND FULLEST RELIABLE MARKET REPORTS.

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The safest method of transmitting money by mail is by check, draft, or postoffice money order.

Address
A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers,
SUN IRON BUILDING, BALTIMORE, MD.

MOTHER SHUCK'S SALVE!

THE TRIED and TRUE REMEDY FOR CROUP, BURNS, CUTS, Bruises, Sores, Boils.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,
INSURANCE AGENT,
OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Rumbaugh, Stoner & Co., doing a lumbering business in Garrett county, Md., was this day mutually dissolved, C. S. Funk being the retiring partner.

J. M. RUMBAUGH,
J. F. STONER,
L. S. STONER.

March 7th, 1885.

The business will be conducted as heretofore by the remaining partners, and under the old firm name.

3 28 3t RUMBAUGH, STONER & CO.

MAGNETIC CURES. DR. HILL is the first man to discover the philosophical principle that all nervous pains, aches, and debility should be treated directly from the "brain battery," from whence emanate all nervous force and will power. All other forms of treatment for nervous disorders are failures. Every person who suffers from nervousness knows this, and that medicines only palliate, but never cure. These appliances are magnetic, and differ from all others on the market which are electric. Magnetism is the life of man. Their curative qualities are wonderful in all nervous complaints. The Roman physicians practiced magnetic treatment 1 000 years ago in nervous diseases, but did not treat from the "brain battery." Dr. HILL has made this great discovery, the only sure cure for nervous Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Paralysis, Gout, Spinal weakness, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Cold Limbs and Feet, and General Debility. Miraculous cures noted every day. The Magnetic Brush fills nails, and the only article of the kind invented. It is the greatest curative agent known and used in a "brush bath" imparts tone, replenishes the debilitated system, and creates warmth. In chronic cases our Magnetic Bands, Belts and Pads should be used. The brushes are warrented to do the work, or the money refunded. Send for circular and testimonials. By giving a description of nervous trouble we will give advice and directions how to use our appliances. HILL MEDICAL MAGNETIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Lock Box 55, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel1-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-84.

J. W. YEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

YEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. S. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to surveying and investigation of land titles.
☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 10 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

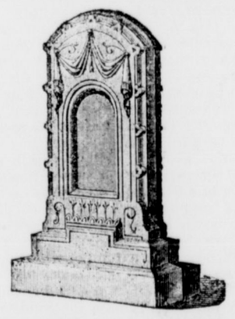
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stone, Lacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



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For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
—DEALERS IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885. NUMBER 11.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S

PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy.

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle. Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal valuable box of samples that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally admired by both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT Book Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1882, ch. 24, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plumber house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2300.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 15 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 160 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through it, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain of cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Generally this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

"So you don't want me to marry Louis, Aunt Sophie?" came from the trembling red lips. Georgia Arnold, the willful young beauty, was not in a mood to appreciate the wise counsel of her aunt.

"I do not want to give my consent to a union that would render you miserable, Georgia," replied the lady firmly, "and you—would—would be the wife of a drunkard?"

"He promised me that he would quit drinking," said Georgia, a little tearfully this time.

"How long since?"

"More than a month ago."

The lady was silent for a few moments then said, gravely:

"Georgia, I told you at first that a habit was confirmed with Louis Howe. He was sixteen years old when I first saw him intoxicated. He is now twenty-four."

"But he may have kept his promise Aunt Sophie."

"Don't delude yourself with that belief, Georgia; Louis Howe passed by here last night so deeply intoxicated that he could scarcely hold the reins. You need not look incredulous, child, it is true. If he was a man of high moral principle, I would hope that a wife's gentle influence might save him. But I think there is no human help for him."

A long pause, during which Georgia was endeavoring to restrain the tears that would come. After a while Miss Chester continued thoughtfully:

"I have known one instance when a wife's gentle influence saved a noble man from disgrace and a miserable death, perhaps. But he had only just began to quaff from the poisoned cup, and besides he was far superior in character to Louis Howe. You remember that you were remarking only the other day upon the happiness of your cousin, Ada Melbourne, and her husband. They were married while you were at boarding school."

Georgia looked in eager expectation.

"I will tell you of it all now. Not because I believe that any pure influence could actuate Louis, but because it happens to be *mycousin's* husband. Ada was always a strange girl—reserved, modest and gentle, yet very firm and decided sometimes. I was never tired watching her face—she lived with me then, you know. She was in all respects such a woman as was rarely to be found."

"One day she came to me and told me that one of her admirers had proposed."

"What was your answer, Ada?" I asked, "I rejected him decidedly, Aunt Sophie," she replied. "I would not marry a man who gave promise of filling a drunkard's grave.

"He drinks moderately," I said, just for the purpose of trying her.

"My husband must be totally abstemious," she said firmly.

"I rejoiced at her decision, and was still happier when she gave her promise to Charley Melbourne to be his wife. They were married, and, at the urgent request of both, I went to live with them in their new home. Their sky was cloudless for a time, but after a while I saw that Ada was looking sad and care worn. I did not question her about it, but waited until she should come to me—which she did before long.

"Oh, Aunt Sophie, I am so miserable!" she exclaimed. I soothed her tenderly, and after a while, when she had become calmer, she told me all. That her rejected suitor, from motive of revenge, probably, was endeavoring to draw Charley away from the home influence. "I have tried to warn him," she said, "but he is generous to a fault, and will not believe in the possibility of such an act of treachery. He went to the club last night with him, and was almost angry when I tried gently to remonstrate. Oh! what shall I do!"

Ada was almost dispairing then, and it was nearly beyond my power to encourage her. At length, however, she arose, understanding that she alone could save him, and determined to do everythiug in her power.

That night Charley did not come to tea. I knew that Ada anticipated a repetition of the last night's experience. I could not sleep, and for dreary hours I could hear her walking restlessly up and down in her room. Just at twelve Charley came home.

With a wisdom which few persons of more mature years seem to possess, she said nothing to him then. His voice floated into me somwhat huskily, and I feared the worst. An hour later my door opened softly and Ada came in and threw herself down on the side of the bed, murmuring sadly:

"Oh, Aunt Sophie, it is just as I feared; Charley has been drinking. He led him into temptation, and will never be satisfied until he leads him on to ruin. He came to the door with Charley. I saw him waiting outside, thinking, perhaps, to hear my reproaches and my grief. Like the Indian at the stake, however, I suppressed all."

"You have acted wisely, dear Ada!" I replied soothingly; "but don't despair yet. He has only just entered upon the downward path, and you can save him, if any earthly power can."

"I wish I could think so," she returned. "But if you had only known my anguish when he entered the room an hour ago. He has never tampered with intoxicating liquors, and a little has sufficed to overthrow him completely."

For a long time she mourned thus; then she recollected her determination of the day and arose in firm hope. Poor Ada! I could appreciate her agony.

Not one word of reproach to her husband came from Ada's lips the next day. With smiling face and cheerful words she greeted him on every occasion, and would have seemed the most sunny-hearted creature in the world to a casual observer. It was not a business day with him, therefore he had no occasion to leave home. I rose from the tea-table first, and, as I passed up the stairs, glanced into Ada's sitting room. Everything was arranged as only Ada's hand could have arranged it neatly and gracefully. I understood the tender care she had employed, and hoped that the loving wife would receive her reward.

They came up together a few moments later, and since my door was ajar I could hear every word. Ada opened her elegant melodeon and proposed music. Charley hesitated, and at length told her that he had promised him—the man of whom I have spoken—to meet him down There was a short pause. "Charley," Ada's voice was trembling—"I know well what he wants. Twice now has he led you into temptation. Will you blindly follow him again?"

"You are unjust to him," said Charley loftily.

"No, Charley, I am not unjust. But would my love for you be love, indeed, if I were silent when you are on the road to ruin?"

It was a hard struggle. Ada pleaded with all the earnestness of a true woman's love, and prevailed at length, for I heard him say:

"Ada, my noble wife, with heaven's help and yours, I will never go astray again."

There were sleepless eyes and happy hearts in Ada's home that night.

Months passed away, and Charley, awakened to a full sense of his danger, succeeded in withdrawing himself wholly from the subtle web that the tempter was weaving around him. One evening in December we three were gathered in the sitting-room. I sat in the lamp-light sewing, Charley in his luxurious arm-chair reading the dailies, and Ada stood by the window, absently gazing down into the street. Suddenly an exclamation of surprise and astonishment burst from her lips, and both of us arose and joined her. Passing, or rather staggering along the streets, under the full blaze of the gaslight, was Charles Melbourne's tempter, deeply intoxicated, looking the wreck of what he might once have been.

Charley looked down at him with pale face until he had passed from view, then placed his hand on Ada's head, and exclaimed with emotion:

"Ada, my noble wife, I owe my recovery from that threatened ruin to you."

"And that man, Aunt Sophie," asked Georgia, with interest, "who was he, and is he still living?"

"That man, my dear niece, is Louis Howe!"

"Oh, Aunt Sophie!" The blue eyes had a look of sudden fright; then her face flushed haughtily. "It is enough I know what answer to give him now."

The next morning, when Mr. Howe called to hear his final answer, he received a very decided "No."

If your blood is vitiated, cleanse it without delay by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Safe and effective.

A Postmaster Who Won't Go.

The postmaster of a burg about 25 miles from Detroit was in the city the other day in search of influence. He had been informed that his official head was in danger—not from the new administration, but from his fellow townsmen.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "it's an awful strain on a feller's brain. We got our postoffice about twenty years ago. Our first postmaster was too high nosed to play checkers with the boys and we got up a petition and bounced him."

"For a better one?"

"Which was me. Yes, the hoss put me in, but after a year or two they began to growl. I wouldn't lick the stamps on for 'em any longer, and the first thing I knew old Davey had my place."

"Good man?"

"Tolerably; but the first thing he did settled his hash with us. Got his wife a new silk dress and had a doorbell put up. It took us two years to bounce him, but we got thar."

"And the next?"

"Wall, we gin the place to a woman, and she held it 5 years and died. Then we gin it to the storekeeper, and he held it till he busted. Then the boys rallied on me agin, and I've held it for several years."

"And they want to get you out?"

"They do. I've had six circus horses wintering on my farm, and it's made 'em all jealous. A lightning-rod man has also made my place his headquarters, and that's another reason they are down on me. Jist the minit a feller begins to climb up in the world they want his scalp. Soon's I heard they had a petition around to dust me and put in old Smith, my wife went out and washed the front windows, to show 'em that she didn't consider herself no duchess and I put on my old duds and sawed two cords of wood, but it didn't stop 'em. They might have got over the circus horses and the lightning-rod man, but I've been appointed State agent for a patent windmill painted in three colors. The galled jade can't forgive that."

"And what will you do?"

"Die in the harness. I've come slys old Smith was sent to State Prison, in Indiana, and I'm going to have about fifty influential citizens sign a certificate to the effect that if *my* services are dispensed with they can't guarantee the safety of this country fur more'n a week from date."—*Detroit Free Press.*

People talk with bated breath of the dangers of a tornado, and speak of the terrible accidents occuring in various sections, by which hundrdas of lives have been lost, and yet the same men stand listless, inactive, at the cry of sixty thousand men who are annually sacrificed by strong drink. It is well enough to dig cellars in which to hide from the fury of the storm, but who will deride the fathers and mothers who desire protection from the great scourge of intemperance sweeping broadcast through the earth, its hands red with murder, and its voice made up of curses? The man or woman who asks protection from such a moster iniquity should not be regarded as either a crank or a fanatic. There is no mistaking the fact, intemperance is the crime of the age.—*Inter-Ocean*

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

"What did you have to give for that bonnet, Mrs. Crimsonbeak?" asked Mrs. Yeast, while on their way to the matinee. "Twenty-two dollars!" replied the fashionable lady, proudly. "I don't mean the trimmings, dear. I mean the bonnet alone." "Oh; 16 cents!"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, says she goes to sleep "draped in soft, luxurious gloom." We go to sleep draped in a 65-cent nightshirt. Tastes differ.—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A COY COQUETTE.

Zeekel Moses, leab, me sah!
  Don't be crowdin' quite so clus;
Luff dat lamp alone, too, please, sah,
  Else dey's gwine to be a fuss.

Took dat han' from off my shoulder—
  P'raps ye tink I'm no count trash;
Ebery night ye git more bolder—
  Tink yer smart to be so brash.

What d'ye praise dat Calline foah?
  If dat gal's so mighty dear,
Leab dis kitchain! dar's de doah;
  Court dat Calline. What do I keer?

Course I keer—I—don't be leabin';
  But yer nuff to rile a saint!
Ain't yer shamed yo'self for bleabin'
  Calline's han'some when she hain't?

Please, now, don't git wuss'n ebber—
  Keep dar now—oh, well,
If yer 'tarmined—kiss me? Nebber!
  Stop dis instep or I'll yell!

Well, if you ain't tarned bashful!
  Pshaw! who'd hab a man wid skeers?
Dar, now, don't git ober rashful,
  Fo' de fack I'll box your ears.

Bless me! what's de use ob sistin'?
  'Cause yer boun' to hab yer way.
Not afore one week—now, listen—
  Say jess one week from dis day?

Marry now! and what's de harm in't?
  Zeekel Moses! why, fo' shame!
How I blush! Well, if yer 'tarmined,
  (Dat beats Calline jes de same.)

—*C. H. Turner, in N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE HUMAN MOSQUITO.

A Creature Which Exists But to Torment.

How He Wounds and Tortures his Hapless Victims—The Different Varieties of the Species—A Possible Reason for his Existence.

He is ubiquitous; and, taking him morally, he has solved the problem of perpetual motion; for he is never quiet, never tranquil, and as for letting well or his fellow-creatures alone, he does that as little as he pays the national debt. Like his entomological prototype, the human mosquito has various methods of attack. Now he comes on you slily, without note of warning prefacing attack, and the first proof of his presence—a sting: now the shrill discordance of his challenge rouses you to attention and the vain attempt at defense and retaliation. For you can not defend yourself nor yet retaliate. The human mosquito is too subtle in his attack to be evaded, too quick in his retreat to be caught; and your hands only fight the air, when they do not fall, like boomerangs, with a sounding blow on your own pate.

The life's business of the human mosquito is to wound, and his mildest pleasure is to annoy. Woe to you, poor hapless wight, if, in a weak moment, you have allowed the tormentor to find out your sore places or discover the secret of the weak joint in your armor. Henceforth you may bid a lieu to peace for so long as this creature is within hail. He never lets drop a subject which he knows is painful; and when he has once been able to make you wince, he never wearies of repeating the experiment, your cheek burns, your eyes flash with ill-suppressed fury, if you are a man—with voiceless scorn or darkening tears, if you are a woman—such fun! He would not forego that pleasure for worlds, life, indeed, having no greater to bestow. Vivisection? Are there not men who would vivisect for the mere love of torturing, and the brutal curiosity of seeing the victim's behavior under pain? So in like manner does the human mosquito torment and torture you for the mere love of the sport; and to make you dance to his piping, shod in the red-hot shoes of the German fairy tale, is as exquisite a delight to him as were the cries of the racked heretic to Torquemada, as are the fluttering agonies of the wounded bird to the snake. Has your favorite son proved a failure, with passages in his history you would rather not remember, still less have remembered by others? The human mosquito never meets you without asking carefully after young Graceless—where is he—what is he doing—and has he paid his debts yet? and is that sentence of outlawry rescinded? and what a grief it must be to you that one who promised so well when he was a lad should have kicked over the traces to such an extent as he has done! Did your daughter run off with the penniless Lieutenant, and are you notoriously unreconciled to the marriage—hopeless as is your displeasure? The human mosquito takes every opportunity of speaking in your presence of the regiment to which your unwelcome son-in-law belongs; and though he can not tell you personally, does tell your neighbor in your hearing, where it is, what it is doing, and how this officer and that have distinguished themselves and been rewarded, your undesirable connection being conspicuously absent from the roll-call of merit. If your old aunt has died and left you nothing, while she favored your cousin and made him her heir, to your not unnatural disappointment, the human mosquito develops the most extraordinary interest in that cousin's doings, and either asks you of his well-being under his new honors, or gives you anecdotes of the splendor of his surroundings and the astounding luxury of his home—anecdotes which set your teeth on edge, hampered as you are in all your goings and comings. Or, if it be the other way, and you have been the favored and the rightful heir has been dispossessed, then does the tormentor regale you with harrowing accounts of the disgraced one's trials and penury, and the bitterness of his disappointment, which clings to him like a Nessus shirt, poisoning the very current of his blood.

Not to be successfully fought, not to be captured, not to be barred out, this tormentor of men's lives is as terrible as are those germs which float in the air and bring woe illimitable to all who breathe them. Your only chance with him is impenetrable reserve; wrapping yourself up in silence which nothing can cause to break into confidence or self-betrayal; showing a demeanor as stolid as a triple wall of brass; suffocating your feelings, your very thoughts as though they were crimes which would land you in the county jail if repeated aloud. This is your only chance—the sole kind of mosquito-net which will protect you. No appeal to reason will be successful; still less will have a chance of an appeal to feeling, humanity, gratitude. Of gratitude, indeed, he has no more knowledge than he has of the origin of life or the cause of crystallization; for ingratitude is his characteristic, as—with some kinds—insolence is the method. Like the brute which turns and rends the hand that has fed him, this kind of creature, this human mosquito, turns against you, when you have done all for him that he desired and when he has no more hope of your help. Then you learn the true quality of his nature, and find out for yourself of what base material it is made. It is only after repeated trials, however, that he is convinced of your finality in the way of help; for he is of the same *gens* as the daughter of the horseleech, and cries ever "Give! give!" When you have once allowed a man or woman of this kind to prove that you are puncturable, that you are so much nutriment for bold suckers, you are done for; and nothing short of a lawyer will free you from attacks which, made at first insidiously—may be with flatteries, mute appeals, humble representations, gentle prayers—grow by time and success into bold and burglarious assaults, accompanied with threats and enforced by moral bludgeons. Then you must address yourself to the law, which is to the human mosquito of determined attack what petroleum is said to be to his winged prototype, the only effectual defense known. To do good to a man or woman of this kind is to illustrate the truth of the hard old Cornish saying: "Save a man from the sea, and he becomes your enemy." To sow golden grain on the barren fields of such a one is to reap sorrow for yourself; and to give your coat is but the preface to the demand for your cloak. Your inch ever becomes his ell; and when you do not concede all that is demanded, then are you stung, as a kind of waymark between what you have done and what you have not.

At home the human mosquito is restless and exacting. He interferes in everything afloat, and always adds a drop of bitterness to such honey as the family may have garnered in its hive. Is there a fete-day on hand? He takes out the sweetness, rubs off the gloss, by restrictions if he be in the place of command; by temper if he be a subordinate who can only damage and not destroy. As the former, he harrasses his wife by finding fault with her arrangements, substituting his own; he annoys the servants by contradictory commands; irritates the governess by doubting her capacity for taking care of her charge; and causes the children to weep or to sulk, according to their natures, by scolding them impartially all round, with reason or without. Then, when he has made every one thoroughly miserable or uncomfortable, and more inclined to perform penance than to undertake pleasure, he puts on a hilarious manner, and, when this is not responded to, rates the wretched little flock for their gloominess on a holiday, and says, if this is to be the manner in which they thank him for the treat he has given them, he will take good care how he allows them to have another.

As a subordinate, he is just as worryservant whose functions are vital to the thing on hand—say the cook on the day of a dinner-party—the human mosquito makes every one suffer. For just as "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity," so is the day of social consideration in the household that wherein the cook, who is also a mosquito, is most troublesome and most annoying. To believe her, there will not be a dish fit to eat, and there is not enough of anything. Something has gone wrong with the stock for soup; the fishmonger has skimped the weight, which was already too closely calculated; and the butcher has not sent the proper joint for the roast; the chickens are skinny and the "birds" are tough: the cream is deficient and the milk is turned; and the vegetables are not fresh nor is the fruit ripe. Perhaps she shams the sullenness of despair, and will not give an answer, or one only of pessimistic forebodings, when her mistress tries to put the best face on the matter; or she may assume a falsely heartsome air, and, after she has plunged her poor lady into the depths of despair and nervous apprehension, says she will do what she can to remedy the long tale of disasters recounted, but the dinner will not be up to the mark, let her do the best she can. It all depends on the proportion of her cruelty to her love of annoying, whether she sends up a dinner really damaged, or one in her best style and perfect throughout. In either case she has had her pleasure—in serious hurt or in simple teasing.

We need not go through the whole list of domestic mosquitoes. From the lady's-maid who pulls her mistress' hair when brushing it, and lets her go to a state ball with a string unfastened and a tape showing below her train, to the page-boy who breaks in a month, the worth of his year's wages, they all make their service the cause of annoyance to their employers; and some add to annoyance, graver disaster. But what can you do with them? Accidents will happen, you know, and an unfortunate servant is not necessarily a bad person. Your page-boy, for instance, is smart in taking messages, and quick to learn the niceties of his office; he is clean in his person and respectful in his manners. How can you say that his unlucky fingers are the result of malice prepense? and it is not worth while to keep him on, you hoping that he will learn more deftness in handling china and glass—his past clumsiness condoned by his future improvement? Just so; and yet we may be very certain of one thing—once a mosquito, always a mosquito; once the love of annoying or hurting gets hold of the moral system, and there it stays rooted, like couch-grass, or that Australian enemy the thorn-grass, a source of damage to everything that lives near it.

As a child, the human mosquito is the "limb" of the nursery, according to the vernacular of the nurse. As a boy, he is the bully over his little brothers and the incarnate plague of his sisters. As a man, he is the tyrant and tormentor of his household. If he runs to gishness, he makes his children's a burden to them because of fract and declensions; if he is an athlete, maybe ruins them for all time by brutal vigor of his training; if he is effeminate, he interferes with the maid, takes the reins of domestic government out of his wife's hands, orders the dinners, and looks after the children like an Indian bearer or a supernumerary nurse. He is at all times the mosquito of the establishment, buzzing here, stinging there, creating fever and irritation everywhere; making one wonder for what purpose such as he are sent into the world at all, and what good end they subserve. In politics, the restless obstructive and the pert querist, the oppositionist for the sake of opposition, and insolent to the extremest point, he keeps things alive in the sense in which a fire of thorns can make the water boil. But suppose you want the water to be cool and fresh and still, what good then does your crackling fire of thorns? Is it not a hindrance rather than a help? and a bane instead of a blessing?

No! view him how we may, we are forced back to the same position—the human mosquito is a mistake in anthropology, and in no sense a creature to be preserved for its uses in the general economy. When we shall have mended all the moral fractures and put society straight and square, then will there be no room for the human mosquito; and the force expressed in his ugly energies now, will have merged into nobler and better forms. Meanwhile, seeing that fighting is useless and all defence-work illusory, we must bear him with what patience we can command—no other moral catholicon having yet been discovered able to heal the hurts made by the creature in its attacks. And perhaps—who knows?—patience being in itself one of the sweeter virtues—it is in the teaching and the exercise of this to his fellow-men that the human mosquito has his *raison d'etre.*—*Chambers' Journal.*

GENERAL GRANT.

His Connection With the Wall Street Affair Not Generally Understood.

There has always been a matter of wonder that so intimate a friend of General Grant's as Anthony J. Drexel, the keen and wealthy banker, of this city, did not steer him away from the whirlpool of Wall Street. As a matter of fact the General thought that he was simply a special partner to the extent of $50,000 with Ward, and that the operation was an ordinary business one, and he did not discuss it with Mr. Drexel. There are a good many things indeed about this Wall Street horror that are not generally known. To a friend who warned the General that Ward's scheme was visionary, and that no business could yield such profits as were promised, Grant repeated that in any event he was liable only to the extent of $50,000, and added. "There are able and experienced business men who are engaged with Ward. They would not be likely to take part in any foolish scheme. Ward has a smelting machine in Colorado, too, that yields very large profits." The General, at Ward's suggestion, put some capital in the Colorado enterprise. Accounts were presented monthly and subdid not knowanything about this particular machine, but he knew that there were a few concerns of a similar sort in Colorado reputed to be making money, and the accounts presented by Ward were cheering. General Grant, however, withdrew his capital from the smelting enterprise and put it with the rest into the Wall Street business. Long afterwards a relative of Ward called on him and said: "General, I want to tell you that Ward is a rascal. He never had a smelting-machine of any kind in Colorado. His representation that he had was fraud, and the monthly accounts that he submitted to you were all cooked up."

The hold that Ward got upon General Grant was so absolute as to seem almost incredible. He robbed not only the General but the General's family and relatives as well. For example, here are some facts and figures that have never before been made public: The house on Sixty-sixth Street in New York that was bought for General Grant chiefly by gentlemen of Philadelphia was valued at $75,000. It was ascertained that there was a mortgage upon it for $45,000. The mortgage for some reason could not be removed at once, and a check for the amount was placed in the General's hands. Ward by skillful maneuvering soon managed to get hold of the check. Before the failure General Grant made over to his wife a quarter of the $10,000 which he derives, after certain payments, from the trust fund of $250,000 raised for his benefit Ward got that, too. He also succeeded in getting $12,000 that Nellie Grant had saved up from her pin-money; $25,000 from Mrs. Honore, of Chicago, Fred Grant's mother-in-law; $6,000 of the savings of Mrs. Honore's daughter Ida, Fred's wife; and $25,000 from Mrs. Kraemer, the General's sister, besides the thousands that he got from General Grant, Buck, and the rest of his victims. When the crash came the Grants had been so completely bled that they had less than $100 in cash among them.—*Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—A correspondent sends the following account of a mistake made by a little girl in his vicinity. She always joins the family in reading the Scriptures during the family devotions, taking her verse in turn. She easily reads the shorter words, but needs some help on the longer, but is always eager to pronounce all the words herself and sometimes guesses. Recently it came her turn to read the verse: "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." She made a slight variation at the end and finished the verse: "Ye cannot serve God and women."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There is not an acknowledged sinner on Block Island, the quaint ocean resort off the Rhode Island shore. All the inhabitants claim to have been converted in one winter revival some years ago.—*N. Y. Sun.*

I.

"Give me your hand, sweet maid," he cried,
"And I will help you o'er the tide!"

Infantile Relic Hunters.

Scientists and their imitators have suggested that the young of any species betray during their process of development the instincts and habits of their prehistoric progenitors. Apply this theory to the small boy, and it becomes plain that one of man's earlier states was that of the bower bird. Restless, inquisitive, and acquisitive, the bower bird collects every brightly colored or odly shaped object it can find, and with this plunder decorates its bower. So the small boy at the bower bird period wanders up and down the face of the earth after bird's eggs, stamps, coins, postmarks, newspaper headings, autographs, monograms, buttons, advertising cards, and seals.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Imposing Upon the Poor.

"It all comes o' bein' poor," said an old lady, trembling with indignation, to her sick husband. "I jist stepped in a minit at the Riches to tell 'em as how you wasn't gittin' any better, and Mrs. Rich sed she was sorry, and wanted me to bring you a bottle of wine."

"Did you bring it?" asked the sick man eagerly.

"No; I heard her say it had been layin' down in the cellar ever since 1855, an' when she offered it to me I jist walked off without saying a word."—*N. Y. Sun.*

II.

Ah! lackaday! what joys supreme
Went down with George into that stream!

The Festive Cat.

The cat sings on the fence.
The cat is sad.
You can tell that from the song it sings.
Cats sing most when they are most sad.
The boy hears the cat, and is sad too.
The boy has a toy gun.
He thinks if he could shoot the cat it would make it less sad.
Kind boy!
At least, it would make it sing less.
The boy hides behind the bush and shoots.
Has he shot the cat?
No, he has shot his pa.
How his pa howls!
He is the sad one now.
But the boy will be sad soon.
Will he be spanked?
You can bet your uttermost picayune he will—spanked till he is blue.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

An Easy Situation.

Minks—"You seem to have plenty of time on your hands just now."

Winks—"Yes; I hardly know what to do with myself."

"But heretofore you have been head over ears in business. Have you retired?"

"No; I've got a new job."

"Indeed! What?"

"I have become the husband of an actress."—*Philadelphia Call.*

III.

For when he rose, Miss Clare De Mer
Said, no more poodles now for her,
And laughed in such immoderate way
That George ne'er stopped to say good-day.

AN Alabama editor winds up an editorial on the corn crop with the remark: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a couple of magnificent ears." 8

TEMPERANCE.

DREAM OF THE RUMSELLER.

The rumseller slept on his downy couch,
And dreamed a vision rare:
He saw by his pillow a horrible spook,
With snakes for the locks of his hair.

"Dear friend," said the spook, with amiable grin,
"I have called to present you my hand;
You'll perceive, by my courtly high bearing, no doubt,
I'm Beelzebub, king of the damned!

"I regard you, dear child, as a faithful soul,
And worthy my love and esteem;
I honor your courage and your elegant pluck,
So much like my courtiers you seem.

"I rejoice at the widows' and orphans' tears,
I hate all the good and the pure,
And you, dear friend, will make many orphans, I ween,
And hundreds of widows, I'm sure.

"I honor your zeal, my valuable friend,
You're worthy your brothers below;
I suppose you're aware they're expecting you soon,
You'll not disappoint them, I know!

"Go on! I approve of your selling the stuff;
It fills up the caverns of death,
And many priceless souls that were spotless and pure
Are mine by its poisonous breath."

The spook's snaky locks quite hissed with delight,
And he rattled his spiritual bones,
While he opened his cavernous mouth of a beast,
And thundered in demoniac tones.

The rumseller awoke with horrors untold,
He uttered a terrible scream,
Convinced that King Beelzebub wasn't a joke,
He pondered his wonderful dream.

He knocked in the heads of his barrels of rum,
He emptied his bottles of gin,
He smashed his decanters of brandy and rum,
And swore: "A new life I'll begin."

Take warning, rumsellers, cease from your gains;
Old Nick, as you see by this dream,
Has an ardent desire for your priceless souls;
Stop, stop selling the fiery stream.

—*John Newell, in Watchman.*

TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTIONS.

The Success Which Has Already Attended the Efforts in This Direction.

Much has already been accomplished in this direction. Every one of the admirable Normal schools of the State of New York is obliged to make a specialty of drilling the teachers in hygienic physiology with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics. The same is true of Michigan, Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Every child in those States must be equally instructed in this branch of study. This area comprises one-seventh of all the school children in the Nation, and these laws have been secured in two years of effort by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Since I began this article Missouri's Legislature has adopted the same law, and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are almost sure to follow before their sessions close. Nor is there a State or a Territory in the Nation wherein we are not making strenuous efforts to secure a similar law. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, is at the head of this department, and has a genius worthy of a Major-General for strategic points and skillful combinations. In each State and Territory she has an official coadjutor, who in turn has one in each local W. C. T. U., so that ten thousand lines radiate from the headquarters of our national society to as many towns where our local members are at work. But we do not by any means wait for a law to be adopted. We constantly petition local educational boards and individual teachers to use their influence for hygienic teaching. There are thousands of schools today where our new and complete series of text-books has been regularly introduced, and thousands more in which earnest teachers find opportunity, by oral and reading lessons, subjects for essay, declamation and debate, to lay the foundation for more systematic work. We induce persons of wealth to offer prizes for the best essay on the evil effects of intoxicants—twenty-two thousand children having been thus reached in San Francisco, Cal., and tens of thousands in other States. Prizes are also given to teachers in Normal schools for similar essays, and reference libraries are furnished to such schools. We have devised text-book covers on which total abstinence arguments are printed, and which many of our unions furnish free to the schools of their own towns. The Teachers' Conventions in many States and counties have adopted resolutions declaring their adhesion to this movement, and last summer the National Educational Association at Madison, Wis., gave an emphatic utterance to the same purpose. President Bickhell in his address said: "Two persons stand at the threshold to protect the incoming generation from becoming an easy prey to the devourer of health, happiness and Heaven. The natural protectors of our youth are the parents and the teacher, as home and school are the citadels for their defense. Formation, not reformation, is now the educational watchword which woman has proclaimed as the signal to be sent to all of her allies in the world, and the two words, Woman and Temperance, each the symbol of the good and the true, shall be for ever united."

Talking with teachers on this subject of Scientific Temperance Teaching, I have found their sympathy almost universal, but they have often said: "We are already so overcrowded with duties that the practical difficulty is, how can we add this to our cares or find time for the children to take up another branch?" It seems to me that the Superintendent of Schools in a leading city of Massachusetts made a conclusive reply to this objection when he said recently, in reply to the President of the W. C. T. U.: "This subject ought to be taught. If the schedule is too much crowded already we will take something out and make room for this, because it is entitled to the right of way."

I believe this systematic instruction, which both forewarns and forearms them, to be the road out of bondage for the children of America. No other institution of the Republic reaches them all. Powerful as are the forces of pulpit and press, the former does not attract all ears, and the latter is largely influenced by the saloon in finance and the saloon in politics. But to the schoolhouse door come white and black, native and foreign-born; inside its walls are invested their formative years, and the laws of their being, as set forth by science, must appeal to their self-love, an attribute upon which we may always confidently base our calculations. The German, who learns that the laws of nature take sides with total abstinence, will gradually cease the cry of "fanaticism." His boy comes home from school and tells him that in times of pestilence and sunstroke the beer-drinkers pay forfeit and the total abstainers get off scott free; that these last are at a premium with the life insurance companies; that they win in the athletic games; that they are the successful explorers and victorious soldiers, and that chemistry, physiology and hygiene prove that they must always be so. Mein Herr scoffed at the crusading women, but the dignity of science will do much to silence him, and it will convince his children. I beseech you, then, as the truest guardians of the State and the most intelligent and helpful friends of the child in our midst, who is also in the market-place, and who is sure to be auctioned off to the forces that bid highest for them, stand by the mothers of the Nation in their brave and tender, loving labors to save

The little soldiers, newly mustered in
To the army of temptation and of sin.

—*From "Timely Talks," by Miss Frances E. Willard.*

A TIMELY WARNING.

Convincing Evidence That Liquor-Drinking Is a Powerfully Predisposing Cause of Cholera Where That Epidemic is Prevalent—Comparative Safety of Temperate People.

In view of the dreaded approach of the cholera scourge to our shores perhaps the following evidence on the manner in which the use of spirits predisposes the person using them to the attacks of the dread disease may prove a warning to even the so-called moderate drinkers.

The *Messenger des Chambres* gives the following extract from a letter of a Warsaw physician: "It is a positive fact that the cholera does not seize on its victims at hazard, as many say. This contagion up to the present period has respected all persons who lead a regular life and live in healthy places, and has struck without pity every man worn out by excess and weakened by dissipation. It has been ascertained that out of every hundred individuals who die of this disease ninety are in the habit of drinking ardent spirits to excess. Women rarely addict themselves to strong liquors, and, accordingly, few of them are attacked by the cholera."

Prof. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, who ranks high in the medical profession, and who was physician to an extensive cholera hospital, states that drunkards were the persons generally attacked. In contrasting the causes predisposing to cholera he also remarks: "And above all, the dissipated, particularly those addicted to the habitual use of ardent spirits. It has been computed that five-sixths of all who have fallen by this disease in England were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and dissolute."

Dr. Bronson, of Montreal, says: The habitual use of ardent spirits, in the smallest quantity, seldom fails to invite the cholera, and to render it incurable when it takes place.

Dr. Rhinelander, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of cholera there, in the summer of 1832, says: That the victims of the disease are intemperate. In that city, after there had been 1,200 cases of the malady, a Montreal journal states: "that not a drunkard who had been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have at least been moderate drinkers."

Dr. Sewell, who visited the cholera hospitals of New York, states that of 204 cases in the Park Hospital there were only six temperate persons, and that these had recovered; while 122 of the others had died when he wrote, and that the facts were similar in all the other hospitals.

Mr. Huber, who saw 2,160 perish in twenty-one days, in one town of Russia, says: It is a most remarkable circumstance that persons given to drink have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen; all are dead, not one remaining.

Dr. Adams, of Dublin, affirms: Our foreign reports testify that drunkards are carried off at once by this dire disease; but those who, by daily use, debilitate the tone of their stomachs and biliary organs, become easy victims to the cholera.

G. Hamilton Bell, F. R. C. S. E., in his publication on cholera, says: Above all, intoxication and dissipated habits have been found, whenever the disease prevailed, powerfully to predispose to cholera.

George K. Paterson, surgeon, Dundee, says: There can not be a doubt held for a moment on the subject, that low and intemperate habits are strong inducements in favor of the disease at any time, but far more to an epidemic that is prevalent. For example: in Dundee, more individuals, on an average, have been attacked in the beginning of the week, and this has been ascribed, with much apparent truth, to the drinking habits and irregular modes of living of such on the previous Saturday night.

Dr. Mussey, U. S., says: Upon boats on the river the increase of brandy drinking, consequent upon the approach of the cholera, has been frightful, and the mortality on board of those vessels has been terrible and unprecedented. One boat lost 43, another 47, and a third 59 of its passengers and crew. Brandy is not a prophylactic in any case. To the temperate it is an active-exciting cause. To the drinker it is not advisable to drop off the use suddenly; but the quantity should be diminished rather than increased. In 1832, in Albany, where 336 cases of cholera occurred in a community of 26,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom were members of the Temperance societies, only two of the members died. Last winter this dreadful scourge was raging in New Orleans, the papers of that place disclose the same fact. Among the hundreds that were swept off by the disease only two were Sons of Temperance, and among the 1,200 in the city, only three were attacked.—*Irish World.*

A MAN lowers himself, even if he does get "high" on whisky.—*Whitehall Times.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The colored Baptists of Kentucky have 45,000 communicants, and a college with over 200 students.

—It is said that three-fourths of the Bibles shipped from New York to foreign mission stations go to Mexico and South America.

—Massachusetts stands at the head of the Congregationalists in the United States as to numbers, having 532 churches, with 90,350 members and 941 ministers.—*Boston Post.*

—The American Missionary Association has at the New Orleans Exposition a fine display of work done by Indian children and others in the various fields of labor.

—The will of Guy Little, of Bismarck, D. T., recently probated, leaves $50,000 in trust for the benefit of Pembroke Academy, at Pembroke, N. H., subject to the life interest of the widow.

—The attendance on the public schools of England is shown by a recent report to have risen within a few years from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000. As a result juvenile crime has considerably diminished.

—Baptists of the South have, since last May, sent into the foreign mission field twenty-one missionaries. It is estimated that it will take $16,000 each month to meet the demand of the foreign field.

—A New England preacher says that the Chinese students who have returned to this country after a two years' absence in China have great difficulty in remembering the English language, which they were supposed to have learned so well.

—Miss Black, who recently started for China under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Association of the English Presbyterian Church, is the fifth daughter that has gone out from one manse to the foreign field.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Children of school age must be remarkably scarce in some sections of New Hampshire, judging from the following taken from a Boston paper: In Warner there is one school district which contains but one pupil, four districts have but two pupils each, and two have only six between them.

—The California millionaires appear to be doing their best to build up the educational and artistic interests of the coast. The latest benefactor is Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who proposes to deed her art gallery to San Francisco, provided the people raise one hundred thousand dollars to maintain the collection.—*Current.*

—Over-reading as well as over-study is one of the evils of modern education. The evil has been commented on by educators for many years past, but the multiplicity of books and their growing cheapness stand in the way of any permanent remedy. Of course it goes without saying that reading in itself is not only harmless, but most beneficial. But children too often read so much that they fail to assimilate what they read, and thus the exercise is a dead loss. Much fun has been made of "the man of one book;" but he possessed at least the virtue of knowing one book thoroughly—a virtue which many modern readers do not possess. If school children were taught to read less and think more, it would be a gain all around.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CRACK STEPPERS.

A Mild Species of Insanity With Which Old and Young Are Often Afflicted.

"See that man over there?" exclaimed a gentleman to a reporter yesterday, pointing to an old man who was walking down Chestnut Street in front of Independence Hall; the old fellow had his head bent and seemed in deep thought. "That's a crack stepper."

"A crack stepper!"

"H'm; you watch him and see how he walks. He won't step on a single crack between the flag-stones, no matter how it inconveniences him. There are a quantity of men who are in the habit of stepping over the cracks in flagstone pavements; it's a mild form of insanity; I do it myself occasionally."

"So do I."

"Do you? Well, most city men do. Children play games in this way and men keep it up all their lives. Sometimes they vary it by stepping on all the cracks and taking particular care not to miss one. There goes another."

In the course of a half-hour no less than fourteen men were observed going up and down this pavement stepping over the cracks. Of fifteen men taken at random, twelve acknowledged that they occasionally practiced this peculiar habit. They said they didn't know why they did it, and sometimes did it unconsciously, but the interesting fact remains that about seventy-five per cent. of city men are crack steppers.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PRACTICAL.

The Editor Who Didn't Appreciate a Witticism.

A fat old man who should have known better dragged himself up three long flights of stairs and entered an editorial room.

"Whew! Coming up these stairs makes me blow," he said.

"Yes," the editor replied. "What can I do for you?"

The old fellow laughed as he took a small piece of paper from a tin spectacle case. "Here's something that I jotted down," he said. "You needn't put my—" laughed heartily—"my name to it."

The editor took the scrap of paper and read the following:

"'If a war should occur between England and Russia it would be a Wall Street affair—between the Bull and the Bear.'

"Wall Street will have nothing to do with it," said the editor.

"O, don't you see? It is a pun that I made up myself."

"No, I don't see. It appears to read all right, though if there were really anything of it the telegraph would have——"

"Hand it here!" The old fellow snatched his contribution and lugged himself down stairs.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PRETTY FEET.

Very Small Extremities to a Large Extent a Female Hallucination.

A woman with a disproportionately large foot is by common consent entitled to pity. But it is not the size of the foot which good taste objects to, but its relation to the rest of the body. A large woman with the tiny foot of a girl would be as disproportionate as the small woman with a large foot. What is known in the market as the No. 1 boot can not by any means be made to go upon the foot of any woman whose physical proportions bear any comparison with those of the Venus de Medici, which is the representation of a large and voluptuous woman. Women who wear the No. 1 boot do not, as a rule, come under the head of voluptuous women. They are petite, vivacious, pert, pretty, anything you like, but they are not the Medician type. Large women, said a well-known artist and expert, must have feet that to be beautiful would be very ugly on a smaller woman.

It is to a much larger extent, perhaps, a female curse, for those women who dare not undergo its miseries grow sooner or later to believe that they do, and fire can not burn out of them the conviction that their shoes are No. 1. Nobody but the woman herself knows what tortures are undergone by the slave with a No. 2 foot who is chained to a No. 1 shoe. Professional women who exhibit their feet are, of course, more subject to this tyranny of the shoe than other women, and it may not be generally known that there are emotional and tragic actresses who, when all other means of simulating agony and awakening pity fail, rush to the No. 1 boot. They put that on, and a sad, far-away look of unutterable despair comes into their eyes, neuralgic shadows play about their mouths, their chins quiver with unexpressed grief, their temples throb with indescribable woe. Then the spectators are moved. The fountains of human sympathy are opened, and the critics call it soul-agony, and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Seen from the front the No. 1 boot on these occasions is apparently sweet and guileless.

No one could possibly suspect it of pains that would make an inquisitor sick. For the wearer does not let the boot take the credit of her tears when they can be imputed to soul and heart and other things than feet. But could we see the same feet as they really are, in all their flat, stale and unprofitable naturalness, we should begin to understand how infamously mistaken that wretch was who said that nature unadorned is adorned the most.

And here it is worth while to remark, en passant, that the ballet dancer's foot, contrary to the popular notion, is not and can not be a small one. The development consequent upon continuous physical exercise settles the conventional idea of comeliness. A ballet dancer never wears a tight boot, and when she is dancing she wears shoes which are models of adaptability and freedom. But nevertheless the muscles and tendons of the foot are enlarged, the veins stand out, and there is a general appearance of strength rather than of beauty. All this may be obnoxious to the fastidious taste of the Greek sculptor, but there is really nothing repugnant to good sense in it. By the side of the ordinary society foot, when bared to the light, the ballet dancer's is a thing of beauty. There is not one society belle in ten that dares to bathe at the seaside without hose on. Do you know why? Ask the No. 1 boot.

To find the classic foot in these degenerate days we shall have to look a long way. The peculiarity of the classic foot is the wide gap between the large toe and its neighbor. This in the Greek was undoubtedly caused by the thong of the sandal that came up between the toes and kept them apart. Mr. Sarony, in determining the fine point of a model's foot, is said to have doubled up a ten-dollar bill compactly and inserted it between the toes with the jocose remark that if it fell out it was the model's. And his experience is that it generally stays there until it is pulled. The American women as a rule have smaller feet than the English women. But this is not altogether a matter of temperature. Habit in a large measure determines the size of the feet, as it will of the arms, and the English women use their feet far more than do the Americans.

The Spanish women are celebrated for their high insteps, which for a long time was held to be a sign of good blood and fine breeding. But that notion has been exploded of late years by the investigations of Darwin and others, who find that the osseous formation of the foot follows certain unknown congenial laws which make it possible for the peasant's daughter to have a Cinderella foot while the princess of the blood may be born with large and ungainly feet.—*N. Y. World.*

Turkish Proverbs About Women.

The references to woman are as ungallant as they are unjust. She is to be treated as a child, and as such contemptuously pardoned for her shortcomings. "You should lecture neither child nor woman;" it would be waste of time. Her intelligence, too, is underrated, "Her hair is long, her wits short!" It is she who as a mother "makes the house and mars it," and she is classed with good wine as "a sweet poison." But it must be admitted that in this want of gallantry the Turk is far surpassed by the Persian, who says "The dog is faithful, woman never."

The lover is regarded as a lunatic, unfit for the society of his fellows. "If you are in love fly to the mountains," for "Lover and king brook no companion." He is "blind" and distance is nothing to him; for him "Bagdad is not far," and the only cures for his malady are "travel and patience."

A word of advice to those about to marry: "Marry below you, but do not marry your daughter above you;" and "Choose cloth by its edge and a wife by her mother."—*London Spectator.*

—Crawford, Ga., boasts of a negro who can neither read, write nor figure, yet who can correctly multiply any two figures up to one hundred as rapidly as they can be given out to him.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

CROCODILES WITH EAR-RINGS.

Some Interesting Passages from Early Egyptian History.

The greatest edifice which Amenemha III. built was the Labyrinth, consisting of a number of small chambers communicating with one another, and of which this monarch appears to have built the greatest portion during his reign, leaving to his successor the completion of the edifice. The object of this singular edifice was stated to be for the reception of the prince and other dignitaries of the country. It preceded by centuries the celebrated one of Lassus in Crete, in which King Minos kept the monster called the Minotaur, half man half bull. This Cretan work consisted of a series of meandering passages, in which the intruder, who had not the requisite clue, lost himself and fell a victim to the monster who dwelt within. Probably some reason of suspicion and security caused the construction of this singular building, which, with the pyramids and obelisks, was another marvel of Old Egypt. In Egyptian the Labyrinth was called Mera, and had the same name as the lake. The same word was also applied to streets, which probably in Egypt originally did not run in straight lines as at present, but followed a tortuous or meandering course. The Pyramids, for there were two on the borders of the lake, are supposed to have had colossal statues of the kings at their summits. In the time of Herodotus, who visited Egypt in the reign of Darius, or about B. C. 455, the Lake Moeris, its Pyramids and its Labyrinth, were still existing, although they are now an almost indistinguishable mass of ruins. The Labyrinth greatly astonished the ancient Greek traveler. It had, according to his description, twelve courts, all roofed with stone, which was unusual in Egyptian buildings, most of which had no ceilings and were open to the sky, or *hypæthral*, as the Greeks called them. It had twelve courts with gates exactly opposite one another, six facing the north and the same number facing the south, and a great number of chambers, according to the account of Herodotus, 1,500, above and below. The subterranean chambers or crypts Herodotus did not see, but he heard that they comprised the tombs of the kings who built the Labyrinth and those of the sacred crocodiles which were attached to the temple of Sebak, the crocodile god, of Ta. These great reptiles were exceedingly tame and wore earrings, and the Labyrinth seems to have been their sepulcher, although the principal pits in which the mummies of the crocodiles are found are at Manfalut. The courts of the Labyrinth had colonnades and entrances into the various chambers. The whole was surrounded by an outer wall and the walls covered with hieroglyphics; but little is known of the purport of the inscriptions and the mere fragments which have been found contain the titles only of two kings. At one of the corners of the Labyrinth stood a pyramid, forty-one fathoms, or 246 feet high, which was entered by a subterraneous passage. Two other pyramids stood in the center of the lake, 300 feet high above the surface of the water, which was of the same depth at this spot. On the apex of each of these pyramids was a seated colossal figure. These three pyramids were the sepulcher of the kings. The Greek account gives different names to the king of the Labyrinth, but the fragments of it which have been found near the walls of the crypts or subterraneous chambers show that it was Amenemha IV. and his sister, whose mummies were perhaps buried in the pyramids placed in the middle of the lake. The arrival of Joseph in Egypt has been placed by some in the reign of Apepi II., and some considerations are very favorable to that conjecture. The name Potiphar, from its composition, is evidently Heliopolitan rather than Theban. Joseph married the daughter of the high priest of Heliopolis, occupied by the shepherds during their occupation of the country. No mention is made in the narrative of Memphis or Thebes. The 430 years of the bondage of Israel in Egypt correspond with the monumental date of 400 years from the Shepherd ruler Set or Saites to Rameses II. and the opinion generally entertained by Egyptologists is that the Exodus took place in the reign of Meneptah, son and successor of Rameses II. The elevation of a foreigner to the high office held by Joseph is also more consonant with Egypt being at the time in the hands of the Hyk-shos, while the Pharaohs of Heliopolis must have known the patriarch, whose eventful story would have been unknown to the native dynasty, which expelled from the soil of Egypt the hated Hyk-shos, their traditions and antecedents.—*Birch's Egypt from the Earliest Times.*

—Paul Howes, a Chicago drummer, while traveling in South Carolina, joined with a fellow-drummer in buying a one-thousand mile ticket. The conductor refused to allow but one of them to ride on the ticket, saying that while it could be issued to two or more parties, only one person could ride on it at one time, and Mr. Howe was put off the train. He at once took steps to sue the road for damages, when the managers concluded they had better settle the matter, and paid him $1,000 to drop the suit. The adventure proved a very profitable one for the drummer.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A novel Viennese invention is a "talking piano," which gives the vowels very distinctly and the consonants fairly.

THE TOMBS BARBER.

What He Says About the Persons Whose Faces He Lathers—Particular Customers.

"Yes, I am the Tombs barber," said Morris Haber, an intelligent young German, who was found in his barber shop on Canal Street by a reporter, "and you are the first newspaper fellow to find me out, although I have held that position for nearly two years. Any other barbers admitted to the prisons? No, sir; I am the only one, and was appointed by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Salary? Not any. My earnings consist of what the prisoners give me, except in cases of condemned murderers, and then the Sheriff pays me.

"I am allowed to enter the prison at any time, but usually only go there three days of the week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. I am now shaving about twenty prisoners a day there, and what I get averages about eight dollars a week. No prisoners are compelled to get shaved, but the greater number who have any spare change always wish to. This is generally the case with those who are about to go into court. They want to make their best appearance before the court and jury, and it has come to be a common saying among them that a clean shave means ten years off their sentence.

"In winter I go there regularly every morning at eight o'clock and in summer at seven o'clock. I carry my razors, scissors, soap and bottles in a small hand-bag, and my hair-clipping machine in a leather case. I generally take five or six razors with me every time. When I get there, the first thing I do is to look over the slate and find the prisoners' names marked with an 'X.' This means that they are the ones who are to go to court. As court always opens at ten o'clock, and as I have learned from experience how much importance is attached to a 'clean shave' by the prisoners with reference to their appearance in the court-room, I always take pains to get through with the 'court cases' early and as soon as possible, even leaving my regular customers there—and I have several—until they are out of the way.

"So I go along each row of cells the first thing, and I ask each prisoner whether he wants a shave or not. Sometimes I find a great many who do and then it is lively work, for I have to shave them in their cells, and there are no chairs in them for the men to sit on, consequently I have to shave them sitting on the edge of their narrow beds. In each case the keeper locks me in with the prisoner, and I have to call his attention by knocking on the door when I am done and want to get out.

"I have never had a prisoner molest me or even act rudely to me while at my work there, notwithstanding the fact that the Tombs has an average of from 150 to 200 prisoners all the time, and from all classes of criminals. The prison seems to have a quieting influence on them and they are more polite to me as a rule, in saying their 'good morning,' and 'good day,' than many outsiders. I have never had them ask me to bring them things they are not permitted to have, or try to get me to the keepers. As for the sight of my razors stirring up any desperate thoughts in the minds of any of them, if they have I've never known of it.

"The new prisoners seldom talk to me, and of course I don't ask questions. Naturally, the faces are changing all the time, in the going away of some and coming in of new prisoners. Every now and then some new comer will greet me with a 'how-dy-do,' and I will find that he is an old offender who has been in the Tombs before and remembers me. But they all seem glad to see me, for it makes a little change in their prison life. Those who have been there some time talk more, and sometimes tell me about their cases, but I don't take much interest in the particulars, naturally, though I give the poor fellows all the sympathy I can.

"My oldest customer here? Let me see. It is Conroy, I guess, the policeman condemned to be hung on the charge of murder. He has been in the Tombs about seventeen months, and is now waiting for a new trial, I believe. I have shaved him regularly twice a week since he has been there, and he is one of those who have talked to me about their affairs.

"Another of my regular customers there is Donovan, condemned to imprisonment for life for killing a man with a billiard cue. He is also waiting or trying to get a new trial. He has been there a year. John Carpenter, condemned to be hung for killing his wife, is another of my customers there. He has been in the Tombs eight months, hoping for a new trial.

"People might readily think that these men, knowing that they must stay there so long, and perhaps in prison forever, or be hung, would get careless about their appearance, and let the barber go by. But they don't, and they are as particular to be shaved twice a week as my customers here at the shop. They will take pride in their looks, and as they have frequent visitors, they want to look nice for them, I suppose.

"One of the most particular customers I ever had in there was Rhinelander, the man that was claimed to be insane. He was in a long time, and always paid me extra, but he was very particular to be shaved three times a week, and just so. If I missed a day he would get very angry. Very few, however, pay me extra. They are not lavish with their money when they get in the Tombs, and those who are fortunate enough to have any keep it very close.

"Billy McGlory paid me extra, though, and I found him a very nice man. Another man I thought was pretty nice was Martin, the celebrated counterfeiter. He became blind while in there and was in the hospital. He had a long beard and was very particular to have it trimmed to a hair. Another very particular man was a negro of Spanish descent, a young man condemned for murder. He was always one of the neatest and cleanly-looking men of the whole lot, and he always wanted me to take great pains over him, to fix his hair just right and give him a close shave."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Mexican soldiers are said to be of all shades of color, ranging from nearly a pure white to a perfect black.

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FOR INDIGESTION, UNEQUALED. $1.00 A BOTTLE.

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HON. D. D. S. BROWN, Rochester, N. Y., used Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best, for stomach derangements, and was astonished at the good it did him.

S S S

I am an old man. For 23 years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg as the result of typhoid fever. Amputation was suggested as the only means of preserving life. The doctors could do nothing for me, and thought I must die. For three years I never had a shoe on. Swift's Specific has made a permanent cure and added ten years to my life.
WM. R. REED, Gainesville, Hall Co., Ga.

I have taken Swift's Specific for blood poison contracted at a medical college at a dissection, while I was a medical student. I am grateful to say that it gave me a speedy and thorough cure after my parents had spent hundreds of dollars for treatment.
AUGUSTUS WENDEL, M. D., Newark, N. J.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Human Endurance.

It is an acknowledged fact that man possesses the power of endurance to a greater degree than any of the lower animals. Professional pedestrians have been known to walk an average of one hundred miles per day for six consecutive days, which would be a wonderful accomplishment for a horse, and surpass all the known records of that nag, the power of endurance to its fullest extent must be in perfect health. One who is troubled with weak urinary and digestive organs, whose pulse is irregular, whose heart palpitates, and who feels a sense of burdensome fatigue after the least exertion, would be very unwise to compete in a pedestrian contest. Should you suffer from a want of endurance, you can regain robust health and strength by using DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA. This remedy has saved thousands of weak, nervous, debilitated, rickety head-aching mortals to lives of usefulness and the full enjoyment of perfect health. It removes all blood impurities, aches, pains, sores, pimples, etc., and assists nature in controling and supporting a harmonious routine of bodily functions, so essential to every one's physical welfare.

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A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885.

The Times, a new Democratic weekly newspaper has been started in Baltimore city, with Henry J. Ford as editor and proprietor. We hope financial success may attend the enterprise.

Falling walls and a fire in an old factory building in Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday caused the loss af a number of lives. It is not definitely known yet how many perished. Several bodies have been taken from the ruins.

Brigadier-General Irwin McDowell died in San Francisco at midnight Monday night. His death was due to pylaric disease of the stomach. He had been in a critical condition for two weeks, being unable to retain any nourishment, and delirious most of the time.

Mr. Gladstone announced Monday night in the House of Commons that Russia had agreed to submit the Afghan dispute to arbitration, not the fight at Penjdeh, but the agreement of March 16. This was regarded as a clear back down of the British Cabinet, and Lord Churchill savagely attacked the government for its cowardice, and intimated that its policy might lead to the loss of India.

The *Presbyterian Observer* says that local option, or more properly local prohibition, now prevails in twenty counties of Maryland as a whole, with the exception of about four or five election districts; and also in nearly the half of Frederick, five out of the eleven districts in Garrett, five or six localities in Baltimore county, and a number of districts or localities in other counties, equaling, say, nearly or quite another county. The total will thus be what is nearly, or quite, seventeen counties of the State. About seven of these counties are on the Eastern Shore and six on the Western.

Mr. Johnson and the Collectorship.

Hagerstown News, Dem.

The Cumberland *Times* is mistaken in saying that the *News* has endorsed Mr. R. D. Johnson for collector of internal revenue for this State. Whilst the *News* has its preference, and very decided ones, it certainly does not endorse Mr. Johnson, who, whatever may be his good qualities in other respects, has been known as a very active and earnest worker for a faction of the Democratic party in Allegany. And if he should fail to receive the appointment it may be because of the known determination o. the administration to steer clear of anything like factionalism in the Democratic party.

Hagerstown Mail, Dem.

We have seen nothing in the presentation of Richard D. Johnson, Esq., of Allegany county, for the position of collector of internal revenue which would make the "test" as alleged, in last week's Frederick *Citizen*. It is not a question of Mr. Gorman and his friends, as the *Citizen* would charge, either for or against them, but whether we shall have a capable and honest man and a true Democrat as collector.

The question of "test" alluded to in connection with the subject has reference to the delegation in Congress, and not to any single one of them. It has been reported that the delegation were to meet and then apportion out the offices in the State. This course of proceeding would create a sensation in the party that might have most serious results.

This plan of action, if accepted by the administration, would compel every Democrat having an aspiration to public service to go to the delegation for favor, and not to the President or heads of departments.

In electing Mr. Cleveland the masses of the party never contemplated the establishment of any oligarchy like this; and our belief is that the President will never recognize any such system or office-dispensing syndicate.

We have no Democratic Congressman from this large and potential district, where 16,000 Democratic votes are cast—more than double the majority the President received in the State—and if it is to be supposed that the intelligence, independence and worth of the party in this district is to be at the footstool of the Congressional delegation and to be shambled by Congressmen who will, perhaps, and may naturally, be overaxious to get everything for their own people.

To all this we object, and every good, sensible Democrat, we think, will agree with us. Instead of the manhood of this district or of any other district being left to the absolute decision of Congressmen or any one of them, it should go to the fountain of power and of justice—the President; and although not clothed in the robes of a brief office tenure, but endowed with Democratic rights, it will, we have the confidence, be heard.

Our views is that while members of Congress have their rights of recommendation and should be always regarded with respect, the people, upon the other hand, have theirs, and the latter should not be unjustly or unduly thrown aside for the former.

The Quarrell Between England and Russia.

As war between England and Russia appears to be inevitable, the general reader will be interested in a clear and concise statement of the trouble which has led these giant powers to measure strength with each other. England, as everyone knows, has an immense empire in India. Russia has of late years been pushing her conquests in the direction of India, and about two years ago, when the Russians seized the oasis of Merv, and got control of the great Turcoman desert, they came right up against what has always been regarded as one of the bulwarks of India—Afghanistan. Then England became alarmed.

Look at a map of Asia and you will see that all along the northern edge of India, like a wall of defense, runs the gigantic chain of the Himalayas, the greatest mountains in the world. At the northwestern corner of India this range of mountains splits up, and, turning toward the southeast, spreads out into a number of diverging ranges which cover Afghanistan, the backbone of the system being the colossal Hindoo Koosh mountains. This rugged country of Afghanistan, therefore, forms a sort of natural breastwork for India toward the northwest, the direction from which an invasion by Russia would come, and so England has for years kept a sharp oversight of things in Afghanistan. In the northwestern corner of Afghanistan lies, the account of its commanding position, has long been known as the key to India. Right over against Herat, on the north and only some 200 miles away, is the new post of the Russians at Merv.

After the Russians had got control of the country thus bordering on Afghanistan the question immediately came up as to where the exact boundaries of the latter country were. England was so anxious to keep the Russians from advancing further, and so fearful that their next step would carry them to Herat, that she lost no time in demanding that these boundaries be definitely settled, and a joint commission of Russians and Englishmen was appointed to deal with the question on the spot. This commission has been on the ground during the past year, but has not reached an agreement. The Russians it appears, claim a piece of territory between the rivers Murghab and Heri Rud, issuing from the Afghan mountains, the control of which, it is alleged, would give them command of the road to Herat. The town of Penjdeh, which, it is said, the Russians have just captured, lies upon this road, and, according to English claims, within the edge of the Afghan territory.

The recent negotiations between England and Russia relate to the question as to where the line should be run, and what should be regarded as debatable ground for the purpose. Two or three weeks ago the two governments agreed not to make any further advance on either side, pending the negotiations—that is, Russia promised not to push her troops further into the debatable ground. England undertook to restrain her friends, the Afghans. The recent battle between the Russians and Afghans, however, shows one side or the other has failed to keep back.

As England believes that the safety of her Indian empire depends upon the keeping of the Russians out of Afghanistan, the world looks on to see her aid the Afghans against Russia with all the power and prestige of her arms.

Disgruntled Southern Spoilsmen.

It is not at all likely that Mr. Cleveland will lose any sleep on account of the political revolution which Senator Eustis, of Louisana, proposes to stir up in the South. Mr. Cleveland is President of the United States, the head of the Democratic party and the man who, for four years, will hold in his hand the power to make or mar the political future of every Democrat in the country. Mr. Cleveland has certain ideas about the way in which public affairs should be conducted, and, as this is his administration, he not unreasonably proposes to put these ideas into force. And, while we do not know how Mr. Cleveland feels on the subject, we think that he ould be justified in regarding as impertinent those who object to his having his way because it conflicts with theirs.

Upon a number of occasions he has shown that he possesses the determination to do as he thinks right, whether the office-seekers of the Democratic party agree or disagree with him, and when it comes down to a clear and well-defined struggle between him and this horde of spoilsmen we see nothing ahead of the latter but defeat and humiliation, and the chill prospect of losing even the few crumbs that now fall to them.

History will charge up to Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party, as a party, the sins and honor-marks of this administration. We have no reason to believe that the names of such men as Eustis, Hendricks, Gorman or Manning of Tennessee will appear when the record is made up. Mr. Cleveland's first care, therefore, should be so to conduct himself as to merit the esteem of posterity; his second, to reflect credit upon his party, and his third, to reward those whose political services are entitled to recognition. In doing the latter he must necessarily consider the relation of such action to the other aims and purposes of his administration. And the course which he is pursuing indicates that he recognizes this fact.

Mr. Cleveland, after carefully looking over the whole field, has evidently determined that he will do himself and his party most honor by following out a certain line of policy. Of course, no one can tell exactly what this includes, but it evidently does not include an immediate and wholesale discharge of office-holders of such men as Eustis desires to see inaugurated. Mr. Cleveland has doubtless, and wisely, concluded that the welfare of any party rests with the people and not with the politicians. It was a protest of the people against the sins of the Republican party that brought about Cleveland's election, and, learning wisdom by observation, he is not inclined to turn over his administration to the mercies of men whose aim, ambition, methods and frailties are similar to those of the men who first gained [illegible] then wrecked it.

So long as the people are as well satisfied with Mr. Cleveland's administration as they now seem to be, the President can afford to ignore the politicians if to do right be to ignore them, and smile at their anger if to gain the respect of the great majority of all parties be legitimate cause to excite it. But can Eustis and Manning and their ilk afford to make war on the President? Official patronage means political power and if these men assail Mr. Cleveland, how quickly can he dethrone them and put their rivals into power? How many Democrats are there in the states in which these disgruntled statesmen reside who would refuse to accept office from Mr. Cleveland, because these local bosses withhold from him the sanctifying oil of their approval? And with these rivals in places of influence and power, where would the power of these disgruntled statesmen be in four years? Having nothing wherewith to reward fidelity, in what way will they exact it, for, as they have avowed themselves spoilsmen, we take it that their followers are spoilsmen too; and spoilsmen, whether Democrats or Republicans, flock where the patronage is, and desert a falling leader quicker than rats leave a sinking ship.

Nothing so soon fades from the view of the American public as a vanquished politician. If Senator Eustis doesn't know this, some one ought to take him aside and whisper it to him before he monkeys with a buzz-saw which is evidently built for heavy work and plenty of it.—*Balto. Morning Herald.*

A surgeon in New York has performed an operation within the last few days that brings out in bold relief the value of the new anæsthetic, cocoaine. A young lady had a club foot to be operated upon, and it was necessary in order to straighten it to make several deep longitudinal incisions in the sole where the nerves are in the greatest abundance. The doctor merely made a hypodermic injection of the cocoaine in the foot and then proceeded to carve it without the least inconvenience to the patient. She smiled under the operation and said that it was like seeing some other person's foot cut. This experiment demonstrates that the new anæsthetic is one of the great medical discoveries of the age, and will probably at no distant day take the place of chloroform and ether in most surgical operations.

A Battle with Stone Cutters.

LEMONT, ILL., May 4.—About one thousand striking quarrymen assembled at the depot here this morning with the intention of capturing the militia, if they came. They afterwards went to Walker & Singer's quarries and routed them. At 9:30 four companies of militia and a detachment of battery "C" arrived from Joliet with Gen. Vance and Col. Bennett in command. They stopped at the Excelsior quarry and one company deployed as skirmishers. The other three companies are now marched to the quarries where the mob was congregated, The troops were mere met in the edge of the town by a mob of three or four hundred. Company B, of Joliet, and Company G, of Bloomington, under command of Colonel Bennett, formed the front, and charged up the main street with fixed bayonets. Company A, of Streator, commanded by Capt. St. Clair, with a detachment of Battery C, of Joliet, formed the right on a side street, and Company I, of Ottawa, commanded by Capt. Blanchard, formed on the left on a side street, and the command, "Forward, charge bayonets!" was given.

The mob, with wild hooting and cheering, met the main front with clubs and rocks. As the troops advanced steadily, the mob gave way to the side of the street and hurled a shower of rocks at them, and one fired a shot. Colonel Bennett ordered them to be dispersed, and a number that refused to leave were probed with bayonets. One man—a Pole—named Quinkowsky, was seriously stabbed. Further up the street the mob reformed and commenced hurling stones. A detachment sent to disperse them fired a volley and the rioters scattered. Two men named Andrew Stiler and John Quagra were killed. The troops are now clearing the streets, of the howling women and children. More trouble is apprehended. The troops will encamp at Singer's quarries. The militia displayed cool bravery. It is reported that a woman and a child were killed. A number of the soldiers were badly hurt by the flying missiles.

The following official report from Adjutant General Vance has been sent to Gov. Oglesby. "Col. Bennett removed his command, except one company, from Joliet to Lemont, arriving at about 9 A. M., and forming a line south of Lemont. Deputy Sheriff Potter conducted troops into Lemont near the Alton Depot, where a mob of about 500 to 1,500 strikers were congregated. They were commanded to disperse and go to their [illegible] by Deputy Sheriff Potter, but they would not. The strikers rushed toward the troops, throwing stones. Major Heffernan and one or two others were struck, and slightly wounded. The air was full of stones. In self-defense, the troops fired. Two strikers were killed and several wounded. Before the troops fired, a pistol was fired from a house into the troops. The troops have passed on to their original destination at Singer & Tolcott's quarry. A great many people are on the streets now, but are quiet."

How the Matter Stands.

CHICAGO, May 4.—A dispatch to the *News* from London says: The government continues to give out large orders for war stores of all kinds. The Admirality is surveying additional steamers with a view of freighting or purchasing them. Though the Russian papers are not so outspoken as they formerly were, prabably in consequence of their government's hints, it is well known that Russia is making strenuous efforts to increase her armament. The Indian banks have given notice that they will not advance money against shipments unless the vessels are insured at war risks. The Indian government is enforcing rigid economy in all departments to meet the expenses of war preparations, in order to avoid the levying of fresh taxes, which would be likely to disturb the native loyalty. It is reported that the Afghans of Badakshan have asked to be annexed to Russia, and negotiations toward that object are proceeding through the Ameer or Bokhara and the Governor of Turkeystan. Many continental papers are still skeptical of a peaceful issue of the dispute.

The *Pesther Lloyd* says that a trifling mishap in the Afghan frontier may annihilate all hopes of peace. The *Deutsche Zeitung* says that Russian diplomacy is not as yet anywhere near the end of its artifices and tricks. Russia may again and again put a difficulty in the way of a settlement, and, perhaps, at last, openly declare that she will make no concession in the boundary question.

The London *Standard*, in referring to the Queen's return, says that everything has been done to drag the nation into slumber, philters and rhetoric and adulation having been copiously applied to stupefy its conscience. Parliament participates in the sleep as it has participated also in the draught, but the crown does not share in the general abasement, and is, perhaps, watching for the restored sobriety and returning manliness of the nation.

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.

One of the most complete proofs of the excellence of Republican management is the fact that Mr. Cleveland and every member of his Cabinet have firmly resolved to go slow, not only in the matter of removals from office, but in the details of the routine of business in all of the departments, where the new administration has found everything so nearly perfect that no innovations have been thought of. Of course when things get in working order, many of the chiefs of diyisions and head clerks will be expected to give way to their successors, but the rank and file who really do the work of the departments have been assured of retention so long as their conduct will deserve it. The vast amount of crookedness and corruption in the management of the last four Republican administrations that the Democratic campaign orators promised to unearth, have not been reached yet, while the only case of official malfeasance yet discovered is that of the Rome (N. Y.) postmaster, in which the Government did not lose a cent. On the whole, I do not believe that Mr. Cleveland's administration is really expecting to find any great amount of downright depravity, because of the fact that Republicans caught and punished their own thieves, an example that Democrats will do well to follow.

One admirable effect of the operations of the civil service delusion, is the impetus it has given to the business of the office broker. For a sufficient consideration these influential gentlemen hold out to the office-seeker the inducement that any ordinary clerical position with a good salary attachment can be secured under the provisions of the act without any formula of examination or other preliminary. This, of course, opens the door for the admission of all sorts of incompetents, whose tenure of office depends upon the influences that secured their appointment, and not by any civil service rules, or clerical capacity. To say that these office brokers are now driving a rushing trade, is to demonstrate to the civil service reform admirers the beauties of the system, which admits to the very best places in the Government the class of incompetents that the civil service law has vainly intended to eliminate.

JUNIUS,

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 2.—The general tenor of the special telegrams received by *Bradstreet's* to-day corroborates the views taken by this journal early in the year, that, while the Spring season would be likely to result in a moderate degree of commercial activity, which, by comparison with the Winter's business, might suggest a trade revival, the volume of merchandise distributed would fall behind the total during the like period of 1884, and that the end of the season would bring no prospects of a revival in the near future.

This forecast holds true at the present time—the close of the spring season. The past week revealed no gain in the distribution of merchandise in any line, with a possible exception in favor of boots and shoes from Boston. Dry goods are as slow of movement and as unsatisfactory as to the margin of profit as heretofore. The sales of groceries and provisions have not yet increased. The damage to the winter-sown wheat, reported by the Government to amount to a shortage of 93,000,000 bushels as compared with the crop of 1885, points to a harvest of 420,000,000 bushels, a quantity equal to the harvest of 1883. Prices of wheat and flour have been unsteady under the varying rumors as to the prospects of war abroad. In accordance with the tenor of late reports, the movement has been upward. Hog products have been dull and inactive. Speculation has been light and purchases for export as limited as for grain.

Raw wool is in little better demand if any, notwithstanding the improvement in the request for certain lines of woolen goods. The prospective pressure of the new clip prevents a gain in prices. The war news exercised a depressiug influence on prices of cotton, and middling uplands closed higher. The movement of grocery staples is still disappointing. Coffee and tea are lower. Sugar advanced on speculative buying. Canned goods are weak. Dairy products are lower and quiet. There were 167 failures in the United States and thirty in Canada during the past week.

CONNELSVILLE, May 1.—The *Keystone Courier* says: The past two weeks have not developed any brighter prospects for the coke trade; though it cannot be said that trade is any duller or the future any blacker than it was two weeks ago. During the past fortnight, the syndicate has closed down the pool ovens three days and thus restricted the output until the stock of coke is all worked off the yards, or nearly so. The output still keeps up to the average, but it shows no signs of going beyond it. During the past two weeks the syndicate shipments, exclusive of three idle days, averaged 620 cars daily; the outside shippers averaged 185 cars every day; total average daily shipments 650 cars. As stated, this does not promise to be increased. The period has now come when any improvement in the iron trade must make itself shown; it has not done so, and there is no reason to expect it unless something out of the usual course of events transpires. Labor is plenty, in spite of the summer season. Cars are likewise abundant.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Trade is of the ordinary routine character, and of about the same average volume that it has been for some time past. There is no apparent change in the nature of the demand, nor do the movements of sellers indicate any variation on their part. In short, the general state of affairs is precisely the same as previously described week after week during the past two or three months. Going beyond the present and touching upon the outlook for the future, it is impossible to discover anything that foreshadows prospective change at a near date. Consumers are found wholly indifferent and content to let the future take care of itself. Sellers seem to be in a very similar mood, with but little hope of matters brightening up, but generally of the opinion that they will be no worse. On prices there is not the slightest alteration; standard Lehigh brands being held very steady, while inferior product shows merely the moderate variation that has been general heretofore. Fair sized lots, Lehigh make, sell at $18 for No. 1 X foundry, $17 for No. 2 X foundry, and $16 for gray forge.

The following letter, signed by more than 500 children, from 5 to 13 years, was sent to General Grant. The letter was beautifully written, and tied with broad white satin ribbon. The roll must have been at least 12 feet in length:

SIXTY-FIRST ST. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, April 5, 1885.

TO GENERAL U. S. GRANT—*Dear General:* We little ones of the "Children's Hour" of the Sixty first Street Methodist Episcopal Church have heard that you are sick. We are very sorry, and pray to God to make you well again. We know that you were once our President, and we have heard our fathers tell how wise and brave you were in the great war. We shall remember you when the big people now living are all gone. We hope your example will help us to lead more noble lives than we would have done if we had never heard of you. Please accept our hearty love, our good wishes, and our prayers.—*New York Times.*

Falling out of the hair may be prevented, brashy hair made soft, and the growth of the hair renewed, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, May 4, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5½@5 4 5c. that generally rated first quality 5(@5½ cts; medium or good fair quality 4@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3½@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 3½@5 4-5cts; most of the sales were from 4¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,089 head, against 1,006 last week and 1,514 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 599 head, against 837 last week, and 933 head the corresponding week of last year.

The market has been by no means active to day on the Hill. Efforts to advance prices were partially successful, and as a result an improvement, considering quality, of 10 to 12½c. for 100 lbs. was effected. Trade was not active. The quality was of a much better average than last week—indeed, than for several months past—the Lehmans selling a superior bunch of Washington county fed Cattle to J. W. D. Pentz, of this city, at a price on private terms, much above our highest quotation—$5 80 per 100 lbs.—and sales ranged down to 3½c., at which only a few head were sold. Most sales were made from 4¾ to 5¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a small increase in the receipts over last week's offerings, and their quality is fully as good as that of last week. Trade is fair to good, the supply being equal to the demand. We quote common rough hogs, sows and stags, at 5½@6c., and the better grades at 6½@6¾c. net; most sales 6½; same time last year 6¾@7¾ net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is quite a good trade for good Sheep and Lambs, but common stock of any kind is exceedingly dull—not wanted, in fact, at any price. The quality of the offerings does not average as good as it was last week. Wool Sheep (of which there are but few offered) sell at 3@5½c., and spring Lambs at 8@11; sheared Sheep sell at 2@5½, fair bringing the latter figure; fall Lambs sell at 5½@6. Same time last year clipped Sheep sold at 3½@6¼c.; Wool Sheep 5@6¾ gross,

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

—Florida oranges at Lakin's.

—Mrs. General Crook is now in Oakland.

—If you want a good cigar go to Newman's.

—200 bushels of Red Rust-proof seed oats for sale at John Shartzer's.

—Go to Newman's for oranges, lemons and bananas.

—Go and see Naylor & Richardson's hand made wagons.

—If you want a good cigar call at Lakin's.

—Groceries and flour at Newman's. 5 9 4t.

—Lemons and cocoanuts at Lakin's.

—The Garrett Guards left Oakland for Baltimore Wednesday noon on a special train.

—Only behold the fine lot of toys at Newman's, sold so cheap that you can't help but buy them.

—Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, was attending court here this week.

—Take your wagons, harrows, buggies and plows that need repairing to Naylor & Richardson. All work guaranteed.

—Mrs. M. E. Davis has just received and is displaying a full line of millinery and fancy goods. Call and examine her stock.

—Mr. Charles Bolden is engaged in enlarging his store room on Second street. When completed the building will be occupied as a residence and store room by Mr. Wm. Roth.

—Mens' Laced and Buttoned Shoes, Boy's Shoes, Boy's Shoes, Boy's Shoes, Ladies' and Childrens' and Baby's Shoes, and "*Loo Choo*" at Grant's.

—The Oakland Base Ball Association will meet next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the *Democrat* office, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

—Lima beans, soup beans, dried sweet corn, evaporated apples, dried apples, hominy, B. W. flour, corn meal and ivory soap, at

HARNE & LAWTON'S.

—Mrs. Theo. F. Combs has opened an ice cream parlor on the corner of Liberty and Wilson street, near the REPUBLICAN office. Families will be supplied in Oakland or Mountain Lake Park.

—Mr. Daniel Chisholm returned to Oakland Monday from Florida, where he has passed the winter, engaged in planting an orange grove and otherwise improving his farm in that State. He will remain here during the summer and return to his Southern home in the fall.

—The May Term of the Circuit Court for the county convened Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Judge Seyster on the Bench. Mr. C. M. Miller was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury. Such a small amount of business of general interest had been transacted at the time of going to press (Thursday morning) that we defer a report of the proceeding until next week, when we will give the full proceedings. The session will probably extend into next week.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Stone Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

The Best is the Cheapest!

That's what we mean when we say Newman keeps the finest candies in town. Call and see his stock.

New Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Mr. John Shartzer has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with the finest lot of Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil-Cloth, Wall Paper, &c., ever brought to Oakland. Call and get his prices before buying elsewhere,

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland Garrett county, Md., May 9th, 1885.

Bowman, Joshua	Hyde, Greeley
Clark, Thomas Elder	Myers, S. A.
Hook, James J.	Perry, A. D. Rev.
Herse, Wm.	Wilson, John

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

U. B. Quarterly.

The First Quarterly Conference for Allegany Circuit, U. B. Church, will be held at Bethlehem, June 20th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Preaching Saturday night, Sunday morning at 10:30 and afternoon at 3, by Rev. J. W. Hicks, P. E. A full attendance of the official members is earnestly requested at the Quarterly.

ALBERT DAY, Pastor.

Jew Store in Oakland.

For a short time only the undersigned will offer to our people, clothing, dry goods, notions, hosiery, Stationery, jewelry, &c., in the room formerly occupied by the *Democrat* office, corner Alder and Third streets.

Do not fail to attend this great sacrifice of goods. These goods are from a firm that failed, formerly in New York, and everything will be sold regardless of cost and value. Call and see our goods and judge for yourselves, and you will admit that a chance to get such bargains will never occur again in this vicinity.

5 2 2t JACOB FELDSTEIN.

Bonnets and Hats.

We have now open a fine assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Hats, Ladies' Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Pompons, Gilt and Silver braids, Hat Scarfs in beautiful colors.

Ladies' and Childrens' hose, in black and solid colors.

We have on hand the nicest lot of gloves we have ever bought. Kid, Silk and Thread gloves in all colors, black silk lace mitts.

Ladies' Jerseys.

Childrens' lace Bonnets, Ladies' underwear, Ladies' neckwear, and many other desirable articles.

M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mr. Oliver, of Somerset county, Pa., moved here last week for the season, and is occuying the Vance cottage.

Mr. J. C. Bandal, of Moundsville, was here last week and let the contract for plastering the Fullerton cottage, which he has bought, and is making ready for occupancy this season. Also improvements to be made on the Weaver and Bandal cottages.

Rev. Joseph Lee, of Grafton, was here this week and is having shutters put to his windows, his lot graded and fenced, &c.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Addie Sherman have returned from their extended trip South. They report unusual success in their work.

There has been, during the past spring, a Dining Hall erected on the grounds, which will be conducted by W. H. Hagans, of Oakland.

The Hall is located near a cluster of Cottages, where persons can secure Lodging at moderate rates, and take meals at the Hall.

Families desiring to escape the duties of housekeeping can rent Cottages, taking their meals at the Hall. Terms for Board—Dinner, 50 cents; Breakfast and Supper, 35 cents each, or $1.00 per day.

Johnstown.

Pleasant weather, after an unusually cold snap.

Health again restored in the neighhood.

Quite a number of persons attending court.

We feel the effect of business depression here in the country as well as in towns and cities.

Farmers are making unusual efforts to raise larger crops per acre, by more thorough cultivation, and more extensive use of fertilizers. The past dry season and the severe and long continued winter has stripped us of provender, and left much of the stock in poor condition, so a greater effort on the part of farmers to brace up against those emergencies is in place.

Mr. M. Mattingly takes the lead in large horses, which he has lately purchased.

Smith & Callis are alive in the mercantile business, and know what the farmers need.

Our "Sojourner" correspondent has settled down and gone into the farming business near Elder Hill. May he be as successful at this as he was at teaching public school, and still continue to fling his pen for the REPUBLICAN. B.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Shade Mills.

Farmers in this section of the county are busy putting out their spring crops.

Rye and wheat will not be more than half a crop.

French measles have visited several families in this section.

Noryal M. Layman, who was recently married, is now occupying the dwelling house vacated by A. J. Moore.

Miss Lulu G. Michael was visiting friends here last Sunday.

LOGAN.

The Elk Garden Men on a Strike.

In pursuance of the notice posted in the Elk Garden region, Monday evening, that no coal would be mined after May 5 at less than 50 cents a ton, the greater part of the men employed there "came out" Tuesday. In the three mines of Davis Bros.' only a few men were at at work, and in the other mines, the Windom and Atlantic and George's Creek, the men are said to be all out. The indications are that the demand for an increase will not be complied with and that the mines will remain closed for some time. Little excitement is reported from the Elk Garden region.

Watterson on Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Mr. Henry Watterson, who has been here for the past week, will to-night send the following to his paper as expressive of his impressions of President Cleveland and his administration: "A slight attach of sore eyes suggested a visit to Washington, and having tried the executive and departmental treatment for nearly a week, it has occured to me that a brief account of some impressions of the administration may not be without interest to the readers of the *Courier-Journal*. On a certain occasion Artemus Ward stepped in front of his canvas, and pointing to the passing scene, said to his audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen: These are horses. It was only this morning that artist came to me, with terrs in his eyes, and exclaimed, I can conceal it from you no longer, Mr. Ward, *they are horses.*' In its entire utterances and appointments, the administratiom has so spoken to the country. It can conceal it no longer; it has a Democratic administration. For my part, I have never doubted this in the least. If I had been given the making of it, I could not have better suited myself. Indeed, I have been so well pleased, that I have been content to stay at home and play at philosophy, leaving others to play at patronage, quite satisfied that the President and the eminent and accomplished men with whom he has surrounded himself, might be trusted to give us a civil service capable and clean to handle the public business with fidelity and efficiency, and to discharge adequately their obligations, both to the people and the party. Personal contact and opportunities for getting at both sides of points of criticism and dispute have strengthened these original impressions, and I am happy to say that the case of sore eyes with which I started from home has entirely disappeared.

"The President is a less reserved and a more likable man than I had been in the habit of thinking him. He is at once exact and exacting, but there is beneath his unmistakable business-like purpose and exterior a doughtiness of spirit and an engaging candor, which come out strong for very little provocation, and which save his manners from severity. Genial is hardly the word to describe the sunny side of him, for he is a serious man, and hard worked and hard working man. But he has the gift of appreciation, a simple school-boy love of fair play, and a repose altogether unaffected, and complete and singularly lacking both in cynicism and vacuity. I observed the latter of these admirable qualities in Miss Cleveland, whose rapid advancement and elevation to the highest social honors and duties have nowise disconcerted her, and who will add one more name to the very short list of ladies who have signalized and adorned the mistresship of the executive mansion. Her brother is not so deeply or so seriously read as she, not so much of a doctrinaire, if, indeed, a doctrinaire at all, for I should say he has been a student rather of men than books; but he has an undeniable genius for command, and, for one of so little ostentation, the most unpromising subject of familiarity imaginable. His weight and reach of brain have, perhaps, never been tested or measured. He has yet to put forth his full mental powers and resources. Time, which developes, can only disclose the nature and extent of these. But there is one thing about him which nothing can obscure, which shows itself in all he says and does, and which is blazoned upon all his aspects. That is *character*, and the older I grow and the more I see of life and men, the more respect I have for character when brought to contrast with intellect. Many a man called dull and slow has, by honest purposes and inflexible will, enlightened by nothing more luminous than plain, good sense—the offspring of every-day experience—conferred inestimable blessings upon his kind, whilst the history of the world is full of examples of curses brought by brilliancy corrupt and genius misapplied. Mr. Cleveland is a plain, sober man. There is nothing dramatic or sensational about him. He has not, like so many politicians, a long conscience and a short memory. His hates and loves are few, positive and sincere,. He has shown himself abundantly able to say "no;" and yet, as I have seen him, no man has a livelier wish to gratify the wishes of others. He wants to do the right thing and the kindly thing, and there is not the smallest doubt that since his election he has been inspired by the truest spirit of justice and the most conscientious sense of duty, equally loyal to his great place and party, asking no favors and looking to his work to vindicate itself.

"Very great forbearance and a patient temper should be extended by the public to such a public servant. He selected his political advisers by the rules of fitness, and he has inspired them with his own business-like spirit. The departments are in hands most uniform and methodical. In every one of them there circulates the atmosphere of the workshop. To say nothing about practical benefits and utilitarian performance and promise, all this has a moral value incalculable. It is, in itself, a sort of democracy, and a much needed sort at that.

"The attack of Mr. Eustis upon the administration seems to me equally unjust and unwise. As long as senators and representatives insist upon sharing the patronage of the government, they should be willing to share its responsibilities. * * * This adminsstration is trying to do its duty. Beset on all sides by complications, and badgered day in and out by importunities, it has kept its temper passing well, and has made no more mistakes than are common to newcomers in office, and not so many as might have been expected."

The English Soldier.

Under the existing system a soldier in the British army is provided by the State with a uniform, including boots, renewed periodically, but he is often required to pay out of his own pocket for a new pair of trousers, serge frock, or forage cap, while it is evident that his two pair of boots annually are not sufficient, and the cost of additional boots and repairs to those he possesses is defrayed by the man himself. He also, on enlistment, is furnished with a free kit of necessaries, comprising under-clothing, knife, fork, and spoon, blacking, brushes, braces, razor, towels, soap, etc. This kit he has to keep up at his own expense. It is plain from the above that the soldier is not clothed by the State. The result of this arrangement is constantly recurring stoppages, which often leave the soldier with only 1d. a day pocket money, cause great irritation and discontent, and are fruitful causes of desertion. Neither is he fed by the State, for all he obtains in the shape of rations is 1 pound bread and ¾ pound meat daily. The balance, in the shape of groceries, vegetables, milk, etc., is defrayed out of the messing fund, for which 4d. a day is stopped from his pay. In addition he is charged with washing at ½d. a day, haircutting 1d. a month, and barrack damages, for which he is lucky if he gets off at 1d. a month. If he belongs to the library the subscription is 3d. a month. We indorse Sir Frederick Robinson's recommendation that whatever sum is called pay should be free of stoppages, so that the soldier may know exactly how he stands, and the captain and color-sergeant be relieved of much clerical work and time-consuming accounts. As the most careful infantry soldiers, under fairly favorable circumstances, clear 7d. a day, it would be desirable to fix his pay at that sum, and for the State to defray all charges connected with the items above mentioned, unless, of course, in cases of carelessness and waste.

Working on His Book.

NEW YORK, May 4.—Gen. Grant has been at work on his book to-day. He is feeling about as strong and cheerful as yesterday and passed a fairly good night. Dr. Douglas will not return until this evening.

At the Baptist pastors' meeting to-day, in discussing an essay which had been read, entitled "Modern Faith Cures," Rev. Dr. Patton said that he thought General Grant an example of faith cure, and spoke of it as the result of the prayers of the people of this country for the preservation of his life.

Frank Miller, of Indianapolis brother of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, arrived in Washington yesterday morning, and it is said will take a place in the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Bill Nye in Verona.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Verona is noted for the Capitular library, as it is called. This is said to be the largest collection of rejected manuscript in the world. I stood in with the librarian, and he gave me an opportunity to examine this wonderful store of literary work. I found a Virgil that was certainly over 1,600 years old. I also found a well-preserved copy of "Beautiful Snow." I read it. It was very touching indeed. Experts said it was 1,700 years old, which is no doubt correct. I am no judge of the age of manuscript. Some can look at the teeth of a literary production and tell within two weeks how old it is, but I can't. You may also fool me on the age of wine. My rule used to be to observe how old I felt the next day and to fix that as the age of the wine, but this rule I find is not infallible. One time I found myself feeling the next day as though I might be 138 years old, but on investigation we found that the wine was extremely new, having been made at a drug store in Cheyenne that some day.

News in Brief.

General Grant continues to improve.

An incendiary attempt was made to burn the Childrens' Homs, in Coyington, Ky.

The reports of a strike in the Tuscarawas (O.) Valley are denied as without foundation.

Work in the Navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., is suspended, and all employes discharged.

Richard Whaling, Postmaster at Goldman, Ark., was shot and killed by W. O. Turnage, an editor.

Charles E Fuller, of Linwood, O., committed suicide through despondency occasioned by family sorrows.

The striking coal miners of the Belleville (O.,) District, have decided to return to work, giving up the fight for higher wages.

Judge William M. Merrick has taken the oath as successor of Judge Wylie on the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

The Secretary of the Treasury issued a circular carrying into effect the suggestion of Assistant Secretary Fairchild that baggage of passengers arriving from abroad may be transported in bond to all the places embraced in the immediate delivery act.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust Wm. H. Paugh on my account, as I will not pay any bills he may contract.

WM. TITCHENELL.
Bloomington, Md., May 4, 1885.—3t.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust my wife, Anna Bray, who left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, as I will not pay any bills contracted by her.

NORMAN M. BRAY.
Oakland, Md., April 21st, 1885.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our lands near Oakland in any manner.

NATHAN CASTEEL.
4 25 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Ryans Glade road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
5 9 5t JAMES SEABOLD.

HARNE & LAWTON

"WILL NOT BE UNDER SOLD!"

We have just received a large stock of

Canned Tomatoes, Peaches, Pumpkin, Green Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans, sugar Corn, Black Berries, Salmon, Oysters, Sardines, Chow-Chow, Tomato Catsup, &c.

We Sell for Strictly Cash

and can sell cheaper than any one else!

Call and see our goods and be convinced.

☞ USE COTTAGE SOAP.

HARNE & LAWTON.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

Estate of John Stahl, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN STAHL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of May, 1885.

Her
CATHARINE X E. STAHL,
mark.
5 9 3t Administratrix.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust from Thomas Coddington and Cecilia J. Coddington, his wife, executed to me and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Thomas Coddington, I will

ON TUESDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1885,

at ten o'clock A. M., at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md., offer at public auction to the highest bidder without reserve the following described property, to-wit: All the right title and interest of the said Thomas Coddington and wife in and to the real estate which was conveyed to the said Thomas Coddington by William P. Totten, executor of Ezekiel Totten, by deed bearing date April the first, A. D. 1884, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 502, it being the

HOTEL PROPERTY

where the said Thomas Coddington now resides. The interest of the said Thomas Coddington in said real estate being the Equity of Redemption, and the said real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, the first in favor of M. A. R. F. Carr for seven hundred dollars and payable on the first of April, A. D. 1887. The second in favor of Ida M. Crow for one thousand dollars, and payable on the twenty ninth day of July, A. D. 1887. Said Hotel Property is more particularly described as Lots Numbers ten and twelve on the plat of Totten's Sub-Division to the town of Oakland, Maryland. Said Lots are improved by a large two-story frame Hotel building, also large stable, ice-house and necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best locations for a Hotel or boarding house in the town of Oakland.

Immediately after offering the above described real estate I will offer in like manner all the

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE

formerly used by the said Thomas Coddington in running said Hotel, consisting of six heating stoves, two cooking stoves and utensils, twelve bedsteads, beds and bedding, large number of chairs, washstands, bureaus, carpets, lamps, hat racks, tables, stands, &c., &c. Table ware, consisting of knives, forks, plates, dishes, &c. One sofa one marble top center table, also barroom fixtures, including one large bar mirror, one elegant bar counter, stock of whiskey, brandy, wines, gin, cigars, tobacco, bar bottles and decanters, &c; also one buggy, one set of harness, four shoats and many small articles too tedious to enumerate.

TERMS OF SALE:—On the real estate one-half cash on the day of sale, and one-half in sixty days from the day of sale. On the personal property, all sums of twenty dollars and under cash, all sums over twenty dollars a credit of sixty days. On all deferred payments the purchasers to give their single bill, with security to be approved by the trustee. If the sale is not completed on the said Second day of June, it will be continued from day to day until finished. No property will be delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

JOHN B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

FRED. A. THAYER,
5 9 4t. Trustee.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

HENRY KAMP,
FREDERICK KAMP,
HENRY KAMP, JR,
WM. ENGLEHART,
ED. MARGROFF.

Accident, Md., May 4, 1885,—3t.

LIQUOR LICENSE NOTICE.

Application of Mr. John Mellinger for Ordinary License in the Town of Grantsville, filed April 30th, 1885, recommended by the following persons: Isaiah Boucher, Conrad Bodes, Aaron Beachy, J. S. Miller, U. M. Stanton, J. J. Beachy, Mathias Bowser, Charles Leese, Henry H. Miller, Louis Horchler, Peter Slabaugh and Jacob Gnagey.

Attest:

W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 n.*

NOTICE!

Merchants and others are hereby notified to give no credit to any person whatsoever on account of L. Levering or Thomas J. Crouser, from this date.

L. LEVERING.
4 25 3t VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Atty's.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SONG OF SPRING.

The sun that through the winter days
  Was staying where the orange grows
Returns again with genial rays,
  That dissipate slow, straggling snows.

I strolled among the meadows, where
  The green its first appearance makes;
Rejoicing, that, without a care,
  The dainty violet awakes.

The glow of sunshine; balmy air;
  The blue sky brightly arching o'er;
All make me think, ere we're aware
  The Spring will gladden us once more.

Up street I saw, through many a tear,
  The monkey bring again to view
The old hand-organ that each year
  Its dreaded visits will renew.

I more than saw; the beast so free
  Had brought a man without a fear,
Who tortured all that could not flee;
  And can I doubt that Spring is here?

I hastened further on to where
  The crowd a circle made around
A mangled body lying there,
  Disfigured o'er with wound on wound.

Amazed, I could not understand
  Why no one pitied, 'till I spied
The long fair hair, pale face and hand
  That grasped a roll with ribbon tied.

More eloquent than words it taught
  The story of where he had been;
How he, with Verse of Welcome, sought
  The editor and found him in.

Up by the shattered window stood
  The editor who smiled, while some
His deed approved as best they could;
  And now I'm *sure* that Spring has come.

—*Henry S. Kiehl, in Judge.*

THE MADNESS OF MUSIC.

Its Effect on the Central Molecule, and Dr. Selsam's Cure.

On the evening of the 19th of September, 1855, I made a call upon my old university friend, the illustrious Dr. Adrien Selsam, professor of general pathology, chief of clinics, family physician to the Grand Duchess, etc., etc. I found him alone in his magnificent apartments on the Bergstrasse. His elbow was resting on a small black marble table, while his eyes were plunged, so to speak, into a crystal bowl, which appeared to me to contain perfectly limpid water. Notwithstanding the purple rays of twilight which effected an entrance through the three high windows which overlooked the palace gardens, the thin face, sharp nose and peaked chin of my friend Selsam—as I now saw them reflected in the glass bowl—assumed a ghastly hue. One might readily have imagined it a guillotined head, an illusion which was heightened by the scarlet lining of the dressing-gown.

Raising my voice, I asked:

"What are you doing there, my friend? Meditating, I should judge, upon the doctrine of Sangrado?"

But he met my raillery with such an ambiguous expression of countenance that I was completely surprised.

"Theodore," said he, after a pause, "this is not a subject for jesting. I am studying the malady of your respected aunt, Lady Annah Wunderlich. Her symptoms, as you described them yesterday, are very serious; those exaltations, those ecstasies, that nervousness, and, above all, the exaggerated expressions of the venerable lady in alluding to Haydn's creation, Handel's oratorios, and the symphonies of Beethoven—all indicate a very alarming disorder."

"And you pretend to have discovered this in that bowl of fresh water?"

"Just so; it was a most fortunate chance that brought you here. I was wishing for you."

Then, pointing to a violin which hung upon the wall:

"Will you play for me the 'Requiem' by Mozart?"

This request seemed so singular that I could not but wonder whether my friend Selsam, like my poor aunt, was not becoming a little childish; but he, divining my thoughts, smiled ironically, saying:

"Reassure yourself, dear Theodore, my intellectual faculties are unimpaired. I am on the eve of a grand, a sublime discovery."

"Good! That's all sufficient."

And taking down the violin I examined it with a covetous eye. It was one of those famous Levenhaupt, a dozen of which had been made by order of Frederick II. wherewith to accompany his flute—perfect, irreproachable instruments, which are deemed by certain connoisseurs the equal of the Stradivarius. Be that as it may, scarcely had I run the bow across the strings, than all that I had heard in its praise fell short of the reality. The elegance of the work, added to the exquisite purity of its tones transported me to the seventh heaven.

"O, great, great master!" I exclaimed. O, sublime musician! Who could be insensible such grace, strength and inspiration!"

My hat fell upon the floor, my eyes sparkled, my knees trembled, I was beside myself. Selsam, the crystal bowl, and my aunt's illness no longer existed for me.

Finally, after the lapse of an hour, I arose, as from a dream, from Dr. Adrien's lounge, upon which I had been reclining, and asked myself wonderingly, what had transpired. I saw Selsam holding a strong magnifying glass before the bowl; the waters in it were troubled; thousands of infusioria crossed one another in every direction.

"Well, Selsam," said I, in a feeble voice, "are you satisfied?"

Then with a beaming face he approached me, and taking both my hands in his impressively, he exclaimed:

"Thanks—thanks, my dear and worthy friend, you have rendered science a valuable service."

I was wonder-struck. "What! by playing a piece of music I have contributed aught to science—I?"

"Yes, dear Theodore, I will not leave you in ignorance of the glorious part which you have taken in the solution of a grand problem. Come, follow me; you shall see all—understand all."

He lighted a candelabrum—night having fallen—then opened a side door, and signed to me to follow him. I experienced the most profound emotion while passing through several successive apartments, as though my entire being were about to undergo some subtile change, that I would now receive the key to hitherto invisible worlds. The candelabrum cast a lurid light over the sumptuous furniture of the elegant establishment; the ornaments, the pictures, the carpets faded away in the shadows; smiling faces peeped at us from out their frames as we passed by. The light crept in and out of the gilding, and finally conducted us to the top of a high stair-case, the baluster of which was of bronze. We descended into an interior court, the sound of our furtive footsteps echoing in the distance like a mysterious whisper. Several doors opened upon this court; before one of these Selsam stopped, and turning toward me said:

"This is my amphitheatre. It is here that I work, that I dissect. Do not be alarmed—Nature parts with her secrets only through the hands of the dead."

It is useless to deny that I was frightened. I would have receded, but Adrien having passed in without awaiting my reply, I could not but follow him. I therefore entered, pale with emotion, and on a large oak table saw a corpse—the corpse of a young man—extended, the hands crossed upon his bosom, his head thrown back, his eyes open—as motionless as a clod of earth. He had a fine face. In his left side was a deep wound which penetrated the cavity of his chest. But it was not the sight of this wound, nor yet the sombre character of the head, which most impressed me, but the immobility—the silence.

"This, then, is man!" thought I; "inertia, eternal repose!"

I was pondering this overwhelming thought when Selsam, placing the edge of his scalpel on the resistless body, said:

"All of this lives—all of this will soon revive! Thousands of beings, enslaved by a like force, will recover their independence.

The only thing which absolutely ceases to be, in this body, is the power to command; the power which indicates a single direction to all these individual lives—the will! That power is there."

He struck the head, which gave back a hollow sound, as though it were made of wood. I was shocked, even though Selsam's words reassured me somewhat.

"All, then is not annihilated," thought I; "so much the better. I prefer to live in detail rather than not live at all."

"Yes," cried Selsam, who seemed to read in my face the thoughts which passed through my mind; "yes, man is immortal in detail; each of the molecules of which he is composed is imperishable; these live always and forever! But their lives, their sufferings are transmitted to the soul which governs them, consults their needs, and holds them subject to will. We have sought the highest type of government; we presume to have found it in a hive of bees, in an ant-hill; the ideal model of government is —— there."

Thereupon he plunged his scalpel into the corpse and opened it completely. I drew back from it with horror; but he, appearing not to have observed the movement, calmly continued:

"Let us first observe the mode of action and transmission of the soul. You see these thousands of white fibers which branch out all over the body; they are the nerves, the highways of this vast country, whereon incessantly come and go, quicker than lightning, dispatches carrying to the extremities the orders of the central molecule, or warning of one of the necessities and dangers which affect or threaten its innumerable subjects. Thus all move, all act, all tend to the one end assigned by the soul. Nevertheless, each molecule has its own task and individual nature; thus: here are the respiratory organs, the lungs; here are those by which the blood is circulated, the heart, veins and arteries; here those of the digestion, the stomach, the intestines. Do not imagine that they are composed of the same elements, the same beings. By no means. When decomposition takes place, the lungs produce that class of insects called doures, or gourd-worms, who fasten themselves on like the leech; their bodies are long and filiform. The intestines produce the lombuct, or lob-worm, formed of fleshy rings; they are cylindrical, of a red color, thin at the extremities, and in no particular do they resemble the gourd-worms. The heart produces yet another variety, and so on with each organ. The living being is a whole universe subject to a single will. And rest assured that each of these infinitesimal creatures has an immortal soul. The Supreme Being shows no preference in the gift of immortality, because, from the smallest atom to incommensurable space, all are subject to absolute justice; there is never a molecule out of the sphere assigned to its capacity. That alone illustrates the admirable order which prevails in the universe. Even as man—mere particle of humanity that he is—necessarily obeys God, even so does the molecule act in compliance with the will of the living man. Can you now conceive, Theodore, the infinite power of that Great Being whose will acts upon us as our souls act upon our flesh and blood? Nature, in its entirety, is the flesh and blood of God. He suffers through it, sees, thinks, acts through it; hence each of these atoms is imperishable, for God can not perish in the least of His atoms.

"But where, then, is liberty?" I exclaimed. "If I am an enslaved molecule, how can I be responsible for my actions?"

"Liberty is intact," replied Selsam, "for the molecule of my flesh can revolt against my soul; but when that comes to pass it destroys itself, and my organism is eliminated. It has found its liberty, it has also paid the penalty; I am also free. I can revolt against the laws of God; I can abuse my power over the beings of which I am composed, and so effect my dissolution. The molecules become again independent, and my soul loses its power. The mere fact that we suffer for our faults proves that we are responsible for them, and consequently are free."

As I could offer no reply to this a pause ensued, during which we looked at each other as though trying to fathom each the other's soul.

"All this, my dear Selsam," said I, finally, "appears very logical—a superb theory; but I fail to perceive its connection with your bowl of water, my aunt's malady, and the air of music which I played for you."

"Nothing more simple," said he, smiling; "you are certainly aware that vibration of sound causes sand heaped upon a drum to take the impress of rapid movements, making it trace geometrical figures of marvelous regularity?"

"Certainly; but"——

"But," exclaimed he, impatiently, "allow me to finish. Even thus does sound act upon the molecules in liquids, whence result infinite combinations, but always with this difference, that the molecules being susceptible of motion, the figures resulting from them are inanimate; that is what physicians call equivocal creation. Now, sound acting upon the nervous system produces an electric current which, in its turn, acts upon the liquids contained within the body, whence spring thousands and millions of insects which attack the organism and produce a multitude of diseases, such as deafness, dullness of sight, epilepsy, idiocy, nightmare, convulsions, whooping-cough, ringing in one's ears, St. Vitus' dance, nervous colic, and all those other numerous ills to which women who are fond of music are particularly subject, and the cause of which has been an unsolved mystery until this day. The insects in question are—viz.: the milleped, the parasite, the coleopteran, the lepidopteran, the neuropteran, the hymenopter. All these gnawers ravage the interior of the body until it resembles a piece of worm-eaten furniture. It is the history of the Roman people, enervated by Asiatic luxury, devoured by the barbarians without resistance."

Selsam's description positively made my hair stand on end.

"And you believe," said I, "that music is the cause of these disasters?"

"Unquestionably. It is sufficient to see old musicians who play the organ, piano, or harp, to be convinced of it. Your unfortunate aunt is menaced with ruin. I know of but one remedy by which she can be saved."

"And that remedy, Selsam? Inasmuch as I am her heir-apparent it behooves me to use every means to protract her existence."

"Yes," said he, "I appreciate your intuitive delicacy; it is affection, not self-interest, which actuates your conduct. But it is late, Theodore—I just heard the clock strike midnight; return to-morrow evening at ten o'clock, when I will have prepared the only remedy by which Lady Annah may be saved. The cure will be radical—I pledge you my professional word to that effect."

"Doubtless, doubtless; but can you not tell me?"

"To what purpose? To-morrow you will know all. Now sleep overcomes me."

Once more we crossed the court-yard; he let me out through a gateway opening on the Bergstrasse. We shook hands on saying good-night, and I regained my chamber, lost in the saddest reflections.

* * * * * * * * * *

I found it impossible to close my eyes that night; I racked my brain wondering how Selsam would expel the ascarides from my worthy Aunt Wunderlich. This idea never left me throughout the following day. I walked back and forth. I asked myself the question audibly, and the passers-by in the street turned back to gaze at me, so apparent was my agitation.

And in the evening, when dining *tete-a-tete* with my aunt, I could not help gazing upon her with an eye of compassion. "Alas!" thought I, "what would you say, poor Annah Wunderlich, were you aware that millions of ferocious microscopic beasts are bent upon your destruction, while you are tranquilly drinking a cup of tea?"

"Why do you look at me so strangely, Theodore?" she suddenly asked, nervously.

"O, for no reason—none at all!" I stammered.

"Yes, I see that you think me ill to-day. I look ill, do I not?"

"I can not deny it. You are very pale. I will wager that you have received some new music."

"You are right. I received yesterday the opera of 'The Great Darius,' a sublime work, a"——

"I was certain of it. You have passed the night at the piano, enraptured."

She became crimson. "What am I to understand by this, sir? Have I no longer the right?"——

"Certainly. I have said nothing to the contrary. But it is ridiculous! You are ruining your nervous system. You"——

"Nervous system? You are demented. You do not know what you are talking about."

"For Heaven sake, be calm, aunt! Anger excites electricity, which produces, in its turn, insects by the millions."

"Insects!" she cried, springing from her seat; "insects! Have you ever perceived insects upon my person? Wretch, how dare you? Insects? Louise! Katel! show monsieur the door."

"But, aunt"——

"Go! Go! I disinherit you!"

She shrieked, she stuttered, her cap fell off—altogether it was frightful.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, rising from my seat, "do not let us quarrel. The deuce take it, aunt, I was not referring to such insects as you supposed. I was speaking of the milleped, the coleopteran, the parasite—in short, to the innumerable multitude of little monsters who are lodged in your body, and are gnawing into it."

At these words, Aunt Wunderlich fell back upon the sofa, with arms extended, head fallen forward upon her bosom, and her face so pale that the rouge on her cheeks looked like a blood-stain.

With a single bound I reach Selsam's hotel. Arriving there, I was as white as a corpse.

"My friend," I exclaimed, breathlessly, "the crisis is reached!"

There I stopped, transfixed with astonishment. Large company had assembled under Selsam's roof. There was M. the Conservator of the Archæological Museum, Daniel Bremer, wearing a powdered wig and maroon coat; his face was round, his eyes level with his forehead, like a frog's; he held at his mouth a gigantic bag-pipe, in the use of which he seemed to be instructing the others. There was also present M. the Precentor, Christian Hoffer, with an opera hat, seated in an arm-chair, with his long legs lost to sight under the table. His long, bony fingers were playing with the keys of another strange-looking instrument, formed like a tube. So absorbed was he in the examination of this that he did not even raise his eyes as I entered the room. MM. Kasper Marbach (a director of St. Catherine's Hospital) and Rebstock (dean of the Faculty of Belles-Lettres) each attired in black with white neck-ties, were also of the company, the one armed with an immense bronze-plate, the other fenced in by a species of kettle-drum

These grave personages, seated around the candelabra, some with inflated cheeks, others with drum-sticks raised in the air, all with serious faces, impressed me as so grotesque that I stood transfixed, like one in a dream. Selsam, without arising, gravely assigned me a chair, and M. the Conservator of the Museum continued his explanations.

"This, gentlemen," said he, "is the famous *buscatibia* of the Swiss; its power of sound is tremendous; it can prolong an echo until it resounds above the breaking of the billows. If M. the Counselor Theodore wishes to try it, I doubt not he can draw from it magnificent sounds."

He handed me the pipes, with an air of solemnity, and then addressing himself to M. Kasper Marbach:

"Your drum, sir, is the most admirable of its kind; it is the *karabo* of the Egyptians and Abyssinians. The jugglers have recourse to it to make serpents and bayaderes dance."

"And those?" inquired Marbach, waving alternately to his right and left hand.

"Fine!—all fine! You can not fail to succeed."

"And as for M. the Dean, he has but to give a blow from time to on his plate, the famous *tam-tam*, the lugubrious sounds of which resemble the knell of the great bell of our cathedral. The effect, under any circumstances, would be grand, but in the silence of a night it will be superb."

"Do you understand everything, gentlemen?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, we can go."

"One moment," said the Doctor, "It will be necessary to advise Theodore of our determination." Then addressing himself to me:

"My dear friend, the case of your worthy aunt demanded a powerful remedy. After giving the matter careful deliberation, a brilliant idea enlightened me. What is her trouble? Nervous prostration—debility, resulting from the abuse of music. Good. What action does such a case demand? The most radical is to combine in the same treatment the principal of Hippocrates—*Contraria contrariis curantur*—and that of our immortal Hahnemann—*Similia similibus curantur*. What is there more unlike the insipid and sentimental music of our opera than the wild, fantastic music of the Hebrews, the Caribs and the Abyssinians? Nothing. So I borrow their instruments, I execute an air of the Hottentots in the presence of your respected aunt, and the principle *contraria contrariis* is satisfied. On the other hand, what more closely resembles music than music? Nothing. Hence the principle *similia similibus* is also satisfied.

The idea appeared to me sublime. "Selsam," I exclaimed, "you are a genius! Hippocrates has established the thesis and Hahnemann the antithesis of medicine; but you have just created the synthesis. It is a wonderful discovery!"

"Yes, I am well aware of that," said he; "but allow me to finish. I laid the matter before M. the Conservator of the Museum of Travels, who not only consented to lend me the *tam-tam*, the *busca-tibia*, the *karabo* of his collection, but kindly volunteered his co-operation by offering to play the fife himself, which completes our harmonic improvisation in a most happy manner!" I bowed profoundly to M. the Conservator in recognition of my deep gratitude. He appeared touched, and said:

"M. the Counselor, I am happy to be of service to you, as well as to Lady Annah Wunderlich, whose numerous virtues are obscured by this most unhappy exaggeration of musical enjoyments and abuse of stringed instruments. Can we not succeed in bringing her back to the primitive and simple tastes of our forefathers?"

"Why not?" I cried.

"Proceed, gentlemen," said Selsam; "proceed."

We all descended the main staircase. The clock struck eleven. The night was dark; not a star shone in the sky. A rising wind-storm caused the weathercock to creak and the panes of glass in the street-lamps to rattle. We glided along within the shadow of the walls like criminals, each one concealing his instrument under his coat. Arriving at my aunt's door, I noiselessly introduced the key into the lock, and, Selsam having lighted a taper, we entered the vestibule in silence. There each one took up his position facing the bedroom, and with his instrument in readiness, awaited the signal. All was accomplished so far with so little noise that nothing had stirred about the house. Selsam gently opened the door, leaving it ajar; then, slightly raising his voice, said:

"Begin!"

I breathed into my bagpipes—the *tam-tam*, the fife, the *karabo*, all resounded simultaneously. Impossible to describe the effect of this wild music. It is a wonder that the roof of the vestibule did not fall through. We heard a cry; but, far from heeding it, we seemed to be incited by a sort of frenzy; the kettle-drum, the *tam-tam*, redoubled their noise with such effect that I could not even hear the sound of my pipes, whose din would put thunder itself to silence; but the *tam-tam* was louder yet; its long, lugubrious vibrations awakened in us a feeling of indescribable terror, such as one might experience on the eve of a feast of the cannibals, at which he expected to figure as a roast; our hair stood on end—the trumpet of the last judgment sounding the resurrection could not produce a more tragic effect. Twenty times Selsam called to us to stop. We were deaf; a sort of diabolical frenzy had taken possession of us. Finally, exhausted, out of breath, and unable longer to stand, so fatigued were we, the horrible tumult ceased of itself! Then Selsam, raising his finger, whispered:

"Silence! Listen!"

But our tingling ears could not detect the least sound. After a moment, the doctor, slightly anxious, pushed open the door and entered the chamber to observe the effect of his remedy. We impatiently awaited his return. His protracted absence made me uneasy, and I was about to investigate the cause of it when he reappeared, as pale as a ghost. He looked at us strangely.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we will depart!"

"But what is the result of the experiment, Selsam?"

I laid my hand on his arm; he turned away abruptly, and replied:

"Well" (hesitatingly) "she is dead!"

"Dead!" I cried, recoiling.

"Yes; the electrical commotion was too violent; it has destroyed the ascarides, but, unfortunately, it has also destroyed the central molecule. However, this proves nothing against my discovery; quite the contrary. Your aunt died cured!"

And he walked out.

We followed him, pale with terror. Once in the street we dispersed to the right, to the left, without exchanging a word; the denouement of our adventure had terrified us.

On the morrow the whole city learned that Lady Anna Wunderlich had died suddenly. The neighbors and servants pretended to have heard strange, unusual, terrible noises, but as there happened to have been a violent storm that night, the police did not investigate the matter. Moreover, the physician called in to ascertain the cause of death, declared that Lady Annah Wunderlich had died by a stroke of apoplexy while playing the final page of "The Great Darius." She was found seated in an arm-chair before the piano.—*Translated from the French for the San Francisco Argonaut, by Sallie Ritchie Heath.*

ABOUT PEARLS.

Necklaces and Bracelets Still in Fashion—How the Gems are Cared For.

Decolette ball dresses with no sleeves at all, and Worth's promise of flowing sleeves next summer, explains in part, at least, the increased favor with which necklaces and bracelets have been received in the world of fashion this winter. Single stone necklaces and pearl necklaces are the sort most worn by milady on full dress occasions, while gold and silver beads form a necklace to her liking for afternoon and reception wear. In the single stone necklaces those composed of small, but fine diamonds are much sought after, the stones being mounted so that no gold is visible. Often a pendant containing a flawless colored gem of great value is suspended from a diamond or pearl necklace, or it may be fashionably worn pending from a simple gold chain.

Pearl necklaces are composed of pierced pearls strung on silk threads. Sometimes the pearls are graded in size and color, the more decorative specimens finding a place in the front of the strand.

Pliny placed the pearl next to the diamond in value, and supposed the former preceded from drops of dew swallowed by the oyster. Importers and dealers of the present day, while they may not adopt the dew drop origin theory, concur in giving great value to drop pearls of large size that possess the wonderful polish and luster characteristic of the gem. Black pearls, when perfect, rank exceedingly high, as do also pink pearls of good form. Of small pearls and such as are more or less defective in form and lustre, it may be said, as of inferior grades of diamonds, ruling prices are considerably less than before for some years.

Pearls deteriorate by age, contact with acids, gas and noxious vapors of all sorts. This is especially true of pierced pearls. Various means of restoring them have been tried, but experience shows them to be useless. The best way to preserve pearls is, wipe them with a clean linen cloth after being worn and deposit them, wrapped in linen, in a closed box or casket. A leading importer of pearls advises that pearl necklaces, which are liable to deteriorate by coming in contact with the skin, be restrung once a year, as drawing the silk thread out and in through the pierced parts tends to cleanse the pearls. In Ceylon, we are assured on fairly good authority, that when it is desired to restore the lustre to oriental pearls the pearls are allowed to be swallowed by chickens. The fowls with this precious diet are then killed and the pearls regained in a white and lustrous state.

With the present tendency to a more decorative style of dress, and to oriental effects in jewelry, colored stones, including gems and what are termed semi-precious stones, such as the spinels, tourmalines, chrysolites and the like, remain fashionable as ever. Among precious gems the sapphire is the most popular stone as well as the cheapest in price, owing to a plentiful supply. The emerald, without flaw, especially if of good size, is rarest of all, though not so much of a favorite as the ruby of perfect tint.—*Jewelers' Circular.*

—Cataract in the eye really means an opaque or clouded condition of the lens. With us the operation for the removal of cataract is considered a very delicate one, and is intrusted generally to specialists. A correspondent of *Chambers' Journal* says that in India he has seen a native operate in the street with his pen-knife in a few moments—receive his fee of one rupee, and pass on among the crowd shouting for more patients, and yet the operation under their hands is generally successful. —*Health Monthly.*

—While eating its food a horse belonging to a citizen of Williamsburg, N. Y., was bitten in the lip by a rat, and died from the effects of the wounds thus inflicted.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

In What His Peculiar Strength at the Bar Consisted.

As a lawyer Mr. Lincoln never attained the high rank and reputation of Evarts, Brady, Seward, Carpenter or Webster. He never had their kind of practice, nor did he have fifty thousand dollars as a retainer, or a great city press to report his speeches to the million. His largest fee was $5,000 in a railroad case.

Although notably successful, his peculiar strength lay in his reasoning of facts more than the law he cited. Few men ever lived with a broader grasp of human nature and a clearer way of explaining things. This came to him by his genius and intuition, and that early battle with poverty of resources to gain wisdom that gave him a marvelous memory of all he learned.

A large, ungraceful frame, that to others would have been a hindrance, was to him, in Illinois, an element of greatness. As a trial lawyer, his grasp of the merits and mastery of the right theory to win with made him a powerful advocate before a jury. His manner was so plain that it enforced attention; his eyes were piercing, his look so earnest, his words so apt while speaking, that even an adversary became convinced by his reasoning. One who heard him in Leavenworth, during the early Kansas troubles, said: "Although his audience was largely of enemies, fifteen minutes later they were cheering him like friends." He put a clear reason in all that he said, and clinched it by an incident that carried conviction straight to the hearts of his hearers. His keen, quaint, crisp stories were only side-lights to bring out his word-painting in bolder relief. Like the brilliant Carpenter, whose style was somewhat similar, he held his audience by a flower or a tear, as best suited his purpose, even without seeming to be eloquent.

His modest office in Springfield was in the second story of a plain red-brick block, reached by narrow, dingy stairs; large and poorly furnished, supplied with numerous odd-looking chairs and tables and not very inviting in appearance. Such conveniences as typewriters, file-cases, letter-files and book-racks were then unknown in Springfield. A few old briefs remained in his plain hand-writing, and very many law-books lined the walls, in cases, but neither rich carpets nor fine ceilings adorned the firm's office. The windows were of small glass and not attractive. The days of good law offices had not arrived, and the solid comforts of the average city lawyer were all unknown to Mr. Lincoln, save as he found them with his favorite counsel, Leonard Swett, in Chicago.

Born and reared in poverty, he inherited by it both a fund of humor and a vein of sadness that never left him. In his struggle with the world in youth, and with war in manhood; called to high stations before he was fully known to the people, it is doubtful if he ever fully realized the fame he had won as an advocate or the genius he possessed as a man. He was born of his time, a creature of the age of giants, a genius from the people, all the greater for his struggles, for he really did more than any man of his day to destroy caste and give courage to the lowly, and therein he wrote the brightest pages of human progress.

With Lincoln promoted labor became honorable, and men no longer denied their humble beginning.

Lincoln, the lowly, the exalted, the pure man in rude marble, the plain cover to a gentle nature, the giant frame and noble intellect! The shaft that marks his silent resting place, the books he read, the office he used, the strong body that covered his warm heart and wise purposes were only the outer symbols to the higher gifts of his Creator! All gifts and graces are never found in one person. He is great if the good predominates. All are not born equal. Gifts are diversified; but if ever a man had the *genius of greatness* it was Lincoln. As all are eloquent in that which they know, he was eloquent in the affairs of life.—*J. W. Donovan, in Current.*

A Great General.

Major John A. Rudd, formerly of the Confederate army of the Southwest, and who met Grant and his men on the gory field of battle several times, said to the *Hatchet* yesterday:

"Grant was a great General. He has never been given full credit for his ability nor the full measure of his goodness of heart. General Grant is loved by the Southern soldiers, to whom he has always been a true friend. Should he die they will be found among the most sorrowful of the mourners at his bier. But I hope he may yet survive the treatment of his scientific attendants. Some people in the South complained of certain objectionable things that General Grant did. To these he said: 'I am simply enforcing the laws as I found them on the statute-book. The best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it strictly.'"

Major Rudd related the following anecdote of the great Captain:

"I called on him several years ago in behalf of a certain ex-Union officer who was incarcerated in the Missouri State prison, unjustly in my opinion. I made a plain statement of the case to him and concluded with the remark that, as a Confederate soldier who had been shot all to pieces, I asked that the facts in the case be given the attention they deserved. General Grant replied: 'The matter shall be attended to.' On the following day the Union veteran was released. Grant saw the injustice of his incarceration at once, and acted promptly, and in the same manner that he struck his telling blows during the war."—*Washington Hatchet.*

—A young man in Abbeville, S. C., suffering from pneumonia, called in a physician, who left him a small vial of veratrum, to be taken internally, and a liniment composed of hartshorn, turpentine and chloroform for external application. The patient reversed the directions, swallowing the liniment, and the next day was well.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—New York barbers put mustaches in curl papers in order to give them a fine curl by the time their owners have been shaved or had their hair cut.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Lewiston seamstress carelessly left a needle in the back of a young lady customer's dress, and now a particular friend of the family has his arm done up in arnica.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—There are twenty ways of cooking a potato, and three hundred and sixty-five ways of cooking an egg. Here culture ends, for there is but one way of swallowing either of them.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—It is claimed that you can tell when it is noon-time by looking at a cat's eyes. We can't see what a cat's size has to do with noon-time unless you are thinking of having rabbit for dinner. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—There are said to be over two thousand postmasters in the United States with a salary of less than ten dollars a year. At Redelia, N. C., last year, the salary was nine cents.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—When the fire reporter gets as far as "the lurid glare of forked flames shooting athwart the dark-domed sky," it is time for the city editor to put on a condenser and get at the facts of property destroyed.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Not sugar-coated: She—"There is often a vast difference between a boor and a bore." He (fishing)—"And are most men either one or the other?" She (wearily)—"Well, a man is a boor when he does not call on us, and generally a bore when he does."—*Life.*

—Maxfield Bean was in a manufacturing town last week, when a very fashionably dressed young man passed along. He was told that it was a clerk in one of the cotton mills and quite a lady's man. In fact the girls had spoiled him. "That was my idea of him," said Maxfield Bean; "if not spoilt, I thought he was a little mill dude."—*Melrose Journal.*

—"Are you fond of etchings?" asked the young man who had taken the hostess' pretty niece from the country down to supper. "As a general thing, yes," she answered, looking up into his eyes with an engaging frankness that threatened havoc to his heart; "but, she added hastily, as he started to say something pretty, "not any to-night, thank you—it is rather late. A very little of sherbet is all I care for."—*Boston Beacon.*

—First Bohemian—What's the matter? You look ill. Second Bohemian—I am suffering from writers' cramp. "Indeed! But you seem to have the use of your wrist, and I did not suppose you had had much chance to be overworked." "Ah! it is not in my wrist, and is not caused by overwork." "Then where is it, and what is the cause?" "It is in my stomach, and is caused by a vacuum."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A nice old gentleman, seeing a lad eating an orange, told the boy not to swallow the skin, because it would make him sick. The lad was thus saved from probable sickness by the nice old gentleman's thoughtfulness. The lad threw the skin out at the window, and the nice old gentleman went out and sat down very hard upon the sidewalk. The nice old gentleman will not tell lads hereafter that orange peels should not be eaten—*Boston Post.*

—Dear to the heart:

How dear to the heart are the chestnuts of childhood—
  The baldheaded jokes that our infancy knew,
The puns prehistoric we vented in wild mood,
  And ancient conundrums so feeble and few!
What sweet recollections rise quickly and work us
  High up to that pitch where the briny tears well,
When we hear from the lips of the clown at the circus
  The crutch-ridden chestnuts we all love to tell!
The moss-covered chestnuts, the mildewed conundrums,
  And jokes that were aged before Adam fell.

EL MAHDI.

A Hint to Good Boys Who Desire Information of Current Events.

A boy about twelve years of age entered a store on Michigan Avenue the other day and asked for the proprietor, and when confronted by that individual the lad hesitatingly inquired:

"I—I wanted to ask you for some information about El Mahdi. Man up the street said you were posted, and that you'd be glad to help a boy along."

"Y-e-s," said the proprietor as he scratched his ear—"jess so. El Mahdi—y-e-s. Say, bub, I'm awfully busy this morning. Ask the cashier, and here's a quarter for you. I like to help a boy along, but I'm rushed this morning."

The boy went down to the cashier's desk and said:

"'Nother boy and me are seeing who can find out the most about El Mahdi. Please tell me all you know."

"El Mahdi—y-e-s," replied the cashier. "Hang it! I've read of him a dozen times over, and the name is very familiar. Y-e-s—jess so. Say, bub, our floor-walker knows everybody and everything. Here's fifteen cents for you if you don't bother me to-day."

The boy passed along to the gentleman mentioned and said:

"My teacher wants me to find out all I can about El Mahdi. Where was he born—how old is he—what does he do for a living—please give me all the facts you can?"

The floor-walker looked the innocent boy in the eye for a long half-minute. Then he pulled a quarter from his vest pocket, passed it over, and kindly whispered:

"Not to-day, my son, but some other day. They'll probably tell you next door, as they aren't rushed!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Handsome Reward.

While walking on a Galveston wharf Mrs. Snively fell into the bay and was rescued with difficulty by a stranger. Mr. Snively shook the hand of the rescuer of his wife, and said:

"You have saved my wife from a watery grave, and I must reward you for it."

"I only did my duty. I do not desire any remuneration."

"Well, if you will not accept my money I'll give you a piece of advice that will be worth something to you. It will save you a doctor's bill. Don't eat sausage in summer. I know what they are made of. I'm a butcher by trade."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Thirteen hundred houses were built last year in Washington, at a cost of $4,000,000.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A BOY'S JUDGMENT.

It's strange as people grow older what lots of
sense they lose,
And how they get full of notions, and begin
to pick and choose,
And start on such strange ideas, and want
such queer things done—
Why, what is a fellow to live for, if he never
can have any fun!

Now there are fathers and mothers, as good
as good can be,
But they fret if a boy goes coasting, for fear
he'll run into a tree;
They fret if a boy goes skating, for fear he'll
get a fall;
And they're sure that he'll come home
broken, if he asks to play base-ball.

And as for stealing a ride as the big teams roll
along,
And as for a swim in the river, if the current
be swift or strong,
Or climbing a roof on a ladder, or shinning a
good high pole—
Why, they look at a boy if he tries it as if he
had got no soul!

They want you to enter the parlor and bow
like a grown-up man;
They want you to move without racket—just
show me the fellow who can!
To come down stairs on tiptoes just creeping
as still as a mouse,
And to keep things quiet and chilly as if boys
never lived in the house!

When you open your eyes in the morning and
are lying awake in bed,
They'd rather you wouldn't take pillows to
shy at another one's head;
They'd like you to talk in whispers and never
to rant or shout,
And empty your jacket pockets so they never
would look bulged out.

Then, in spite of all this nonsense, they'll look
in a fellow's eyes
As if you were the ones who were foolish, and
they were the ones who were wise;
You'd think as people grow older, they ought
to grow wiser, too,
But I wouldn't make such blunders in talking
to boys—would you?

—*Wide Awake.*

FUNNY FISHING.

Uncle Harry's Story of How He Learned a New Way to Catch Owls.

"Where did you get the big owl, Uncle Harry?" asked Tom, as he lounged into his uncle's room one afternoon and threw himself into a chair. The owl referred to was a large, gray fellow, handsomely stuffed, and perched above Mr. Ferris' desk.

"I fished for him," said Uncle Harry, looking up from his work.

"Fished for him?" repeated Tom, staring at his uncle incredulously.

"Yes; you know there are a great many ways of doing some things, and one way of catching owls is to fish for them," said his uncle, smilingly.

"Tell me about it," pleaded Tom, settling himself for a story.

"Well," said Uncle Harry, laying down his pen, and turning in his chair, "I was out gunning one afternoon down on the east end of Long Island. Your cousins Frank and George Ford were with me, and we had just seated ourselves under a tree for lunch, when George, who is an enthusiast on the subject of natural history, happened to see some peculiar-looking balls at our feet.

"What are those things?" asked Frank, as George was poking at them with his pen-knife.

"Pre-Adamite marbles," I suggested, laughing.

"Some new-fangled bug that George is going to take home with him and let loose in his room," growled Frank, who rooms with him, and does not sympathize with this love of natural history. George kept on turning over the little balls with the point of his knife, and finally our curiosity got the better of our love of fun and we both joined in asking:

"What are they, anyway?"

"Owls' pellets," answered George, laconically.

"What are owls' pellets?" I pursued.

"Well," said George, slowly, "you know that when an owl eats a mouse or a bird he takes down skin, bones and all, and then after a while he rolls the skin and bones up in a little ball, and spits them out. Here is the skull of a mouse," he continued, holding up a delicate bit of a bone on the point of his knife.

"Well, said Frank, "I don't see anything very wonderful about that."

"No," answered George, quietly, "but these owls' pellets indicate that there is a nest in the tree." We all started and looked curiously up into the tree; we had not got over our boyish love for birds-nesting, and an owl's nest was certainly a curiosity.

"There is no nest on this tree," I exclaimed, after a careful search.

"In the tree, not on it," said George; "you see that hole up there. There is an owl's nest there unless I'm much mistaken."

"Do owls always live in hollow trees?" asked Tom, interrupting his uncle's story.

"Always," answered his uncle, "except the burrowing owl of the far West, which lives in the ground with the prairie dogs. When we had decided that an owl's nest was in the hollow tree," continued Uncle Harry, resuming his story, "we immediately began to make preparations to capture the inmates. Frank threw off his coat, and was about to climb the tree, when George stopped him.

"Hold on," he said, "you must not go to work in that way, for in the first place, the hole is probably too deep for you to reach, and if you should get your hand down, the owl would probably make you take it out much more quickly than it went in."

"How are you going to catch them, then?" asked Frank.

"Fish for them," replied George.

"How?" I inquired.

George thought for a moment. "Of course neither of you has a ball of worsted?" he said musingly.

"No," said Frank, sarcastically, "nor an embroidery frame, nor a crochet needle, not in this crowd."

"Because if I had a ball of worsted," pursued George, unmindful of Frank, "I would lower it into the hole, and the natural instinct of an owl seems to be to first attack a thing with his claws; then, if it does not go away, to turn on his back and clutch it with his claws; the worsted being soft, they either can not or will not let go, and you can draw them up out of their nests."

"I have on a pair of woolen stockings," said Frank, pointing to his long tennis stockings. "Why couldn't you make them into a ball and let them down?"

"We could," answered George. "Take them off."

No sooner said than done, and, with the aid of a bit of twine I happened to have in my pocket, the strange fishing apparatus was soon made. "Better let George fish for them, as he seems to understand it," I suggested.

After some trouble George clambered up to the branch just beside the hole, and let the stocking down. He bobbed it up and down with no result, when a strange whirring and clucking was heard in the tree, and George began to pull up the stocking. When the owl had got nearly to the top he stopped. He pulled one way and George pulled the other, and it seemed for a moment doubtful which would gain the mastery. Suddenly the obstruction gave away, and George came tumbling to the ground, pulling after him, its claws securely fastened in the stocking, a large gray owl. I jumped toward it and clutched it tightly before it had a chance to get away.

"Who has the owl?" asked George, feeling of himself to see that no bones were broken.

"I have," I answered. "Ouch!" This latter exclamation was caused by the owl's fastening his strong bill in my hand.

"Or he has you," exclaimed Frank, springing to my assistance. In the struggle the owl was killed, and George was inconsolable, for he had wanted to take him home and tame him.

"A pretty time you would have had taming him," said I, crossly, wrapping my hand in my handkerchief.

"Better begin on a young one," commented Frank.

After examining the dead bird, and some further talk, George decided to try again, and after several ineffectual attempts to make the young owls take hold of the stocking, he succeeded in bringing up two young birds almost fully fledged. George and Frank each took one, I claiming the dead bird as my share.

The young birds lived for some time, and George's got quite tame, so that he would answer to his name and eat from George's hand, but finally they both died. For my part, I have that fellow over my head and this scar on my hand to remember the time I learned a new way to catch owls.—*Brooklyn Advance.*

A CURIOUS PET.

The Pranks of a Tame Woodchuck—How He Played with the Kittens.

Perhaps some of the young readers would like to hear about a tame woodchuck I had a few years ago. There was a boy coming from town one day, and saw some boys tormenting something they had on the ground; when he got near enough he saw it was a little baby woodchuck that had not its eyes open. Being fond of pets he asked them what they would take for it. They replied five cents. So the exchange was quickly made, and he brought it home and laid it in my lap and wanted me to take care of it. I got a teaspoonful of warm milk, but the little thing could not drink, so I opened its mouth and dropped a drop at a time till he had swallowed two teaspoonfuls, then I made him a bed of soft grass and laid him in it, and what do you think he did? He made a small hole and crawled into it out of sight and went to sleep. But when he woke up he was hungry and I had to feed him as I did before, I don't know how many times a day, till he was two weeks old, then he began to drink and open his eyes and began to play just like a little kitten. After he got so he could eat nicely, I used to take him into a lettuce bed I had in the garden. Oh, how he did love it! he would eat till he could not walk into the house, and I would take him in and put him to bed and he would go to sleep. When he woke up he would run after me and bite my dress and take hold of it with his little hands. His feet looked like small hands, and I never was too busy to stop and play with him a few minutes; he was the nicest little pet I ever had. Whenever we had cheese in the house he would smell it and he would run from his hiding place and make a peculiar whistle until we were glad to give him all he wanted. He would sit upon his hind feet, take whatever you gave him and eat every crumb. We had two little kittens that used to play around where he was, and Chuck would watch them; then he would step in and help play, just as they did, lay on his back and kick both back and front feet, but as he grew older he would play so rough it would end in a quarrel, kitties running one way and he another.

One day I heard a noise in Ollie's sleeping-room, and in going in there what do you think I saw? Why, Chuck on the bed between two sleepy kitties, patting first one, then the other, till he woke them up to play; and for about ten minutes they played, when the kitties went out of the window and he rolled over and went to sleep. Every day he would crawl into the window and lay down between the kitties and sleep. No matter where he was, if we wanted him we would call Chuck, Chuck, Chuck, and he would come. He stayed with us till late in the fall; he was large and fat, and he could just waddle along. On Sunday morning he came and wanted his breakfast; then, after a good play with me, he went out into the cellar. We had been troubled with rats. He found their roads and enlarged them and drove them all off, but this Sunday night he did not come when we called Chuck, and we never saw him again, and we felt badly at losing him. There were a great many rats around, and I suppose he found them and liked their company better than ours.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are twenty-four gambling-houses in Paris, in which between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000 has been lost during the last five years. The minimum profits of the banks in the club are put down at $1,200 daily. The average income of the bankers is $20,000 per annum.

—During 1884 forty-one steam vessels, 146 sailing craft and seven large barges were built in New England, the total value being placed at $4,313,400. This is a decrease of $1,000,000 in the value of vessels built as compared with 1883.—*Boston Herald.*

—Among the 1,200 laws regulating the French press is one centuries old, which threatens the proof-reader with death for even one error.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A tablespoonful of powdered alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water and stirred, will, in the course of a few hours, precipitate to the bottom all the impure particles and leave the water clear and pure as spring water. Four gallons would need but a teaspoonful.—*Boston Globe.*

—To make a good water, air and rat-proof floor, first grade the floor and cover with a concrete of coarse gravel and hydraulic lime. Melt asphalt and saturate the concrete with it, leaving a thin coat of hot asphalt on the surface; then scatter hot sand over this and beat it firmly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In building wire fence use more wire. Five strands are much safer than three, and the extra cost is money well spent. Ninety cases of injury in a hundred can be averted by this simple expedient. Put light scantling in place of the top strand to make the fence visible.—*Troy Times*

—Composition cake: One and three-fourths pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, five eggs, one nutmeg, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one teaspoonful of soda.. This will make several loaves.—*The Household.*

—The worst kind of a cribber can be dissuaded from indulgence in his vice by the following means: Nail a piece of sheepskin about eight inches in width, the entire length of the crib; select a skin with long wool, and sprinkle it freely with cayenne pepper. The cure will be speedy and permanent.—*Rural Home.*

—The *American Agriculturist* has a description of a barrel barrow for carrying liquids. A barrel, open at the top, is fitted into the frame of an ordinary barrow with cleats, about one-third being below the top of the frame. It can be advantageously employed in carrying slops to hogs or cattle as well as water for plants.

—What is called a "curiosity table" is the latest novelty for the drawing-room. It is an ordinary round ebony table decorated with anything and everything available, such as photographs, Christmas and Easter cards, handsome buttons, small specimens of crazy patchwork, etc. It is astonishing how ingeniously a table can be covered when time, taste and also sense of humor are brought to bear upon it.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Rice Muffins: One pint of rich milk, one quart of sifted flour, one pint of soft boiled rice, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda and two of cream of tartar. Mix sugar, salt, soda and cream of tartar with the flour and rub through a sieve; add the eggs to the milk and stir gradually into the flour; when a smooth, light batter or paste add the rice and bake thoroughly; bake thirty-five minutes in buttered rings in pans.—*Boston Budget.*

—In order to hasten the growth of pieplant, Mr. Allen recommends in the New York *Tribune* sawing flour barrels in two, and placing a half around each plant as early in spring as possible, sinking far enough into the ground to prevent blowing over. Put several inches of horse manure over and around the head of the plant, and if enough can be spared spread a ring one foot wide and six inches thick around the barrel. After the plant begins to show leaves, scrape away the manure from the top, but leave it all around it. On warm days, remove the half barrel, so that the sun can shine full on the plant. After frosty nights are past remove it entirely.

SPRING OVERCOATS.

A Subject of Interest to Gentlemen—Little Change Except in Minor Details.

In spring overcoats there is but little change in style since last season, and an overcoat made then would pass as a fashionable garment now except in the matter of length and a few minor details. One style shown is made of a fancy overcoating. The length for a man five feet eight inches in height varies from thirty-seven to thirty-nine inches, thirty-eight being about the average. The form is clearly defined, but is not closely fitted. The width across the back is but little more than natural, but the shoulder is made about a half inch wider than a year ago. The shoulder seam is straight and high. The side seams are moderately curved, and the tack is a trifle deeper than a fourth of the entire length. A V is taken out under the arm. The edges are bound when the goods are suitable; otherwise they are double stitched close to the edge. The seams are turned and stitched one-eighth inch back. A free roll spring roll overcoat is made of a light-colored wide wale worsted, with a three button cutaway coat of a medium diagonal worsted, a figured white vest and trousers of fancy plaid English trousering. These coats should be cut for the short roll, with only a small V taken out at gorge. The edges should be drawn in but little, and the collar should go on easy at the side of the neck, and have the crease pressed out to within two inches of the center. The shoulders and breast should be made as soft as possible, and the breast should finish nearly flat. Made in this way the fronts will roll free to any point desired or close to the throat.

Another spring overcoat is made of extra wide wale pattern worsted. The lapels are light and turn five inches. The buttons are placed from two and one half to three inches from the edge and five inches apart for the average height. The breast pocket is finished with a welt, but the side and ticket pockets have light flaps to go in or out. The sleeves are cut to show the seam in front of arm, are of medium width, and put in with but little fullness. They are bound to represent shallow cuffs, and have one hole and button. The edges are flat braided. The silk shows to the end of holes.—*American Fashion Review.*

—An interesting point in connection with the sale of the George I. Seney pictures is the prices obtained for the works of American artists. They were comparatively higher than those paid for pictures painted by foreigners.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch* says, that Mrs. Phoebe Rice, 1208 Madison street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton, Chief St. Louis Fire Depart., had been a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism for seven years; the muscles of her hands and limbs were contracted and she used crutches. By a single application of St. Jacobs Oil she was benefited instantaneously, and finally completely cured.

WHY is an escaping prisoner like a musical cat. Because he scales the wall.—*Golden Days.*

NO DEPRESSING effects from Red Star Cough Cure; no nausea; no reaction; no constipation.

"THEY'RE wearing wagons now" was a Vermont little girl's way of announcing the exit of sleighs.

Best Goods are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

RAISINS are sometimes like prophets—for instance, when they are stoned.—*Lowell Courier.*

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room, as a tender woman's face," asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part, and compell us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

ACROSTIC—A rafter. Don't give it away.—*Somerville Journal.*

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, howeverinduced, radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THERE will be three Quakers in the next Congress; undoubtedly they will be great Friends.

The Hotel Colfax.

This summer resort near the "Old Magnesian Chalybeate" and "Colfax" mineral springs, at Colfax, Iowa, 24 miles east of Des Moines and 333 west of Chicago, on the Rock Island & Pacific R'y, will be opened on May 6, for the season of 1885. This splendid hotel can accommodate 300 guests. All its appointments are first-class. Its tables are supplied with all the substantials and delicacies, and its parlors, reading and sleeping rooms with every convenience. Croquet, billiards, bowling alleys and other facilities for recreation. Thayer's orchestra engaged for the season.

The grounds include the "Old M. C." and Colfax springs, which are unequaled for their remedial virtues. Thousands certify to their efficacy; they are a powerful alterative and tonic, and an infallible cure for rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion and other ailments.

The Hotel Colfax furnishes the water fresh from the original fountains for drinking and bathing, hot or cold. Its charges are moderate, $10 per week and upward. Parties desiring quarters for the summer should secure them at once.

WHERE time is money—at a watch factory.—*Boston Post.*

COUGHS. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

A LAND slide is the most significant movement in real estate.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

GOAT'S milk ought to make good butter.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A Book Free: on the Liver, its Diseases and Cure. Dr. Sanford, 231 Broadway, New York.

YOU may suppose that trouble is brewing when everybody is mad as hops.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

LUTHER C. RIGGS, of Chicago, is greatly worried lest some of the ladies of his city should throw their old shoes into the alleys, for he says that alley-gaiters are dangerous. Then in Chicago it would necessitate widening the alleys, you know.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A MAINE woman aged seventy has sued an octogenarian for breach of promise. Cupid is no respecter of age.—*N. Y. Journal.*

"IN the spermaceti whale the teeth are fixed to the gum." We have noticed the same thing in Vassar girls.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

ALL animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

THE old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen parsnips fine, was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conversatory of music.—*Boston Gazette.*

OUR Boston girls never use the expression "ghost of a chance" nowadays. "Wraith of an opportunity" is considered much better form.—*Boston Transcript.*

"RENTS are high this year," sadly murmured the tramp, as he borrowed a pin with which to hold his coat-tail together.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THE *Herald* tells of "seventy-five hand-sewed workmen." A hand-sewed workman is probably much superior to a machine politician.—*Boston Transcript.*

"WHY don't you keep your hands clean?" asked a Detroit parent of his nine-year-old son the other day. "Oh, it takes too much time, and times are hard now," was the reply.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LONDON claims the honor of having a canary bird valued at $5,000. It must be one of the kind that doesn't begin whistling the roof off at four o'clock in the morning.—*Philadelphia Call.*

$75 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars FREE. We mean what we say. Standard Silver Ware Co., Washington St., Boston, Mass.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

CLOCKS Big Money for Agents. Send for Catalogue and terms. Erie Clock Co., Erie, Pa. **CLOCKS**

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.

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PROMPT, SAFE, SURE

Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.

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PILES ITCHING PILES. Symptoms—Moisture, Intense itching, most at night. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT sure cure.

It is EQUALLY EFFICACIOUS in CURING ALL **SKIN DISEASES** such as Pimples, Blotches, Rash, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, no matter how obstinate or long standing. Box, by mail, 50c. Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa. Sold by Druggists.

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$75 a month (salary or commission) to agents for THE WORLD'S WONDERS. Write for full particulars. Hist. Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A Dangerous Case.

* * * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony.

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again and after several weeks, they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children, well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

J. J. BERK, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife.

"Sister!

"Mother!

"Or daughter!

"Can be made the picture of health!

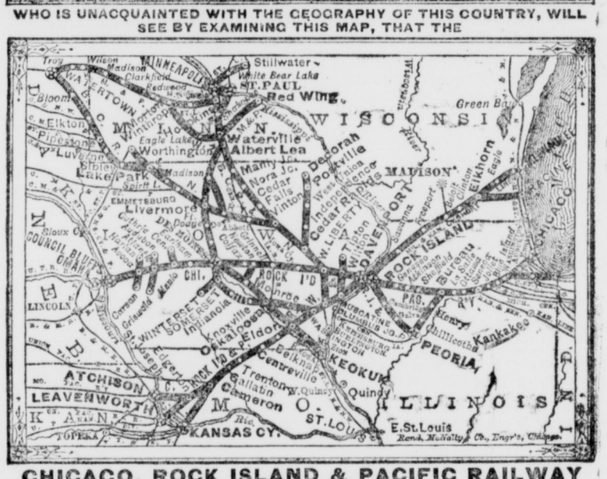
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

"*Will you let them suffer?*"

Note genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

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Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.

E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. **Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder.** Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also **prevent and cure** Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA, 25 cents in stamps. Also furnished in large cans, for breeders' use, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Words of Good.

Probably no other woman in the World receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. B——, of Enfield, N. H., says: "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommend it to be. *It has done me Worlds of good.*" Another lady writes from Ottawa as follows: "I have just today bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sanative Wash, and think it but right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicines. *They are a regular God-send.* All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger, too, and I feel myself improved every way."

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 80 pages, Illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

33,000 YOUNG MEN HAVE FOUND **EASTMAN COLLEGE**

An open door to successful business life. EVERY STUDENT TRANSACTS BUSINESS in a thorough and complete manner as the Merchant, Trader or Banker in every day life. For full particulars address Eastman College, Pokeepsie, New York.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

RANCH For Sale in Wet Mountain Valley, Col., with horses, cows and farm implements. A splendid opportunity. For particulars address Box 511, Canon City, Colorado.

A. N. K.—C. 1028

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

Notes on Scientific Topics.

In a paper on the laws of solution, read before the Academy of Sciences, M. H. Le Chatelier concludes that solubility increases with the temperature for bodies whose solution absorbs heat, decreases for those that liberate heat, and remains unchanged when the heat of solution is null.

It is said that an English firm has been experimenting with rangoon earth oil as fuel, with satisfactory results, for steam street-railway motors. An engine to burn this kind of fuel has, in consequence, been sent to Burmah for working street-railways there. It is estimated that the use of the new fuel will reduce the working expenses 20 per cent.

A method of taking the specific heat of solids by measuring the weight of water condensed by the solid when hung up in an atmosphere of steam has been advanced by Mr. Joly before the Royal Society, Dublin. His method, he says, gave great accuracy of results, and it might be used with much advantage in identifying minerals by thus ascertaining their specific heats.

Filter-paper which has been immersed in nitric acid and washed with water, Mr. E. E. H. Francis asserts, is toughened to a remarkable degree, the paper being then pervious to liquids and quite different from parchment paper made with sulphuric acid. Such paper can be washed and rubbed without damage, like a piece of linen. It contracts in size under treatment and the ash is diminished. It undergoes a slight decrease in weight and it contains no nitrogen.

A French authority gives the following receipt for a transparent cement which possesses great tenacity and has not the slightest yellow tinge: Mix in a well stoppered bottle 10 drams of chloroform, with 10½ drams of non-vulcanized caoutchouc cut in small pieces. Solution is readily effected, and when it is completed add 2½ drams of mastic. Let the whole macerate from eight to ten days without the application of any heat, and shake the contents of the bottle at intervals. A perfectly white and very adhesive cement is the result.

Among the prizes to be awarded by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, is the sum of 100,000f. left by M. Breant as far back as 1849 "to whoever shall find an efficacious remedy for Asiatic cholera, or shall discover the causes of this terrible scourage." To secure this valuable prize it will be necessary (1) to find a means of curing Asiatic cholera in the immense majority of cases; (2), or to indicate with absolute certainty the causes of Asiatic cholera, so that by their suppression the epidemic shall cease; (3), or to discover a certain prophylatic as infallible as, for instance, as vaccination is for smallpox.

Near Seefeld, in the Tyrol, there has been discovered a mineral hydrocarbon which occurs crudely in the form of a bituminous rock of peculiar construction. The bitumen is supposed to be composed of the decomposed remains of marine animals. Treated with strong sulphuric acid, the bitumen yields a soft substance, which, when neutralized, is not unlike vaseline in consistence, but resembles coal tar in color. It differs from all known vegetable and mineral tars, however, by its odor and by the possession of peculiar physical properties. The name "ichtol" has been given to the substance. It has also a very marked characteristic in its exceeding richness in sulphur.

Desirous to Emigrate.

Major George L. Lane, colored, of the North Carolina State Guard, says there is a strong feeling among the colored people to emigrate to Liberia. He gives as the cause for this feeling that wages are so low that colored people cannot make anything beyond a living. Wages for farm hands are only seven dollars a month and rations, which cost about sixty cents a week. There are now 700 families in the State who have each paid into the treasury of the Emigration Society in this place ten dollars. Fifteen dollars more is expected from each of these families, and with additional aid to be furnished by societies in Washington and New York, they will be able to reach Liberia with a full supply of clothes and all their tools of various kinds. The young negros are more anxious to leave than the older ones, and the number who are joining the society is increasing every day.

One of the duties of Judson Macumber, an intelligent colored man employed in the Austin Postoffice, is to cut a daily supply of kindling wood for the stoves in the building. A few days ago the supply was short. "Why don't you chop up two or three days' supply of kindling wood, so we can always have some on hand?" asked Colonel DeGress, the Postmaster. "No, sah, I don't cut up kindlin' for the day ahead. We are liable to hab our heads chopped off any minute, and I don't hab no kindlin' wood in the cellar for de Democratic niggah what gits my place."—*Texas Siftings.*

Trained Elephants.

Elephants can be taught to do a great many wonderful things. They are valuable assistants to man in traveling and in work. They are intelligent enough to understand the word of command, and docile enough to obey it. This is more than can be said of some human beings. In the beautiful Zoological Garden in Amsterdam, Holland, we saw, two years ago, an elephant which went through all sorts of manœuvers at command of his keeper. The orders were given in Dutch, but the elephant understood enough of the language to know what the keeper meant, which was more than we did. It was very humiliating to confess that an elephant knew more of the Dutch language than an editor.

It is a very risky thing to play a trick on an elephant. One of those pests of society, "a practical joker," visited a caravan in the west of England fair, and tried his stupid tricks on an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingernuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off his guard, he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unsuspicious creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to show signs of intense suffering, and snatched up a bucket handed it to its keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid.

"Ha!" cried the delighted joker, "I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head."

The fool took the hint just in time, for the enraged animal, having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after his tormentor with such force that, had he lingered a moment longer, his life might have been forfeited. The affair was not, however, yet concluded. The following year the caravan revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his kind, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one, but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat-tails, hoisted him up by them and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat-tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags, and flung after the discomfited owner.

This miserable jester lost his coat-tails; he might have lost his life. He certainly had a very narrow escape. What must be the feelings of a man who tries to torment a brute? What pleasure can he find in such efforts? We should never give needless pain to any being, brute or human. Who ever seeks for pleasure in giving pain to others will sooner or later be punished for it. If in no other way, he will be punished in the fact that he will become hard and brutal in his feelings, and this will make him cruel toward his fellow men; and this in turn will bring on him the vengeance of the law.—*Classmate.*

Remarkable Hallucination.

On the 13th ult. there died in a well known private asylum in the neighborhood of Berlin an eccentric old gentleman who some time ago had the misfortune to lose his wife, once an eminent actress on the Vienna stage. This loss, coming, as it did, after thirty years of uninterrupted conjugal felicity, so deeply affected him that his mind lost its balance, and he began to indulge in a variety of strange, though harmless fragaries. In the principal room of his town residence he had the walls hung with black drapery, and in the centre a large podium or catafalque erected, also draped in black, on which were placed two coffins. One of these he supposed to be occupied by the remains of his wife. In the other he would lay himself at night, under the belief that he was dead. Huge tapers were placed at intervals around the room. The landlord of the house did not think it necessary to interfere so long as these symptoms of insanity were not attended by any grave results. Besides, he did not like to part with a tenant who had occupied the suite of rooms for a period of twenty years. But in course of time the old gentleman, under the impression that decomposition had set in, began to lay in a stock of deodorizers, and burnt large quantities of incense, and other more pungent but less fragrant fumigants, to the great discomfort of the other tenants in the house. Then he had to be conveyed to his country seat a few miles out of town, where he was left to indulge in his odd freaks to his heart's content, until he began to abstain from all food as being unnecessary and highly improper in his condition as a corpse. This necessitated his removal to the asylum, where he ended his days.—*Borsen Zeitung.*

Gratefulness.

Mr. H. Sampsel, Ottawa, Kansas, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.—Gentlemen: I have suffered for seven years; have tried every thing and many physicians, and all have failed. I went to Pittsburgh, and while there fell on the street, my breath seemed to leave my lungs, and numbness overpower me. I determined to give PERUNA and MANALIN a fair trial. I used four bottles of each, and my trouble left, never, I hope, to return. I left Pittsburgh three weeks ago for Kansas, and thought, as I was going to a new country, I had better take a bottle of MANALIN with me, on account of bad water, etc. I arrived here with one-half bottle. I found one of my friends in a pretty bad condition. The doctors were treating her for chills and fever. I did not know what her trouble was, though I persuaded her to use the MANALIN. She did so, and the first day she was up doing her work. Now this seems strange, but it is, nevertheless, a candid truth. She used it all, and has never had cause to lie down during the day since she took the first three doses."

A Case that was Pronounced Incurable.

Miss C. C. Peck, 714 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co.—Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in stating to you the benefit I received from your valuable PERUNA. I have been suffering for about fifteen years with a severe cough and bronchitis (so the doctors call it). I was treated by different physicians, and spent considerable money for different kinds of patent medicines, but received no benefit whatever. Dr. Fox, of this city, claimed I had consumption, and there was no hope for me ever getting better. I was so bad that I coughed almost continually. Mrs. Henry Ellis, a friend of mine, induced me to try your PERUNA. I am happy to say I began to notice a change after I had taken my second bottle. I took eight bottles in all, and now I feel like a new woman. If it hadn't been for PERUNA I think I would be in my grave now. It is a wonderful remedy, and I recommend it to all my friends."

Messrs. Baker Bros., Mt. Vernon, O., write: "Your PERUNA sells well. Customers speak of it as being a good medicine."

Mr. Daniel R. Spry, Portsmouth, O., writes: "I have a good trade in PERUNA. It sells well and gives satisfaction."

Order of Publication.

Benjamin F. Harvey, Plaintiff, vs. Samuel W. Arenhalt, Administrator of Amos W. Arenhalt, deceased, and others.

No. 27 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of Amos W. Arenhalt, late of Grant county, West Virginia, deceased, for the payment of the claims of his creditors.

The bill states that the said Amos W. Arenhalt was, in his lifetime, seized and possessed of valuable real estate in Garrett county.

That being so seized and possessed of said real estate, the same being less than $200 in value, and having some personal property, he sometime in the month of January 1885, departed this life, intestate, and unmarried, leaving surviving him as his only heirs at law, the following brothers and sisters, viz: Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain David Moreland, David Arenhalt and Keziah F. Arenhalt, who resides in Grant county, West Virginia, Martha Ann Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain Thomas Cory, both of whom reside in Garrett county, Maryland; Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, who are infants under the age of twenty-one years, and reside in Grant county, West Virginia.

That the said Amos W. Arenhalt was in his lifetime indebted unto the plaintiff in the sum of five hundred dollars, and also to divers other persons in various amounts.

That Administration of the personal estate has been granted by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, to Samuel W. Arenhalt.

That the said personal estate is insufficient to pay the just debts due and owing by said Amos W. Arenhalt at time of his death.

That the plaintiff and the other creditors are entitled to have the balance due on their claims paid out of the real estate.

That the plaintiff claims a power for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for order of Publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore this 13th day of April, 1885, ordered by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, that the plaintiff by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 15th day of May next, give notice to the said absent defendants, Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Moreland, David Moreland, her husband, David Arenhalt, Keziah F. Arenhalt, Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, of the object and substance of this bill, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 15th day of October next, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

W. H. HAGANS,
Register of Wills for Garrett county, Md.
True copy—Test:
4 18 6t W. H. HAGANS, Register.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

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JOHN SHARTZER.

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GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.12 A. M.
No. 1	12.57 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M
No. 11	12.08 A. M
No. 33	4.43 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.46 A. M
No. 4	3.08 P. M
No. 6	9.03 P. M
No. 14	6.09 P. M
No. 34	9.52 A. M
Way	10.11 A. M.

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Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Rumbaugh, Stoner & Co., doing a lumbering business in Garrett county, Md., was this day mutually dissolved, C. S. Funk being the retiring partner.

J. M. RUMBAUGH,
J. F. STONER,
L. S. STONER.

March 7th, 1885.

The business will be conducted as heretofore by the remaining partners, and under the old firm name.

3 28 3t RUMBAUGH, STONER & CO.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
e8087.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to surveying and investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

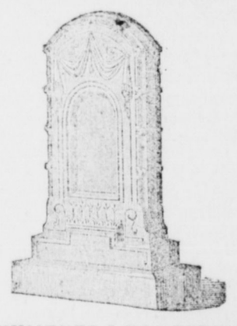
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart, Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Fifield, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Further will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, etc. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
—DEALERS IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885. NUMBER 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S

PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST.

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy,

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists every where. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov.20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated, improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per Acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 160 ACRES

On Deep Creek, 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain of cure, that it is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Why and What.

Boston Globe.

Why is the key that unlocks the door to Nature's storehouse where she keeps all her rich and curious things.

What is a collection of a few samples that different people at different times have brought away from the storehouse.

If you have the Why you can always get the What. Why is the only coin that passes current in the realm of knowledge. What represents collectively the many things you can buy. What is a great, miscellaneous collection of facts, facts of all sizes and kinds, most of them labelled and arranged systematically—we can't tell yet. But that there is a systematic arrangement would never have been known to man had it not been for Why. And you and I, reader, if we do not keep Why constantly at hand, will get this arrangement of What in our minds all jumbled up, and we must always use Why to straighten out such a jumble.

Why is small and can be conveniently stored away in the head. What is a big, clumsy thing, and the head will not hold much of it. It is better to keep it in books. Books hold facts better than the head. They hold more and keep them in better condition. Facts are very apt to get mixed in the head. In books they can be kept moderately straight.

What is force in operation. Why is latent energy. What is a most excellent servant. Why is a delightful companion. What will carry your burdens. Why will point out to you the beauties of a landscape. What will read to you from a book in dreary monotone. Why will tell you fresh tales, always exciting and entertaining. What can play for you on a hand-organ. Why will sing you new songs. What is always commonplace. Why is always original.

Still, What and Why are good friends, for Why is always adding to the stock of What and What is constantly enlarging the bounds of Why.

Any educational system which is not built upon Why cannot be a very great success.

Any educational system which is built upon What must be always either a partial or complete failure.

Until a child knows Why 2 times 2 are 4 he will never be able to learn the multiplication table. Why tells him how to make discoveries, how to do things in new ways. Why invented the steam engine, the cotton gin, the printing press, the loom, the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone and everything else contrived by man. What simply constructs these contrivances. Why is genius, What is trained mechanical skill.

Why is progressive, always a thing of to-day, always of living interest, and it sticks in the mind of a child. What is always becoming old, dry and inoperative. The mind does not retain it. Why expands in the mind and the mind expands with it. What never grows. It is the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. To stuff the mind with What makes it no bigger. In fact, What takes up so much room that it crowds out the mind. It crowds out Why, the growing principle of the mind.

A child's mind should be regarded as a garden, not a corn crib. It is to constantly produce new crops, not to be stored full of the fruit of other gardens. Why is a fertilizer to enrich the ground. What is the crop raised. Keep just enough of this crop in the mind for seed, store the rest away in books or works.

Why is enterprise, What is business ability. Why is shrewdness, Why is smartness, Why is luck. Why makes fortunes, Why makes statesmen, Why makes all manner of success. What without Why makes plodders, makes mediocrity.

What is a chest of tools. Why is the hand that works with them. The tools can always be bought or made, but the cunning of the hand must be trained. Tools will never beget tools. What is not productive. Why alone produces.

With all thy getting get understanding. Understanding is Why.

What is a cyclopedia. Why is the key to the universe.

Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things.

Ayer's Pills are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other pills in healing and curative qualities. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

How Paper Hangings are Made.

The making of paper-hangings is an interesting process, and the valuable hints in regard to this and some other matters treated in this article are taken from a paper read by W. F. Adams, of Whitney & Adams, before the Springfield Art Association some time ago. Paper-hangings are reported to have been produced in Spain and Holland previous to 1552. Specimens of leather paper used in a Moorish Castle in the fifteenth or sixteenth century have been found, and the designs equaled those of modern times, while the material surpasses anything attempted by manufacturers of to-day. The Japanese, whose acquirements have long since ceased to awaken surprise, are also adepts in paper-hanging making; but their distorted conceits and unique combinations of colors are not destined to more than a temporary popularity, anywhere outside of Japan. Indeed, when a Yankee originates any device so odd that he does not care to father it himself, he dubs it "Japanese." Phlegmatic Germany has given little play to fancy in paper-hangings, but France and England had the field almost to themselves till American enterprise wrested superiority from them. The Yankee, as has been said, is quick to copy effects, combining also in his origination the brighter tints and fancies of the French, with the more massive English designs.

New York and Philadelphia produce most of the paper-hangings used in this country, much the larger share coming from Gotham. The grades, as classified by the trade are numerous. There are the "brown blanks," made from the cheapest kind of material and the lowest-priced hangings in the market. "Bluff blanks," are an improvement in quality. The "white blanks," the "grounded," so called from the ground color given before the paper is printed. The "satin" paper, with a polished surface; the "machine bronze," the most popular quality of gilt goods; the "embossed gilt" and the hand-made follow. The process of making all machine goods varies little. Having placed a large roll of paper in position for being fed out to the machine, the paper is "grounded" or passed under a series of brushes which apply color of one shade evenly over the surface. The paper is then caught up in loops, carried by an endless chain over steam pipes, being completely dried in its journey of about 400 feet, and then reeled up for the printing. A second trip takes it over a large cylinder, having a series of nicely adjusted rollers, each one printing a separate pattern and color. The rollers are of wood and the patterns are skillfully cut in brass on their surfaces. The drying process is then repeated, and if gold or bronze is used in the pattern, the paper, in its progress by the endless chain, passes through an auxillery machine which deposits gold or bronze dust on parts that have been printed with varnish instead of the colors used. When finished the paper is reeled into rolls of eight yards or double rolls of sixteen yards.

The costliest papers, the rich borders, special orders where the quantity to be printed would not warrant the expense of preparing rollers, specimen patterns, etc., are hand-made. The designs are cut on wood-en blocks, each color having a separate block, and as only a small part of the paper can receive an impression at a time, and great care is necessary, the stamping process is monotonous and slow. While a machine will print about 2,000 rolls of twelve colors each in a day, a man can print only 100 rolls of one color. Velvet papers are also made by hand, the design being built up in layers.

An Accomodating Judge.

Lewistown, (Me.,) Journal.

One of the keenest things ever said on the bench is attributed to Judge Walton. While holding a term of the supreme court in Augusta he sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The espondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your Honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." Well, under those circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years." It is needless to add that the respondent agreed to abide by the original sentence, which the judge permitted him to elect.

Wild Game in Afghanistan.

From the London Telegraph.

In the valley of the Kushk Rud we saw deer of various kinds—wild boar, and the goorkal or wild ass. A large drove of them passed our line of march one morning, but we saw little of them except the great cloud of dust they turned up as they hurried off to higher ground. I understand that there is little difference between the goorkal and the kyang, or wild horse of Tibet. Marmots are also very plentiful, they have burrowed their holes into the ground everywhere, and it is dangerous to horses, as their feet sink into the honeycombed earth. These marmots may be said to be now the real possessors of the land, for there is scarce a yard of it which is not occupied by them.

Partridges are also in considerable numbers, and in the Kushk Valley some of our party found pheasants plentiful, and wild pigs are still more numerous there than on the higher ground. There are large spaces on the side of the stream covered with tall reeds, and the pigs find cover in them. One morning on the march I saw a drove of about 30 pigs, led by a large boar, walking up the side of the hill. They had been disturbed by the baggage animals passing. They went up the hill-side, and about half a mile to the north they descended again into another bed of reeds. They came down in Indian file, forming a long straight line, led still by the boar, and as they descended their speed became greater, till they disappeared in the reeds. While watching the drove as it came down hill, it was impossible not to recall an event described in the Gospel of St. Mark.

The boars are ferocious, as some of our party found who had attacked them, and were attacked in return, and, not having the right kind of pig-sticking spears, flight was deemed necessary. Not being able to deal with the boars bas in some instances interfered with the pheasant shooting for it would be awkward to be caught by one of these huge tuskers in a jungle of tall reeds with only a fowling-piece in your hand.

Thorough Cultivation.

Thorough cultivation of nearly all kinds of crops is absolutely essential to produce good returns, for even richnes, of soil will not alone compensate for the neglect to cultivate deeply and constantly. One of the greatest troubles with nearly all of the tillers of the soil is planting far more land, each spring, than can possibly be properly cultivated during the growing season, and this accounts, in a great measure, for the poor average yeild per acre. When more crops are planted than can be properly attended to, not only are they partially neglected, but the farmer or planter is constantly driven with his work. He is never done, and is always behind-hand with everything, which is an additional and very serious source of loss. There are some cases where cultivation, for the time being at least is undesirable, as in the case of fruit trees after they are several years in bearing, when they require a couple of years rest, and even when cultivated, up to that time, the cultivation must be done by careful, experienced persons, else many of the roots will be needlessly destroyed, and perhaps the trees otherwise injured or destroyed. By thorough cultivation, we mean systematic and common sense cultivation, reference being had to the needs and requirements of each crop or kind of produce grown.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affections of the throat and lungs, can find certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottles at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

I've noticed it often among my own people around Snowfield, says George Eliot, that the stroug, skillful men are often the gentlest to women and children; and its pretty to see 'em carrying the little babies as if they were no heavier than little birds. And the babies always seem to like the strong arm best.

The largest factor in making hard times in the United States is the $900,000,000 spent annually for intoxicating liquors.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"COUNTRY LOVE."

O, "Country Love!" so sweet a story—
To Nature true, portrayed with art—
Shall be rehearsed till Age is hoary,
And find response in every heart.

As some bright sunset glow at even
A day of storms may supplement,
So is, in thy perusal given,
A solace sure for discontent.

Blest "Country Love!" thy repetition
Has swept the chords of Memory true
And woke, as if by intuition,
The sweetest strains love ever knew.

For, as in some entrancing vision
Of trembling spirit sheen, appears
The light that made the world elysian,
And brightness still Life's changeful years.

Love in a cottage, pure and tender,
In sterling worth may far eclipse
The careless vows in halls of splendor
That fall from giddy Fashion's lips.

In vain the city belle's flirtation
With subtle heart shall humble him
Whose heart revives the radiation
Of "country love"—no longer dim.

Affection truest comes unbidden,
As softly as if angels stepped
Into the soul's recesses hidden
And thrilled our being—while we slept.

O, "Country Love!" bewild'ring fancy!
The picture radiant we see
And dream, in wild extravagancy,
Of "Reuben Grey and Percy Lee."

—*Hattie Howard, in Hartford Post.*

THE "BUNCO STEERER."

His "Modus Operandi" as Described by a Recent Victim.

Remember, then, what, when a boy, I've heard my grandma tell:
"Be warned in time by others' harm, and you shall do full well!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say "they wish they may be blowed."

—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

Since the time of the benevolent old gentleman of Margate who was so shamefully robbed by "the little vulgar boy," other benevolent old gentlemen—and young ones, too—have been made the victims of the smooth-tongued gentry.

It is wonderful how slow we are to learn by the sad experience of others. Although numberless cases of misplaced confidence have been duly exposed in the public press, yet several travelers from the rural districts, who pay occasional visits on business or pleasure to the large cities, always

"I am not Senator Spoonbill, but plain John Smith."

prove themselves sure game for the various types of cheats who eke out a perilous livelihood by trading upon their credulity.

The world never will hear the complete details of all the tricks played on the unwary. Many who have come to grief reason philosophically that they have bought their sad experience at the price of the amount out of which they have been cheated, and so will not by recourse to the aid of the authorities, and its consequent publicity, allow themselves to be the butt or laughing stock of their friends.

Foremost among the many cheats of all varieties who are always sure to infest thickly populated localities, are the "bunco" men. Their methods are very simple, and are unfortunately too often attended with success. A "bunco steerer" must, however, bring some brains into his nefarious calling, and it is sometimes wonderful to see what keen perception and persuasive faculties, which, if honestly applied, would win distinction for their possessor, are brought into play by the "bunco sharpers."

It takes a little ring of confederates to carry on this game successfully. There is first the "spotter," who scents out, as it were, the game, and then quickly apprises the "beaters," who, if they succeed in hooking their man, pilot him into the hands of the lottery man and his confederates, who "play the greeny" for all he is worth, and then instantly vanish to meet again at some pre-arranged trysting-place, where the "swag" is honorably (?) "divied up."

The reader is familiar with the oft-recited details of the "bunco" man's method; how the victim is accosted by a stranger in mistake and his name and address are secured, and then, armed with this valuable information, some young friend whom he has forgotten addresses him by his name and with an insinuating manner, of which the "bunco steerer" is complete master, wiles him into a saloon or a lottery shop, where the *coup de grace* is given, and, a sadder, wiser and poorer man laments over his misadventure.

A too-confiding old gentleman, who does not give his real name, has furnished us with that portion of his diary which relates to a "bunco" trick. As it is eminently graphic and quite comprehensive, we think it unnecessary to indulge in further comment, so give it to our readers in his own exact words:

SANDUSKY, O., April —, 1885.—To the Editor of —Sir: I send you herewith, according to promise, the leaves from my diary bearing upon the little trouble I got into in New York. As I do not wish my charitable neighbors in this locality should have the pleasure of commiserating with me, you will please withhold my proper name and for all purposes of identity and in this narrative call me yours truly, JOHN SMITH.

THE DIARY.

* * * I am at home, safe and sound in Sandusky, thank God for that! and save that I am a little poorer in pocket and somewhat crestfallen in spirit, I am none the worse for my adventure. I had a little business to transact in New York, which could have been, perhaps, as well done by letter, but then a bachelor of my time of life often likes to run away from the dull routine of home surroundings to experience for a while the bustle and unrest of a great city.

I never travel without money. Some people tell me it is dangerous to carry about with me as much as I do on these occasions. Perhaps it is, but having had a sad experience in my youth of a journey I undertook without being burdened with the circulating medium, I have arrived at the conclusion that a fair allowance of money in one's pocket is an essential ingredient to one's enjoyment when out in the pursuit of health or happiness.

I did not encumber myself with much luggage, but merely filled my pocket-book with moderate sized bills, took a little hand valise with a necessary change of clothing, and full of good spirits and philanthropy duly installed myself at the Astor House.

I like lounging about the Astor House rotunda and steps. One can pick one's

"Hello! Mr. Smith; by Jove, you here?"

teeth, meet an occasional acquaintance, and delight one's gaze with the motley collection of human beings to be met there upon any day in the year.

It was old Dr. Johnson, I think, who said, when asked for material for thought and description: "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street." Now, if the old doctor were alive in these days, and on a lecturing tour in America, and if asked what public promenade he would suggest to engender food for mental reflection he would, in my opinion, certainly reply, "Let us take a walk on Broadway."

I don't exactly know whether I was thinking of the learned Doctor or not, or whether I was allowing my mind to wander fancy free, as I strolled up Broadway to make a call upon a friend. For convenience, I had placed a lot of papers and other matters in my hand valise, and, having plenty of time at my disposal, I lounged along, gaping from one side to the other and reflecting meditatively on the babel of sounds and the immense throng of people who surged and rushed in all directions.

I think I had just passed Canal Street, when I was accosted by a rather genteel kind of man, who timidly stretched his hand out as if to greet me, and then, gazing at me with deep intent, said: "How d'ye do, Senator?"

"You mistake, my good fellow," said I, elevating one hand and warding off his advances. "I have not the honor of being a member of the Legislature, but am only a plain citizen and a mere visitor in this city."

"Well, well, well," repeated the shabby-genteel party, "'tis really extraordinary. I could take my oath you were Senator Spoonbill; the same height, side-whiskers, long hair and dignified, gentlemanly appearance. Excuse me, sir, but you are not really joking?"

"I assure you, on my honor," said I, impressively, as I withdrew out of the throng of passers-by, "that I was never more serious in my life. I am not Senator Spoonbill, but plain John Smith, of Sandusky, O."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the rather genteel party, "I should never have thought so. Besides, one of the Senator's eccentricities is always to carry in his hand a black traveling bag with many of his valuables inclosed in it, just such a one as you have in your hand at present."

"My friend," said I, "I know nothing of the Senator's peculiarities, and furthermore I am not the man to carry my money or valuables in a hand bag, which might be snatched from me by the first desperado I should meet. No, sir; whatever money I carry about me is safely inclosed in my pocket-book, where the thief or designing rascal can not even see or lay a hand on it."

"You do quite right, sir," meekly replied my new acquaintance, and I hope you will excuse me for the mistake I made in stopping you."

"Don't mention it, my friend," I replied,

Enjoying the "Yellow Label."

encouragingly. "The likeness, as you said, was so striking that you are not to blame, but before I leave you let me give you what we call down in Sandusky 'a pointer.' Never carry your valuables in a hand-bag like your acquaintance, the Senator. Keep your money safely rolled up in your inside vest pocket, and then you can laugh at the thieves, ha! ha! ha!"

With a chuckle of satisfaction at my own humor and a bow of respectful recognition at parting, I continued my walk up Broadway.

I can't exactly say how I ever cultivated the taste for looking into shop windows. I know that every window I passed during the next half hour was scanned by me with such attention that I almost seemed to myself to be indulging in the process of appraising the value of goods set out for show. As I was turning the corner of Fourteenth Street, entering into Union Square, a foreign-looking young man, somewhat dudeishly attired, recognized me, and rushing over, grasped me firmly by the hand saying: "Hello, Mr. Smith; by Jove, you here? What in the name of wonder brought you down from Sandusky?"

I was a little nonplussed at this warm greeting from a stranger, but as he knew me I thought it wiser to await developments, and said, with some politeness:

"O, just ran down on a little business, and hope to be back home in a few days; but, you will excuse me, I can not exactly place you, although you seem to know me very well."

"Know you," said my friend, with evident delight. "I should smile!" Why, Mr. Smith, I knew you when I was a mere child. How long have you been living in your present residence?"

"Well," said I, "ever since my brother and myself dissolved partnership, and I retired from business."

"And how is your brother now?" he inquired.

"How?" I said, in some surprise. "How the deuce can I tell? He was the first man incinerated in the new crematory. I guess what's left of him is all right at home on the mantle-piece."

"Poor fellow," said my young friend, with some sadness in his tone, "it was so sad, his taking off."

"Yes," said I, "You seem to have known him well. He was too fond, unfortunately, of taking rum at unseasonable hours, and that's how he got so quickly incinerated. But might I ask your name."

"Come, now," he replied, "look me straight in the face and give a guess. Mind, though, I have been out of Sandusky a long time, knocking about Europe, and I am on my way home now, not like the prodigal son, either, as I have been in luck of late, and only this morning drew a prize of a thousand dollars, which I am this moment on my way to get cashed. But that is another matter. Now, as to my identity, I wish to please you with a surprise. Do you know the manager of the First National Bank?"

"Do I! I should think so. He is my own banker, and as decent a fellow as ever I met. There's not another man in the State of Ohio I have a greater regard for than Joe Hawley."

"Did you ever know that Joe had a son who went away to Europe?"

"No; not as I've heard, young fellow. Joe is, like myself, an old bachelor, and all the boys he ever took an interest in were his nephews, Jim's son's. I guess one of them, Egbert, or Eggy, as they used to call him, did run away, but I always heard that he kinder got his blood up agin the Indians."

"No, sir; you are on the correct trail, but we must leave the Indian war-path. I gave it out that I was going West, but, by Jove! I did better and went East, made money in England, and now I am on my

The False Alarm.

way back with lots of money to see dear old Sandusky."

"My dear boy," said I, "I am delighted to meet you, and if you are not in a particular hurry to go home, guess you ought to wait for me. I am stopping, for the present, at the Astor House, and I am now on my way up to Sixteenth Street to meet an old Sandusky friend, Dr. Tobias Earwig."

"Friends again, by Jove!" ejaculated my companion. "Do you know Dr. Earwig? the second man I called on after leaving the landing-pier a short time ago. I promised to call on him, too, this very afternoon. In fact, he placed it upon me as an obligation. But there's no use your going there now if you wish to see him."

"Why? may I ask."

"Because he is at this moment giving a demonstration at the Clinical in Harlem Hospital. You must have patience like myself, until four o'clock, and we can call on him together."

"Very good," said I, resignedly; "I confess I am not in any great hurry, but I don't relish the idea of walking about here carrying this confounded bag."

"Then I'll settle that. I don't mind confessing to you that the joy of getting home again has made me do a little too much in going round to see the Elephant, you know; and I guess a glass of good wine—Yellow Label, old man—won't at all be out of place in my stomach. In fact, Dr. Earwig, our mutual friend, ordered me to take it. Come on."

I don't know now why I yielded to the invitation of this stranger; but there was something in his easy manner which must have prepossessed me in his favor, and as I had a couple of hours' lounging to do I easily fell a victim to his toils.

My newly-found friend beckoned to a cabman, and before I could fully make up my mind, or even utter one word of expostulation, I was seated alongside him, and we were whisked up town at a rattling pace, until our conveyance stopped up with a sudden jerk at the door of a quiet-looking restaurant.

We had the Yellow Label, as my friend called it, and as it was really good wine I felt bound to order a second bottle, when an acquaintance of my friend joined us, and I was duly introduced to him. This friend would insist upon a third bottle of the Yellow Label, and all the time kept wishing my young Sandusky acquaintance joy over his good fortune in winning such a large prize in some lottery.

"Eggy," said he, "I guess I'll have another go at fortune. I have a few dollars which I can spare, and maybe I should have luck if you will only favor me with your—and your friend's company."

"I don't mind, old fellow," was the reply. "Guess I want to get cash for my check, anyhow, but I won't play any more, as I am going home to Sandusky as soon as possible."

"Come on, then," said the other, "here's a cab at the door. I am in a hurry, and can't stay more than half an hour, play or not play."

I suppose it was the wine—Yellow Label—which rose in my head, but once more I found myself in a cab, and in a short time was ushered into a small apartment fitted up in office style, and my young Sandusky friend presented his check for payment.

The party in charge was very polite, and begged my Sandusky friend to wait a few

"Keep a safe distance between yourself and the bunco steerer."

moments until he procured a counter signature of some other official before handing out the cash. Meanwhile the other friend said he would try his luck, and depositing a ten-dollar bill on the desk drew a ticket out of a little revolving mahogany box. He won. I saw him paid out fifty dollars, and I then began to take an interest in the game. My Sandusky friend asked the man in charge if he would give him credit pending the arrival of his winnings from his check, and as he prepared to play he beckoned me aside and confidentially informed me that if I followed his example, and invested the same amount as he did, we could win as much as would pay all our expenses and leave us a nice balance in our hands on landing at Sandusky. Perhaps it was the effect of the Yellow Label stuff, or perhaps the fellow mesmerized me, but I unfortunately accepted his advice and drew out a ten-dollar bill, and we won fifty dollars each. One of the party then suggested that a bottle of wine should be opened to our good fortune, and after partaking of a glass, my Sandusky friend whispered me that he was going now for a thousand, which he would add to the thousand already owed him. Again I am forced to make the sad confession that I resigned myself blindly to his advice; but luck did not seem to cling to him, as he won and lost by turns until he commenced, as he called it, to plunge. Of course, I plunged too, and my big roll of bills, amounting to over $300, soon dwindled down to a very small sum, until to my surprise I found myself compelled to borrow from my friend. His finances were drained out as well as my own, so he whispered me to take a chair and wait for him for a few minutes until he should return with the cash requisite for us to take out our revenge.

So I sat down and saw my young Sandusky friend politely bowing to me as he took his departure. I think I pulled nervously at my whiskers, and it began to dawn upon me that all was not as straight as it might be. I was thus engaged when a colored man rushed into the room and breathlessly informed me that he feared the police were at the front door, and I had better get out quickly by the back way, and take a cab to a place where my young Sandusky friend awaited me.

I yielded automatically, and after a half-hour's drive in the up-town portion of the city, my cabby pulled up and handed me my small hand valise and said I was to wait at this spot until he went for Mr. Hawley, whom he had instructions to drive back and join me at this particular place.

I hadn't even the presence of mind to take the number of that cab, my mind was in such a disturbed state; so I patiently waited for Hawley, who never turned up, although the shades of evening were approaching and the lamplighters were beginning to illuminate the district.

I suppose it must have been that Yellow Label business which so obfuscated my intellectual faculties. It was quite dark and I was beginning to attract the attention of the passers-by before it fully dawned upon me that I had been cruelly swindled. Seeing a colored lamp in the distance which told me I was in the vicinity of a police precinct, I instantly rushed toward it to state my grievances.

I have a very great respect for the police force, but with all due regard for that highly intelligent body, the officer in charge only smiled at me when I recounted my adventure, and, as he seemed to throw some doubts upon my sanity and jocularly remarked that, in his opinion, a good square sleep might take down the swelling in my head, I produced the only evidence of the swindle in my possession—a numbered ticket.

This seemed to have little effect, as this very incompetent officer only folded his arms on the desk, and smiled at me more and more.

"Go home, boss," said he, "and when you next take a trip here from Sandusky, learn that it isn't safe to stop and chin in the streets with every one who says he knows you, and, above all things, keep a safe distance between yourself and the bunco steerer."—*N. Y. Cor. Louisville Courier Journal.*

LATE FASHIONS.

Information Which Every Woman Will be Glad to Get.

More and more fashionable grows tinsel braid.

None but brides wear white kid gloves nowadays.

Dinners are fashionable entertainments this month.

Woolen lace is used even for trimming underskirts.

Undressed Suede gloves remain the favorites for dressy occasions.

Wool canvas or sail cloth is the newest fabric for seaside dresses.

Seaside and country dresses are now in the hands of dressmakers.

New silk and lisle thread gloves come in all the fashionable kid colors.

Woolen lace of the color of the garment trims many mantles and costumes.

Small girls' dresses are made shorter, and they define the form more closely in the back.

Flat turbans and conical-crowned, narrow-brimmed hats are equally fashionable for little girls.

Superimposed waistcoat fronts of pleatings of moire, Surah, or lace are seen on imported Paris wraps.

Bead embroidery on the collars, cuffs, and waistcoats of dressy jackets are among other decorative fancies.

Plaid jackets of fine Gilbert flannel are made with belts and a hood lined with bright or sober brown Surah.

Red silk jerseys are prettily worn over skirts of printed sateen or percale figured with red for house dresses.

Full jabot ruffles of black lace are placed down the fronts, around the bottom, the neck, and sleeves of dressy black silk street jackets.

All street and day house dresses are made with very high collars, fitting close in the throat, cut on the bias, and frequently braided or embroided.

Short mantles, jerseys, cloth and silk jackets, long newmarkets, raglans, and dolman visites of medium length are all fashionably worn as street wraps.

Bengaline is popularly worn as a skirt under draperies or polonaises of Chuddah cloth, brocade or embroidered French cashmere, camel's hair, and wool etamine.

Bustles of stuffed hair attached to the waistband of each separate dress are more in favor than steel bustles, and 'tis pity, but 'tis true, that bustles grow larger.

All laces are fashionable. Even the old black Llama lace is revived, and silk lace both in the piece and wide edgings come in all the new shades of brown, tan, steel blue, gray, wine color, olive, moss, and reseda greens, as well as black and cream.

—Notwithstanding Ireland possesses a source of inexhaustible wealth in the fisheries along its entire coast, the people are indifferent and negligent in its development, although there are plenty of natural harbors and England offers an excellent market. The Irish do not seem to take to the water, in this respect differing much from the English and Scotch races. Only about 5,000 boats are engaged in the Irish fishing industry, while Scotland, with a much smaller coast line, has 15,294 boats, which give employment to 53,489 fishermen, curers and coopers, and to 47,522 others.

—"I see," said a passenger from down East, "that the Central American insurgents have burned Colon. That is the end of the trouble." "How do you know it is." "Why, they wouldn't wipe out the Colon, would they, if there was more to follow?" Here the train ran off the track and prevented further discussion.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Guilford, Conn., has been shipping clams to Texas. The clams are packed in moss and sent by express. They cost their purchasers $1.70 per dozen when delivered in Texas.

HERAT.

Opinions of an Acknowledged English Authority on Russia.

Mr. Charles Marvin, the acknowledged English authority on Russia, has recently published a work upon the position of the two in reference to Central Asia and especially Herat. It will be of special interest just now.

His youth was passed in Russia, and he is thoroughly familiar with its people, language and literature. He has for years made a study of the Central Asia question. His Russian intimacies have enabled him to see and understand their view of it. His acquaintance with Russian officers, engineers and diplomats has made him familiar with the movements and the country on the Russian side of Afghanistan.

His acquaintance with Anglo-Indian officers has done the same for him on the Indian side of the disputed territory. Having access to both Russian and English official records, he is believed to know more of both sides of the question than any other writer of the day.

The object of the Russian advance upon India is not the conquest of India, but the crippling of England. Russia is poor, and under a constant commercial pressure. It believes that its only relief lies in the occupation of Armenia and Constantinople, thus largely increasing its internal resources and widening its possibilities for foreign commerce. By taking a position on the Indian frontier that will be a constant menace to England, it believes that England will be at last forced to acquiesce in the Russian occupation of Constantinople, which in reality means the conquest of Asia Minor.

With this object in view Russia has been steadily moving forward to Herat. All that it has thus far accomplished has been done by fraud and the violation of express engagements. The pretexts that the tribes of Central Asia are unruly and must be subdued have no foundation. As a rule they are feeble, poverty-stricken and peaceful. At all events Russia has pushed on until her armies stand in striking distance of Herat.

He holds with many Anglo-Indian officers that the surrender of Penjdeh, which is clearly in Afghan territory, is to surrender Herat; and to give up Herat is to open the way to the invasion of India. Between Penjdeh and Herat the mountains are by no means impassable, nor on the other side is there any barrier between Herat and Quetta, now the outpost of British military operations.

Herat is therefore highly valued by both governments, not solely on account of the city itself, but because of the resources of the district around it. Its corn and beef would feed an army of 100,000 men, and sustain them during an advance on India. There is no such other camping ground between the Caspian Sea and India.

The supposed impenetrable ranges lying between Afghanistan and India are discovered to be not such obstacles to an advance as they have been supposed. In the Suleiman range 289 passes for camels have been found and sixty more in the Behuchistan Mountains.

Herat in Russian hands would not only intimidate the Afghans, but, in the opinion of many English experts, make the English hold upon India very insecure. General Skofeloff in 1882 predicted that were an enemy to occupy Herat, "the English army without having fired a shot would find itself beaten."

Mr. Marvin thinks the Russian means for an advance to Herat or India much greater than the English means of defense. In addition to the railways the Volga and its tributaries are covered with steamers and huge barges for the conveyance of troops; while fifty large steamers are available on the Caspian Sea. He estimates that in ninety days the Russians could mass 100,000 troops in front of Herat. "Russia," he says, "could surpass any efforts of ours on the Quetta side of India." He declares that bad roads, fierce tribes, fearful mountains and horrible deserts exist in Afghanistan, but they are all off the direct route which the Russians are taking to the Indian frontier.

These positive and startling statements from an authority which is regarded as second to none, will throw interesting light upon the attitudes of the two governments.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE VOICE FUNCTION.

In What Part of the Human Anatomy It Is Located.

Aphasia is a disturbance of the power of speech. It appears in two distinct forms, viz., amnesic and ataxic aphasia. The person suffering from amnesic aphasia forgets *substantives* and *names*, other parts of speech being properly used; or he forgets a language which he once knew, or he misapplies terms, "using pamphlet for camphor, horse for man," etc. In ataxic aphasia the power of *articulation* is completely lost. The person understands fully the word to be used, and makes vigorous effort to use it, but is unable to do so. Sometimes articulation is half destroyed, so that the first part of the word can be spoken, but not the other. Sometimes automatic phrases can be uttered, such as yes and no, while it is perfectly clear that these exclamations do not satisfy the person. Another form of this general trouble is agraphia, or the inability to express ideas in writing; this is frequently complete, and all attempts at writing end in a scrawl. It is noticeable that aphasia is sometimes, though seldom, unaccompanied by insanity. As early as 1861 Broca, in Paris, expressed the opinion that aphasia was connected with disease in the third frontal convolution. While a large number of cases have been cited for and against this conclusion, many pathologists are disposed to regard it as substantially correct. It would seem just, then, to connect these central functions which are concerned in speech with the peculiarly developed region of the human brain that lies on the anterior and lower limit of the Sylvian fissure.—*Prof. W. R. Benedict, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Next to a true-hearted, able comrade in any good cause, the very best ally is a true-hearted, able opponent.—*Unity.*

TINY MITES AT TABLE.

Midgets who Bankrupt Unsuspecting Restaurant-Keepers.

"Do you know," said a professor of a dime museum, "that Baron Magri, the brother of Count Magri, who wedded Mrs. General Tom Thumb, is also married? The baron is quite as tall as the count, but his wife, a very attractive lady, is six feet one inch high. He has five children who all take after their mother, for some of them are twice as big as he is.

"His eldest son, a lad of eleven years, used to jokingly pretend that he was his father's grandfather. He was so much bigger than his father that the latter was unable to correct him for his mischievous pranks, and had to send him home to Italy to be spanked.

"It would amaze you to know how bright and intelligent these miniature people are. Countess Magri is competent to be a professor at Vassar College, and I warrant you that she could hold her own with Susan B. Anthony and Lillie Devereaux Blake in a debate at a woman-suffrage convention. All the miniature people are very sensitive about being thought small. For instance, General Mite feels as tall as a grenadier in the Queen's Guard, and some of the little ladies pride themselves on being slender and willowy like Kentucky girls.

"All little people are very dignified, and are much hurt at being compared with children and babies. Lucia Zarate, a Mexican miniature woman, becomes quite angry when she is likened to a baby. She is twenty-one years old, a foot and two inches high, and weighs only four pounds and a half, being less than half the size and weight of a baby.

"It is wonderful what good appetites the miniature people have. Tom Thumb ate more than Chang, the Chinese giant. Any of the little folk will eat as much dinner as a man six feet high. Giants, as a rule, have small appetites. When we boarded Chang at one of the large hotels here they thought he would eat a great deal, and so they charged him as much as if he were three men. Instead of going through the bill of fare from beginning to end and then repeating, he ate no more than the average boarder. 'Hungry Joe' could eat more at a cold lunch than Chang could in a whole week. It took three beds, however, to make one bed for him to sleep in, and so we did not complain at paying nine dollars a day for his board.

"I knew a very grotesque-looking South American dwarf, who used to be exhibited as a wild man without language who fed on raw meat, and who was incapable of understanding even signs. Well, after the exhibition was through every night that dwarf used to go over to a restaurant and order all the French dishes on the bill of fare, read a Spanish newspaper, talk French to the waiters, and ask questions of Americans in fluent English. He had an enormous appetite. He didn't weigh much, but he ate like an elephant. He used to polish off three apple-dumplings for desert.

"Some of the miniature men have been jolly good fellows. I have known some of them who could have put a whole company under the table drinking beer. They have a tolerably easy life of it. A very small dwarf will get $500 a week, or twice as much as a leading man at a New York theater. I have known $800 to be paid for one week's engagement to a phenomenally small dwarf. Of course the dwarf who gets $100 a day may draw $200 a day to the museum.

"Miniature folk sleep about like other people. Some, however, go to bed with the owl and get up with the lark, and are always spry and lively. I find most all minature people intelligent, genial, and good-natured, pleasant people to know.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

A QUEER PIT IN A PLAIN.

What Puzzles the Folks of Ash Fork, Where Water is Half a Dollar a Barrel.

In some sections of the northern portion of Arizona the question of water supply, even for domestic purposes, is a very serious one. This is particularly the case at Ash Fork, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. A series of very lovely and fertile valleys surround the place, and plenty of grass grows for the support of large herds of cattle, but no water can be had except from an occasional "tank" during the winter season. At Ash Fork the railroad company attempted to sink an artesian well, but after reaching a depth of nine hundred feet the drill became fastened and could not be removed. Many futile attempts were made to extract it, but at last it was abandoned in despair. All water now used at that station and by the residents of the town is brought by rail from Peach Springs, sixty-five miles to the westward, and is sold at fifty cents per barrel.

A short time ago a prospector, stimulated by the inquiry for water, reported that he had discovered a huge well, about eight miles from Ash Fork, sunk in a level plain. Parties at once repaired thither with ropes and other paraphernalia to explore the wondrous discovery. They found the locality, but to this day they do not know the exact nature of the curious cavern that met their gaze. It is located on a level plain and can not be seen until it is approached very near. There is no evidence of earth or rock having been removed from the pit, which was found to be 150 feet in diameter and 320 feet deep, with perpendicular walls. No one in the party was brave enough to descend and explore the "well" when the rope had been lowered, and the explorers returned to Ash Fork scarcely wiser than they were before their trip.

It is certainly a great curiosity, and there possibly exists a supply of water somewhere in its depths or in the numerous caverns or tunnels that apparently emerge into the dark earth below from this curious threshold of sunlight. *Tucson (Ari.) Citizen.*

—That pegged shoes and boots are still quite extensively used might be inferred from the fact that a peg-manufacturing company at Bartlett, N. H., is turning out the little wooden articles at the rate of 1,800 bushels a day, and has orders on hand that will require several months to fill.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IN THE STORM.

Destroyed by a Cyclone—What Annie Had Left to Be Thankful for.

"You'll lose your kites, boys, if you don't pull them in."

"Why, Rob?" asked the two small boys in a breath. "There isn't a speck of wind here."

"But there's plenty up there. Do you see those clouds flying? There's a storm not far off, or I'm mistaken."

The kites were flying so beautifully and they had set them so high that they could not make up their minds to bring them down at once, although ominous jerks at the long strings ought to have warned them that Rob was right.

Presently Harry's string was suddenly pulled to its utmost tention, and then with a snap the kite was gone, sailing quickly out of sight in the cloudy sky. The same gust turned Jack's over, darting about in a very crazy manner, finally landing it in a far-away tree.

"Too bad!" whimpered the boys.

"Don't stop to fret over kites," said Rob. "I don't like the look of those clouds; they are getting darker, and I'm afraid we're going to have a blow. Jack, you'd better run to the house and help mother get things fixed up tight. Harry, come with me and we'll see about the stock and the stables with father."

The blow came in good earnest, tearing down fences, twisting huge branches off trees and leveling the standing grain. For an anxious twenty minutes all waited in fear of still more serious mischief, but then the wind swept on.

"I'm afraid we've only had the outside edge of something worse," said father, as he looked around out of doors and saw a few fragments of boards which looked as if they might be from a build ng a long distance away. And so it proved. Before night, chance passers-by brought sad news of ruin and desolation wrought by the cyclone, the center of whose terrible track had been a number of miles to the south of them, and whose chief force seemed to have been spent on a little prairie village about thirty miles distant.

"It's where Cousin Annie lives," said the boys.

Cousin Annie had lived with them as a sister, and even Harry could remember when she had left them to go to a snug little home of her own in Roseville.

Father had enough to do to look after fences, but early the next morning Bob and Jack set out in the spring wagon to drive over and see how Cousin Annie had fared in the storm. They had not gone many miles before its traces lay thick about as they drove, and Rob's anxiety grew to grave fear as he saw more and more of its fearful effect.

"The bridge is gone," cried Jack as they approached a stream which they must cross.

Rob saw it with dismay. In ordinary summer weather they could have forded, but the stream was so swollen by the rain which had accompanied the storm that this was now impossible, and, much discouraged, they turned to take a long round which would bring them to another bridge.

As they entered the real storm track, their way became very difficult. Fallen trees were entangled in the brushwood, and in many places the roadway was partially filled with broken branches and the wreck of far-off ruined homes. Turning from it to drive across the prairie, they tried to pass through a bit of timber, but found it almost impossible to go on.

"We can never get to Roseville!" said Jack, in despair, "and if we do everything will be blown away."

"We must go on," said Rob. "Hark! What was that?"

A loud wailing cry came to them, and they held their breath to listen.

"I do believe it's a wildcat!" said Jack, turning pale. "Old Jim says he's seen wildcats in the timber."

"Nonsense—listen!" Again the cry came, and Rob got out of the wagon and made his way among the bushes in the direction from which the sound came, calling as he went. Jack followed at a safe distance, but hurried up as he heard Rob say:

"Oh, you poor little thing!"

He was pulling apart a tangle of bushes, under which, looking up at them with wistful eyes and pitiful little sobs, was a pretty boy two or three years old.

In great excitement Rob raised him in his arm, greatly touched at seeing how the little fellow clung to him. His clothing was almost torn off, and he seemed badly scratched and bruised.

"Brought here by the storm!" said Rob. "Whose can he be, and how can we find his parents?"

They gave him something to eat, pleased at seeing how eagerly he drank some milk mother had put into a bottle for their lunch. And then he sank contentedly to sleep on Jack's arm, while Rob tried his best to get free of the obstructions which surrounded him; and at last, as twilight was falling, made his way to what was left of the pretty village he had visited the previous summer.

What a sad scene of devastation it was! Very few houses were left standing, and a few of the people were wandering aimlessly about.

"We must find Cousin Annie," said Rob. "She can take care of this poor little chap till we find his mother."

"She's over there," said a man, pointing to a house, in answer to their inquiries, "but she's in dreadful trouble."

"No wonder," said Jack, "when her pretty house is all blown away."

"Yes, but she's lost her baby, too."

"Dear me! Poor little Archie dead!" Bob felt quite overcome with the sorrow all around him as he went over to find his cousin. "Hold the boy, Jack, while I go and speak to her."

She was seated in a shaded room. Rob went and spoke gently to her.

"Oh, my dear boy! The hand of the Lord is heavy upon us." She began telling him how her husband was out with others, searching for some who had been lost.

Meantime Jack had come near the window of the room, rather tired of holding the restless little boy, who at the sound of voices within had struggled to get away from him, and at length with a loud cry of "Mamma—mamma!" was toddling towards the door. Cousin Annie sprang from her seat, and in a moment the poor little storm-waif was in her arms.

"Is he yours?" cried Rob and Jack.

"And you didn't know him?" said Cousin Annie, laughing and crying all at once. "Of course you didn't—he is so changed since last summer."

The two went home with the boys the next day to stay until some kind of a house could be got ready for them. As they passed the broken bridge Jack said:

"Cousin Annie, if that bridge hadn't been gone we shouldn't have gone round where we found Archie, and he might have been there yet."

And Cousin Annie, hugging the darling close, thought she had plenty to be thankful for, although all they had had been swept away by the angry wind.—*Sidney Dayre, in S. S. Gem.*

LITTLE NELL.

Her Shopping Expedition to the City, and How She Was Lost.

Nell went to town on the nine o'clock train, but she didn't go alone. Nell was only four years old. Her mamma was going shopping—going to buy a hat for her, and cambric for dresses, gingham for aprons, buttons, ribbons, stockings—almost everything was to be for that little girl. No wonder she was delighted to go and help.

"Now listen, my dear," said mamma, as the train was moving into the station; "whatever I am doing, wherever we go, you must keep close to me."

"Course I will," said Nell, stoutly, and she surely meant to do it. But this is what happened.

First of all they went to the milliner's on State street. The big shop was crowded with ladies and children, for the warm, bright days of spring had come, and everybody and everybody's little girl must have a new hat. There were piles of hats, and glass cases full of lovely flowers and feathers and birds and ribbons.

All the clerks were very busy. By and by one came to wait upon them, and Nell's hat was bought and wrapped in a brown paper with pictures on it. Then mamma rose:

"Oh, I want to select some ribbons," she said.

"Just step this way, if you please," said the clerk.

Mamma glanced at Nell. She was watching two little girls who were buying their own hats; so she stepped across to the ribbon counter. One moment later she looked around. Nell was not there! She hurried from one end of the shop to the other—no! She looked behind the counters, ran to the door and gazed up and down the street—no such child was in sight.

"She must have gone into the trimming-room," said the clerk, and with fast-beating heart mamma hastened back again. Everybody looked sorry when they heard that a little girl was lost. But she was truly gone!

Now where do you suppose Nell was?

Just as her mamma turned away, another lady, who wore a black silk dress and long cloak, just like her mamma's, started towards the door. Nell saw the dress going, and didn't look up to see what woman was wearing it. So, with her eyes still lingering on those wonderful little girls, she followed a stranger out of the shop. She walked pretty fast, and Nell thought: "Mamma has to hurry; she have so much things to buy for me! Wonder when she'll buy the candy!"

And all the while she kept close to that black dress and cloak, but her eyes were on show-windows, or the lame boy, or the fruit-stand on the first corner round which they turned. By and by, tired of the silence and the speed, she pulled the cloak with one little hand, and looking up, and said:

"Mamma, don't go so fast —— oh! where is my mamma?"

Poor little Nell! How frightened she was!

The strange woman looked down at her and said: "What do you want, child?" She didn't look the least bit like the dear mamma. She looked cross, and her voice was harsh.

"I los' my mamma. I thought you's my mamma!" cried Nell.

"Was she at the milliner's? Go back and you'll find her. That's the store, around the corner"—and off went that unkind woman leaving the little country child all alone on the sidewalk.

Nell was quite bewildered. When she was with mamma, she had not noticed the noise, but now all at once strange men and horses and carts seemed rushing after her from every direction. Tears came into her eyes, and when she bravely brushed them away she could not tell which was the corner where mamma was. All the corners looked just alike. So the lost child started just the wrong way.

Soon she came to a crossing and stopped again. Suddenly a gentleman, who was hurrying past, bent over her, and said kindly:

"Little girl, where are you going? Aren't you lost?"

"I want my mamma," sobbed Nell: and sure enough, there she came behind them, running, yes, running through the city street, and when the gentleman heard Nell's cry of joy, and saw her mamma's face, he smiled, lifted his hat and went on.

Oh! how tightly those little arms clung around her neck! Mamma carried her back to the milliner's, and into the quiet back room where the trimmers were at work, but still Nell could not speak one word. She only cried and cried and clasped her mamma's neck.

Then what do you think they did? Why! they got into the 'bus and rode back to the station, and took the first train home.

They left all the rest of the shopping, and the promised lunch in the Vienna Bakery.

But they had bought the hat.

If you ask Nell how she likes to go shopping, she will say:

"It's no fun, but I know my mamma is the beautifullest lady in Chicago!"—*Ellen Soule Carhart, in Youth's Companion.*

—Never plant willows at all near underdrains as the roots of these trees will surely enter the drains and block them.—*N. E. Farmer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Few towns in England under 20,000 inhabitants can boast of a daily newspaper.

—A Connecticut cow swallowed 200 hair-pins the other day without injury. What became of the young lady is not stated.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Mr. Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, who has studied advertising and effect, never uses posters or circulars, but confines himself to advertising in the leading papers.—*Boston Journal.*

—Volumes have been written giving diagrams and specifications as to how children should be trained up, and yet as soon as a man becomes a daddy he throws his judgment overboard, shuts his eyes to reason, and lets the squaller rule the roost.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—While Americans have little reverence for their great men while in the tumult and excitement of politics they attack them with slander and abuse, they really love them, and the greatness of their love shines forth refulgent in the blackness of death.—*Seattle (W T.) Post-Intelligencer.*

—One of the leading articles which the Polynesian Islands send to this country is copra, which is simply the dried meat of cocoanuts. The natives break the nuts into small pieaes, which, after exposure to the tropical sun, turn to a dark brown color. Copra is used in the manufacture of candles to a large extent. Besides pomades and cocoanut oil, copra furnishes a volatile oil, which is used in the manufacture of perfumery. The importation of copra into the United States is yearly increasing.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A writer in a juvenile magazine recently gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by certain small people, of which the following seems to be genuine: Dust—Mud with juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A small boy with a tail. Pig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you do not put it on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.—*N. Y. Star.*

—A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* urges inventors to develop the practicabilities of the phonograph. He desires to be able to go about his ordinary business with an apparatus in his hat which shall, according to his inclination, recite the latest novel or other book in which he may be interested. He wishes the phonograph to do for the spoken word what the printing press has done for the written word. Time was when such a proposition would be laughed at, but the world is now slow to ridicule inventors; and as Mr. Edison has already invented the phonograph and its development is only urged, no one will say the proposition is wholly absurd.—*Chicago Current.*

—The following persons can not marry in Georgia: First, a white person to a person of color; second, males under seventeen, females under fourteen; third, persons more nearly related than first cousin. Females under eighteen must get consent of parents or guardians. A man can marry his deceased wife's sister. The ordinary licenses all marriages. The grounds of divorce are consanguinity, force or fraud in obtaining marriage, mental or physical impediments, adultery, three years' desertion, of conviction of a crime for which the punishment is two years or more in prison. Cruel treatment and habitual intoxication furnish discretionary grounds. The verdict of two concurrent juries is necessary to divorce.

INSANITY AMONG WOMEN.

The Tendency of the Present System of Education to Induce Mental Disease.

The reading of a recent article by Rev. E. E. Hale has touched a chord of recollection of a certain visit paid to an insane asylum some years ago. I was amazed to see so many familiar faces of persons whom I had missed from the streets and other public places, and had supposed were dead; and in one sense they were. Many, and indeed I should say the majority, of these were teachers and overwrought scholars preparing to be teachers. One who accompanied me, and who had been at one time a patient here and knew most of the histories of these patients, told me much that was sadly interesting. So many bright women! So many fine scholars! Is this the promised end for which they toiled and studied? One especially I can never forget. "Which was the most dreadful of all whom you saw?" asked my friend; and I described her. She was a babbling idiot, full of grimaces, of ceaseless talk and painful laughter.

"And did you not recognize her?"

Recognize her! How was it possible? Then I was told that she was once the brilliant and accomplished teacher who taught in ——'s school, formerly one of the most fashionable in Boston. I had known her well. I had admired her beautiful, serious face and her serene and stately manner.

I desired to look again. I begged permission to walk once more through the gloomy gallery. And now, "as through a glass darkly," I could trace somewhat the changed features. The large, dark, serene eyes were there, but the soul had fled; the features were as if cast of plaster, the face was the same, but it was like a face inverted, reversed, distorted; 'twas *the face of an idiot.*

Now, when I hear of "vacations over" during the hot days of September, and reflect how little in the whole year is the out-of-door life in New England, and how long a time we must be kept to the houses and schoolrooms, a picture arises before me, a scene peopled with human beings who were once scholars and teachers in this same Boston, overworked, over-studied, overpushed, one brain doing the work of three, till the goal is reached and the Bastile over the river is gained.

When I hear parents and guardians of youth speaking of their children's work in the school, the examinations and the emulations and the "prostrations" that follow, I sometimes feel inclined to ask, To what insane asylum do you propose to send your daughter when she is finished?—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.

Patient—"O-u-c-h!! Hold on a minute, doctor, you are pulling out my jawbone."

Dentist—"Oh! never mind that; I won't charge you anything extra."

To the Last Car.

Roll on, thou car, roll on!
O'er leagues of iron track
Roll on!
What though I can not hire a hack?
What though I'm "busted" except five cents?
What though to suburb resi-dence—
Ning miles—I'll have to walk me hence?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou car, roll on!
At swift 2:40 gait
Roll on!
It matters not if I am late;
If I bawl "stop!" 'till I am hoarse,
It matters not to *you*, of course—
So keep right on, thou last resource!
Never mind *me!*
Roll on!

Roll on, thou car, roll on!
Through winter's freezing air
Roll on!
It's true I've no top-coat to wear;
It's true the "L" don't run my way;
It's true to trudge home won't be gay—
But don't let that disturb you, pray!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! —*Judge.*

It Was the Trimmings.

"Blessed shade of Saint Cœsus!" howled Old Hyson, when Mrs. H.'s millinery bill came in. "Bank of the Universe! sixty-eight dollars for a bonnet!"

"Yes, dear," she said, so sweetly, "these are the days of Jeffersonian simplicity. The bonnet only cost one dollar and fifty cents; the rest is for the trimmings."

And the old man grinned and paid the bill without a murmur.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

Stray Woman—"Please give me a few cents to help me get to my home in the East. I was connected with a burlesque troupe that was bankrupted yesterday, and I have not enough money to buy a railroad ticket."

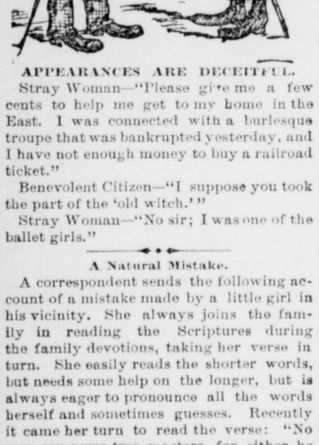
Benevolent Citizen—"I suppose you took the part of the 'old witch.'"

Stray Woman—"No sir; I was one of the ballet girls."

A Natural Mistake.

A correspondent sends the following account of a mistake made by a little girl in his vicinity. She always joins the family in reading the Scriptures during the family devotions, taking her verse in turn. She easily reads the shorter words, but needs some help on the longer, but is always eager to pronounce all the words herself and sometimes guesses. Recently it came her turn to read the verse: "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and Mammon." She made a slight variation at the end and finished the verse: "Ye can not serve God and women."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE PEASANT AND THE DOG.—A Peasant who was Awakened at midnight by the Barking of a Dog under his Window threw up the Sash and called out: "How, now—what is the danger?" "There is none." "Then why do you Bark and Disturb my Slumbers?" "For the same Reason that you play the Fiddle and keep me Awake—for Self-Amusement." Moral: When the Piano next door become Unbearable buy your boy a Drum.—*Detroit Free Press.*



THE DAY AFTER.

"Great Scott! What a glorious time I must have had last night!"; 10

STRANGE FANCIES.

Garfield's Belief that a Certain Course of Conduct Would Lead Him to the White House—Secretary Chandler Counts White Horses—Thad Stevens Picked Up Pins.

The whims, superstitions, freaks, or whatever they may be called, of many men of good, hard, common sense, who have become conspicuous in public or business life, are more potent forces than would be supposed. The experience of such alienists as Dr. Hammond or the late Dr. George M. Beard would, if published, make a most curious and interesting story. For these physicians there is no surprise when a shrewd and wealthy financier or successful politician hesitatingly confesses that he is controlled by some fancy that seems childish, but is none the less potent. They meet so many such cases that they are inclined to think that if almost all men would make confession they would admit that some kind of fancy or belief had possession of them.

Dr. Beard once said to the writer that one of the most successful financiers of Wall Street had confessed to him he was convinced that if he walked on the right hand Broadway block, between Houston and Prince Streets, he would meet some terrible calamity, either in business or personally. This banker was accustomed to walk down Broadway for exercise, on the right hand side, and when he reached Houston Street he crossed over, walking the block to Prince on the left hand. Then he would cross back again perfectly content. Satisfied that the seeming conviction was a mere whim, he once, by force of will, went on a few steps on the block, but he suffered such agony of fear that he gave it up and crossed the street.

Another of Dr. Beard's patients, a well-known lawyer, who lived in Brooklyn, would never cross the ferry unless he could get to a certain spot on the rear deck, so that he could stand with one foot on the big iron clamp. He believed that if he failed to do so he would meet with misfortune of some kind.

That men susceptible to sentiment should be dominated by these hallucinations, as Dr. Beard called them, is more easily explainable than the cases of men of practical hard sense with no nonsense about them. Yet Dr. Beard asserted that in his practice he did not see that one class was less liable to notions than the other. President Garfield, for instance, who was of a keenly susceptible temperament, had a profound conviction that the figure nineteen would be associated strikingly with the events of his career. He was born on the 19th of the month, and died on the 19th. It was known by Garfield's friends that he was firmly convinced that he would one day become President. Some incident that happened while he was in the army fixed the conviction in his mind that he would become President, provided he never strayed from the path the omen pointed out. His friends, not knowing just what the omen was, were satisfied that in obeying its dictates Garfield's otherwise inexplicable course in some things of comparatively petty consequence found explanation.

Speaker Carlisle is as practical and unsentimental in temperament as Garfield was the opposite; yet Mr. Carlisle is dominated by one notion, if not by more. He will begin no new thing on Friday. When he came to Washington to manage his canvass for the Speakership, a year and a half ago, he arrived one day later than than expected, much to the disappointment of some of his friends. It appears that he had made all his arrangements to leave Covington Friday night; but on the evening of that day, just as he was about to start, he remembered that it was Friday, and he at once deferred his departure. He couldn't have been induced to start that night.

It is believed in Wall Street that the cool, impertubable Jim Keene suffers torture from the fear that poison somehow or other has got into anything of a liquid form that he drinks, not intentionally put there, but there by accident, and he would not dare drink a glass of water, wine, or coffee without going through some secret performance that wards off the danger.

Mr. Blaine, with all his common sense, will never turn back to enter his house after he has quitted it, in case he has forgotten something, not, at least, until he has walked a few paces on the sidewalk, and he is not free from a few other hallucinations, if that is the name for these mental phenomena.

Who would think that ex-Secretary Chandler would permit himself to be bothered by such visionary influences as counting white horses for luck? He counts every one that he sees until he reaches thirty-nine, and then he begins over again. Speaking of this once, he said he had often wondered why he did so, for his reason told him that it was nonsense; yet he felt uncomfortable unless he did. When President Arthur went to Florida with Mr. Chandler the party arrived at Jacksonville in the evening. The President entered a carriage drawn by four horses and in a moment the booming of a cannon frightened them and started them on a run. Mr. Chandler stood up in his carriage, well frightened. He saw that one of the horses attached to the President's carriage was white, and counted it, making the thirty-ninth, all by an instantaneous process of the mind. In a moment the horses were quieted down. Mr. Chandler said that his judgment told him that there could be no possible connection between his counting of the horse, which he had failed to do when he first saw it, and the prevention of a runaway with the President, and yet somehow he trembled when he thought of what might have happened.

Such a hard-headed old statesman as Thaddeus Stevens cherished the hallucination that there was luck in picking up pins. He never passed one, if he saw it, without picking it up, getting the point before him. It has been said of Mr. W. W. Corcoran that he will not sit down upon a chair until he has first raised it up.

The alienists say there is no special care for these mental phenomena, and as a general thing there is no need for any, as they are harmless, and by no means indicate mental disease. The work of the alienists lies in the recognition of the tendency of the hallucinations to increase or become predominant, as is the case in some forms of incipient insanity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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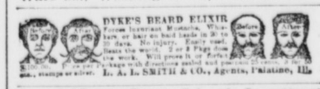

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885.

The Fence Law of Garrett County.

We have been requested by several of our subscribers to publish an extract from the fence law of Garrett county, in order that they may know what is required of them with reference to stock running at large. We published this law with all other local laws in the spring or summer of 1878, and if any of our readers have kept a file of THE REPUBLICAN by refering to it they will find the law in full.

Under the old law every man was required to keep his stock enclosed. No man was required to fence against his neighbor's stock. This has been changed by the local law and now every man must fence against his neighbor's stock.

The law is as follows:

SECTION 30. All fields and other grounds kept for enclosure in Garrett county shall be fenced with post and rail or plank or worm fences made of good and substantial rails at least four feet high from the ground to the top of the upper rail, worm fences, not staked and ridered, to be five feet high.

SEC. 35. In all cases of trespass or legal process of any kind to be sued out or commenced to recover damages for trespass upon lands in said county by any kind or description of live-stock, the defendant may plead the general issue and give the special matter in evidence under this act, and the plaintiff shall be non suited and mulcted in costs unless the land on which the trespass was committed be enclosed according to this act.

SEC. 36. It shall not be lawful for any person in Garrett county to impound any stock unless the same be found trespassing *within* an enclosure surrounded by a good and substantial fence at least four feet high.

The Grand Old Party.

Never in its history has the Republican party shown up so grandly as it does under the investigation of the Democrats. Where now are all the Democratic campaign cries of many years of incapacity and dishonesty? In the light of every development the Democracy, now in complete power, can make, they sink away in respectful and admiring silence. No rascals, no dishonesty, no incapacity, no idleness, no robbery, no enormous surplus of $400,000,000 howled from every stump in the country, and the great count of the funds in the Treasury ends in a discovery of two cents missing through Republican dishonesty and $3 missing through Democratic carelessness. That is about the regular proportion. The Republicans turn up missing with two cents after twenty-five years' administration of affairs and the Democrats lose $3 in a couple of days' count of the Republican money.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

This is indeed a triumphant vindication of the Republican administration. The most honest, economical and incorruptible government that ever held power, it affords a striking contrast to the administration of Buchanan, which, in Democratic circles, is avowedly the most venal in the country's history. Twenty-five years ago, when the Democrats went out of power and the Republicans came in, the deficiency in the account, instead of two cents in the aggregate was six dollars in every thousand dollars. That was honest Democratic government! As between Republican dishonesty and Democratic honesty, the difference was as between two cents on the one hand and almost a million dollars on the other. And it is just this difference that must, in the public mind, fix the estimate of honesty so far as the two parties are concerned.

The story is not told, however. Again the Democrats are in power, and in the course of time, when popular clamor demands a change, and they, too, go out to give place to another party—Republican, Independent, or whatsoever it may be called—then it will be the hour to judge the wisdom of the choice that expelled Republicanism from its high place and installed in the seat a party whose past history must subject it to suspicion.—*Baltimore Herald.*

The Baltimore *Herald's* Washington correspondent says:

Applications for appointment as postmasters at the county seats in Maryland are on file at the Postoffice Department as follows; Belair applicants, Mrs. Mary H. Smith, Thos. Melvin and R. J. Stone; Cambridge, Thomas W. Anderson; Chesterville, E. A. Carey; Catonsville, James Millen; Centreville, Mrs. S. R. Carrie; Frederick, J. A. Ritters and S. C. Cookey; Leonardtown, Harry Spalding; Oakland, Owen Hart, A. J. Harne, R. T. Browning and E. J Fringer; Princess Anne, Samuel F. Smith; Reisterstown, J. E. Matthews and W. L. Shriver; Westminster, Mrs. Ettie Taylor. No applications have been filed for the offices at Elkton, Ellicott City, Cumberland, Cockeysville and Hagerstown.

The count of the cash in the Treasury has vindicated the Republican management of that important branch of the Government and silenced the cavil and Democratic cry of fraud that has so often heard during the last campaign. The two cent discrepancy in a five dollar package of pennies is a triumph of honesty in itself, but when the money was hastily examined by one of the most expert clerks and the deficit was discovered he daid the "two cents" out of his pocket rather, than go over it again.

The "Rascals must go," but as yet no valid reason has been given for the exile, in spite of digging and delving of Democratic partisans for a hook on which to hang an indictment of dishonesty. The Republican party welcomes this investigation, and if any fraud is discovered it will be the individual act of same dishonest official—men without principal, and who are found in every party. The party of the Union, the party of the People, the party of Protection requires no microscope to discern its motives. Its record stands, and as a monument towers above that erected to the memory of the Father of his Country. Its history is written, and thete is not an intelligent adult that is not familiar with its achievements.

First in war, first in financiering, and first in everything that goes to unite a divided brotherhood, the principles of the Republican party are as a plate of hammered brass—more beautiful for the pounding received.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The *American's* Washington correspondent writes to his paper of Sunday as follows: United States Senator Wilson shares the opinion that the Democrats must be very careful in the matter of appointments. It is his belief that officials who are appointed for stated terms will not be disturbed before the expiration of their commissions, except for cause, Any violation of this rule, he thinks, will be contested by the Republicans in the Senate. Senator Wilson deprecates any antagonism between the Senate and the President, and expresses the hope that there will not be any occasion for a quarrel between the two branches of the government. For that reason he considers it wise for the Democrats to wait until the commissions of the incumbents expire before filling their places. He thinks that the Republicans will object to the confirmation of nominations made to offices where a Republican was removed without cause before the expiration of his term. In this event, no more appointments will be made to important offices in this State, with the possible exception of that of collector of internal revenue. But there is a disposition not to make any further changes in a hurry. In regard to the collectorship of internal revenue, Senator Wilson states that Mr. Sellman has served only two years, and there is a disposition in certain quarters not to disturb an officer who has served less than four years when no good cause can be assigned for his removal. The term of the United States attorney for this district does not expire until January, and the other important offices some time thereafter. This would indicate that there is a dreary prospect for those who have been waiting so long for the official plums.

The Democratic families of the land have taken the hint and in the administration of household affairs have followed the example now before the country at Washington.

"Wife," ejaculated the Democratic head at the table, "the coffee is weak this morning, and the cakes are cold."

"I know it. It oughtn't to be so; but Higgins is to blame."

"Higgins! Who's Higgins?"

"The new kitchen 'appointment clerk' you engaged at the intelligence office."

"Discharge Higgins at once."

"Not if I know it. She's the handiest scapegoat we've ever had."—*Hartford Post.*

A statement prepared at the pension office shows that the business of the office during the month just ended has exceeded that of any previous month. From this statement it appears that 5,370 "original" pension certificates have been issued during the month of April, 1885, against 3,634 during the same month last year, and that the total number of pension certificates issued was 8,199 being 1,866 in excess of the number for April, 1880.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 9.—The movement of general merchandise during the past week has been less than during the preceding seven days, as reported to *Bradstreet's* by special telegrams. The dissolution of the east-bound pool and freight rate war in the Northwest have failed thus far to stimulate the distribution of goods. In the West the activity of farming operations has contributed to depress business with country merchants. This is particularly the case in the Northwest, where special efforts have been made to increase the acreage of spring wheat. To such an extent has planting been carried that it is now reported that the outlook is for nearly if not quite the acreage of wheat in Minnesota and Dakota this year as last. The general business situation throughout the country is not satisfrctory. Even at St. Paul and Minneapolis the movement is below previous expectations. At Chicago it is barely maintained, while at St. Louis, owing to favorable weather, there has been some improvement. There is no gain announced from Cincinnati, from Detroit, from Baltimore or Philadelphia. At the east there is no more favorable report. The distribution from New York and Boston has been of moderate proportions in leading lines. Neither dry goods nor hardware have any stimulus in the demand from the interior. The wool market has witnessed some little renewed activity, but prices have not improved. The price of breadstuffs have declined 2a3c. net this week, Since Wednesday there has been some recovery, owing to the emphasis added by the reports of a short crop of wheat.

On the New York market all notion of war between Russia and Great Britain has disappeared, and any strength in wheat must be derived from crop reports. The bull party at present is in the ascendent. They outline the situation as pointing to at least $1.25 per bushel for wheat. Depending wholly on recollection and using round numbers, they recall that in 1880, with a crop of 499,000,000 bushels, wheat sold at $1.10. In 1881, with a crop of 380,000,000 bushels, wheat sold from $1.10 up to $1.50 and to $1.60. In 1882, with a crop of 502,000,000 bushels, wheat sold from $1.33 down to $1.20; while in 1883, with a crop of 420,000,000 bushels, it sold from $1.25 down to $1.00 per bnshel. In 1884, with 513,000,000 bushels it went off to 78½c.; and this year, "with 400,000,000 bushels," the expectation that the price will go from $1 to $1.25.

Grocery staples move uniatisfactorily. Coffee is lower and weak. Dairy products are in buyers' favor and dull. There were 197 failures in the United States during the past week, as compared with 167 in the preceding week, and with 132, 149 and 119 respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About 86 percent were those of small traders whose capital was less than $5,000. Canada had 36, an increase of three.

There has been no gain in pig iron and no sales of importance are noted. There has been some pressure to sell Southern irons. Receipts of Scotch pig iron are somewhat heavier, but prices are no different. Bar iron is dull and unchanged. Steel rails are dull and unchanged, and prices do not show any disposition to get above $26 per ton at the works. "The tendency however is toward improvement as the spring advances."

BOSTON, May 9.—The *Advertiser* in its review of the wool market says: The market has been quiet, but business continues to be larger than a year ago and the sales since January foot up nearly 14,000,000 pounds more than the corresponding time last year or an average increase per week of over 700,000 pounds. The business in April was particularly brisk, wools being pressed by holders for sale in order to close out old wool, and manufacturers have on their side bought as if they thought the prices of new wool could never be lower than those now ruling. Indeed, many leading authorities consider that wool is a purchase at the price now ruling here, and they have stocked up ahead of their wants. Manufacturers have also taken orders for goods which require them to secure wool. Recent large sales have made the market to be as bare as usual at this season, although the new clips are about three weeks late. The inquiry has been quite active from hosiery manufacturers the past week, who have bought more wool than for several weeks past. They are now upon their fall goods, and are likely to be more in the market. Stocks of wool with other manufacturers are, however, generally larger than a year ago.

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity.

[Special Cor. Baltimore American.]

The Hungry Hordes.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Another week opens at Washington with the announcement of the appointment of a few more government officers and with rumors of more to come, and still the Democrats do not seem to be happy. The trouble seems to be that the new appointees are not of a caliber of Democracy that carries conviction to the heart of the party that it is to be taken care of. By far the most aggravated case of annoyance in this connection has been the appointment of ex-Assistant Treasurer Graves to be chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. To be sure, Mr. Graves, just after it became known that Mr. Blaine was defeated, came out in a card to the effect that he had voted for Mr. Cleveland; but there is no official record of the vote, of course, and everybody may not take his word for it. However, he has the place, and it is well known that he is not nor has he been a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and there's the rub. Another sore point is that Graves' new place is one of the very best under the government, as far as the distribution of patronage is concerned. There are in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing about 1,200 positions that are not protected by the civil service rules, and that are subject to partisan changes in the discretion of its chief. Graves, therefore, virtually controls all the patronage there is under the Treasury Department. This fact was well known to Democrats throughout the country and the list of applicants for the place included a great many names of Democrats with national reputations bearing endorsements of all the party leaders, and of whole delegations from Democratic states. All these were passed by, and a mugwump was given the place. It is perhaps no wonder that the Democrats don't like it. This, however, is a case of spilt milk, but it arouses a fear of what is yet to come. There are several good places to be filled during the next few days, and there is anxiety to know who will get them. It seems to be pretty well understood that E. A. Apgar, of Ithaca, N. Y., can have the place of register of the treasury if he cares to succeed Blanche K. Bruce. Apgar's appointment would not be particularly offensive to anybody, and yet, his Democracy is not of the kind that Beck and Watterson delight in. Another good place to be filled is that vacated by Mr. Graves. It is thought that Treasurer Jordan has the right to select his assistant, and it is expected that he will choose a New Yorker, since nearly every Treasury appointee thus far, except Mr. Higgins, has been from the Empire State. There is room also for another New Yorker at the head of the customs division, made vacant by the acceptance of Mr. James' resignation today. This is a very important post, and there are lots of Democrats who are longing for it. The present week, therefore, may or may not be productive of considerable balm for the wounded spirits of the Democracy. If not, there will be some tall kicking. It is a fact, however, that some Democrats pretend to be well satisfied, and, indeed, it is really refreshing, in this time of almost universal growling, to find occasionally a man who looks with unselfish and philosophical eyes upon the political situation and finds that the administration is doing as well as could be expected under all the circumstances. Such an one is the Hon. Frank Hurd, of Ohio. "The only wonder to me is," he said, talking to *The American* correspondent, "that the administration has done as well as it has. The fact is that it is very difficult to find the right sort of men in our party who can afford to take office. We have been out of power so long that our people have created offices for themselves, business positions in private life in which they are successful, and permanently occupied. The result is that they don't want public places. They have in most cases permanent private business that is more valuable to them than anything the government can offer; and so they are not asking, and not willing to take office. Of course there are plenty of people who would take positions, but they are not the sort of men who ought to represent the party in the management of national affairs. They are the sort of men, in most cases, who are always out of employment—the-never-to-do wells of the party and of society. They are not the sort of men who ought to hold public trusts, or who ought to be brought forward as the representatives of the great party that has returned to the management of the affairs of the nation."

"Then you think this is the explanation of the delay in appointments?" asked the correspondent.

"Very largely. The administration sees the necessity of very careful work, and proposes to be very careful, no matter how much pressure is brought to bear. I know it to be difficult to find the right sort of men who can afford to give up their business and take office. They see that office under the government means nothing more than a living, and the ablest men have, in a majority of cases, business connections that are of more importance than this to them. I know this from personal experience. I have had an office at my disposal for some weeks which pays $5 per day, and have been trying to find the right sort of a man who would accept it. I have not found him yet. There are several to whom I have offered it, but they say their private duties will not permit them to take public offices. Of course, there are plenty of men who would take it, but they are not the men whom I could recommend for the place, or with whom I would be willing to entrust my private or the country's public business."

"You do not agree with those, then, who think the administration is moving too slowly and cautiously?" was suggested. "No. I admire its good, cool judgement and pluck in resisting all pressure until it is satisfied of what ought to be done, and then do it, no matter who may be personally displeased." This from an eminent free trader, who has not been supposed to be perfectly satisfied with the course of the administration, is news indeed, and what he says is not likely to make him more popular in his old district than when he was defeated last fall; and yet it is refreshing to find a Democrat now and then who is a philosopher in any sense of the word.

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11.

In Mr. Henry Watterson's recent screed he says that the Democratic party is now on trial, and must stand or fall by Mr. Cleveland's administration. If this be so, it must be admitted that Democracy is pretty nearly on its last legs, for never in the history of the thirty-three years of Democratic rule has an administration been the subject of such bitter invective and angry comment from its own adherents, not alone for sins of omission and commission, but for a treacherous disregard of the entreaties of the Democratic leaders to give to the country a Democratic administration. The first sign that Mr. Cleveland has yet given in this direction is the removal of Postmaster Palmer at Chicago, to strengthen the backbone of those Democrats in the Illinois Legislature who cannot consistently vote for Bill Morrison. I don't know whether this dodge will work or not, because news has come that the Republicans have elected their legislative candidate to take the place of Shaw, whose vote had been with Morrison from the first. Besides this, those Democrats who refused to vote for Morrison on account of his tariff views, when their votes could have elected him, will not be likely to undergo a sincere conversion because such a Democratic fatility as Judd has got the Chicago Postoffice.

The new Pension Office building is nearly completed. Four rooms on the ground floor, southeast corner, are already occupied by wagon loads of documents and stationery, as the work of moving has begun. This building is 400 feet long by 200 feet wide, and four stories high. It has an immense area or court yard, large enough for several circusses to exhibit on. Four great brick pillars, about 12 feet in diameter, run from near each end of the court yard to a height of nearly 100 feet, as supports to the iron and glass roof. Balconies extend around the inside of the edifice so that clerks can pass from room to room outside, and so that thousands of visitors can look down into the court yard. It is the largest brick building in the world. Thirty-six millions of bricks have been used in its construction. Eighteen hundred clerks will be employed here in the pension department alone, and each will have plenty of light and air. Not another public building in the United States compares with it for comfort and solidity. It is built of brick, and iron girders and bands, so that it is virtually knitted together. The foundations are planted more than 30 feet below the surface. More than 100 workmen are now engaged here putting the plastering and flooring to a finish. It is to be ready for occupancy, the lower floor, this month, the others early in the summer. General Meigs, though a stalwart Democrat, has held his position by the grace of four or five Republican administrations, is architect. General Black, the present Commissioner of Pensions, accompanied by his wife, visited the new building a few days since and were greatly pleased with it. The watchman, a North Carolina man, who has been here from the first, showed them about. Watchmen are here employed day and night to see that the building is not entered and lumber, iron and other material are not stolen away, for there are persons even here in Washington who seek to acquire wealth without labor or paying for the same. Wonder where they come from?

JUNIUS.

Four Great Generals.

From the Montreal Gazette.

The four greatest generals produced by the great civil war on the national side were Grant, McPherson, Sherman and Sheridan. One of the most pleasant memories of American history is, and will forever be, the fact that between these four great commaders there was never the shadow of jealousy or envy. It is the highest honor that Grant ever received from men's judgment or admiration that these three able captains all willingly and always looked up to him as their superior. McPherson fell in battle before the splendor of his abilities could attract the world's attention, but in his death Grant, as he declared, lost one of the greatest—perhaps the very greatest—of his lieutenants. Sheridan, as in right of his Irish blood, had the fiercest spirit in battle; Sherman, the greatest invention in council, while McPherson could fight with the one and plan with the other, but they all admitted, because they knew and felt that "the silent gray eyed man" was greater than they.

"Why," I asked Gen. Sherman once, "did you and Sheridan always acknowledge Grant to be your leader?" "Because," he responded, in his quick, idiomatic manner, "while I could map out a dozen plans for a campaign, every one of which Sheridan would swear he could fight out to victory, neither he nor I could tell which of the plans was the best one; but Grant, who simply sat and listened and smoked while we had been talking over the maps, would at the end of our talking tell us which was the best plan, and in a dozen or two words the reason of his decision, and then it would be all so clear to us that he was right that Sheridan and I would look at each other and wonder why we hadn't seen the advantage of it ourselves."

"I tell you," he continued after a moment's pause, "Grant is not appreciated yet. The critics of Europe are too ignorant of American geography to appreciate the conditions of his campaigns. What is it to march an army from Berlin to Paris? Look at the shortness of the distance. Look at the multitude of roads. Look at the facilities of transportation. Consider how many times the same ground has been fought over by successive commanders. Is not every point of vantage known? What commander can blunder where all the conditions lie open to his eye? But I have seen Grant plan campaigns for half a million of troops along a front line 2,500 miles in length, and send them marching to their objective points through sections where the surveyor's chain was never drawn, and where the commissariat necessities alone would have broken down any transportation system of Europe; and three months later I have seen those armies standing where he said they should be what he planned and accomplished. And I give it as my military opinion that General Grant is the greatest commander of modern times, and with him only three others can stand—Napoleon, Wellington and Moltke."

The third trial of the Snyder dynamite projectile took place Saturday on the Potomac above Georgetown. The object of the trial was mainly to demonstrate the safety of the system of firing, so that no particular attempt was made to exhibit the effect of the shell itself. The target was a ledge of rock near the one used as a target at the preceding trial in March, and the effect was much the same as that described in the published report of that trial. Capt. Skrydloff, of the Strolok, was present, with two other Russian officers, especially directed by their government to report the trial. Also Capt. Sternberg, of the German artillery; Capt. Chere, of the French navy, together with representatives of nearly all of the various legations. Lieutenants Cowden and Wadhams, of the naval ordnance bureau, were also present. Captains Skrydloff, Chere and Sternberg expressed satisfaction with the results of the trial, and concurred in the opinion that the safety of the system of firing was assured.

At a Murphy meeting a man in his cups said he couldn't sign the pledge until he had had another drink. "Sign it now" exhorted Murphy. "Not until I've had just one more." "Well, said Murphy, "if you won't sign otherwise go and get it." Then finding that the man hadn't the money to buy a drink Murphy gave him ten cents. He got the drink, came back and signed the pledge.

Francis Murphy is a practical man. He takes men as he finds them, falls in with them in the hope of leading them his way. He is a big souled man, who loves his kind, and so draws men to him. Many men who sign his pledge don't keep it. He can't expect that all will stand firm, though he bids them turn to God for help. Murphy is doing a great work in Pittsburg, as he does wherever he goes.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—If you want a good cigar go to Newman's.

—Died Tuesday, May 12, 1885, at Galliopolis, Ohio, Frank Kepner, son of Mr. E. Kepner, of Oakland, aged about 30 years.

—Go to Newman's for oranges, lemons and bananas.

—Take your wagons, harrows, buggies and plows that need repairing to Naylor & Richardson. All work guaranteed.

—Go and see Naylor & Richardson's hand made wagons.

—Mr. John Helbig, who went to California last fall in company with Mr. John O. Michael, returned to Oakland last Saturday.

—Groceries and flour at Newman's. 5 9 4t.

—Mrs. E. C. Tasker, who spent the winter with her family in Anne Arundel county, this State, returned to Oakland Wednesday.

—Only behold the fine lot of toys at Newman's, sold so cheap that you can't help but buy them.

—The monthly meeting of the Band of Hope will be held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening, May 21st. Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Allegany College, Meadville, will be present and deliver a lecture on "Higher Education."

—Miss Emma Brooke returned Saturday from Baltimore, where she has been attending a School of Photography, from which institute she received a Diploma. We understand that Miss Emma and her brother propose in the near future to open a photograph gallery in Oakland.

—The Oakland Athletic Club was organized Tuesday evening with the following officers: President, Wm. H. Tower; Vice President, E. H. Sincell; Recording Secretary, James M. Litzinger; Corresponding Secretary, Arthur Townshend; Treasurer, A. G. Sturgiss. A meeting will be held in the *Democrat* office Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Stone Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Church Dedication.

The dedicatory services of Spiker Church House, (U. B.) Arden Chapel, near McHenry, will take place on Sunday, June 28th, next. Rev. J. W. Hicks, P. E., will officiate. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. J. M. Rodrick and other ministers are expected to take part in the services. Also First Quarterly meeting will convene at said Church House on Saturday, June 27th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Preaching at night by Presiding Elder.

The Best is the Cheapest!

That's what we mean when we say Newman keeps the finest candies in town. Call and see his stock.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

A Card.

I desire to inform the public that I will have on hand in due season for harvest a number of Eureka Mowers, which I will sell on very reasonable terms. The advantages of this machine over side drafts are well known and need no comment here. I will be glad to receive orders from parties desiring to purchase this season.

I. O. THOMPSON.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

New Mill in Oakland.

The Oakland Flour Mill will be taken down about the middle of June, and a new mill erected on the same site. Customers are requested to bring immediately any grain they may wish ground before that time. The rebuilding will not interfere with the grinding of corn or chop, which will be continued as usual.

An Old Lady Injured.

Mrs. Brant, widow of the late Peter Brant and mother of John B. Brant, Esq., was in Oakland Friday of last week, and left for her home near town in a spring wagon, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas Casteel to the road leading to her (Mrs. Casteel's) home, when Mrs. Brant proceeded alone. On account of a fainting fit, or from some other cause Mrs. B. fell from the wagon in the lane leading from the main road to her residence and broke her collar bone and sustained other injuries. When discovered Mrs. B. was approaching her home from another direction, having wandered past the house. She was taken in, a physician summoned and her injuries attended to. She is now out of danger. Mrs. Brant is 72 years of age.

New Buildings and Additions.

Mr. Andrew Nelson is erecting a large residence in the east end of town, which he proposes to occupy with his family when completed. He has also made large additions to his store room on Oak street, and has put up an ice box capable of holding the carcasses of nine beeves, a week's supply for his market during the summer season.

Mr. E. D. Kepner has erected several neat and substancial out buildings on his lot, corner Alder and Fourth street, and now has a force of workmen remodeling his residence, to which he has added a two story addition. When completed he will have one of the most valuable properties in Oakland.

Mr. James Leathers is building an addition to his residence on Second street.

Dr. Manown is having the Kepner property, on Alder street remodeled and put in thorough repair.

The Pritchard and Sincell business houses are rapidly approaching completion.

Grand Jury Report.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Grand Jury for the May Term 1885, beg leave to report to your Honors, that it has carefully and faithfully endeavored to discharge its duties for the term in the strict examination into all matters involving a breach of the law which have been brought to its notice, and scrutinizing carefully and questioning thoroughly the witnesses in their testimony coming before it for examination; finding presentments whenever and wherever presentments seemed to be required for the vindication of the law and the preservation of public order, ignoring all light and trival matters so far as possible to ascertain in which the element of malice has been predominant. It is with pleasure the Grand Jury adds that it has been greatly aided in the discharge of its labors by the faithful and efficient services so constantly rendered by the State's Attorney, Mr. Veitch. The Grand Jury further report to your Honors that it has visited and examined the County buildings in accordance with law; that it has found the Jail in commendable order, clean and apparently healthy; the prisoners carefully attended to and amply provided for, and the Court House in as good condition as it has been for years. The Grand Jury recommend that the County Commissioners shall order further and better closets or out-buildings in connection with the Court House with additional improvements for the public health and convenience. The Grand Jury beg leave to say in explanation of its seemingly protracted session that it has had an unusually large number of witnesses for examination with many vexatious cases increasing its labors and detaining it beyond the ordinary time and its own inclinations.

Having thus performed its labors the Grand Jury most respectfully ask to be discharged.

C. M. MILLER, Foreman.

True copy—Test:

W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Court Proceedings.

We give below the proceedings of court to the time of going to press, (Thursday morning) when the case of Fletcher Wilmore was on trial.

The Grand Jury was discharged Saturday.

Judge Hoffman came up Friday of last week, and will remain until court adjourns. Judge Syester left for Hagerstown Tuesday. Court will probably adjourn this week.

APPEALS.

No. 1. H. H. VanMeter vs E. J. Fringer. Judgment in favor of Fringer for $5.

John E. Wood vs John R. Kerfoot. Refered to counsel.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1. State vs Lochiel Company. Dismissed.

2. State vs Sebastian Hinebaugh. Plea guilty. Fined $20 and costs.

3. State vs same. Same entry.

4. State vs James Tuhill. Recognized in $300 for appearance at Sept. Court.

5. State vs same. Same entry.

6. State vs R. W. McWilliams. Stett.

7. State vs James Tuhill. Recognized as above.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

No. 2. State vs William Broadwater. Giving away whiskey on election day. Jury trial. Not guilty.

3. State vs Wm. S. Broadwater. Larceny. Jury trial. Not guilty.

8. State vs John Bell. Assault and battery. Guilty. Fined $10 and costs and 30 days in jail.

9. State vs Joseph Helbig. Non prossed.

10. State vs Albert Bolden. Not guilty.

17. State vs James H. Simmons. Selling liquor without license. Jury trial. Not guilty.

29. State vs Flitcher Wilmore. Burglarly. Demurer being entered to the indictment was ruled good as to the 2d count, but bad as to the 1st count.

TRIALS.

A great many trials were continued, non prossed, &c. The following embrace those fully disposed of by the court.

Hannah Ashby vs Charles F. Glotfelty. Judgment for plaintiff, and damages assessed at $5.00.

O. W. Heiskell & Co. vs Thos. U. Cross. Judgment by confession in favor of plaintiff for $55, each party to pay their own costs.

J. B. Merryman, use H. G. Davis & Bro., vs Daniel O'Connell. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiff for $62.50 with stay until September 15th, 1885.

Elijah Friend vs William H. H. Friend. Judgment for defendant by consent, on exceptions to ruling of court.

Robert Simpson vs Joseph Shillingburg. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiff for $260.40.

Louis A. Kritchman, et al, vs John B. and Noam Harman. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiffs for $100. Judgment satisfied per order filed.

Elijah M. Friend vs George A. Fearer. Judgment extended for plaintiff against defendant for $182.71

State use Sylvester Ryland vs Wm. Ryland and Jacob Friend. Agreement to enter judgment for plaintiff for $215, with stay for 12 months.

George R. Coffroth & Co vs Joseph Shillingburg. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiffs for $297.71.

Newhoff & Sons vs J. H. Rafter & Co. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiff for $141.10.

Heidleberger, Eiserman & Co. vs Joseph Shillingburg. Judgment under rule plea for plaintiff for $130.77.

Stevenson & Slingluff vs Joseph Shillingburg. Judgment under rule plea for plaintiff for $172.47.

Stevenson & Slingluff vs John W. Shillingburg. Judgment in favor of plaintiff under rule plea for $172.47, to be released on payment of judgment in No. 50 trial.

Stevenson & Slingluff vs Adam S. Sell. Judgment for plaintiffs for $110.

Joseph Spiker vs Henry Myers, et al. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiff $121.26.

Michael Reilly vs John Thrasher. Judgment for plaintiff for $10.

Daniel E. Offutt vs John G. C. Riley. Judgment extended in favor of plaintiff for $135.55, with summons to lie.

Deer Park.

May has turned a cold shoulder to us since she made her appearance, even sending us a little snow on Sunday last, and spring is as yet a misnomer.

Mr. D. F. Graham was in Baltimore last week for spring and summer goods.

Rev. J. W. Bedford is absent for a visit of a month to his old home in Pennsylvania.

Mr. John White, of Piedmont, was in Deer Park last Saturday, on business connected with the establishing a Lodge of Good Templars in our town.

Mr. J. H. Simmons has converted his saloon into a restaurant and fancy grocery store.

The Band of Hope met on Saturday, May 2nd, and elected officers for the ensuing quarter as follow: President, W. D. Hoye; Vice-President, J. W. Laughlin; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Rodeheaver; Secretary, W. S. Lantz; Committee on Programme, Mrs. J. W. Laughlin, Mrs. C. H. Tillson, Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield and Miss Joe Hoye. The next regular meeting will be held the 1st Saturday in June.

Mrs. Mary McClain has opened a millinery room in Mr. E. F. Droege's house, and will remain a short time to supply customers.

We are hoping to have a favorable decision in regard to the appointing of the Normal School at Deer Park.

Mr. Sell, of McHenry, was in town Monday with produce, his first trip this season.

A few cases of measles are still heard of in our vicinity, but otherwise our town is very free from any sickness at present.

The work on the B. & O. R. R. cottages are progressing rapidly. Painters are employed on the Hotel, the Garrett cottages, and also on the summer residences of Senator Davis, Hon. S. B. Elkins and Mrs. W. R. Davis.

Mr. J. W. Williams' cottage will be commenced very soon. E. J. Fredlock & Co., of Piedmont, have the contract.

Vice-President Spencer, of B. & O. R. R., is building a new house on his farm, in place of the one which was burned down two weeks ago.

Mrs. W. R. Davis was at Wing-and-Wing one day last week. She will bring her family up here about the 1st of June.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Baltimore, Md.—W. E. Chisholm, J. A. Wheeler.

Manington, W. Va.—J. H. Hellem

Belpre, Ohio—Henry Sharah.

New Interest, W. Va.—D. A. Denton.

Long Run, W. Va.—O. W. Ford.

West Union, W. Va.—W. T. Ford.

Boston, Mass.—J. W. Thomas, T. J. Sprague. **

Mountain Lake Park,

Improvements go steadily on.

Mr. G. A. Shirer, of Oakland, is making preparations to build.

Mr. Gilbert, of Piedmont, has just had a carriage house built.

Mr. P. T. Garthright has enclosed another lot adjoining his residence on H street and is also fencing in his lot and cottage on F street.

Mr. A. Howell is arranging to have a handsome ice cream parlor in connection with Miss Jennie Smith's cottage. Her brothers are handsomely grading and ornamenting her lot. Miss Jennie and Miss Sherman have left again on a two weeks trip.

Dr. VanMeter was here last week looking after the interests of the Park.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner is here this week fixing up his cottage for the summer,

Mr. M. Z. Dawson and J. A. Enlow have moved to their homes on Oakland Avenue. Mr. Bud. Wardwell, of Rowlesburg, has moved into the Mehone cottage.

If more of the Oakland people want to use the pasture enclosed here, they had better make it known to Mr. Davis before the first of June, as persons from the country want to put in young cattle. The herding on the grounds not enclosed will be stopped, as it is not only a nuisance but a tresspass.

We are again occupying Davis' Hall with our meetings and Sunday School. Preaching next Sabbath at 3 o'clock.

The advertising sheet of the W. C. T. U. Conference assures us of a more successful time than ever. It begins July 1.

Prof. J. White, of the W. Va. University was here this week, and rented the Baumgardner cottage for the season.

J. A. E.

A few days ago the President appointed James Blackburn, a brother of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, to be collector of internal revenue for a Kentucky district. Afterward the following letter, written by the appointee away back in 1861, was unearthed from the War Department Confederate archives, and on reading it the President immediately cancelled the appointment.

ABINGDON, VA., Oct. 2, 1861.—My Dear Wife: I have left you and our children in the land of the despot, but God grant that I may soon be able to made the Union men of Kentucky feel the edge of my knife. From this day I hold every Union traitor as my enemy, and from him I scorn to receive quarter, and to him I will never grant my soul in death; for they are cowards and villians enough. Brother Henry and I arrived here without hindrance. I have had chills all the way, but I hope to live to kill forty Yankees for every chill that I ever had. I learn that Hardee is still in the Arkansas lines, inactive, and if this proves true I will tender my resignation and go immediately to Kentucky. I hope that I will do my duty as a rebel and free man. Since I have the Union men of Kentucky, I intend to begin the work of murder in earnest, and if I ever spare one of them may hell be my portion. I want to see Union blood now deep enough for my horse to swim in. Your husband,

JAMES BLACKBURN.

All impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things even, are but signs of the eternity of our nature.

What a Deed Conveys.

Judge Bennett, of Massachusetts, before the State Board of Agriculture, said, in substance, that a deed conveys the fence standing on a farm, the fencing stuff, posts, rails, etc., which had once been used in the fence, but had been taken down and piled up for future use in the same place. But new fence material, just bought and never attached to the soil; will not pass. Standing trees pass as a part of the land; so do trees blown or cut down and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut and corded up for sale; the wood has then become personal property. Manure in the barn-yard, or in a compact heap ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes as belonging to the farm; though it might not be so if the owner had previously sold it to some other party and had collected it in a heap by itself. Growing crops pass by the deed of a farm, unless they are expressly reserved, and when it is intended to reserve those it should be so stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement would not be valid in law. Another mode is to stipulate that possession is not to be given until some future day, in which case the crops or manure may be removed before that time, As to the buildings on a farm, though generally mentioned in the deed, it is not absolutely necessary they should be. A deed of land ordinarily carries all the buildings on it belonging to the grantor, whether mentioned or not; and this rule includes the lumber and timber of any old building which has been taken or blown down and packed away for future use on the farm. But if there be any buildings on the farm built by some third person, with the farmer's leave, the deed would not convey these, since the buildings are personal property and do not belong to the land-owner to convey. The real owners thereof might move them off, although the purchaser of the farm supposed he was buying and paying for all the buildings on it. His only remedy in such a case would be against the party selling the premises.

As a part of the buildings conveyed, the window-blinds are included, even if they be at the time taken off and carried to the painter's shop to be painted. It would be otherwise if they had been newly purchased and brought into the house but not yet attached or fitted to it. Lightning-rods go with the house. A furnace in the cellar, brick or portable, is considered a part of the house, but an ordinary stove with a loose pipe running into the chimney is not, while a range set in brickwork is. Mantlepieces, so attached to the chimney as not to be removed without marring the plastering, go with the house, but if merely resting on brackets they may be taken away. Pumps, sinks, etc., fastened to the building are a part of it in law, and so are the water-pipes connected therewith bringing water from a distant spring. If the farmer had iron kettles set in brickwork near his barn for cooking food for his stock, or similar uses, the deed of his farm covers them as likewise the bell attached to his barn to call his men to dinner. If he indulges in any ornamental statutes, vases, etc., resting on the ground by their own weight, and sells his estate without reservation, these things go with the land.

I Parker Veazey, Esq., of Baltimore, was nominated by the President last week for Postmaster at Baltimore. Mr. Veazey is a lawyer by profession and is about thirty-five years of age. It is said Mr. Veazey has not been connected with the factional fights in his party, and therefore his appointment appears to be generally acceptable. The bond of the postmaster is $400,000, the largest required, of any federal official in Maryland.

General Bragg, of Wisconsin, an eminent Democrat who did good service in the Union army and who fought gallantly for Cleveland at Chicago has been expressing an opinion. Casting his eye over some recent appointments of the unreconstructed, and bearing in mind the honor paid to the late Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, General Bragg said he guessed he would have to get his political disabilities removed. If the President can enjoy a good joke he can't help having a hearty laugh over this.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIORENS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 13th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, June 1st, 1885,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy for said county.

Claims against the county should be filed on or before the first day of this session, and no claim will be allowed unless sworn to according to law.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
5 16 3t Clerk.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust Wm. H. Paugh on my account, as I will not pay any bills he may contract.

WM. TITCHENELL.
Bloomington, Md., May 4, 1885.—3t.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trust my wife, Anna Bray, who left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, as I will not pay any bills contracted by her.

NORMAN M. BRAY.
Oakland, Md., April 21st, 1885.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our lands near Oakland in any manner.

NATHAN CASTEEL.
4 25 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

HARNE & LAWTON

"WILL NOT BE UNDER SOLD!"

We have just received a large stock of

Canned Tomatoes, Peaches, Pumpkin, Green Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans, sugar Corn, Black Berries, Salmon, Oysters, Sardines, Chow-Chow, Tomato Catsup, &c.

We Sell for Strictly Cash

and can sell cheaper than any one else!

Call and see our goods and be convinced.

☞ USE COTTAGE SOAP.

HARNE & LAWTON.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

Estate of John Stahl, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN STAHL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of May, 1885.

Her
CATHARINE X E. STAHL,
mark.
5 9 3t. Administratrix.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m*

NOTICE!

Merchants and others are hereby notified to give no credit to any person whatsoever on account of L. Levering or Thomas J. Crouser, from this date.

L. LEVERING.
4 25 3t VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Atty's.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TOO FRESH.

I loved a pretty German girl
Fresh from the Rhine;
I wished with all my heart and soul
That she were mine.
I asked had she a heart to give,
And she said "nine."

I begged my little German girl
So fair, so fine,
To come along with me some day
Abroad to dine.
"You'll sure accept *one* treat from me–"
And she said "nine."

I did not urge her then to take
That treat of mine;
I simply said: "You're beautiful,
All but divine;
But if another you should love–"
And she said "nine."

"O, what a cruel, fickle heart
Must then be thine;
And yet you can not wed but one;
Your choice assign;
Will you not choose a husband, dear?"
And she said "nine."

I grew impatient with that girl
Fresh from the Rhine;
I said: "You think such jokes as these
Are very fine,
Perhaps you have a husband now,"
And she said "nine."

"O, tell me plainly, lady fair,
Fresh from the Rhine,
Why do you always answer me
With, 'nine, nine, nine?'"
"Ich kann nicht English!" All she meant
Was simply: "*nein*."
—*G. H. Jessop, in Judge.*

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

How Life May Often be Saved by Prompt Action.

"Poison may be defined as any substance which when introduced into the system or applied externally injures health or destroys life irrespective of mechanical means or direct thermal changes." Such is the concise and apt definition of poison laid down in Dr. Quain's *Medical Dictionary*. The action of poisons is twofold, being either local or remote, or both. The local action is generally one of a corrosive or inflammatory nature, or is characterized by its effects upon the nerves and sensations. Although it is impossible to deal with so vast a subject in detail, yet nevertheless it can not be denied that a general knowledge of some of the most virulent posions and their antidotes is not only a subject of great interest to the public, but at times a matter of life and death. By a fair insight into poisons and their antidotes, life indeed may often be saved, when the delay caused by seeking for medical advice would probably be fatal. The purpose of this paper, therefore, will be to deal as clearly as possible with the most general poisons and their symptoms, and to point out such antidotes as in cases of emergency may be most readily employed.

An acquaintance with the leading symptoms produced by certain poisons is an important factor, for thereby we may hope more rapidly to recognize the especial destructive agency at work, and thus to arrest its further progress. Great, care, however, is requisite never to draw a hasty conclusion from one symptom alone, but to bear in mind other signs upon which a correct diagnosis can alone be based. Many attempts have from time to time been made with a view to classify poisons; but the most rational classification is obviously that which is in accordance with their special action. They may therefore be divided generally under the following heads—(1) Corrosives; (2) Irritants, and (3) Neurotics.

Under the head of corrosives, corrosive sublimate stands foremost in importance, being the most typical of this class. The effects are rapid in their development, being well marked by a burning sensation felt in the mouth and throat, followed by agonizing pain in the stomach. The tongue and throat have a white appearance, and excessive tenderness and swelling of the abdomen is noticeable. All authorities agree in recommending albumen in the form of raw eggs—both yelk and white—switched up with a little water, as the best antidote in cases of acute po'oning from corrosive sublimate. The albumen combines with the corrosive sublimate to form an insoluble and comparatively inert compound. Should eggs not be immediately obtainable, gluten obtained from flour, or wheat flour alone mixed with milk or water, may be given until the more reliable antidote is ready. The chief of the corrosive poisons are the mineral acids, sulphuric, nitric and hydrochloric; the vegetable acids, oxalic, binoxalate of potash (commonly called salt of lemon and salt of sorrel), and occasionally in large doses tartaric acid; the alkalies, potash, soda, and ammonia, with certain of their salts, such as pearl-ash (commonly called salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (commonly called washing-soda) and carbonate of ammonia; also various metallic compounds, including salts of zinc, tin, silver and antimony, etc. Poisoning by oxalic acid is a very common method chosen by would-be suicides, probably owing to the fact that it is a substance much used in household operations, and therefore readily obtainable by any one bent on committing suicide. In speaking of the action of this poison, that renowned authority, the late Sir Robert Christison, observes in his splendid work on Toxicology: "If a person immediately after swallowing a solution of a crystalline salt which tasted purely and strongly acid, is attacked with burning in the throat, then with burning in the stomach, vomiting, particularly of bloody matter, imperceptible pulse and excessive languor, and dies in half an hour or twenty minutes, or still more in ten or fifteen minutes, I do not know any fallacy which can interfere with the conclusion that oxalic acid was the cause of death."

It is obvious in such cases that the chances of success in applying antidotes depend very much upon their immediate employment. For the mineral acids, alkaline bicarbonates, such as bicarbonates of potash or soda (baking soda), chalk or magnesia should at once be given, followed by milk; whilst oxalic acid is best treated by the administration of chalk, or magnesia either plain or in the form of carbonate, whereby the insoluble and almost inert oxalates of lime and magnesia are formed.

When poisoning is occasioned by the alkalies potash, soda, or ammonia, or their carbonates, carbonate of potash (also known as pearl-ash or salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia, a strong burning sensation is experienced in swallowing, followed by severe pain and great tenderness at the pit of the stomach, increased by pressure. There are frequent vomits of a brownish matter, swelling of the stomach and hoarseness of the voice. When seeking to counteract the disastrous effects resulting from this variety of poisons, the great object aimed at is to neutralize caustic alkalies. This may be best accomplished by means of well-diluted acid drinks copiously imbibed, as advised by Stevenson, who, further, is of opinion that the prompt use of an emetic is never inadmissible. Vinegar and water, lemon-juice with water, also oil, are recommended by Dr. Russell under such circumstances. The oil forms a saponaceous compound with the alkali, whilst acid drinks neutralize the alkaline action.

Irritant poisons are divisible under two heads—(1) Metallic irritants; (2) Vegetables and animal irritants, the latter two being grouped together. It would, however, appear that none of them act purely as irritants, as the irritant symptoms to which they give rise are likewise usually accompanied by well-marked action upon the nervous system. The most serious poison of this class is undoubtedly arsenic. Salts of antimony, zinc and other metals constitute a variety of other metallic irritants. Of the vegetable irritant poisons, elaterium, various essential oils such as savin, and gamboge, afford examples. Poisoning by arsenic may be either acute or chronic, the acute form being by far most common, following criminal attempts on life. Its effect on the economy is twofold, the most usual being by inducing inflammation of the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, or by lowering the heart's action. Its effects in some instances may be purely narcotic. The first symptoms of arsenical poisoning, according to Orfila, are sickness and faintness, which arise about fifteen minutes after being taken. An intense burning pain is also felt in the stomach, quickly followed by vomiting, increased on attempting to swallow.

Poisoning by arsenic is distinguished from an ordinary bilious attack by the fact that pain and sickness are *not* relieved by vomiting, which usually happens in biliary derangements. A feeble and irregular pulse, accompanied by thirst, with clammy hands, are prominent symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The immediate employment of emetics—except tartar emetic—diluents and demulcents, has been suggested as perhaps the most serviceable antidotes; but no confidence should be placed in the so-called antidotes, ferric hydrate and magnesia, unless a solution of arsenic has been taken. In chronic arsenical poisoning, most frequently engendered accidentally, by inhalation of arsenical vapor in factories, or by arsenical dust, loss of muscular power, failure of appetite are amongst the most prominent symptoms manifest. Under such circumstances, the cause—which is usually some occupation connected with the manipulation of arsenic—should be promptly sought for and removed—quinine, iron and change of air being recommended.

Neurotic poisons may be divided into a large category; but in one and all the symptoms produced from their administration chiefly attack the nervous system. Under this head are embraced pure narcotics, such as morphia, chloral hydrate, strychnia, hyoscyamus, etc. Prussic acid occupies a prominent position, as its effects and termination are very rapid in progress, being one of the most powerful of all poisons. Difficulty of breathing, speedily followed by convulsions, the commencement of which is announced by a loud shriek occassionally, are manifest; subsequently, loss of consciousness and muscular power. Fifteen minutes is the longest time known to elapse between taking this poison and its effects. In some works it is stated that the best mode of treating prussic-acid poisoning is by the application of cold effusions before or after the convulsive stage has commenced, and the inhalation of diluted ammonia or chlorine. Stevenson advises an emetic to be administered also. Friction and artificial respiration have been recommended by other authorities.

Opium and its preparations deserve especial notice, as the greater number of poisoning cases are due to their action. Although the symptoms of opium-poison greatly vary, yet they are mostly ushered in by giddiness, listlessness and drowsiness, followed by stupor, lapsing slowly into complete insensibility. Opium-poisoning is unfortunately often occasioned by the indiscriminate use of "sleeping-draughts" and quack nostrums. In cases of opium-poisoning, the immediate use of an emetic (a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with tepid water) has been advocated. The head and face should be dashed with cold water until the stupor is partially removed. The patient should *not* be permitted to sleep, but should be kept in continual motion. A cup of strong hot coffee ought to be given to him on his recovery.

Our space will not permit of a more minute inquiry into other varieties of neurotic poisons; suffice it to say that in most instances arising from the administration of any preparation of opium, the antidotes above mentioned are considered the most serviceable.

We must not omit to notice poisoning by copper, which at times has arisen by the employment of copper vessels for cooking purposes, which never should be employed in any household. The first indications of copper-poisoning are sudden attacks of griping pains, aggravated by pressure, often accompanied by sickness and a peculiar sallow aspect of countenance. According to Ryan, the white of egg is the best antidote for poisonous preparations of copper. Lead-poisoning is usually owing either to drinking water which has remained for some time in leaden pipes, or by certain avocations in which some preparation of lead is used. Goulard water taken by mistake causes lead-poisoning. Lead-colic is one of its leading symptoms, which is relieved by pressure. Paralysis of the limbs is another well-marked indication. Sulphate of magnesia has been recommended as an antidote. A dram of sulphate of magnesia, five drops of dilute sulphuric acid and twenty drops of tincture of hyosyamus in two tablespoonfuls of camphor-water every two hours till the bowels are relieved, and then thrice daily for five days, is the treatment which some consider most appropriate under these circumstances.

In drawing this article to a close, we desire to impress upon our readers the vital importance, in all cases of poisoning, of being able immediately to administer the antidotes, while the medical man is being summoned. Many a valuable life would undoubtedly be saved, were the precautions before mentioned adopted without a moment's delay.—*Chambers' Journal.*

MOUNTAIN WORSHIPERS.

Description of a Tennessee Mountain Meeting-House.

The little log meeting-house at the Notch stood high on a rugged spur of the Great Smoky. Dense forests encompassed it on every hand, obscuring that familiar picture of mountain and cloud and cove. From its rude, glassless windows one could look out on no distant vista, save perhaps in the visionary glories of heaven or the climatic discomforts of hell, according to the state of the conscience, or perchance the liver. The sky was aloof and limited. The laurel tangled the aisles of the woods. Sometime from the hard benches a weary tow-head brat might rejoice to mark in the monotony the frisking of a squirrel on a bough hard by, or a woodpecker solemnly tapping. The acorns would rattle on the roof, if the wind stirred, as if in punctuation of the discourse. The pines, mustering strong among the oaks, joined their mystic threnody to the sad-voiced quiring within. The firs stretched down long, pendulous, darkling boughs and filled the air with their balsamic fragrance. Within the house the dull light fell over a few rude benches and a platform with a chair and table, which was used as pulpit. Shadows of many deep, rich tones of brown lurked among the rafters. Here and there a cobweb, woven to the consistence of a fabric, swung in the air. The drone of a blue-bottle, fluttering in and out of the window in a slant of sunshine, might invade the reverent silence, as Brother Jake Tobin turned the leaves to read the chapter. Sometimes there would sound, too, a commotion among the horses without, unharnessed from the wagons and hitched to the trees; then in more than one of the solemn faces might be descried an anxious perturbation—not fear because of equine perversities, but because of the idiosyncrasies of callow human nature in the urchins left in charge of the teams. No one ventured to investigate, however, and, with that worldly discomfort contending with the spiritual exaltations they sought to foster, the rows of religionists swayed backward and forward in rhythm to the reader's voice, rising and falling in long, billowy sweeps of sound like the ground swell of ocean waves.

It was strange, looking upon their faces, and with a knowledge of the limited phases of their existence, their similarity of experience here, where a hundred years might come and go, working no change save that, like the leaves, they fluttered a while in the outer air with the spurious animation called life, and fell in death, and made way for new bourgeonings like unto themselves—strange to mark how they differed. Here was a man of a stern, darkly religious conviction, who might either have writhed at the stake or stooped to kindle the flames; and here was an accountant soul that knew only those keen mercantile motives—the hope of reward and the fear of hell; and here was an enthusiast's eye, touched by the love of God; and here was an unfinished, hardly humanized face, that it seemed as presumptous to claim as the expotent of a soul as the faces of the stupid oxen out-of-doors. All were earnest; many wore an expression of excited interest, as the details of the chapter waxed to a climax, like the tense stillness of a metropolitan audience before an unimagined coup de theatre. The men all sat on one side, chewing their quids; the women on the other, almost masked by their limp sun-bonnets. The ubiquitous baby—several of him—was there, and more than once babbled aloud and cried out peevishly. Only one, becoming uproarious, was made a public example; being quietly borne out and deposited in the ox-wagon, at the mercy of the urchins who presided over the teams, while his mother creaked in again on the tips of deprecating, anxious toes, to hear the Word.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Change of Policy.

China is devoting what time it can spare from the discussion of its struggle with France to the consideration of a decree which has been issued by the Empress to the effect that, whenever the time serves, railways will be permitted in China. This announcement has created no little excitement, and has excited a lively spirit of opposition on the part of several sections of Chinese society. The literati, the walkers in old ways, the respecters of the past, are dead against the innovation. Confucius made no allusion to railways in his writings, and as, had he approved of them, he would doubtless have said so, this is in their eyes final. The class who objects to the introduction of European ways and customs are even more averse to the change, but the chief and by far the most serious opposition will come from the very numerous class who obtain their living by the navigation of the rivers and canals which form the thoroughfares of China. These regard the introduction of railways as a direct attack upon their means of getting a livelihood.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The 10,000 landlords in Great Britain, without toil, receive from the soil more than twice as much as the total wages paid to 850,000 laborers for working twelve hours through the seven days in every week.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—At the recent conference of the Jewish ministers in New York City, it was reported that the Jewish synagogues are increasing every year.

—Rhode Island occupies only one thousand square miles of territory, but it has about nine hundred schools, with about eighty per cent. of the children of school age in them.

—Fifty-six new Baptist Sunday-schools were organized in North Carolina during the year 1884, many of them in communities where no other religious services whatsoever are held.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A clergyman in Boston—a man well versed in the Bible, devout, earnest, a good worker and a fair preacher—is a settled pastor over a church which pays him only $12 a week, and that is his whole salary.—*Boston Traveller.*

—Mortimer F. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y., has given $25,000 to the University of Rochester for a chemical laboratory, as a memorial of his brother, William A. Reynolds, who was a member of the Board of Trustees.

—The University of Virginia recently dedicated an observatory and telescope presented by Leander J. McCormick, of Chicago, at a cost of $75,000. The observatory has an endowment of $50,000, one-half of which was given by W. H. Vanderbilt.—*Chicago Times.*

—A few weeks ago Solemn High Mass was celebrated in Copenhagen for the first time since the Reformation. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the priesthood of Rev. John Euch, Apostolic Prefect in Copenhagen. Complete religious toleration now exists in Denmark.

—Dr. Moorehouse, Bishop of Melbourne, has refuses to order prayers for rain in his diocese. His lordship gives as his reason that, before complaining, people should do something themselves towards storing up the superfluity in the wet season against the drouth.

—The Japanese Commissioner at the World's Exposition in New Orleans reports that there are now in his country seventy-eight normal schools, 29,254 grammar, intermediate and high schools with an attendance of 3,017,088 pupils. Chinese, Japanese and English are taught. In order to increase the dignity of teachers in the eyes of the people, the Government has conferred upon them titles and official positions.

—There is a religious life in most English families. It is a matter taken for granted. Family worship is observed in the vast majority of the families. Among the upper classes domestic religious observance is looked upon as a part of the well ordering of the household. It is not a subject of which children fight shy in any way. The children are asked to say grace at the table—boys and girls alike—except when guests are present. Children are taken to church at a very early age, and grow up accustomed to church attendance. The institutions and ordinances of religion are held in profound respect. The clergy are honored and hold a distinct place in the regard and even affections of the family.—*Robert Laird Collier.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A young man sent twelve stamps to an advertiser to learn "how to make money fast," and was advised in reply to glue a five-dollar bill to the bottom of his trunk.—*Troy Times.*

—You may have seen a young man on one side of a gate and a maiden on the other side. Why they talk so long is because a great deal can be said on both sides.

—A Boston tailor stamps his billheads with a picture of the forget-me-not. He should substitute the golden rod, the significance of which is "Down with the dust."—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A woman who has taken in sewing for a couple of years to support a lazy and drunken husband says it is surprising that the Board of Health has not had her indicted for "maintaining a nuisance."—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Diamonds found in a dream" is the head-line in a cotemporary. If this story can be authenticated its author can realize a handsome sum by disclosing what he ate before he went to bed.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It is stated that out of one hundred men who parade in a brass band at least forty are dummies and only pretend to play. It will be seen that bands are more considerate than is generally supposed.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A new York circus is advertising for the second year a sacred white elephant. An animal that can keep the company of circus men for a year and remain sacred must certainly be a curiosity worth stealing under the tent to see.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Here, Jenks, that watch you traded me two weeks ago and warranted to be a good horse-timer won't keep any time at all. It won't go more'n half the time." "Well, I told you it was a first-class stop-watch."—*Chicago Herald.*

—An Illinois doctor thinks he has found a sure cure for rheumatism in geranium leaves. Perhaps he argues on the principle that like cures like; for spooning over geraniums in the garden after dark during the summer is a favorite way of catching the disease with many susceptible young persons.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—I neber wastes my time in wushin dat I wuz like de man whut am greater an er way up yander. I doan kere how high de buzzard fly—way up 'mong de clouds—he's got ter come down arter er while an' be jis ez low ez a bird whut couldn' fly ha'f so high.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Ancient Trees.

Trees have been found in Africa which were computed to be 5,150 years old, and a cypress in Mexico is said to have reached a still greater age. The oldest individual specimen of any species—in fact the oldest living thing upon the globe—is probably the cypress of Santa Maria del Tule, in the Mexican State of Oaxaca. If estimates of tree ages are to be relied upon, the life of this venerable forest monarch may have spanned the whole period of written history. At last accounts it was still growing, and in 1851, when Humboldt saw it, it measured forty-two feet in diameter, 146 in circumference, and 382 feet between the extremities of two opposite branches.—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

STIMULANTS.

Does the Continued Moderate Use of Alcoholic Stimulants or Tobacco Shorten Human Life?

While this question seems to be one of easy solution, as it is evidently one of incalculable interest to mankind, yet from the fact that diametrically opposite answers are given, it would indicate that it is not yet very well understood by the masses, at least. To get at the philosophy of the question we must know how the life processes are carried on, and then how the stimulants named affect the life processes when used as indicated.

The human organism is made up of little cells, so small that a single one can not be seen by unaided vision; yet each one of these little bodies has a life and a mission of its own; and its development, fulfillment of mission and death are governed by organic law. That it may fulfill its purpose in life its law of life requires that certain conditions must be supplied to it; and whenever these conditions are fully provided, the little cell will never fail to fill its mission perfectly and completely. But the question may be asked where are these little cells made and endowed with the life principle? Of the origin of the first living cells we do not know, but we do know that vegetables have the power of converting certain mineral substances as carbonic acid, ammonia, etc., into these little living organisms and stowing them away in their various structures, and then animals and man can partake of these vegetable products, and by the process of digestion and assimilation they can make them over into animal and human tissues. It is true that the little cells made by different families of vegetables differ in composition, size, etc., and that some classes of vegetables make cells that if taken into the human body will destroy its life at once, while other classes of vegetables make just such cells as will build up and sustain the life of man. This difference of cell formation runs through the human organism also, its various tissues being made up a different kinds of cells, but they were all first elaborated in the vegetable. The human organism has no power of changing the character of the little cells that enter into the formation of its various tissues, it can only build such as are suited into their proper places. The bony tissue requires cells rich in phosphate of lime, magnesia and potash. The muscles, cells of albumen, the brain and nerves, fatty albuminoid cells, rich in phosphate, and so on through the whole tissue formation; they must all be made up of cells specially adapted to the special purpose, and these cells are always made by vegetable growth, and if such are always properly used and all other essential conditions supplied, the human organism will be built up and kept in good working order, and a large amount of reserve force will be stored up in it for future use. But as every functional action of the body consumes a portion of the organic structure, the food regularly eaten must make good the tissue thus consumed, or there must be a draft upon the reserve tissue which will be lowered to that extent.

Now, the question occurs, how does the use of stimulants effect the normal working of the human organism?

All persons are now agreed that the effect of a stimulant is to increase the rate of functional action; and as every functional action consumes a portion of the tissue producing the action, it is evident the stimulant reduces the powers of the organism to that extent, and to make good the loss the rate of functional action must be reduced after the effect of the stimulant has passed off, that the organism may regain what it has thus lost. Hence, we find depression of the vital force following the use of all stimulants. This depression the go-ahead American citizen can not submit to, and therefore the stimulant must be frequently repeated to keep up the increased ratio of action. To make this plain let us again appeal to physiological teaching.

The normal rate of the heart's action in the healthy adult engaged in vigorous labor is seventy-five beats per minute, and the force of such action for twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 500,000 pounds one foot high. This may seem incredible to many readers, but is nevertheless a verified fact, and is the result of healthy action without stimulants; and the judicious use of proper foods will sustain the organism at this rate without any loss of power, if a proper amount of rest is taken to enable the food to be built up into the tissue destroyed. But now suppose the individual takes a moderate amount of stimulant with the same amount of food and performs the same amount of labor, and what will be the results? To test this matter Drs. Parkes and Wollowitz, two eminent observers, tried some experiments on healthy young men by giving them varying amounts of alcohol for six days in succession, beginning with two ounces the first day and increasing to eight ounces on the last. On this last day they found the heart beat 25,488 times more during the twenty-four hours than was its average on a simple water beverage, and for the six days the increased work of the heart would have lifted 65,000 pounds one foot high. Now, as the alcohol did not add any power to the organism, but only increased the expenditure of the power already in it, it is evident there was an actual loss of force to that extent, and this must be taken from the reserve force already stored in the body. The question then occurs, what becomes of the increased force brought out by the alcohol, as it was not used in any regular work?

We have found that the alcohol could not be built into the tissue of the body, for it does not contain the normal cell formation; nor can it be burned in the body for the evolution of heat and force, for it is the product of a previous combustion; it is therefore dead matter which the organism endeavors to get rid of as soon as possible, and the increase of the heart's work is expended for that object. It is therefore evident that much vital force was wasted, and to keep up the organism to its standard of vigor, one of two things must take place: either more nutritious food must be consumed and assimilated, or less of the organism must be consumed by useful labor. As the digestive organs were already taxed to their normal power, if more food be eaten it can not be assimilated, and must therefore be got rid of unused, and this takes an additional amount of reserve force, and destroys that much more of the reserve force already in the body. If the individual then who uses alcohol is to live out all his days he must perform less labor than he could if he let alcohol alone; but it he reduces the amount of labor to the extent of the vital force consumed in ridding his system of the alcohol he *may* live out all his days; *provided* the alcohol does not injure the organic structure, and this accounts for the fact of some persons living to old age who were habitual alcohol consumers. But this reduction of useful labor does not suit every one, and many of our people take stimulants of some sort purposely to increase the rate of the life forces in order that they may be able to do more work, never reflecting for a moment that by so doing they are drawing upon the reserve of vital force, and that when that is exhausted they must haul off for repairs or die prematurely. And if any unusual effort is thrown upon them, or their digestion fails, the fund of reserve force being used up, they go down at once and there is no help for them.

Tobacco, as well as alcohol, will increase the rate of functional action without adding to functional power. With the majority of people the use of tobacco, either by chewing or smoking, will very materially increase the frequency of the heart beats, and, consequently, the rate of functional action. While it does not produce the amount of mental disturbance that alcohol does, it produces greater disturbance to the nervous system, or organic life, and, therefore, exhausts the reserve force of the nervous system more rapidly than the former. But because it does not craze the mental powers, but rather soothes them, the tobacco user vainly imagines that he is benefited rather than injured by such indulgence. But as tobacco can not be built into the organism to add to its stock of reserve force, nor can it be burned in the body for the evolution of heat, it must therefore be cast out of the system, and this will consume a considerable amount of reserve force already in the organism and which should be husbanded for the future exigencies of life. More than this, it contains poisonous principles that directly lower the life forces, especially in persons of nervous temperament. This poisonous effect on the nervous system is so great in some instances as to produce instantaneous stoppage of the heart's action and consequent sudden death. With almost every person the beginning of the habit is attended with extraordinary sickness and suffering, and why so many young men persist in its use until the habit is fully formed is a mystery it is hard to explain. It is true that after a person has outlived the repugnance of the organism to the introduction of the poison and continues in its use, he gets a soothing and exhilarating feeling that is very agreeable to most persons; and were there no bad effects to follow, this might be some compensation for the suffering endured at the beginning. But bad effects never fail to follow its use, and although it does not craze the mind, it evidently lowers and debases its action. The tobacco habitue can not have the extent of mental power he would have if he avoided its use and lived true to the laws of his being. This effect is probably produced by its injury to cell formation of the frontal brain. It certainly acts injuriously on the blood cells, as has been revealed by the microscope.

Some of the injurious effects of smoking the weed might be avoided by properly arranged cigar-holders or long stem pipes, if kept well cleaned. And the smoker who lives a quiet and orderly life may reach extreme old age, although any great sudden shock or excitement subjects him to risk of premature death. A perfectly healthy organism with large amount of reserve force is capable of resisting almost all approaches of diseased action, let it come from what source it may; while an organism deranged by bad habits, exhausted of its reserve of vital force, is ready to fall a prey to any great disturbance of the life forces. This fact is strongly verified by the report of Lieutenant Greely, of the ill-fated Arctic expedition. Of the nineteen of his men who succumbed to the intense cold and short rations, all of them were tobacco users but one, and he was the last one that died; while not one of the six who survived and were rescued used the weed at all. And this is a complete verification of scientific teaching. The increased work imposed upon the organism by the use of tobacco, together with its directly lowering effect, exhausted the reserve force of the organism of these men, and they had no capital of vital force to draw on when their daily rations were cut short, and the intense cold they were subject to and which required active exercise to keep up the temperature of the body befell them, they inevitably died; while those who did not use it had sufficient reserve force to keep up the internal fires of life until relief came. And almost every day there are reports of men suddenly dropping out of existence from this lack or reserve force, which should have been carefully conserved for the trying ordeals which are liable to come to us all. While it is true, then, that persons may indulge in the use of either or both alcoholics or tobacco all their days, and under favorable circumstances live to extreme old age, yet they are subject to great risk of premature death, and their lives have not been brought up to that standard of excellence it was possible for them to reach, and to which they should have aspired. That the use of these substances hinders the growth of the nobler faculties of man is a generally conceded fact; and that such indulgence by the great mass of the people of this country is the most prolific cause of the increasing demoralization of our people is equally true. Then let every young man in the Nation, who aspires to reach a nobler manhood, never indulge in these debasing habits.—*Illinois Agriculturist.*

THE League has driven the rum-sellers out of business in Camden, Me.

WOOLEN GARMENTS.

The Relation These Bear to Health and Bodily Comfort.

Besides to a certain extent checking the loss of heat from the body, the skin has another important function, the performance of which is influenced by dress. It is a great excretory organ—that is to say, it is one of the structures whose duty it is to carry away waste matter from the body.

The skin is composed of two layers—the outer, or scarf skin (otherwise called the cuticle or epidermis) and the inner so-called true skin, cutis or dermis.

The outer layer varies much in thickness at different parts of the body, being thickest where there is most pressure, as on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet; it is dead material, containing neither nerve fibres nor blood vessels, and is in the form of layers of fine, flat cells or scales laid one over another like tiles of a roof.

These scales are constantly being given off from the surface as more or less fine scurf, and as constantly being formed in the deeper parts which are contiguous to the dermis or true skin. The true skin is highly sensitive, being supplied with countless nerve fibres and endings.

It is also highly vascular, being supplied by innumerable tiny blood vessels, called capillaries, though they are far finer than any hair, and it contains the perspiratory glands, the setacery or fat excreting glands and the roots of the hair.

There are many ways of proving that the skin is continually removing matters from the blood.

For instance, if a man or even only one of his limbs is carefully inclosed in a gutta percha bag full of air it is found that changes take place in the air similar to those which happen in respired air. The air loses oxygen and gains carbonic acid, and it also receives a quantity of watery vapor, which condenses on the side of the bag and may be drawn off if desired.

Ordinarily such moisture does not appear on the surface of the skin, but it is given off, nevertheless, and is then called insensible perspiration; but when the external temperature is very high or under certain circumstances of mental emotion or violent bodily activity it appears in the form of isolated drops irregularly distributed on the skin, and thus becomes sensible perspiration.

The quantity of sweat, or perspiration, whether sensible or insensible, varies immensely, according to conditions of the external air, and to states of the blood and nervous system.

A daily bath all over is one of the most important preservers of health, and soap is a necessary adjunct to the bath, as without it the excretion of the sebaceous glands cannot be removed, for oil will not mix with water, but does mix with, and is removed by soap.

The elimination of excessive fat and water, together with the other waste matters contained in perspiration, is a function of the greatest importance and one which should be promoted, while everything calculated to check it must positively be avoided.

Here, then, it becomes apparent that special care is required in the selection of clothes, and here, again, wool provides for our necessities.

Wool allows that free transpiration which is one of the vital conditions of health, permitting the foul exhalations of the skin to pass freely away through it and absorbing any excess of moisture.

Vegetable fibre, however, absorbs until it is wet, and then leaves much unabsorbed moisture on the surface, chilling it and checking the further action of the glands, whereas flannel will, even after a violent perspiration, rest on a skin it has nearly dried and be only damp itself.

Thus, after violent exercise, a cotton or linen garment next the skin hangs against it damp and clammy, and is a frequent source of colds; so that for such violent exercise as cricket, boating or tennis flannel next the skin has been wisely adopted by the male sex.

Silk worn next the skin is warmer and slightly more absorbent than vegetable fibre; but that it does not allow the noxious exhalations to pass freely is proved by the unpleasant smell it soon acquires.

But, besides wearing woolen during athletic sports, must men wear woolen vests, drawers and socks—at any rate, during the winter; yet our young girls, who are infinitely more in need of every advantage that clothes can offer, for the most part are allowed, even in the coldest weather, to wear cambric or cotton underclothing, in spite of the fact that most medical men are agreed that woolen underclothing is necessary in this climate.

Woolen should be worn not only in winter, but in summer also, the only difference being in the thickness of the make and number of the garments.

Woolen garments, if themselves kept clean, preserve the skin in a clean and healthy condition, keeping it warm in winter and preventing chill in summer.

That irritation which sometimes follows the unaccustomed wearing of woolen next the skin is generally caused by the material being of recent manufacture or coarse quality, and in all but the rarest cases it passes off within a few days, if the practice is preserved in.

There is a very prevalent idea that woolen clothing is weakening, but this is only a misapprehension of the fact that it is weakening to allow the body to be constantly overheated. Although woolen is worn, the body need not be overheated, even in summer, care being taken that the quality and quantity of the clothes are suitable to the external temperature.

Nature points to wool as the proper clothing of man as of the lower animals, and, as is only to be expected under the circumstances, it fulfills all the conditions necessary for the preservation of health, as far as dress is concerned. It retains more warmth while weighing less than any other material, and it allows the skin to perform those functions of transpiration, interference with which is the certain precursor of disease.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—According to one estimate, the number of tramps in Germany last year amounted to 200,000, and the expense they caused to the community £300,000.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Good care, together with good feed, will produce you handsome results.

—Good Cookies: One cupful butter, two cupfuls white sugar, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs, flour to roll nicely.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Cottage Pudding: One cup sugar, one cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoons cream tartar in the flour. Flour to make stiff as pound cake, about one and one-half cups. Bake forty-five minutes. The same can be made with two ounces of butter and two eggs.—*The Household.*

—The pastures are greatly damaged in the spring, and their whole summer's growth retarded, by having the stock turned on them too early. The pastures should be allowed a good start, to get well rooted and the ground be thoroughly settled before any stock is allowed to range on them.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Hair Tonic: To prevent the hair from falling out after sickness, bathe the scalp each day with a tonic prepared as follows: Pour over three ounces of sulphur one pint of alcohol. Shake well and add one-half pint of castor oil. If, after setting some time, it should become too thick for use, add alcohol and oil in the same proportions; if too thin, add sulphur.—*Exchange.*

—Lemon Jelly: Dissolve one ounce of good gelatine in about half a pint of water; let it stand two or three hours then place it in a saucepan with one pint more water, the juice of three lemons, the rind of two (cut very thin), and rather more than one quarter pound of loaf sugar. Let it boil five minutes, strain through a sieve, and place in a mold for the next day.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Chinese Charm Cake: Three eggs, one cupful sugar, one and one-half cupfuls flour, one-fourth cupful butter, scant one-half cupful sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the sugar and butter together, then add the milk; beat well, then break in one egg, beat all together, then add another egg, beat well, then add the other egg; beat well, then stir in the flour and bake. This is a good cake and easily made.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A useful article to hang in a bedroom or closet is a case made of linen, in which umbrellas and canes can be kept. The case should be cut in the form of a closed umbrella—that is, it should slope from the top to the bottom gradually. There should be a division, so that the canes will not be in the same pocket with the umbrellas; bind this all around with brown ribbon or a heavy braid, and with brown crewel embroider on the front the outlines of an umbrella and a cane.

—Young colts can be easily broke if the right method is pursued. The one we prefer is the following: When the proper period arrives to do so, place the saddle on its back and let it stand for a day or two at a time. The bridle, etc., should follow the same course; then harness into the wagon and let stand for a day or so; also, do the same out of doors. Food and drink should be given at the proper times in the stall then try leading it with the harness on then with the carriage attached, and finally try to drive it. Use it carefully and patience will succeed.—*Home and Farm.*

—Dr. J. R. Irwin says that one of the best and most pleasant things that can be used to relieve toothache is chewing cinnamon bark. It destroys the sensibility of the nerves, and suspends the pain immediately, if the bark is of good quality. After repeated trials, and in different cases, he is convinced that it is generally as efficacious as any of the other remedies suggested for odontalgia, and not attended with the unpleasant consequences of creosote, carbolic acid, etc., which relieve the pain, but leave the mouth as sore and painful as the tooth was previously; though these results are usually due to carelessness in using.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

SEED GRAIN.

Important that Seed Should be of the First Quality if Best Results be Desired.

Good breeders never cease to warn people not to breed from grade sires. This is quite right, but some of these forget the same principle when they come to select seed to be sown for their farm crops. Breeding for improvement requires weeding out the defective individuals, so, likewise, and more emphatically, must the poor seed grain be separated from the good, and not used in seeding. Our American farmers are often most remarkably careless in this matter of seed grain; yet if they examine the question critically, they will see that it is just as important in principle that each seed of grain should be as perfect in organization and vitality as the sire at the head of the herd. Some may consider this an extreme illustration, but it is strictly true, and a very large class of farmers need forcible illustrations on this question of seed.

On driving past a remarkably even field of oats with a friend, he remarked that the field on which they grew must be of exceedingly even quality. The writer replied that that might be true, but the evenness of that field of oats was the result of the even quality of the seed. However even the quality of the land, the crop will not be even unless the seed has been graded, or is of even quality. A seed of deficient vitality can not produce as vigorous a plant as a plump, heavy, vigorous seed, and these defective plants will not make the same growth as the vigorous ones, however good and even the land may be. Good land will produce a better crop from poor seed than poor land, but the grain from the good seed will be six to ten inches higher, and more vigorous at harvest. None but the most even and vigorous seed should be sown, and this can always be accomplished by grading even a poor sample of seed. If only one-third of the sample is good, this can be separated from the poor, so that it is only the small matter of labor involved. When the best seed is sown for a few years, there will be no further trouble of uneven grain. The improved mills will separate all the poor seed, and this poor seed is worth more to feed than to sow.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

POISONED WATER.

Precautions that Should be Taken to Secure Good Water for Drinking Purposes.

Throughout a large portion of the country there has been so small an amount of rain for several months that the decaying animal and vegetable matter which accumulates to a greater or less amount on the surface of the earth, has not been washed away by each successive shower every few days in autumn, and frequently in winter. When the first general thaw occurs, with heavy spring rains, this decaying matter in great abundance will be washed down through numerous crevices in the soil, into springs and wells, and will poison the water used for drinking and for household purposes. Using this contaminated water will greatly increase the danger of sickness. A large portion of the cases of typhoid fever are caused by drinking bad water. The danger of cholera will be greatly increased if great caution is not exercised to avoid this poison. Every well which has been dry through the winter should be cleaned out at least twice after being filled with the spring flood, so as to remove all the old impurities, and to bring in a pure, fresh supply. If this can not be done, then filtered rain-water only should be used. In addition to this care, all vaults should be kept perfectly dry and inodorous by a daily use of sifted coal ashes, enough to absorb all the moisture. This will prevent the poison from soaking horizontally through crevices in the subsoil or rocks into wells—a most fruitful source of disease. Eminent physicians estimate that four-fifths of all the cases of typhoid fever come directly from drinking impure water and breathing poisoned air.

We have often endeavored to impress these truths on others, and while they are readily admitted, the listeners go right on in the same old way, "the same," as Dr. Franklin remarked, "as if they were merely listening to a common sermon." All the arrangements for using absorbents in vaults might be made with half an hour's labor, and the daily care not require half a minute; yet intelligent persons will continue to neglect them until fatal disease enters their families, when the affliction is wholly accounted for as "a mysterious dispensation of Providence!"

In towns and villages this care, in the face of threatened pestilence next summer, is of the utmost importance; at the same time it should not be forgotten that some of the fatal instances of sickness in the open country have been directly traced to gross neglect in preventing the use of impure water and in breathing fœtid air. These matters are not trifles; and it is immeasurably easier to prevent the multitudes of cases of disease than to incur the toil and intense anxiety of watching and nursing, and to suffer the grief of what is almost sure to be a fatal termination of a part of these cases.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—An excellent material for models, lately discovered, consists of powdered cork mixed with starch and water, and the mass thoroughly kneaded and mixed at boiling heat, then poured into moulds and dried at a high heat. It comes out in whatever ornamental shape the artist desires.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A house at Los Angeles, Cal., was supposed to be haunted, but an investigation showed that an immense swarm of bees had made their home in one of the walls and had stored it with a large quantity of the finest honey.

DR. PENINGTON, Baltimore Md says: Myself and family have used Red Star Cough Cure for coughs and colds. Prompt, satisfactory results.

WALLA WALLA people read the Walla Walla *Watchman*, Walla Walla, Walla Walla County, Washington Territory.—*N. Y. Independent.*

"FROZEN FACTS" is a purely American expression, and one, too, of recent origin. It has the merit of attracting attention, and also seems to bear conviction of truthfulness on its face. We make room in our issue of to-day, for a fact of this character. A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq., of Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my son of a fever-sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude." We believe it to be a fact, whether "frozen" or otherwise, that America needs more men like Mr. Whiting; men who act, men who investigate truths, and seize opportunities.

SHAKESPEARE wasn't a broker at all, but do you know of any man who has furnished so many stock quotations?—*Boston Times.*

THE letters of the word "poetry" make the words "rot, yep." "Yep" is a Northern word, meaning "yes."—*Chicago News.*

"I SAY, Charlie, who was that I saw you talking to this morning?" "Aw, he was a man who had made me a slight advance on a note." "Have you known him long?" "Yes; he used to shave my father." "Barber?" "No, broker."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THEY are going to dinner. He: "May I sit on your right hand?" She: "O, better take a chair." He takes one.

WAVES of trouble roll from the owe-shun of debt.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A TRAMP thinks air is a humbug. You can't live without it, and yet you can starve to death on it, if you have nothing else.

AN exchange says there is a considerable amount of bad coin afloat. Coin that can float must be of exceedingly light weight.

"I AM a belle ringer now," remarked a Bedford avenue young man as he put an engagement-ring on the finger of his dulcinea.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WILL the coming women talk?" inquires Estelle. Will the coming duck swim?—*St. Paul Herald.*

"WHAT shall I get for moths?" We should not get anything; but if the correspondent is fond of moths, a very acceptable present would be a sealskin jacket.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

"PAT, what time is it:" "Oi don't know, Mike, but let's guess at it and then, begorra, the man as comes furthest off can go out to the kitchen and look."—*Life.*

A GREAT composer—Ether.—*Life.*

IS CORN-POPPING an agricultural report? *Chicago Tribune.*

A BIRD'S-EYE view in a hen-yard is only a fowl prospect.

Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

Great and good results often spring from small deeds and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhal troubles. If this is your case lose no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It is simple, efficacious, speedy, sure. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.

LADIES, when you go to the sewing society, be temperate in all things and practice sewbriety.—*Whitehall Times.*

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs and Colds: "I think them the best and most convenient relief extant."—*Rev. C. M. Humphrey, Gratz, Ky.* 25 cts. a box.

HANGING on the ragged edge is now rendered tottering on the slippery b-rink.—*The Judge.*

IF all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

IT is a foolish butcher who adopts the meat-trick system.—*N. Y. Journal.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

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THE BEST
THE PEOPLES CHOICE
THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE
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ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.
THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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Bilious Headache,
NOTHING LIKE IT.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
REV. FRANCIS GILLIAT, Arlington, Vt., recommends Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best, for sick headache caused by stomach disorders.
FOR
Female Debility,
UNSURPASSED.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
MRS. SPENCER MCCLELLAN, Gowen, Mich., warmly recommends Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S
LIVER
INVIGORATOR
Is a Reliable Remedy for Liver Complaints and illscaused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the system, assists digestion.
AN INVALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.
Thousands of testimonials prove its merit.
ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

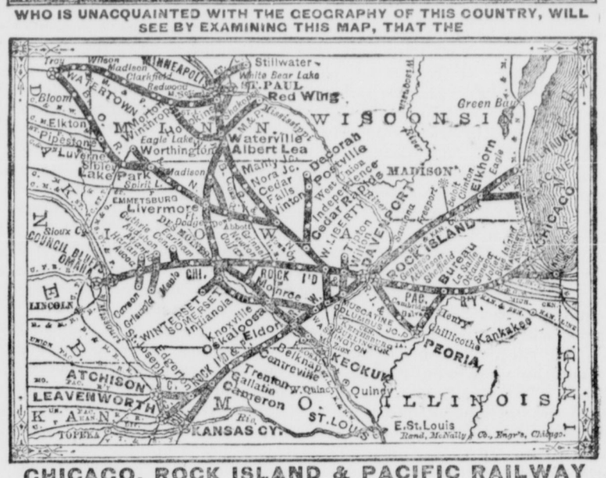
From Rev. B. F. Liepsner, Red Bank, N. J.: I was so troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored and my head feels better than for years.
Ely's Cream Balm cured me of catarrh—restored my sense of smell. For cold in head it works like magic.—E. H. SHERWOOD, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.
CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE COLD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE
ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
CREAM BALM
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
HAY-FEVER

RIDGE'S FOOD
The use of Ridge's Food produces good healthy flesh, not a puffy, flabby skin, but plenty of bone and muscle. The child likes it, and, as to nature's supply, so the little one turns readily from playthings, and finds complete satisfaction in this, the best *substitute* for the mother's milk. Do not let your children grow up weak and puny, when Ridge's Food can be obtained at so small cost.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
LOUISIANA
CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE


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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.
The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.
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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.
THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.
Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A Man's Thanks.
A well-known business man of Wilmington, N. C., writes to express his thanks for the benefit which his wife has derived from the use of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "It is with pleasure," he says, "that I write to express to you my gratitude for the relief and benefit your Vegetable Compound has been to my wife, who has been troubled with ulceration and a tumor weighing 2½ lbs., so the doctor said. She has been under the treatment of the doctor for six years. Finally he said he could do nothing more for her, that she would die in 24 hours. Then I commenced using your Compound, as soon as she commenced to take it she commenced getting better and now she can attend to her domestic affairs as well as she ever could."

SELF-PRESERVATION THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.
In these degenerate days when ennui or a morbid craving for excitement alternately depresses or enlivens the animal pulse of unfortunate humanity, a word, a blow, a pistol shot, too often ends the chapter of life and darkens with gloom and sorrowing regret a murderer's future. Truly "self-preservation is the first law of nature," but this in its fullest and grandest sense should include a preservation of one's equanimity of temper, a preservation of a happy consciousness of living and doing rightly, a preservation of that disposition which shows a regard for the lives and feelings of others, all of which makes life endurable to our associates and enjoyable to ourselves. Again, a knowledge of that which promotes and that which impairs the harmonious action of natural bodily functions is essential to the best preservation of all there is in life worth living. To this end a judicious selection of remedial agents should unerringly be made when the wheels of perfect health begin to run slow, when the stomach grows weak, when the liver feels sore, when the kidneys give pain, when natural functions cause distress, and gloomy forebodings become constant companions. The wisest selection of a medicine for counteracting such evidences of ill health and restoring robust strength to all parts of the body is DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA. Remember this and do not let your druggists sell you in its place anything of a different name, for the writer, who was himself an invalid for years, knows this remedy to excel as a health restorative all other preparations.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.
THE TRUE RELIEF.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Inflammation, Asthma, Influenza, Difficult Breathing.
BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.
It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
Malaria in its Various Forms.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.
DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.
The Great Blood Purifier.
For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.
Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.
Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York, for "False and True."

25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD.
32nd Edition. 108 Pages, explaining the entire business. Gives symptoms and best remedies for all diseases. A 50-page Illustrated Catalogue. All for 25c. in stamps.
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Thrilling Words.

J. J. Talbot, dying from the effects of a drunken debauch in Elkhart, Indiana, recently, said:

"But now the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had a position, high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me out churchless and Godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterwards I had business, large and lucrative, and my voice was heard in large courts pleading for justice, mercy and right. But the dust gathered on my books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could do. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out from the holiest of altars, and leading me from its portals, despair walked forth with me and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful—to me, at least—as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that, no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to him on the wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away.

I had a wife, whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember her, and to know her was to love her. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. The eternal monster would not spare me even this. I had a mother, who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflecting that the lesson taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows, and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt even reached there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days may cure all but this. Ah, me! never a word of reproach from her lips; only a tender caress, only a shadow of a great unspoken grief gathering over her dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly upon my head, only a piteous appeal to Heaven if her cup was at last not full. And while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angles pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without brief or business, a father without a wife, a son without a parent, a man without a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

Five Thousand Dollars a Pound.

In his last letter to *The Atlanta Constitution* Bill Arp says:

As a general thing the girls show too much anxiety to marry. They are too sweet on the boys. They ought to stand off and look reserved and precious and put on Jerusalem airs and say, "young man you don't know who you are fooling with. I'm a treasure, I am. I weigh 115 younds and am worth $1,000 a pound." Well they are. A good, nice, healthy girl, who can make her own dress and get up a good supper for company and is not ashamed to wait on the table while they are eating, is just worth about $1,000 a pound. But that is nothing compared to what they will be worth. Why, Mrs. Arp has cut out and make up at least 2,000 garments of one sort and another. She has sewed 500,000 stitches and patched and darned and washed faces and feet and combed hair innumerable. She has tied up 500 sore toes and cut fingers and burns and bruises and kissed away a thousand tears. She has watched 'em by night and day, and keeps on watching; and right now, while I am writing on my piazza, she is looking away up the big road, and says: "I'm afraid something will happen to them boys; they are too little to go on by themselves." They are two little nephews here just out of school, and they and Carl have all got a horse or colt apiece, and have gone off on a "scursion." and I call 'em the infantry cavalry and tell Mrs. Arp it is all right, but she sits here sewing with her specks on and ever and anon she looks up the road and says: "Those children have overstayed their time. I'm afraid something has happened." If they don't come back soon I know that I will have to start after them for that is always the way. Mrs. Arp is worth at least $5,000 a pound and she weighs right smart and keeps a getting heavier. I am rich, I am. I feel wealthy when I look at her.

No other preparation meets the wants of the debilitated system as does Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

More than Half Way.

With spring fairly here at last and Nature in a smiling mood, the inclination to look about for ways and means to better surroundings is strong. With many last summer's action of the B. & O. in issuing circular No. 7, with a view of promoting settlement and the establishment of manufacturing and other industries along its line, came possibly rather late for benefiting by its liberal inducements during 1884. But now, with everything ripe for advancement and improvement, the openings are most advantageous. The B. & O. offers freight transportation at half rates on household effects and building material for dwellings or structures intended exclusively for manufacturing purposes; half passenger rates for workmen employed on such improvements, and free transportation for families and domestics, first occupants of the dwellings constructed as above, on the way to them, and thereafter low commutation rates. More than this, free care and transmittal on passenger trains is tendered for marketing and household supplies of reasonable bulk and belonging to holders of commutation tickets. These concessions apply to suburban and other country settlements, and those at all interested should communicate with the proper officials and secure full data—those east of the Ohio to Vice-President Spencer, Baltimore; Pittsburg Division and tributaries, to General Superintendent, Pittsburg, and west of the Ohio, to General Superintendent Foreacre, Newark.

Special inducements beyond such as have been indicated may be given to manufacturing corporations, land and building associations, and individuals contemplating the expenditure of considerable sums in construction. In short, the B. & O. management will be found right up abreast of the times, quick to discern the benefits to accrue from energy and enterprise, and alert in affording the fullest and heartiest co-operation.

Infidel Consistency.

A humble missionary was traveling through the Canadian back woods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Upon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered around a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up and said: "My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of a river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger and I heard him cry for mercy to God. I heard him scream: "O, God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!" I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land, and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the very man who has just addressed you, and has told you that he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell." —*The Bishop of Saskatchewan.*

Wise Words.

The root of all benevolent actions is filial piety and fraternal love.

That which causes us to lose most of our time is the repugnance which we naturally have to labor.

A law may be reasonable in itself, although a man does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgiver.

Nobody talks much that doesn't say unwise things, things he did not mean to say; as no person plays much without striking a false note somewhere.—*Holmes.*

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offers themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come too near them.

There are sweet unspoken thanks before a fair scene of nature; at a sun setting below a glorious sea; or a moon and a host of stars shining over it; or a bunch of children playing in the street, or a group of flowers by the hedge side, or a bird singing there.

Nothing increases the love of life so much as living well.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise which deceives them.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Mother's Love—A Practical Illustration of Its Power.

A mother's love! What a potent thing it is! It will melt the heart of the most hardened criminal, when no other influence would be effectual. No one but a mother knows its full meaning, but every one can appreciate it if they will. It is known, though, that it means sleepless nights, care, inconvenience, and, if necessary, want, hardship and death. But the subject has been too eloquently treated by the sweetest poets and the ablest writers to furnish an essay for these columns. Too many practical illustrations occur in every day life for it to be dwelt upon, so that it is unnecessary to speak of the subject further in order to make the reader understand the full meaning of what is to follow.

Mrs. Henry Schualen, of Ashland, Ky., writes that her daughter has been cured of deafness which resulted from chronic catarrh. She tells how she had lost all hope of her daughter (her ideal) being cured, and how overjoyed she is at the result. After trying many remedies, she says PERUNA brought a cure, and that the daughter's hearing is restored. She concludes, by speaking in the most flattering terms of PERUNA, and then describes in the most lovely manner the happiness it has brought her, and reviews the distress she experienced while her daughter was afflicted.

Dr. A. R. Ong, Martins Ferry, O., writes: "I have a large trade on your PERUNA. Think it is a grand remedy."

Mr. Robert C. Hannah, Tolesborough, Lewis county, Ky., writes: "I write to inform you of the great benefit I received by the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. I had been low spirited and very sick for about six months with a bad cough, and my friends thought I had consumption; tried a number of patent medicines, and most of the doctors in the vicinity (and we have some as good as you can find in the country), but they did me no good whatever. Our merchant, Mr. Gillespie, insisted upon me trying your remedies. I did so, but must say, I had little faith in them at first; before I had consumed my first bottle, I noticed a change for the better, and to-day I am entirely well, and as sound a man as there is in the vicinity. I credit my cure to your valuable remedies, PERUNA and MANALIN, and recommend them to all of my friends."

Order of Publication.

Benjamin F. Harvey, Plaintiff, vs. Samuel W. Arenhalt, Administrator of Amos W. Arenhalt, deceased, and others.

No. 27 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of Amos W. Arenhalt, late of Grant county, West Virginia, deceased, for the payment of the claims of his creditors.

The bill states that the said Amos W. Arenhalt was, in his lifetime, seized and possessed of valuable real estate in Garrett county.

That being so seized and possessed of said real estate, the same being less than $2000 in value, and having some personal property, he sometime in the month of January 1885, departed this life, intestate, and unmarried, leaving surviving him as his only heirs at law, the following brothers and sisters, viz: Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain David Moreland, David Arenhalt and Keziah F. Arenhalt, who resides in Grant county, West Virginia, Martha Ann Arenhalt, who is intermarried with a certain Thomas Crow, both of whom reside in Garrett county, Maryland; Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, who are infants under the age of twenty-one years, and reside in Grant county, West Virginia.

That the said Amos W. Arenhalt was in his lifetime indebted unto the plaintiff in the sum of five hundred dollars, and also to divers other persons in various amounts.

That Administration of the personal estate has been granted by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, to Samuel W. Arenhalt.

That the said personal estate is insufficient to discharge all the just debts due and owing by said Amos W. Arenhalt at time of his death.

That the plaintiff and the other creditors are entitled to have the balance due on their claims paid out of the real estate.

The bill contains a prayer for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for Order of Publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore this 13th day of April, 1885, ordered by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 16th day of May next, give notice to the said absent defendants, Samuel W. Arenhalt, Mary M. Moreland, David Moreland, her husband, David Arenhalt, Keziah F. Arenhalt, Job W. Arenhalt, Jacob L. Arenhalt, Rebecca V. Arenhalt, Isaac T. Arenhalt and Flora Arenhalt, of the object and substance of this bill, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 15th day of October next, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

W. H. HAGANS,
Register of Wills for Garrett county, Md.
True copy—Test:
4 18 6t W. H. HAGANS, Register.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.11 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH GIVEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, Decay, and numerous other disorders, the result of following the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE Remedy that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheer ful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
806½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS Roll a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances.

WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust from Thomas Coddington and Cecilia J. Coddington, his wife, executed to me and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Thomas Coddington, I will

ON TUESDAY, THE 2D DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1885,

at ten o'clock A. M., at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md., offer at public auction to the highest bidder without reserve the following described property, to-wit: All the right title and interest of the said Thomas Coddington and wife in and to the real estate which was conveyed to the said Thomas Coddington by William P. Totten, executor of Ezekiel Totten, by deed bearing date April the first, A. D. 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 502, it being the

HOTEL PROPERTY

where the said Thomas Coddington now resides. The interest of the said Thomas Coddington in said real estate being the Equity of redemption, and the said real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, the first in favor of M. A. R. F. Carr for seven hundred dollars and payable on the first of April, A. D. 1887. The second in favor of Ida M. Crow for one thousand dollars, and payable on the twenty ninth day of July, A. D. 1887. Said Hotel Property is more particularly described as Lots Numbers ten and twelve on the plat of Totten's Sub-Division to the town of Oakland, Maryland. Said Lots are improved by a large two-story frame Hotel building, also large stable, ice-house and necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best locations for a Hotel or boarding house in the town of Oakland.

Immediately after offering the above described real estate I will offer in like manner all the

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE

formerly used by the said Thomas Coddington in running said Hotel, consisting of six heating stoves, two cooking stoves and utensils, twelve bedsteads, beds and bedding, large number of chairs, washstands, bureaus, carpets, lamps, hat racks, tables, stands, &c., &c. Table ware, consisting of knives, forks, plates, dishes, &c. One sofa one marble top center table, also barroom fixtures, including one large bar mirror, one elegant bar counter, stock of whiskey, brandy, wines, gin, cigars, tobacco, bar bottles and decanters, &c; also one buggy, one set of harness, four sheets and many small articles too tedious to enumerate.

TERMS OF SALE:—On the real estate one-half cash on the day of sale, and one-half in sixty days from the day of sale. On the personal property, all sums of twenty dollars and under cash, all sums over twenty dollars a credit of sixty days. On all deferred payments the purchasers to give their single bill, with security to be approved by the trustee. If the sale is not completed on the said Second day of June, it will be continued from day to day until finished. No property will be delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

JOHN B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

FRED. A. THAYER,
5 9 4t. Trustee.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

HENRY KAMP,
FREDERICK KAMP,
HENRY KAMP, JR.,
WM. ENGLEHART,
ED. MARGROFF.

Accident, Md., May 4, 1885.—3t.

Liquor License Notice.

Application of Mr. John Mellinger for Ordinary License in the Town of Grantsville, filed April 30th, 1885, recommended by the following persons: Isaiah Boucher, Conrad Bender, Aaron Beachy, J. S. Miller, U. M. Stanton, J. J. Beachy, Mathias Bowser, Charles Leese, Henry H. Miller, Louis Borchler, Peter Strabaugh and Jacob Gnagey.

Attest: W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Ryans Glade road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
JAMES SEABOLD.

5 9 3t

MOTHER SHUCK'S SALVE!

THE TRIED and TRUE REMEDY FOR

CROUP, BURNS, CUTS, Bruises, Sores, Boils.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F. St., Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-84.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

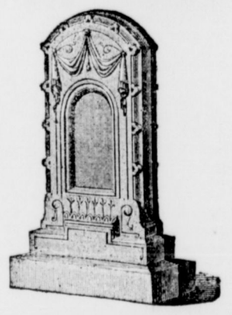
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.
Three Courses of Lectures.
Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Lacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.
Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material Known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Sharizer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885. NUMBER 13.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S
PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by suspending animation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy,

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible in any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. the largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov.20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, etc. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2250.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 169 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,
OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, **SCROFULA** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, **CATARRH** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the only true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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DR. JOHN BULL'S
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FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, that its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

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AUNT JANE'S EAR TRUMPET.

The noise of wheels was heard in the street, it being the stage coach with its load of passengers just returned from the railroad station, and the vehicle paused before the gate of a rather pretentious house on the main street of the village.

Mrs. Graves looked out of the window, and an expression of dismay crept over her face.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "if it isn't Aunt Jane Breed come to make us a visit!"

"Oh, dear," chimed in Arabella, a young lady of 18 years, "what a pity. Just as we are going to have a party, too. Couldn't we tell her it is inconvenient for us to have her, and send her to Uncle Merriam's?"

"No, Arabella, that would never do. You must consider that your Aunt Jane has twenty thousand dollars which she can dispose of as she pleases."

She had no time to say more, for the bell rang.

Mrs Graves went to the door herself. By the time she had opened it her face was compressed into an expression of joy.

"Why, Aunt Jane, how do you do? What a pleasant surprise. Arabella and I were speaking of you only this morning."

"Wait a minute, Eleanor," said the old lady, and, fumbling in her pocket, she produced an ear-trumpet which she adjusted to her ear.

"There," she said, "now we can talk."

"I had no idea you were deaf," said Mrs. Graves through the trumpet.

"Age has its infirmities," said Aunt Jane. "How is Arabella?"

"Very well, thank you. Here she is to speak for herself."

Mrs. Graves turned toward her daughter and spoke in her natural voice.

"Aunt Jane is as deaf as an adder," she remarked. "You see she has to use an ear trumpet."

"I'm glad of it," said Arabella; "for now we can just say what we please, without her overhearing us. Is she going to stay very long?"

"I don't know, I'll ask her," and, turning to the aunt she said, with her mouth in the ear-trumpet, "I hear you are going to favor us with a long visit."

"I can't spare you but a month," said Aunt Jane; "that is if it is entirely convenient for you to have me with you so long as that."

"We shall be delighted, said Mrs. Graves, finishing the sentence for her daughter's benefit, "to have you go. That's the truth, isn't it Belle?"

"How shall we ever live through the month?" asked Arabella, dismally, without venturing to express the feeling on her countenance.

A peculiar expression flitted over the old lady's face, but this was not observed by mother or daughter.

Three days passed. The old lady had become quite domesticated at the house of her neice.

It happened that Arabella had a beau, a young man of very much the same calibre as herself, who was employed as a clerk in one of the village stores. He called one evening when Aunt Jane had indulged herself in sitting up a little later than usual.

"I suppose I must introduce you to my aunt," said Arabella. "She will not be in our way, for she is as deaf as a post. Aunt Janet," she said, through the ear-trumpet, "this is Mr. Storrs."

"I am glad to see him," said Aunt Jane, extending her hand.

"There, we needn't say anything more to her," said Belle, cordially. "I believe you never saw her before."

"No," said he.

"Ain't she a beauty," laughed Belle.

"Are you not afraid she will hear?"

"Oh, no, she is entirely dependent upon her trumpet."

"That's lucky for us. If she could hear she might not be gratified by what she heard. Ha, ha!" laughed Storrs.

"It is a great trial to us to have her here, but you know when one has a rich aunt she cannot be very well put off."

"So your aunt is rich," said the young man, with increased interest.

"Yes, she is worth twenty thousand dollars."

"That is a large sum," said Storrs, thinking how large a portion would likely fall to Belle, whom he already looked upon as his own.

"Yes, it is worth some sacrifice; so we tolerate the old lady, in spite of her fumily dress and odd ways."

"I was going to observe," said Storrs, banteringly, "what a strong resemblance there is between you and your aunt."

"Take that for your impertinence, sir," said the young lady, playfully tapping him with her fan. "I must be charming if that were the case."

Now Aunt Jane was in reality a very good-looking old lady; not, of course, as attractive as when young. The conversation thus ran on entirely regardless of Aunt Jane, who sat placidly in a rocking chair at the window, knitting a stocking. She appeared to take little notice of them, but occasionally an amused look flitted over her face. Probably she was thinking of something.

Aunt Jane had been a fortnight at the house of Mrs. Graves, when one morning she said at the breakfast table: "I should like to go over to Merriam's to spend the day."

"Very well," said Belle, with alacrity, "we can carry you down there immediately after breakfast. What a relief," said she, turning to her mother, "to be rid of her a single day!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Graves, who, being older, was a little more prudent, "but you must consider that he is as nearly related as I am, and we must not let her stay there too long."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Bell, with a sigh.

"You had better tell her that you hope she will not stay longer than one day."

"Well," said Belle, "if I must I must. Aunt Jane, you must be sure and not stay longer than a day or two," said the young lady through the trumpet.

"You are very kind," said the old lady. "I didn't know but I was getting troublesome."

"Oh, no, we are delighted to have you here," said Mrs. Graves. "We hope you will stay a long time."

"How could you say that, mother?" protested Belle.

"Because, my dear, your aunt is too old to last very long, and we ought to feel willing to submit to some inconvenience for the sake of being remembered in her will. If we work our cards right she may leave the whole. That would be worth having; twenty thousand don't grow on every bush."

"As likely as not she'll live to be a hundred," muttered Belle.

After breakfast Aunt Jane was carried to the house of James Merriam, her nephew, the only son of her sister. Mr. Merriam was a poor man. He had met with reverses, and now lived in a much less expensive way than Mrs. Graves, his cousin, who, despite the relationship, looked upon him as her social inferior. He was a very worthy man, however, and far from being as worldly as Mr. Graves. He had three children, all at home. His wife was an excellent housekeeper and far more amiable than Mrs. Graves, though her pretensions were much less.

"I'm glad to see you, Aunt Jane, said Mr. Merriam hospitably, as he came to help her from the carriage. We have been hoping to see you ever since we heard of your arrival in town. Clara will be delighted to welcome you."

The old lady drew out her trumpet. Mr. Merriam looked concerned.

"I am sorry that you have lost your hearing," he said.

"Old people can't expect to hear as well as young folks," said Aunt Jane.

"You must make us a good long visit," said Mrs. Merriam, who now appeared.

"I will see," said Aunt Jane.

"I always liked Aunt Jane," said Mrs. Merriam to her husband, "she is always so gentle and kind, it seems very pleasant to have her in the house."

"So it does," said Mr. Merriam. "The only thing I think of is that we have a small house and can't make her as comfortable as at your cousin's."

"Well, we will make up in the warmth of our welcome."

Aunt Jane seemed unusually happy that day. As night approached she seemed thoughtful, and finally consented to stay longer.

"I must write a note to my niece to explain it," she said.

An hour later the note was placed in the hands of Mrs. Graves.

NIECE ELEANOR: I have concluded to stop where I am during the rest of my visit. As you remarked to Belle when I came that you should be delighted to have me go, this information will doubtless be pleasing to you. As for Belle, she will be easily consoled for the departure of her grumpy old aunt, who must have annoyed her with her odd ways.

AUNT JANE.

P. S.—My hearing has been wonderfully restored, so that I can now dispense with my trumpet.

This letter filled Mrs. Graves and Belle with dismay. They had sinned deeply against the old lady that they felt that no apologies would be adequate. To add to Belle's misfortune, when the young clerk learned what had occured between herself and her aunt he unceremoniously deserted her for another.

Aunt Jane bequeathed the bulk of her property to her nephew. The will contained the following provision:

I bequeath to my niece, Eleanor, my ear trumpet, which I found on one occasion of excellent service.

A View from the Moon.

From Prof. Lanhley's article on "The Planets and the Moon," in his series on "The New Astronomy," in the March *Century*, we quote the following: "The truth is, however, that, looking at the earth from the moon, the largest moving animal, the whale or the elephant, would be utterly beyond our ken; and it is questionable whether the largest ship on the ocean would be visible, for the popular idea as to the magnifying power of great telescopes is exaggerated. It is probable that under any but extraordinary circumstances our lunar observer with our best telescopes could not bring the earth within less than an apparent distance of five hundred miles; and the reader may judge how large a moving object must be to be seen, much less recognized, by the naked eye at such a distance.

"Of course, a chief interest of the supposition we are making lies in the fact that it will give us a measure of our own ability to discover evidences of life in the moon, if there are any such as exist here; and in this point of view it is worth while to repeat that scarcely any temporary phenomenon due to human action could be visible from the moon under the most favoring circumstances. An army such as Napoleon led to Russia might conceivably be visible if it moved in a dark solid column across the snow. It is barely possible that such a vessel as one of the largest ocean steamships might be seen, under very favorable circumstances, as a moving dot; and it is even quite probable that such a conflagration as the great fire of Chicago would be visible in the lunar telescope, as something like a reddish star on the night side of our planet; but this is all in this sort that could be discerned.

"By making minute maps, or, still better, photographs, and comparing one year with another, much however, might have been done by our lunar observer during this century. In its beginning, in comparison to the vast forests which then covered the North American continent, the cultivated fields along its eastern seaboard would have looked to him like a golden fringe bordering a broad mantle of green; but now he would see that the golden fringe has pushed aside the green farther back than the Mississippi, and would gather his best evidence from the fact (surely a noteworthy one) that man, as represented by the people of the United States, has changed one of the features of his world during the present century to a degree visible in another planet!"

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Nydegger's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freeist, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven as a place will compass it. You must carry it with you else it is not there. You must have it in you as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up, out of the central depths, of eternal springs that hide their waters there.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AT THE RINK.

Mr. Jonathan Flynn and his sweetheart, Kate,
Went up to the Roller Rink to skate.
"I'll show you, my darling," said he, "how it feels
To be buzzing around on eight little wheels."
So the boy, with a grin,
Strapped the skates on to Flynn.

The people were there, and the big brass band,
And the young men had their girls by the hand;
They could polka, and waltz, and cut figure eights,
And do wonderful things on their strange roller-skates.
"O, I wish *I* could skate,"
Whispered envious Kate.

The near-sighted man put on two pairs of glasses,
And gazed with delight on the graceful young lasses,
And the bald-headed gentlemen watched in amaze,
For they didn't have rollers in "Grandfather's days."
And all said: "O, my!"
With a satisfied sigh.

Miss Kittie O'Hara had just won a prize,
And all the folks watched her with curious eyes;
She could "promenade" backwards, and slide at her ease,
Just as if she'd been born on a flying trapeze,
And the boys said: "Gee whiz!
What a skater *she* is."

Then Jonathan Flynn thought 'twas time to begin,
So he got on his feet and prepared to "sail in."
Feeling sure of success, he determined to try it
While the band had stopped playing and all was so quiet,
And he thought he would do
Something "striking" and new.

Ambitious and hopeful, he made a bold start,
But, just at the outset, his legs went apart,
And poor Jonathan found, to his utter dismay,
His refractory legs were both *running away*,
And down on his back
Came Flynn with a whack!

And one pretty girl, with a head like a mop,
Said: "I thought it was spring, for I saw a *dude-drop*."
And another one answered: "O, no! not at all;
It couldn't be *spring*, it was certainly *fall*."
And then they both giggled,
While Flynn lay and wriggled.

At last the "Professors" took Flynn from the floor,
And arranged him with care on the side of a door,
And, kind-hearted readers, now what do you think?
As they carried poor Flynn through the door of the Rink
Kate whirled on her toes
And turned up her nose!

—*Judge.*

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

How the Danger to the Express Train Was Averted.

Letty Brooks put aside the white muslin curtain and looked out of the little window of the telegraph office at Smyrna station as the afternoon accommodation puffed and rattled up to its stopping-place.

"Who's come, sis?" spoke a very young boy, whose likeness proclaimed near kinship to the girl, and whose manner readily determined him as that most unpleasant variety of the genus, a privileged brother.

"Nobody you know, Sammy," replied the sister, vainly imagining that she had thus satisfied an inquiry born of only too shrewd interpretation of the expectant glance with which her face had greeted the incoming train. "Run out and get the paper."

"O, no! Billy Johnson ain't running, and of course there ain't nobody there," retorted the boy, and with this crudely humorous allusion to the supposed favor with which Letty regarded a certain young engine-driver, he uncurled himself from the table and tumbled out the door to do her bidding.

For all topographical purposes, Smyrna station is but a small dot on the railway map, and its function in the great economy of traffic and transportation is that of a depot of wood and water for the refreshment of the motive power of freight trains. The iron bond of a long single track unites in wedlock two cities who quarrel like husband and wife for supremacy as the commercial metropolis, while similarly joined in indissoluble interests; and the little village, too far distant from either to share in contingent greatness, and even lacking the independent importance of a half-way station, quietly sleeps between its hills, with its river trailing off at one side, awakened twice daily by the shriek of the fast express, and occasionally contributing a passenger to the leisurely accommodation train. In winter there really seems no reason for its existence, and it hibernates, its sub-tropical name being mocked by the reigning desolation. In summer there is a certain awakening of agriculture and a reappearance of natives in cotton shirts and pantaloons. At this season, too, there is the advent of the city scions of two of the formerly great families of the neighboring country, who keep green the memories of their bucolic ancestors by occupying the homesteads, stately in an old-fashioned way, with two-storied columns across their broad fronts, that stand on the heights at the other end of the town.

Summer it is, and the very heat of it, when Miss Florence Van Amden shakes the creases and the cinders from her pongee traveling suit, after alighting from the train, with a weary look on her veiled face and a begrimed novel in her gloved hand; and Letty, from behind her curtain, knows that this solitary passenger is Miss Florence Van Amden as well as do Tom Porter and his sister, who have come to meet the traveler with the family carriage. For although this lady is unaccompanied, she has by no means come unheralded. Care is necessary in the consignment of such precious goods; and this is the reason that Letty, peering out from the window of the telegraph office, wears a face on which realized anticipation rather than surprise appears, as the travel-dusted figure sweeps across the platform! For Letty is the repository of all the secrets that flash from town to town along the humming wires. She has but to turn the switch of the little instrument resting on her desk, and there pour forth prices current and political nominations, orders for arrest on their way to outstrip the criminal in his flight, and kindly messages of friendly appointment, brief tales of death and congratulations on the coming of the first-born, all ticked out in the unsympathetic monotone whose dots and dashes and silences speak words to her trained ear.

It is the railroad that has given Smyrna its telegraph; and Letty's occupation is so generally confined to the business of the road—to receiving orders from the train dispatcher to "hold No. 7," to "keep the track clear for down special," or that "No. 4 has the right of way to Flaxborough," which it is her duty to copy in triplicate and deliver to the station-master—that a purely social message, coming direct to Smyrna and stopping there, instead of careering on to the end of the line, makes an impression on her memory. There have been at least a score of these unusual messages, all relating to Miss Van Amden's visit, which Letty has sent to Squire Porter's great house, until she at last beholds the subject of so much dispatching descend from the train.

Socially considered, Miss Van Amden is a more important subject of description than the telegraph operator at Smyrna station. Especially would she be so were she at this moment attired in some one of the toilettes hidden in the mountainous trunk before which the station-master of this unsophisticated village stands aghast. But all that Letty sees, as the traveler lifts her veil to kiss Tom's sister, and extends a hand to Tom himself, is a handsome dark face surmounting a graceful figure, whose good points have not suffered obscuration at the hands of any unskillful modiste. Then they all vanish with the rattle of laughter and carriage wheels.

Letty settles herself back in her chair with a little sigh, and plies a palm-leaf fan, as if to blow away a bit of a cloud that seems to have sprung up from nothing, as clouds do, on her pretty face. It might be supposed that she is jealous, were her prettiness sufficient to justify such indulgence in the luxury of feeling. And if her pink cheeks and yellow curls have been really the attraction that has kept Tom Porter dangling with compliments about her path to and from the station all the season, it is only natural that she should feel a certain anxiety on the introduction of black eyes and brunette beauty on the scene. Tom's attentions have already plunged the station-master into a savage gloom, whose outward manifestations take the form of a strange hostility to the baggage of innocent passengers; and if Squire Porter had known what terrible thoughts racked the soul of Billy Johnson, the engine-driver, he would never have risked the safety of his family on the rails behind that one of Letty's lovers, who, to tell the truth, was the most favored.

As the case stood, however, Letty's heart had expanded toward Tom Porter, under the light attentions of that young man, just enough to permit her to owe him a grudge should he transfer his fancy; and this, with an intuition not surprising under the circumstances, she foresaw would be the result.

To say that Letty turned with gratitude and satisfaction to the assured affection of her engine-driving admirer would be to do injustice to her capacity for ambition which the Squire's son had aroused: and as she fluttered her fan she blew up a little flame of animosity against all of them together. Nor was she far wrong in her estimate of the situation. The house of Porter and Amden were in no way averse to an alliance that seemed the most natural thing in the world, and a match whose possibility had been foreshadowed in the winter gayeties of the city would receive impulse in the rural festivities of the summer to the gratification of all concerned.

The gossips of Smyrna soon had this business, as well as much more pertaining to equally private affairs of the neighborhood, high and low, satisfactorily arranged. It was not determined by this authority whether the wedding was to take place before the close of the season or early in the winter. Preference was generally given to the later date; and this was the news which Sammy one day brought his sister, the development of the talent of gossip-bearing having a commencement in early youth among the Smyrniotes.

Sammy was, indeed, a precocious child, and would perhaps have been a more valuable member of society than one ought to be at his age had it not been for the compensating circumstance that his precocity was wholly unreliable. He was at once useful and dangerous, amusing and exasperating; and never did these qualities expand and glorify themselves as among the events with which he managed to connect himself this summer. The mysteries of telegraphy were never too deep for his probing, as the arcana of love was not too sacred for his investigation and mastery. He not only had, for a small boy, a wonderfully accurate comprehension of his sister Letty's romantic tendencies, but he also developed a practical usefulness as the Ariel to speed with her messages, and the Caliban to scrub the corroded metal elements of her battery.

While the summer days passed quietly and hotly enough at the station, the augmented household at Squire Porter's spread itself over the country round about in daily junketing of the most hilarious sort. Such a genius for picnics, such a talent for fishing, such an endurance in mountaineering as Miss Van Amden showed herself to possess would have captivated the great Pan himself, and Tom Porter, who was a worshiper of the woodland deity, found his devotion turning more and yet more strongly toward this handsome priestess. Talk of the glamour of gas-light and hot-house flowers, of the infatuation of the dance in crowded ball-rooms, of all the fascinations of stereotyped fame! why, a young woman of good parts can work more havoc in a fortnight of rural pleasuring than in a whole season of artificial campaigning.

If Tom Porter did not confess to this fact in so many words, it was none the less true that Miss Van Amden conquered him within a week after her arrival at Smyrna, and dragged him a willing captive over hill and valley, attuning his soul to what he imagined to be concord with nature, but what was in reality the romance of his own heart. It was on their return from a mountain party, filled but not surfeited with picturesque views, that the two found themselves in advance of the rest, walking alone.

"There are the carriages just ahead of us," said Tom. "Suppose we sit down here and wait for Milly and the others?"

"What a pity we left them so far behind!" suggested Miss Van Amden, affecting to adjust her jaunty hat at a more sedate angle.

"Not a bit of it; I had almost forgotten they were anywhere in the world," replied the young man, eagerly and unsuspectingly accepting the suggestion his companion had so delicately hinted. "Let's imagine we have quite stepped out of it ourselves for a few minutes longer. They will come soon enough, and then we go home to dinner and civilization again."

"Do I look very uncivilized now?" asked the girl, glancing up in Tom's face as she sank on an old tree trunk by the side of the road.

"No, I can't say that you do," replied Tom, with a glow of genuine admiration. "It is something altogether better than that."

"Sit down here by me, and I'll spare you telling me what it is. You were never very bright in analyzing your impressions."

"But there are some feelings that I can analyze well enough, Florence," said the young man, seating himself, not by her side, but on the moss at her feet. "If at first I couldn't tell myself what made our trip so pleasant up this mountain two weeks ago, I believe I know it now."

"Do you?" she said softly, as as if unconscious that Tom's hand had sought hers, and displaced a frond of sweet-fern in order to possess her fingers.

"Yes; I know it only too surely, Florence. May I tell it to you?"

Florence's firm brunette face, with its lightly disarranged hair, in which was stuck a fiery cardinal flower, seemed more beautiful than ever as it was half turned from Tom. Her eyes, rather than her lips, gave the desired permission. Tom had now both her hands in his, and was gazing with a lover's admiration at the lovely cheek whose curve rounded against the dark hair so softly. He was no epicure in sentiment, and was very much in earnest just then; but he delayed one instant from pure ecstacy at the sensation. His heart was thumping furiously, and in another moment he would have become eloquent, at least to Florence's ears, had not a sudden splash, accompanied by the shriek of a childish voice, broken in upon the silence and the sentiment of the occasion.

Perhaps there was no necessity of a formal completion of Tom's remarks; certainly there was no opportunity. For the cries continued, and the young man was speedily dashing down the hillside, through the bushes, toward the stream that flowed a few rods from where the lovers had seated themselves.

It was the work of an instant for Tom's long arms to drag out a kicking and struggling boy from what might have been a watery grave had the brook been deeper, but which was earthy enough in fact, to judge by the amount of clayey soil clinging to the wet garments of the involuntary bather.

"There you are, Sammy!" said Tom, as he put the dripping boy on his legs for drainage purposes. "What in the world have you been doing here?"

"Fishin'."

"Do you chase the fish into the water?"

"No; I scoop 'em up. There's my hat now," and the young fisherman pointed out that article, escaped from employment as a net, floating down the stream, gyrating through eddies and around rocks, and slowly filling with water.

"Take off your jacket and wring it out," said Tom, chasing the vagrant hat with his mountain staff, and rescuing it just as it became water-logged. Then, seizing the soaked garment in the boy's hands, and giving it a twist that would have done credit to the Squire's laundry-woman, he exclaimed:

"Why didn't you take the things out of your pockets? What's this?"

It was only a yellow envelope well soaked.

"O, that's the dispatch Letty gave me to carry up to your house," said the boy. "I was a-goin' there."

"By the way of the brook? Sammy! Sammy! what if the fish had eaten you!"

"What is it, Tom?" called Florence's voice from the bank above them.

"A dispatch for father. He has left on the train two hours ago," said Tom, looking at his watch. "And here"—carefully spreading out the wet copy on his knee—"they want him at the other end of the line. Well, I can attend to this business as well as he could, but I must get to the station in thirty minutes. Will you forgive me if I leave you to the care of the other folks? Here they come now. Tumble in, Sammy; I'll take you home;" and while speaking Tom had unfastened one of the teams. "Good-bye, and God bless you Florence. Meet me at the station with the carriage when the down express comes in to-morrow. I wouldn't go a step now unless I knew it ought to be done for father."

Miss Van Amden's hand was still tingling with Tom's fervent grasp when Tom himself and his small companion had clattered out of sight along the road toward the station.

The evening at Squire Porter's mansion was a dull one for this young lady, and she arose the next morning under the possession of that indefinable unpleasantness of general sensation which we know by the name of a presentiment. Not even the memory of that scene in the woods the day before offset the disagreeable and persistent impression that something was about to happen. She had Dorothy, the girls' quiet horse, harnessed up more than two hours before the express was due, and drove off to make the circuit of the Blue Hill before meeting Tom at the station.

Down by the railroad it was seasonably hot. The reflection from the long line of rails stretching into the distance quivered in the heated air that rose from the yellow sand embankments. The vast stores of pine-wood piled beside the track sent out balsamic odors as it baked under the rays of the sun. The crane-like spout that fed the locomotives from the tank at the end of the freight-house stood erect and parched as the throat of Tantalus. Letty plied her palm-leaf fan, and sighed for the thunder-showers which the telegraphic friend at her elbow—only a hundred and fifty miles distant—had just announced as clearing the air in that more favored locality.

The accommodation had passed. The up express had stopped for water and gone its way. Two freight trains had lumbered by. The afternoon was well advanced, when "thunder-caps" began to pile up from behind the hills, and Letty imagined that she sniffed moisture and freshness in the air.

"It'll be a ripper when we do get it," remarked the station-master, looking in at Letty's window. "There's a tremendous black streak round at the west."

From that quarter there was rising a dark screen with ragged edges, pushed up from below, and steadily cutting away the bright sky. The spruces on the high hillsides caught the voice of the messenger winds sent in advance of the tempest, and whispered it to the valleys below. A whiff of the breeze reached the station just as the edge of the storm-cloud gashed the disk of the sun. It was followed by another, whirling little eddies of dust from the repose in which they had been left beside the track by the last passing train. Then the wind began to blow more steadily, and Letty shut down her window with prudent precaution, calling to Sammy as she did so.

Sammy did not respond; but at the moment of closing the window the sound of a carriage rapidly driven and drawing up hastily at the station fell upon her ear. No train was due at this hour, and it must be some one seeking shelter under the carriage shed from the approaching storm.

Suddenly the door of her little office was swung violently open, and on the threshold stood the young lady whose arrival she had watched from behind her curtain little more than two weeks before. She was pale now and agitated.

"Where is the man—the station-master—the one in charge here?" asked Miss Van Amden, hurriedly, breaking in before Letty had time to formulate the haughty little salutation that was rising to her lips.

"He has gone home for a few minutes, but will return before the express arrives. Do you wish a ticket?"

"No! no! no!" cried Florence, with as near an approach to wringing her hands as women of this day know. "I want to save lives! There is a great land-slide on the track. I saw it as I came around Blue Hill, and drove on as fast as I could to get help. What must we do? Quick! quick!" and the excited girl grasped Letty's arm and almost shook her.

Letty's experience in the business of running a railroad by telegraph stood her in good stead at this crisis, and her sense of superiority to the situation was evident in the calmly frigid air which she opposed to her companion's eager anxiety. She even indulged in a sort of self-complacent contempt for the frightened helplessness of Miss Van Amden, while conscious of her own power to stay all disaster with a single movement of her hand.

"There is no hurry," she replied, with such dignity as her little figure and bird-like voice were capable of expressing. "The express is not due at Flaxborough for fifteen minutes yet, and I shall telegraph to hold it there until the track is cleared. There is no other train on this section except the up accommodation, which stops here. If you expect any friends on either, you needn't be alarmed."

She seated herself at the table, and touched the telegraph key with that graceful motion which displays a shapely hand more effectively than any other employment except violin-playing. She "called" the station at Flaxborough. But as her fingers rattled off the familiar dots and dashes her practiced ear detected the fact that no message followed along the wire in consequence. She examined the switch, and quickly tightened a screw. Again no life came at her manipulation. The spirit of the telegraph had fled.

Quickly rising, Letty went to the closet in which the local battery was kept, and if the empty cells had not been enough to explain the situation, the appearance of Sammy at the door, with an approbative expression on his face and two neatly cleansed copper cups in his hand, would have left no doubt as to the cause of the impotence of her instrument. Zealous to atone for his short-comings of the day before, the useful boy had taken this occasion to perform for his sister the somewhat dirty service of scouring out the battery.

"O, Sammy, what have you done?" cried Letty, now as pale as Miss Van Amden.

"Cleaned 'em up," answered the boy; "that's all."

"O dear! oh dear! you meddlesome, wicked child. I put the last drop of acid in this morning, and now you have poured it all away."

"Get some more," suggested Sammy.

"Don't talk to me," retorted Letty. "They were to send me some by the express this afternoon, and until I get it the wires are useless."

"Wait till it comes, then," was Sammy's rejoinder.

"You don't know what you are talking about. Run just as fast as you can to Mr. Jones', and tell him there's an accident on the road, and he must hurry here. Run along!" and she pushed him out at the door.

The station-master came in haste, heralded by a clap of thunder and accompanied by the loud pattering of the first rain-drops.

"What is it, Miss Brooks?" he asked, as he burst into the room.

"This lady has just come around the Blue Hill, and says there is a land slide across the track. The wires won't work, and the down express is due at half past."

"Where is the slide?"

"Just beyond the covered bridge, answered Miss Van Amden.

"Four miles off, and in a bad place." The station-master looked at his watch. The express is due at Flaxborough in five minutes, and here in twenty-five. We can't get there with a signal in time. Try the wires again, Miss Brooks."

Letty tried again, with the same result: the telegraph was mute.

"I'll take your team, and do my best," said the station-master to Miss Van Amden, snatching up a red signal-flag and rushing from the room.

The sound of the increasing storm hid the noise of his departure as he whipped the astonished Dorothy into a speed of which that peaceful animal had never dreamed. It was a hopeless race against time, as one at least of the two girls knew who were crouched on the narrow settee in the waiting room.

"You didn't have any friends on the express, did you?" at last asked Letty.

"I came to meet Mr. Porter," answered her companion.

"Mr. Porter?—Tom Porter? Is he on that train?" almost shrieked Letty. The girl hardly knew how she ought to feel in view of the evident anguish of the one whom she had now and then regarded in some fashion as a successful rival. Florence's eyes were filled with tears, and it was with very complicated emotions that Letty continued: "Well, I don't mind telling you that Billy Johnson, who runs the express, is a friend of mine, too, and that he will see that slide in time if any man can."

Within two minutes a great darkness had come over the land. The room was in a lurid twilight, except when fierce flashes of lightning illumined the two scared faces and blinded the girls' eyes for the moment. Between two appalling claps of thunder, Florence asked, nestling up to Letty:

"Is there hope that he will get there in time?"

Letty hesitated to give hope, and as she paused in her answer she heard the three dots that formed the "call" signal for the Smyrna station sharply clicked out on the sounder of her instrument, "S," "S," "S," was repeated in the telegraphic language with rapidity, the signals then running off into a meaningless medley as if the ghost of some crazy operator was manipulating the key. Letty started to her feet. The chattering ceased; then went on again more wildly than before. The elements themselves were operating her instrument, fantastically choosing for their first experiment the signal of her own station, whose peculiar sound had at once attracted her attention.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Letty.

Here was indeed relief literally from above. The power of which Sammy had ignorantly deprived the wires was supplied by the lightning flashing through the stormy air.

Letty hastily joined the circuit and called Flaxborough. The lightning did its work, and the answer came. By the clock at Smyrna station, the train driven by Letty's lover and carrying the lover of Florence must at that moment have drawn up by the platform at Flaxborough.

"Hold the express!" were the words that Letty's trembling fingers sent humming on the very wings of the storm. They were repeated back by the operator at Flaxborough.

"Landslide near——" thus the girl was continuing the message on which so many lives depended, when, just, as safety was assured, the elements asserted their power as master in the place of servant. A swiftly moving fiery mass seemed to glide along the wire leading to Letty's instrument, noiselessly fused the points of the key under her very hand, and stretched her in a limp heap on the floor.

Florence Van Amden, who, though dazed by the phenomenon and trembling, sprang to the girl's side, dragged her unconscious body out, as well as she might, to the larger room, and opened on it, the door which let in the cool, damp torrent of air, comprehended it only as an accident. She understood nothing of the terrible nature of the power which Letty had for a brief moment compelled to her service, and much less did she realize that the little blonde fragile telegraph operator had settled herself at the instrument with a full knowledge of the risk she ran in tampering with the wild elemental force.

So quickly had it all passed, and without explanation, that even then she did not know that her lover, and probably many lives besides his, were saved by the quick wit and the unhesitating heroism of Letty Brooks.

This all came to her later. Letty lay as if dead for long hours. Tom Porter was seated with Florence by his side when she awoke at last to a bewildered consciousness. If that gay young gentleman had at any time indulged in a complacent suspicion that his fascinations had touched the village girl's heart, he was undeceived by her first words.

"Where is he? where have they taken him? O! oh!"

"Hush, my dear; he is safe," answered the doctor, at a venture, with professional readiness.

"If you mean Billy Johnson,' spoke up Sammy, who seemed to read his sister's thoughts with the wonderful perspicacity of youth, "he's with his engine at Flaxborough, where you stopped him. So you'd better be patient, sis."

"Ah!" sighed Letty, feebly, while two tears showed themselves on a happy face. She had recovered her memory with her life.

When the newspapers from the large towns at either end of the line reached Smyrna the next day there was no thrilling account of an escape from a great accident on the road. These things are managed better. There was in each a brief mention of the detention of the express for a few hours in consequence of an obstruction on the track, which was promptly removed, the admirable system of train-dispatching having enabled the efficient superintendent to prevent any great delay to travel.

But even this unpretentious item of news was probably read by a greater number than the announcements—which appeared in the usual form just two months later—of the marriage of Thomas Porter and Florence Van Amden, and William Johnson and Letitia Brooks, both of which events, it appears, took place upon the same day, with an interchange of kindly wishes and wedding gifts, of which the public, judging only from the differences in station of the two couples, could of course, have no knowledge.—*Frederick Tryon, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Bible in Olden Times.

In 1274 a Bible sold for 50 marks—£33 6s. and 8d. The price of wheat was 3s. and 4d. a quarter, a laborer's wage 3 halfpence a day, and a harvestman's 2d. So that the value of the Bible sold for 50 marks was equal to the value of 200 quarters of wheat or the pay of 4,000 harvesters for one day. In 1429 a copy of Wycliffe's New Testament was 4 marks and 40 d.—£2 16s. and 8d. In 1433 the sum of £66 13s. was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, which was chained in the library of the Gray Friars. The price of wheat at that time was 5s. and 4d. the quarter, the wages of a ploughman a penny a day, and of a stonecutter 4d.—*N. Y. Post.*

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Extortionate Charge for Visiting the Place—Investigation Invited.

A large majority of the visitors to the Capital make a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. Mount Vernon is a delightful spot. Not only is it rich in historic association, but there is not a more beautiful place in this part of the country. But comparatively few visitors realize that the Mount Vernon estate was purchased by popular subscription, the price paid being $250,000. Perhaps their ignorance is justified when the arrogant position of the Mount Vernon Association is taken into consideration. If there ever was a monopoly this association has one. There seems to be no good reason why the association should use the bones of the "father of his country" as a capital to make money out of the general public, especially when the public is the owner of the estate. Under a contract which has been entered into between the association and a steamboat, the owners of the latter are permitted to have the exclusive right to land passengers at the little tumble-down old wharf at Mount Vernon. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been taken from the public in this manner. To the people of Washington this extortion is no new thing, and, as it does not especially affect them, they have allowed the abuse to exist without protest. Strangers protest loudest, and it is but right that a hearing should be granted to their side of the question.

Mount Vernon is only fifteen miles from Washington. The charge for the round trip and admission to the grounds is one dollar, of which sum the steamboat proprietors take sixty-five cents and the Mount Vernon Association thirty-five cents. It is not quite plain why the association should exact thirty-five cents a head from the public for admission to an estate which that public owns. Naturally the questions arise, "Where does the money go?" and "Who are the beneficiaries of this extortion?" The property is governed by a board of regents, and this board is ruled by a vice regent. It is the closest kind of a corporation. When a vacancy occurs in the board the vice regent makes an appointment to fill the position, and it is understood that his power in this respect is absolute. The board holds a picnic at the estate every summer, and counts the winnings of the previous season. When any inquiries are made of the board, it wraps itself in impenetrable mystery. It deigns to allow the public to enter its grounds at an extortionate price, and that is enough.

The excuse given for the excessive charge is that it is necessary to have a large sum of money on hand to guard the remains of Washington and to keep the estate and house in proper repair. As a matter of fact there is not the slightest danger that any one will disturb Washington's bones. They are as well protected as they can be without the large guard which it is said is always ready to defend them. It is perhaps worthy of remark that the visitors see only about half a dozen persons about the place, and yet an impression is always given them that a small army is in waiting to pounce upon the scoundrels who would desecrate the tomb. Your correspondent has visited Mount Vernon a dozen times, and has never yet seen a guard that could not be overpowered by five resolute men. The army of protectors of the tomb of Washington is a myth, pure and simple. No extraordinary expenses are incurred on this account, and this excuse for extortion is therefore groundless.

The only reason given for this extortion is "the care of the house and grounds." There are employed on the grounds two guides, one of whom runs the restaurant and four or five colored servants. These are under a superintendent. No expense whatever is incurred in keeping the house in repair. Under the existing order of things each of the original thirteen States agrees to keep some designated room in repair, and to see that its relics are preserved. New York has the State dining room. Recently the old ceiling in this room fell to the floor. The State had it replaced. There is absolutely no expense to the association for the care of the house, save for the necessary scrubbing after the presence of a large number of visitors. The care of the ground is confined to a green-house, at which flowers are sold in sufficient quantity to pay its expenses. The outlay for all these and other incidental expenses, outside the salaries of the employes, can not be more than $100 a year, and yet it is estimated that the income of the association is not less than $30 a day. The money goes somewhere. Its exact destination is not known, but evidently the funds do not get beyond the clique who are now running affairs at the "home of Washington." It is an old saw that says "everybody's business is nobody's business." On account of a lack of concerted action this monopoly is permitted to go on year after year, with only now and then a strong protest against its extortionate policy. As far as your correspondent can learn, no accounts are rendered to anyone outside of the board, no reports of its financial standing are given to the public, but, on the contrary, the utmost secrecy and care are preserved to prevent the people from knowing how their property is being managed. It seems that the time has arrived when some action should be taken to force these people to disgorge, or at least "to give an account of their stewardship."—*Cor. N. Y. Telegram.*

—Charlotte Cushman "had a foot of her own" in size, and generally wore fours, but could crowd into a three-and-a-half on "a tight squeeze." One night, soon after recovering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, she was wearing a pair of slippers much too small for her. Darting behind the wings between the scenes, she snatched them off and threw them as far as she could, exclaiming: "Ye gods! Somebody lend me a pair of slippers or I'll go in my stockings!" "What number do you wear?" asked a young actor, ready to help her in the emergency. "O, never mind the number; anything from five to twenty!" she replied.—*Every Other Saturday.*

THE ART OF THE BAKER.

An Improvement in the Methods of Making Cakes—The Latest Novelties.

Fine cake-making is not a secret, but it is manifestly an art. The regulation old-time pound-cake, and jumbles are still to be seen, but they no longer hold the palm. Even the delicious sponge cake, so delightful in childhood's memory, now takes a modest back seat before the appearance of the multitude of other light, feathery loaves and layer cakes.

"We sell on an average about $600 worth of cake each month," said a young lady behind the small counter of a place where genuine domestic compounds in the way of bread, cake, preserves, etc., are offered for sale. "The demand is about equal for delicate loaf cakes and layer cakes. We have some call for old-fashioned fruit cake, but there are several fruit cakes made now much lighter and less indigestible that really taste nicer, too, and they seem to be preferred. We keep that old-time stand-by, pound cake, on hand always, too. Layer cakes are filled with everything—jellies, chocolate, nuts, creams, and fruit. A favorite cake is the one made with English walnuts. A new cake is called 'walnut cream,' the flavor being in the filling. Another new cake is 'pineapple.' The canned fruit is used, being chopped fine and mixed with frosting for the filling. 'Pinafore' cake is made with alternate layers of pink and white icing, the pink being given its tint by using a few drops of the fruit coloring that can be bought at any grocer's. 'Dolly Varden' cake is the same thing except that instead of pure white icing chocolate is mixed with it. The lighter and more delicate cake can be made the better it is liked. Consequently the greasy loaves, heavy with good butter, which our mothers were taught to consider the proper temptation to place before company, no longer have an existence. The cake made now is mostly harmless to the most delicately organized stomachs, but it's awfully expensive to make.

"But few ornamented cakes are used by Americans except on some pronounced festal occasion like a wedding, and not always then. The Germans make the most use of ornamental cakes, but the cake is very light. Some of the ornaments designed to make the tops of cakes glorious are indeed of fearful and wonderful construction. I saw a lot the other day—four or five hundred. There were those not more than an inch high, and some queer constructions at least three feet tall. One had the form of the trunk of a palm tree given it, with an immense, bushy head composed of trailing rose vines, with silver leaves and orange buds. Beneath it stood a winged figure arrayed in a cloak—a la Hamlet—and engaged in the act of hurling forth a crown of thorns. It was a touching matrimonial symbol. Then there were hands clasping hands, some tinted flesh color, with the most miraculous cuffs and frills about the wrists. Of course there were marriage-bells and horse-shoes without number and of considerable price. There were brides whose candy heads and sugar features were shaded by little veils. Think of a bride standing on a cake! But more effective than the bride alone were the representatives of the bride and bridegroom; he was clothed in the prescribed full dress black suit, with gloves, and shirt-front as immaculate as the confectioner's art could manufacture for him from sweet stuffs.

"The German people sometimes use colored flowers on cakes for special occasions, but not for weddings. Many Americans, however, consider cakes ornamented in any way suggestive of being a thing to gaze upon and not to eat, in very bad taste, and seldom use them. It is generally understood, even by the buyers of these decorated loaves, that being for ornamentation they are of inferior quality. Chicago people buy a large quantity of nice cake, and we could sell far more than we do if we had stores in different sections of the city. It is a field of enterprise open to any woman who knows how to bake skillfully, and I'm sure I don't know why more do not venture upon it."—*Chicago News.*

Pigeon Catching in the Soudan.

Miss Sartorius, in her book on the Soudan and Egypt, says: "Every village has its pigeon houses, looking like great mud coves, and in the evening the owners go out and call them in. But when a man wants to get hold of extra pigeons, instead of calling them he frightens the pigeons away. They do not understand this, keep circling above, and swoop down now and then toward their houses. Other pigeons, seeing this commotion, join them, and as soon as the man sees there are enough he hides. The whole of the birds, old and new, then go into the house, and the man returning shuts them in. This would be a fine business if it were not that all of them do the same thing, and, therefore, each gets caught in his turn. They know this perfectly well, but no Egyptian fellah could resist the temptation of cheating his neighbor."

A Remarkable Case.

A writer says: "Talking the other day of General Grant, and the expectancy some people had that he would die on the anniversary of Appomattox, Senator Palmer, of Michigan, said to me: 'I knew of a remarkable case of holding on to life in Michigan a year or two ago. There was a clergyman at Detroit named Barnes. I was over at Grand Rapids on the cars, when he came rushing in just as the train was starting. I noticed that he was flushed and excited. He said to me that he had just received a telegraphic message that his wife was suddenly ill and dying; he had answered: "I'm coming, Mary; hold on till I get home." All the way over to Detroit the clergyman sat in silence by himself. I think he was praying. His wife got the dispatch and her attendants said it revived her. She held out till her husband arrived and died shortly afterward in his arms.'"

—After the death of a man at Biddeford, Me., over $10,000 in cash and bonds were found concealed in his bed.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A DAINTY BOY.

What do you think befell
A little lad whom I knew right well,
In the merry spring-time of eighty-one?
A rollicking chap, and as full of fun
As any fellow beneath the sun.

As full of fun, I mean,
When he played with boys on the village green;
For the moment he stood on the dining-room mat,
'Twas "I can not eat this, and I can not eat that;
This meat is too lean; that piece is too fat."

The soup had been boiled too long;
And *entrée* and dessert alike were wrong.
He ate with a most disagreeable pout,
And grumbled, and ordered the servants about;
Rejecting with scorn e'en his favorite trout.

So his parents engaged a cook
Who had published a wonderful household book.
She tried the recipes at their kitchen fire
With sugar and spice to her heart's desire,
Quite sure of her *menu* that none could tire.

But he only the thinner grew,
And said he hated those dishes new;
So they sent for another of practiced skill,
Though it cost his father a pretty bill;
But the dainty boy is complaining still.

And he's grown so poor meanwhile
That I scarce know whether you'd weep or smile
Should you meet some day on the busy street,
As he totters along on his slender feet,
And sways and bends like a stalk of wheat.

And all who see him fear—
Since he grows more dainty, they say, each year—
That the sorrowful lad, who was erst so gay,
Will change to a shadow, and fade away,
As the sunlight dies at the close of day.

Now, boys, be warned in time.
Don't scorn the moral conveyed in rhyme;
But take your food with a pleasant face,
Nor strive for the epicurean's place;
For 'tis costly winning in such a race.
—*N. Y. Independent.*

A LAZY BOY.

He Wishes That Work Would Do Itself—The Unhappiness Which Followed the Granting of His Wish, and How He Became Industrious and Therefore Happy.

Once upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly, and with a sad long face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit to be gone several days. Before leaving, they told him to cut some branches of trees that were lying around the place, and to put them in the wood-bin in the cellar.

After they had gone, the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood, and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairy-land as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a bumble-bee that had alighted on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number of my fellow-bees and some ants. They are all hard workers, and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but refrained in consideration of the bee's sting, and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy, "what then?"

"Then," replied the bee in a tone of authority, "you shall not take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairy land you just spoke of. That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the bee.

The bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dew drop.

"The leaves without dew drops are the blanks," remarked the bee, "and those with dew drops on them mean that the bees and ants drawing them must serve on the jury."

Then the bee took these leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as she did this she summoned a bat to come down and do the drawing, because the bat was blind, and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

And the bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of about equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The bee that was to be the judge sat opposite just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few humming birds and butterflies lingered around to hear the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it, and the jury looked very much concerned, as though it had a solemn case to decide, and wished to decide it conscientiously.

So just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After they had been in the hollyhock about a minute they agreed on a verdict, and when they had returned to their seats they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the bee sentenced him to become subject of his own wish.

After judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fire place. When the limbs were broken the straight pieces rolled across the yard, and down the cellar steps, and over to the wood-bin; The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs on them joined twigs as people join hands, and scampering gayly down the cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leap frog on the way. In a short time the wood had got itself into the bin, and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door, but before he could take hold of it, it slammed itself shut, as though by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he would enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy him while watching him play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed, his shoe-strings which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and after his night-gown had jumped over his head and fastened itself around his neck, the bed clothes turned down, and then over him up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down and build the fire—a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen, the lids lifted themselves off the range, the tongs ran across the room, got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder between its teeth. The poker commenced poking, and the shovel cleaning the ashes out. This being done a newspaper rolled itself into a ball, and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal-scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantel-piece, and stood on its head on the hearth-stone, and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little sky-rocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was waiting patiently to boil.

"This seems as real as a pantomime," said the lazy little boy. And then the stovepipes nudged each other with their elbows, and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking chair and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he almost became sick. Away went the old chair rocking all over the room as hard as it could, and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help, and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally he made up his mind to jump out, but no sooner had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall, and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking about the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone lying near to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird, and frightened the dog into hasty flight.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he got near this favorite toy, it started down the walk so fast that he could not overtake it. It then struck him if he got on his stilts he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take such long strides; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight, but just as he was about to take hold of them they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up, and could not fly from him, as the wagon and stilts had done. So he went into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for fear the swing might change its motions, and instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction, until it should finally wind itself up around the cross-beam, and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing. Just as he formed this resolution the swing shot him into the air, just as the rocking chair had done, and he fell into a large rose-bush, and his hands and face and clothing were torn by the briers.

"I wish I could get a chance to do something myself occasionally," moaned the lazy little boy.

"Oh, you do, do you?" buzzed the bumble-bee, who overheard his remark. "Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you."

"But when I don't do my own work, everything goes wrong."

"You will generally find it that way in this world," remarked the bee. "Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do, and not for us to shirk."

"I do."

"Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?"

The little boy said he would take them as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

"You know you will have to work?" said the bee.

"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The bee gave a loud buzz, and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes and scratch his own head in wonderment, and that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Young People.*

—"Dear me!" said a lady on Fifth avenue the other evening. "How the china craze is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying $3,000 for a pitcher."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—On a farm at East Aurora, N. Y., was discovered recently a belt of solid salt sixty-five feet thick.—*N. Y. Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Four skeletons, thought to be those of Revolutionary soldiers, were found recently under an oak tree in Evona, N. J.

—It is estimated that not less than a thousand men will make a regular business of playing baseball professionally this summer.

—Brick houses are a long-felt want in Texas, according to the San Antonio *Times*, which chronicles with joy the fact that preparations are being made at Columbus to erect such buildings.

—A modern novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."—*St. Paul Times.*

—In a paper by Dr. Varick, read before a County Medical Association, the use of simple hot water as a dressing for wounds is strongly recommended. During an experience in its use of six years in cases of acute surgery, such as railroad accidents, etc., he has had no death from speticæmia or primary or secondary shock.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Since this Government has been organized there have been only thirty-four people named in resolutions of thanks by Congress. With three exceptions this honor has only been paid to officers of great gallantry in action during a war. The three exceptions were those of Captain Ingraham, Captain Ringgold and Captain Dahlgren.—*Chicago Times.*

—A few years ago, says the London *Standard*, the young people of England became imbued with the roller skating craze, and rinks were built all over the country. The fever, however, was as brief as any other vagaries of fashion: the enthusiasm died away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land.

—Major Follett, a Brooklyn mechanic, has invented a wonderful sewing machine, which, it is claimed, will do eighty per cent. more work than any machine now in the market. An experiment with steam power moved it with a speed of 2,200 stitches a minute, and was started and stopped instantly. It is simple in construction, is easily operated, and sews all kinds of fabrics, from leather to fine linen.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Another illustration of what the bad sanitary condition of a house will entail was afforded at Milford, Mass., within a week or two, where four children died from diphtheria, while the life of the fifth and last child was saved by being removed to another tenement. The sanitary arrangements of the children's home were afterward found to be bad in the extreme.—*Boston Journal.*

—The following tough alligator story comes from Newbern, S. C. While out in a skiff the other day paddling along the shore, Sol Burgess caught an alligator, which, after struggling vainly to get free, astounded him by indulging in a loud and prolonged whistle. In a few minutes alligators, to the number of 401, assembled around him from all directions, and he had the greatest difficulty in escaping from him.

—People who want to get ready for Russian dispatches are advised by the Terre Haute *Express* to practice on the following stanza:

Milarodevitch and Jaladovitch
And Katschevitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Touchsaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff.
Wasiftchikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchogziokoff,
And all the others that end in off.

—Sword-swallowing has always had great favor with the rustics, especially in Europe. It has gradually been discountenanced in this country as an inhuman exhibition. The death of a professional sword-swallower in an English hospital from hemorrhage has again brought attention to the dangers of his calling, which is popularly supposed to be harmless. Surgeons say that all such performers trifle with their lives and shorten their years.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There is a very large colony of Russian Mennonites in Bon Homme, Dakota, and other counties in that section, and they retain most of their old country practices. One of these is their weekly fair. Every Thursday a thousand or more of them gather at Scotland, bringing whatever they may wish to sell or trade—horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, corn, dairy products, and everything, in fact. It seems to be a useful and popular arrangement.—*St. Paul Globe.*

—The most absent-minded man in Scranton is the one who carried his dinner to work one day last week, worked all day, and when he came to pick up his dinner pail to carry it home felt it quite heavy, and, thinking some of his fellow workmen had been trying to play a trick on him by putting something in his pail, opened it and there found his dinner just as it was when he left home. He had gone without his dinner and yet thought he had eaten it. *Lackawanna (Pa.) Democrat.*

What Men Fall in Love With.

Men fall in love, they say, with beauty, with goodness, with gentleness, with intellectual qualities, with a sweet voice, with a smile, with an agreeable manner, with a lovable disposition, with many ascertainable and measurable things, and yet we find them continually falling in love with women who are not beautiful, nor good, nor wise, nor gentle, nor possessing any ascertainable or measurable thing. You'll find a hundred reasons given for falling in love, or being in love, and rarely the right reason—which is commonly simply because a man can not help it. He is in love because a mysterious force in nature has touched him. The woman may be unbeautiful, heartless, selfish, cruel, untrue, coarse, frivolous, empty, but if the magic of nature—something of the magic, I suspect, that Puck used on the eyes of Titania—touches him he sees not one of these things in their true aspect. Yes, the Titanias that have fallen in love with men crowned with donkey heads, and the men that have fallen in love with serpents, thinking them doves, are many—and all because of a diabolism, or a mystic fury in nature that delights in bringing incongruous elements together for the sake of a dance of delirium.—*O. B. Bunce.*

I.

"Come here, honey, and look at all the pretty things in the window!"

Chestnuts.

How dear to the heart are the chestnuts of childhood—
The bald-headed jokes that our infancy knew,
The puns prehistoric we vented in mild mood,
And ancient conundrums so feeble and few!
What sweet recollections rise quickly and work us
High up to that pitch where the briny tears well,
When we hear from the lips of the clown at the circus,
The crutch ridden chestnuts we all love to tell!
The moss-covered chestnuts, the mildewed conundrums
And jokes that were aged before Adam fell.

—*N. Y. Journal.*

Wasted Explosions.

"It's queer doin's they're havin' over on the old sod, now, Casey," said Mr. Maloney yesterday talking to his neighbor over the fence. "The Prince av Wales has gone over to pacify the Irish with koind looks and swate spaches. Tins av thousands av people are crowding each other to get a shake av his hand, an' crying themselves hoarse with 'God save the Queen.' The Irish are too soft hearted, that's what they are." "Roight ye are, Maloney; what a pity, too, 'tis thrue. The splindid results av the lasht explosion are all busted now."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

II.

"Well, I declar! What has become of that chile? Must have been sunstruck!"

Mistaken Enthusiasm

Pilkins is known to have an aching fondness for dipping into small transactions on the stock board. He met Brown, his confidential friend, on Griswold street the other day whom he greeted as follows:

"Great time on the board to-day, Brown; came pretty near making a fortune."

"Cæsar! Come, old feller, tell us all about it."

"Why you see we had a regular war market. Wheat jumped to eighty-five; I thought she was pointing for a hundred and jumped in for a 'fifty.' There was a drop of two and a half and I lost my margin; but if I'd gone in at the start and closed out at eighty-five I'd counted a cool ten thousand. How's that?"

"Immense! Glad to hear it, old feller; give me your hand. What are you going to do on your luck?" and Brown looked significantly at the nearest saloon.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Bub—"Are you going to be my new papa?" "Accepted Suitor—"Yes, my dear child." "Have you got your wig yet?" "Wig? Why, no; I don't need a wig. Why do you ask?" "My other papa always said he was so thankful his hair wasn't fast to him."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Bridget—"Oi have a shurprise in shtore for yez, Patrick."

Patrick—"Have yez, an' phat is it?"

Bridget—"It's a patent shove-damper, me darlint. The agint tould me it wud save wan-half the expinse in coal. Think av that, Patrick, jist wan-half the expinse."

Patrick—"Faith, and did yez buy but wan av thim?"

Bridget—"That's all."

Patrick—"Shure an' ye are not schmart, Bridget. Why didn't yez buy two av thim, an' we would save the whole expinse?"

TEMPERANCE.

WEALTH AND WASTE.

An Annual Destruction in Alcoholic Drinks in the United States Equal to the Yearly Earnings of Over 3,000,000 of People.

The economic aspects of the drink traffic afford more subjects of wonder than any other branch of political economy whatever. While it may not be possible to state with any certainty the actual sum annually expended by the people of the United States for drink, we at least know the number of gallons of pure spirits which are consumed, and are thus able to form an approximate idea of what it costs the consumer. According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1884, the number of gallons of distilled spirits withdrawn for consumption in that fiscal year was 78,342,474, for which the consumer can hardly have paid less than $10 a gallon, or $783,424,740. The beer amounted to 17,573,722 barrels, costing the consumer at least $18 a barrel, or $305,211,088. Whatever discount from this estimate we might be called upon to make by reason of a part of the whisky being sold for less than $10 a gallon, will be more than compensated for by the addition of water and adulterated liquors, as well as native and imported wines, all of which are ignored in the reckoning.

The wastefulness of this enormous expenditure will appear more plainly if we compare it with another important loss, that of property by fire, which in 1884 reached $109,800,169. In order to come still nearer to an understanding of the evil significance of these vast totals, let us measure them in units of a man's work for a year. Taking all manufacturing establishments of the country through, according to the census of 1880, and dividing the total sum paid for wages by the average number of hands employed, we get $345 as the average earning of an operative by a year's work. Taking this unit at $350 for the sake of rounder figures, we find that the chief wastes of this country present the aspect shown in the following table:

NATURE OF WASTE.	Amount.	Equivalent in annual earnings.
Fire losses 1884 (according to Insurance Chronicle)	Dollars. $109,800,169	Men. 313,714
Spirits @ $10 per gallon to consumers	783,424,740	2,095,499
Beer @ $18 a barrel	516,325,996	995,819
Tobacco	292,275,885	835,016
	$1,501,876,770	4,148,648

Thus we discover that in drink alone there is an absolute destruction equal to the entire earnings of over three millions of people every year. The destruction is complete. The three millions and at least as many more dependent upon them to be fed and clothed at the expense of others while they pour their entire earnings into the bottomless pit of drink. The gravity of the destruction is in no way diminished by dividing it among a greater number. If six millions spend half their earnings for drink there is the same loss of property but more people share it, perhaps.

The first feeling upon being confronted by statistics like the above is that there must be a fallacy concealed in them. The evidence of our senses assures us that wealth is steadily increasing and the standard of comfortable and rational living steadily, though perhaps slowly, advancing. "It is impossible," is the involuntary conclusion. It is not impossible, we answer. On the contrary there is every reason to suppose it to be real. "But how can the Nation stand it?" asks the incredulous economist. This point also is worth looking into. The secret of the continual growth of wealth in spite of this tremendous waste is found in the profit which we derive from the use of machinery. A machine is an apparatus for enabling man to perform his work by the aid of the energy of nature. The farmer borrows from nature's store in the use of the soil and the sunlight, and the power of his animals. The manufacturer couples his machinery to the waterfall or to the power lying idle in the coal. Taking a horse-power as being equal to the work of three men, a purely arbitrary, but very low estimate, machinery adds to the wealth-producing power of this country a force equal to the work of more than ten millions of men. This is exclusive of the enormous advantage which all share in the much greater expenditure of borrowed force in transportation of material and merchandise upon the railways.

Without this beneficent addition of machinery to our resources the drink waste would reduce this free land to abject poverty within less than a single decade. This any one can see who will observe that the total number engaged in gainful occupations in 1880 was only about eighteen millions. The annual waste, therefore, is more than one-sixth the human resources of the country. The bearing of this fact upon hard times is too large a subject for present undertaking.—*Union Signal.*

A Thin Disguise.

A "strictly first-class drug store" in a neighboring city, which sells "liquor only for medicinal or mechanical purposes," takes pains to send a letter to every family in the adjoining towns, addressed to the lady of the house, stating that they will sell pure wines and liquors at "marked down" prices. People must be hard to please who can not be satisfied with the following varieties: "Fine old French brandy, best old rye whisky, best old Bourbon whisky, pure Holland gin, Lawrence's best Medford rum, New England rum, sherry wine, port wine, elderberry wine, Guinness' porter and Bass' pale ale." It is a disgrace to our State that drug stores should be permitted thus, under the thin guise of medicine, to entice families to ruin. It is an accursed traffic, and never more deadly than when it cloaks itself under the form of medicine. We can not blame drug stores for keeping, while doctors persist in ordering their patients to take liquors, but we do condemn any drug store which will take the method above noted of calling the attention of families indiscriminately to what it offers. A drug store becomes a groggery when it sells liquors otherwise than by reason of a physician's prescription. There ought to be legislation against sending out liquor advertisements into families.—*Golden Rule.*

WOMEN'S POWER.

Miss Cleveland's Appeal to Young Girls in 1882.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House has a copy of the *Youth's Temperance Banner* for February 11, 1882, in which is the following article for young girls, by Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland:

J. G. Holland wrote in Mrs. Hayes' album these words: "Women only can make wine-drinking unfashionable and heal the Nation of this curse."

What did Dr. Holland mean by "women only?" Is it true that only women can make wine-drinking unfashionable and heal the Nation of this curse? You and I need to know this first; because if only we women can do this thing, why it is an awful responsibility upon us, each one of us. And if somebody elese can do it, we, like all the others, would like to give that somebody else the job. Five years ago, at Washington, Mrs. Hayes became mistress of the White House, and it was for her, and no one else, to say what the social atmosphere should be which surrounded her guests, and how they should be entertained at her house. Well, she did an unheard-of thing. She banished wine from all her entertainments, with just one exception. Secretary Evarts made a fuss. He was mortified. He could not endure to have Lord and Lady English, Count and Countess French, Baron and Baroness German come to the White House dinners and have nothing fit for them to drink—not a drop of poison! It was too utterly queer! So Mrs. Hayes made one exception in favor of those great foreign highnesses and allowed wine upon her table in their presence. But only for once. Her conscience—high-souled woman that she is—smote her for that one little cowardly compromise with wrong. She could better endure to have Secretary Evarts and the Smiths ashamed of her than to be ashamed of herself. So she quietly and forever after prohibited wine from her table and cheerfully endured the lifted eyebrows and shrugged shoulders of the diplomatics—British, French, Russian—all, and the little, short lived hiss of "fashionable" society, until that hiss turned to a cheer, and fashionable society turned round, like the spaniel it is, and trotted on behind its mistress. It became unfashionable to serve wine and to offer wine in fashionable society while Mrs. Hayes was in the White House.

What Mrs. Hayes did in the White House every woman can do in her own home, if she will. If the girls who read these words will each of them, altogether, use their influence on the side of Temperance, they can make Temperance fashionable where they are. Will you do it?

General Grant does a manly thing in refusing to drink wine everywhere and in all society. It is only a strong man who can keep his wineglass upside down—in this case right side up, too!—while all the grand people around him are sipping champagne and toasting each other in sparkling drinks. No one can tell how "far this little candle sheds its light." But no one can do for a fashion in society what a woman can. It is women only, as Dr. Holland said.

I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you, just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of Temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it! Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and in the saloon, who jokes about Temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things can not be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society can not tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of a man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face.

Woe to the Drunkard-Maker.

Not only the words of the prophet, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," but the words of Christ when he said: "Whoso shall offend (cause to commit offense) one of these little ones, that believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." To entice youth from every home is one of the supreme efforts of the liquor vender of our day. It is true of the so-called respectable dealers, that they are sinners, even above the drunkards. They are the men who know better. They are the men who sin against the whole light of plain duty, especially if he be an intelligent American citizen trained in the church; such a man takes pains not to know or think what ruin he is bringing on souls, on society. Let Christian society reward him as worthy only of reprobation.—*Rev. Dr. Barrows, Chicago.*

General Carey, in a recent speech in Chickering Hall, N. Y., claimed that "the intoxicating beverages of different nations partake of the character of their people. The Americans, who are made up of people from many countries, will take anything and get drunk on anything."

A pleasant item to note is the establishment of a Temperance magazine for the blind, printed in raised characters for finger reading. It is formed by a prosperous society of the Young Abstainers' Union at Stoke-Newington, Eng.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

Retrenchment and Reform.

For a long time Democrats and Democratic journals have been earnestly endeavoring to make the people believe the Republican party had been reckless and extravagant in the expenditure of public money, and that the welfare and safety of the country demanded retrenchment and reform. We believe there are a great many people who think retrenchment is a good thing, *especially* for the other follow, and there are many Democrats of the *old simon-pure-dyed-in-the wool* persuasion, who regard retrenchment as a first class thing for Republicans, but "nary" retrenchment for the Democracy. Oh! no; that would never do. The Democracy have as great a variety of styles of inaugurating reforms and practicting economy as the ladies have in spring hats. Very novel, too, are some of these modes of enforcing retrenchment. The Democrats of Oakland are a wide-awake set of fellows; always looking out for the main chance; ever ready to take advantage of favorable wind and fair weather; always eager to occupy a position which will add strength to the party. Yes, sir, all for the party.

Our Democratic brethren of Oakland have just occupied an advanced position on the question of reform, one, in fact, which may cause Republicans hereabouts to shed many bitter tears. Look at the past, fellow Republicans, and think of the many favorable opportunities for the exercise of economy and reform which you have allowed to slip through your fingers unimproved. This is bad enough, but it would not have been so bad if the Democrats had not taken advantage of the first opportunity which presented itself. The opportunity came when the town council met on Monday night last to appoint a town bailiff. There were several applicants. All good and true Democrats. The bids were from $15 to $40 per month. Our Burgess and Commissioners also tried and true Democrats, looking out for the main chance, aiming to strengthen the party, and guarding faithfully the interests of the people, concluded to employ a bailiff at forty dollars per month, the highest figure named. Very little money for the streets, not enough to keep the town lighted on dark nights, but lots of collateral for a high priced bailiff. 'Twas a master stroke in favor of retrenchment, with a very large R. If our economical Burgess and Commissioners will conduct all the business of the corporation upon the same principles which seemed to govern them in the appointment of Bailiff they will doubtless *accomplish something* for their party and cause *the people to remember them* long after they have lain aside their official robes.

What an Oakland Democrat don't know about retrenchment and reform would fill several columns in this valuable journal.

The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Honor, at their meeting in St. Louis on the 14th inst., discussed the question of paying benefits in case of suicide. The lodge favors the paying of insurance in cases where the suicide is clearly insane, but not otherwise.

H. H. Terry, who shot and killed T. A. Jeter at Liberty, Va., last Saturday, was early Monday morning taken out of jail by a masked party and lynched.

An impression prevails in Washington that the President is on the verge of gratifying the office-seekers by numerous appointments.

Prof. C. V. Riley, the entomologist of the Agricultural department, Washington, says that the country will soon be visited by two great broods of locusts, of the seventeen and thirteen year varieties, and that this will be the first time in 221 years that they have appeared in conjunction. They will not prove greatly destructive, and the injury they will inflict will probably be confined to fruit trees. The visitation will be prolonged until late in July.

Logan Re-Elected.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 19.—General John A. Logan, was to-day elected to succeed himself as United States Senator from Illinois. There was intense excitement, the galleries and lobbies of the House being packed to suffocation.

Fifty-one Senators and one hundred and fifty three Representatives were present. When the vote was taken a dead silence prevailed. The Democrats refused to vote. The Republican Senators all voted for Logan, giving him twenty-six votes. Rogers' vote was received with cheers. When Sittig was called, in a long speech explaining his position he voted for Logan under protest, and the announcement was received with the wildest cheers. This gave the vote as 103 for Logan. On the call of the absentees the Democrats voted and solidly for Judge Lambert Tree. After the roll-call, Baker, McNary, McAbney, Caldwell, Quinnard and Crafts changed their votes to Charles B. Farwell. Barry (Dem.) changed his vote to John A. Logan and the wildest confusion prevailed.

The announcement of Logan's election was not made immediately, the Democrats changing to Farwell and trying to drive all their men in, but no Republican showed any inclination to leave Logan. No Republican support having gone to Farwell, Speaker Haines finally announced the vote, declaring Logan elected.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—At one o'clock this morning the people of this city were roused from their sleep by the reports of cannon fired from the White lot. There was some excitement and considerable anxiety to learn what it meant. Among those disturbed in their slumbers was President Cleveland, who, like everybody else, was puzzled at the demonstration, and made eager inquiry of the White House watchman as to the cause of the extraordinary proceeding. It was ascertained that the firing was in honor of Gen. Logan's re-election. The committee in charge secured very quietly, late in the afternoon, a permit for a salute of one hundred guns, and selected one o'clock in the morning as the hour to honor Gen. Logan. It had the effect of bringing a large number of persons out on the streets, and some of them—particularly the Democrats—did not seem to relish the idea of having their sleep broken after they found out what it all meant.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 16.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: "The general tenor of the special telegrans received by *Bradstreet's* yesterday corroborated the view taken last week. The volume of merchandise being distributed is below late averages. At no permanent distributing center is the movement of goods equal to previous anticipations, and at most the situation is one characterized by no special activity in any line. This is true at such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City. In the East, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburg make a similar report.

The opening of lake and canal navigation finds rates on wheat from Chicago to New York 8¼c. per bushel, against 7c. last year, and on corn 7½c. against 5½c. per bushel at the opening last year. This is encouraging, though within a few days from the opening last year rates fell 2c. per bushel. Rates by rail are no higher at the opening of navigation this year than lost.

Special investigation by *Bradstreet's* fails to show any reasonable ground for belief that the available supply of wheat July 1 will be less than 470,000 000 bushels as compared with 480,000,000 July 1, 1884. Exports continue checked and ocean freights low.

The effect of the great dry goods sale on the cotton market was not appreciable. Among the cotton goods trade the auction sale is regarded as fairly satisfactory. Some of the goods sold low, but others went at jobbers' current prices. The New England view of it is that there is less likelihood than one month ago of a wholesale stoppage of Eastern mills during the coming summer.

Coal and iron are as dull as ever.

BOSTON, May 16.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been much less active, which is shown in reduced sales, and the inquiry has been without animation and spiritless.

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18.

About the smallest piece of political thimble-rigging that a dignified Cabinet officer has ever been guilty of, is the circular letter issued by Postmaster General Vilas to the expectant spoils-gatherers of Ohio, Indiana and Virginia. This circular purports to be a confidential one, and thereby has gained more than the usual publicity. In it Mr. Vilas proposes to leave the selection of offensive partisan postmasters for removal to those to whom the circular is sent, who shall report in detail the particular things that constitute the offense and make the said postmaster obnoxious. Then these statements are to be backed by affidavits when required, after which they will be acted upon so as to eliminate at least one-fourth of the Republican "rascals" in the offices in each of the States named in the next two months. By this process, the P. M. G. gravely announces, "great good may be accomplished." If anything that Mr. Bayard has been guilty of doing in the way of perpetrating blunders has called down upon him the execration of politicians of all sorts, what must the generality of people think of this Vilastic piece of idiocy? If Mr. Vilas desires relief from the importunity of office-beggars, why should he seek to shirk the responsibility of unceremoniously bouncing the ins, and giving their places to those who are aching to get in? Jackson, with the help of old Bill Marcy, rotated five thousand postmasters in a single month, horse, foot and dragoons. Here, a half a century later, with a whole army of clerks to do his bidding, Mr. Vilas wants two months in which to get rid of the postmasters in these States, and demands affidavits to warrant his action besides.

It is evident that the President has concluded to disabuse the mind of those Mugwumps who think that the administration is to be run distinctively in their interest. That Mr. Cleveland knows what he is about, is as patent as anything in the line of political manifestation can be known. It was expected that he would perform some acts of condescension as a token of Mugwumpian recognition, but he never meant them as an indication that he intended to submit himself humbly to the guidance of the few Independents who have arrogated to themselves the whole credit of securing Democratic ascendency in the Government. Having, as I have said, concluded to keep himself and his administration perfectly untrammeled by any presumed obligation to this small coterie of smaller politicians, we may reasonably expect to see the columns of the New York *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* and other disgruntled journals pouring out their vials of wrath upon the administration because of its attitude of independence. There has been, and still is, a bitter feeling among many Democrats because the work of decapitating Republicans in office has been slow.

JUNIUS.

Boyton's Torpedo Exploit.

HALIFAX, May 17.—Much excitement prevails in naval circles here over a court martial now in progress against the Lieutenant of her Majesty's ship *Garnet*, who was in charge of the watch when Boyton's boat was caught alongside the *Garnet*, in New York harbor, for letting its occupants go free, instead of holding them prisoners until he had communicated with his superiors. Admiral Sir John Commerell was much exasperated by Capt. Boyton's exploit in affixing the torpedo to the *Garnet*, and on the day the ship arrived in Halifax the Lieutenant on watch was placed under arrest. Sir John then ordered the organization of a court of inquiry to investigate Capt. Hand's management of the *Garnet* from the time she left Norfolk until her arrival in Halifax, with special instructions to ascertain all the facts of Boyton's midnight torpedo expedition. The court has been sitting for two days. The result will be summitted to naval headquarters in London, with the probability that Capt. Hand and the officers on watch that night will be court martialed for endangering the safety of the vessel by neglecting to take necessary precautions against torpedoes, etc., from Fenian dynamiters or other hostile sources. The court is composed of Captains of the war ships *Northampton*, *Tenedos*, and *Fantome*, with Admiral Commerell presiding. As soon as the investigation is concluded the small gunboats will depart for the Newfoundland fishery protection service.

The statement is made that "if the sentinel on the deck of the *Garnet* had not been the stupidest man on the boat, Boyton would have been shot as soon as discovered."

To Mothers and Daughters.

There is a lack of industrial training among girls, seen quite as often in families of moderate means as among the wealthy. It is a great mistake that so many girls are taught nothing about the 'practical duties and serious cares of life.' 'All women,' says one, 'should have a practical knowledge of manual labor. To know how to cook, sew, care for the sick, etc., should form a part of every thorough education. To attain a symmetrically developed womanhood, there must be industry, thoroughness in study and work, and self-reliance in thought and act.' Mothers, take a little time from the work and worry, or the fashionable idleness of your daily life, and examine the training your daughters are receiving at your hands. Remember you are stamping upon their white souls impressions which will but increase their beauty, or leave a stain which neither time nor eternity can efface. Girls, if the experience of early womanhood has shown you grave defects in your childhood's training, earnest, persistent efforts will do much to remedy the evil. Be strong in thought and deed; dare to follow right and your own good sense, whether fashion thus decrees or not.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Tact in Advertising.

Fraudulent advertising is, of course, as unjustifiable as other forms of iniquity, yet, says an exchange, a regard for truth is not incompatible with a due consideration of certain human characteristics. All men are and all persons, women especially, yield to the blandishments of a supposed extraordinary bargain. The human mind, it is true, is capricious, like the weather. It has its seasons of cold and warmth, its days of sunshine and of cloud, but as in spite of the fluctuations we live on, in the conviction that harvest will follow seed-time and winter give place to spring, so the careful observer of motives and persistent watcher of tastes and fashions will profit by his vigilance. The wise farmer takes into account the normal succession of the seasons, and he is also prepared for unseasonable visitations and set backs. The clear headed man of business can hardly fail of being successful if he acts like the agriculturist. Making sure to sell what the people want, he should let the greatest possible number of them know the fact, and should make them acquainted with it in the most direct, pesistent and impressive manner. George Robbins, the famous London auctioneer, once sold a country house by a timely mention of an ancient hanging-wood in its vicinity. The hanging-wood turned out to be an old gallows, and though George was decidedly wrong in playing upon words to deceive the purchaser, he was as decidedly right in supposing that customers would multiply by rousing their æsthetic sensibilities. It is easy to imitate his shrewdness without going beyond bounds, yet the profits of advertising, like those of business in general, must be gained by thoughtfulness and tact.

Census of Occupation.

The census of 1880 gives the number of persons engaged in gainful occupations as 17,392,060, or 47.31 per cent. of total persons over ten years old. These were engaged in the four chief lines of occupation as follows: Agriculture, 7,670,000; professional and personal services, 4,074,000; trade and transportation, 1,810,000; manufacturing, mechanical and mining industries, 3,837,000. In 1870 the number engaged in occupations was 12,505,000. Of these in 1880, 2,647,000 are women. The number of persons over ten years of age is 35,761,000 leaving 19,379,000 unaccounted for. the latter number is about equal to the number attending school or physically incapable of labor. The census shows an increase over 1870 of about thirty per cent. in population, but an increase of thirty-nine per cent. in the number engaged in occupations. This increase in number in occupations over the gain in population is accounted for by the growth of the factory system.—*Scientific American.*

A notable little woman from Texas is now in New York preparing for a European trip. She is the owner of several cotton plantations, and bears the reputation of being the richest woman in Texas. She was left an orphan at twelve, and had to look after the plantation left her by her father. At thirteen she was married and became a widow four years later, her wealth increasing by her husband's property. She has traveled extensively, mostly on horseback, in the Southwestern States, and has been in Europe twice. She established an art gallery in Houston, where young students in art can paint, copy the pictures, and exhibit their efforts when intended for sale. She is herself an amateur artist, and studied with the idea of falling back upon the profession in case poverty should overtake her. She usually carries a revolver, presented to her by a male friend whose life she saved by interfering when a pistol was leveled at him by a ruffian named Wooliffe, in a street fight in Houston. She is a creole, with the large, lustrous eyes, and piquant countenance, indicating her French and Spanish parentage.

Cunningham and Burton, the dynamiters, were found guilty Monday in London, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Staking All on a Personal Christ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN—*Sir:* The Congress of Churches at Hartford has just closed with an earnest call upon all Christians of whatsoever sect to rally around the historical Christ. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Unitarian, opened the discussion on the last day by saying: "Around this divinely human character, Son of God and Son of man, Christians must one day unite." President Robinson, of Brown University, Baptist, said: "I will stake all on the personal Christ." And President Porter, of Yale College, Congregational, exultantly said: "We come nearer the historical life of Christ in these days then has been possible at any time since the first century."

The key note of this trumpet call is the same as that sounded by the Rev. Augustus Blauvelt of Kingston ten years ago in the *Independent*. To save the belief in the leading spiritual features of Christianity he said it was necessary to abandon the dogma of Biblical inspiration as "an egregious orthodox absurdity," and defend Christianity as "a purely historical question." And in taking this position Dr. Blauvelt showed that he was supported by some of the ablest Christian authorities.

But what followed that bold attempt to induce a change of base? Two years later Dr. Blauvelt was suspended by the Classis of Kingston for heterodoxy, and upon appeal to the General Synod the decision of the Classis was affirmed.

It may be that the Hartford Congress has been cautious to avoid saying anything about inspiration; but in "staking all on the personal Christ" is not inspiration practically abandoned?

Dr. Blauvelt's sad experience ought to qualify him to give some sage advice to his brethern who still retain their pulpits and other high places.

W. H. B.

Self Reliance.

There is nothing more likely to result in the successful career of a young man than confident self-reliance. It is astonishing how much more a youth will accomplish who relies upon himself, than one who depends upon others for assistance. Having first ascertained the direction in, and the means by which his objects are to be reached, let him put his whole energies to work, and, with unflagging industry, press forward. The young man who, instead of raising at five, sleeps till seven or eight, and who spends his evenings on the corners, or in the companionship of those who are wanting in laudable ambition, rarely ever wins a position of honor or achieves a reputation above that enjoyed by the common sensos.

In a country like ours, where the avenues to honor and wealth are open alike to all, there is no reasonable excuse that can be offered for a man's failure to achieve one or the other or both. Ill health, or extraordinary misfortune, may keep him down, but these are exceptions that establish the rule. Few men know of how much they are capable until they have first thoroughly tested their abilities. The amount of labor, literary or mechanical, which a person in vigorous health can perform, is almost without limit if a systematic method is adopted, and the proper spirit incited to the effort. An hour of each evening spent with some branch of useful science will, in the course of a few years, give to a young man who thus devotes this small portion of his time an amount of information (literary or scientific) which cannot fail to fit him for positions to which he could never properly aspire without this attention to study.

Why He Swore.

A farmer in Victoria county, Texas, had all his corn and cotton cut down by the late frost. The morning after the frost he went out and took a look at his field. Then he used profane language for about half an hour, until a clergyman happened to ride by and hear the torrent of profanity. The clergyman remonstrated with the nauseated granger, and asked him if he did not know where he would land if he kept that up. "That's just why I swear," responded the farmer; "I want to have a dead sure thing of getting to a place where there are no late frosts."—*Texas Siftings.*

Commodore Garrison is dead but his early feats seem to live after him. It is reported that in his early, burly youth when he was a mere common-every-day captain he threw a barrel of flour with a man sitting on it into the lake at Chicago. Another story told of him is that he rescued a friend from twelve Mexicans in a saloon on the Texan border. He is reputed to have broken the necks of two men on this occasion and to have fractured the skull of another with a blow of his fist. Still he was a great-hearted man and was always willing to help a friend.

Perseverance.

Man is a mysterious combination of mind and matter; mind is that which thinks, wills, loves, fears, and hates; matter is that which has form and weight; yet, what avails this wonderful combination if it is not endowed with a power that will cause it to push forward and accomplish something?

The great Creator has given to nearly every one of us the ability to undergo severe labor. But who knows best what this power can achieve? Is it the drone, who is too lazy to gather his own honey, and who subsists on the fruits of another's labor, or is it the busy bee

"That wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er
To gather in his fragrant stores."

Two things are necessary for success in life. First, there *must* be a definite aim kept in view; and second, one must press with unfaltering steps towards the chosen goal.

Perseverance is that trait of character which one must have in order to succeed. It is the main-spring that compels one to go forward and break down every barrier that debars him from success.

Gen. Grant Not Stylish.

Berlin Letter to Boston Herald.

I remember (said the Crown Prince) quite a military scandal that occurred while he (Grant) was here. The officers and men on duty at the different places had strict orders to treat him with all possible honors, in the way of salutes, turning out the guards, etc. But the sentries got it into their heads that the ex-President of the United States would go about in great style, in an open coach like a sovereign, whereas he was almost always on foot, and seldom accompanied by more than one or two persons. Well, the day he first came to see me he sauntered along Unter den Linden in a nonchalant way, and was past the sentries at the palace door before they saw him. Even then they did not know him, and, perhaps, would not have saluted him at all had it not been for the sudden opening of the door by the valets who had been watching for his coming. Then the two soldiers came to a present. Gen. Grant threw away his cigar, lifted his hat to them and passed indoors. The poor captain of the guard, when he heard of this incident, was wild with rage and chagrin. He went so far as to punish one of the sentries, and for this was reprimanded in general orders.

Be Honorable.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is always able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. That is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

The Philadelphia coal operators discredit the report from Pittsburg to the effect that the Pratt mines, located near Birmingham, Ala., were shipping coal into Northern markets. "They may have sent some samples of superior coal, perhaps gas coal, into the Pittsburg market from Alabama," said Mr. White, of the firm of Berwind, White & Co., "but their soft coals cannot come into competition with those of the Cumberland and Clearfield districts. They couldn't make a mill a ton per mile if they sent it by rail. I don't know anything about the Pratt mines, and never heard of them; but no reasonable person would suppose that they could fill contracts in competition with the regions most remote at the present prices. Of course, they couldn't make any money in this market." Other operators who were consulsed spoke to the same effect.

That was a clever trick by which the Republicans of the third district of Illinois outwitted their Democratic opponents at the special election last week. The district is overwhelmingly Democratic. The Republicans pretended it was not worth while to make a contest and they would leave the election go by default. The result was the Democrats were thrown off their guard, took things easy, and did not turn out in their strength to vote. The Republicans at the last moment put W. A. Weaver on the track, turned out in their strength and before their opponents could recover their senses had polled enough votes to elect their man. The result gives the Republicans a majority on joint ballot, and will secure the election of a Republican United States Senator.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Flowers at Weber's.

—Go to Newman's for oranges, lemons and bananas.

—A jewelry store has been opened in the room formerly occupied by Mr. R. S. Jamison.

—Groceries and flour at Newman's. 5 9 1t.

—Weber has a full assortment of flowers on hand and for sale now.

—If you want a good cigar go to Newman's.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett has been absent several days attending the sessions of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Honor, of which body he is a member.

—The Athletic Base Ball Club will meet in the basement of Mr. John Sincell's new building on Railroad street Saturday, May 23d, at 8 P. M.

—Confirmation services were held in the Catholic Church, Oakland, Sunday afternoon when 70 persons were confirmed by Archbishop Gibbons.

—Mr. John Sincell will on the first of June, have a stock of groceries, notions, confectionery, &c., in the new building just erected on Railroad street.

—Only behold the fine lot of toys at Newman's, sold so cheap that you can't help but buy them.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas was appointed a delegate to the West Virginia medical convention by the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland at their meeting in Baltimore last week.

—Court adjourned Saturday afternoon. The case of the State vs. Fletcher Wilmore, charged with burglary, which was on trial at the time of going to press last week was given to the jury Friday evening, and a verdict of not guilty was rendered in about three minutes. No other business of general interest was transacted.

—The municipal election took place in Cumberland Monday, and resulted in the Republicans electing three councilmen and the Democrats three. The Republicans elected George Eyerman in the second, Dennis Graves in the fourth and Thomas Dorris in the fifth wards. The Democrats elected John W. Sanders in the first, John Craddock in the sixth and James M. Smith in the third wards. The council now stands seven Republicans to four Democrats. There was very little interest taken in the election and it passed off quietly.

—We desire to call attention to the dangerous practice of throwing and catching ball in the streets. Sometimes a badly aimed ball passes by the catcher with force enough to knock a man senseless if it should happen to strike him. A few evenings ago while several young men were practicing near Coddington's Hotel, a young lady who happened to be passing at the time barely escaped a severe blow. It would be well for those who engage in this practice to go where they would not endanger the lives or limbs of persons attending to their legitimate business. The practice ought to be prohibited by law.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Stone Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

The Best is the Cheapest!

That's what we mean when we say Newman keeps the finest candies in town. Call and see his stock

Festival.

A strawberry and ice cream festival will be held under the auspices of the ladies of the Ev. Lutheran Church, on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 28th and 29th, at the Brook's building, on Railroad street, Oakland. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

The Sang Run Store.

Mr. S. M. Friend desires to inform the citizens of the Sang Run neighborhood, that he has lately enlarged his stock of general merchandise, and is now enabled to sell as low as any merchant in the county. He will pay the highest market prices for good produce. Call and see him.

Lutheran Conference.

The Maryland and West Virginia Joint Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, will be held at Swanton, this county, May 26-28, 1885. Papers will be read on "The Missions of the Church," "Moral Currents," "The Church in the Village," "The Village in the Church" and "God's Claim on Young Men."

May Court Expenses.

Mr. W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court, kindly furnishes the following detailed account of the expenses of the May Term of our Circuit Court:

Witness to Grand Jury, -	$372 88
Grand Jury and Bailiff, - -	407 68
Talis Jurors, - - - - - -	42 50
Crier, - - - - - - - -	36 00
Court Bailiff, - - - - - -	24 00
Petit Jury and Bailiff, - -	834 87
State Witnesses, - - - -	176 92
Total, - - - - - - -	$1,894 85

Council Organization.

The first regular meeting of the Town Council of Oakland, since the election, was held Monday night. The newly elected commissioners, Messrs. D. M. Mason, King Delawder and John Compton, were qualified and entered upon the duties of their office. Mr. John Hart was elected Clerk and Mr. P. A. Chisholm was elected Bailiff. The contest for Bailiff was between Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Thomas R. White, the latter gentleman agreeing to perform the duties of the office for $15 per month, whilst the former demanded $40 per month. Mr. Chisholm's election was strongly opposed by the Burgess and Commissioners Hamill and Helbig, who claimed that the financial condition of the corporation would not justify so large a salary. Commissioners Jamison, Mason, Delawder and Compton voted for Mr. Chisholm

Military Notes.

Henry J. Johnson was unanimously elected Lieut. Colonel of the Second Battalion, M. N. G., at an election held last week. The colonel has not yet signified his acceptance of the honor.

[From the Cumb. News.]

Capt. R. H. Gordon, of Company C., Second Battalion, M. N. G., has handed his resignation to Adjutant Sloan and it will be forwarded to Lieut.-Col. Wardwell, commanding the Battalion, for approval or disapproval. The reason given by Capt. Gordon is that he cannot devote sufficient time to the duties of the position to do justice either to himself or his company. Col. Wardwell is disinclined to accept Capt. Gordon's resignation, as he would like to have him remain with his company.

Second Lieut. Jason L. Towles, of Company D., has also resigned, simply stating that he considers it best for himself and the company that he sever his connection therewith. The resignation has been forwarded to Col. Wardwell, who will no doubt approve and transmit to the adjutant-general. Both resignations were filed before the late election of lieutenant colonel.

Deaths.

SATURDAY, May 23, 1885.

We are very sorry to chronicle this week the death of the Credit Ledger at Harne & Lawton's. The business will be carried on at the old stand by the proprietors on a strictly cash system, which is pay for what you can and what you can't do without until you can pay for it, and you will save money. The man who buys on credit is always poor, and always will be as long as he does business that way. A man who pays cash is always independent and can buy where he pleases, but the credit man has to buy where he can get on credit and has to pay more for his goods than the man who buys for cash.

Letter from Ohio.

NATIONAL NORMAL UNIVERSITY.
LEBANON, OHIO, May 11, 1885.

Wishing to contribute something to THE REPUBLICAN, I will attempt to inform my school-mates and fellow-teachers in Garrett that I am delighted with this institution. I had read much about the advantages and practical training given at this school, but thought probably it might not be true, but upon actual trial I feel safe in commending the methods of instruction given here, to be equal, if not superior to many other similar institution in the country, and especially in the department of Telegraphy, of which department I am a member.

There are 800 students in attendance at present, and the number is expected to be increased to 1,000 during the Summer Institute Session, which begins June 9, and continues 8 weeks. Messrs. J. F. Broadwater, of Grantsville, and D. M. Dixon, of Mountain Lake Park have been in attendance here for some time. The last named gentleman has completed the Commercial course, and is now taking a drill in penmanship. Mr. Dixon will take charge of the books in Garthright's store at Mountain Lake Park, June 1st.

D. K. HARRING.

Miners Refused their Request.

The conference between the miners and operators took place at Queen City Hotel, Cumberland, Saturday last, resulting in the refusal of the companies to accede to the request of their employes. The operators present were Messrs. S. S. Lee, Charles F. Mayer, Hon. Lloyd Lowndes and Andrew Spier. There were twenty-six miners present, including the diggers and drivers. S. S. Lee, chairman of the operators' committee, opened the meeting. Hector Cochrane, secretary and spokesman of the miners, said: "In past years difficulties have arisen, and the impression prevailed that the companies were trying to oppress the men. We are glad, therefore, to meet face to face. We have laid before you propositions which would be of benefit to the employes of your companies.

"First, advance from forty to fifty cents per ton. There has been trouble and turmoil over this, and the employes have been trying to prevent further trouble. The miners acquiesced in December with the manifesto of the companies. Some, perhaps, grumbled, but many thought it best to go to work without resistance and accepted the companies proposition. What we desire is to receive a living, and forty cents does not provide this. I hope it will be looked upon calmly and considerately, and that the meeting will adjourn in the same good faith as commenced. No doubt, competition of regions will be urged as argument. We thought it wise to ask the conference to see if the matter could not be adjusted. We do not want you to understand that a strike is threatened, for such is not the case. We wish the past to be lost sight of, and for capital and labor to go hand in hand together. We want a fair remuneration if you can give it." Cochrane then discussed the ten hours per day, the reduction in smithing from one cent to one half cent per ton, and closed by referring to the semi-monthly payments. Quite a number of the delegates discussed each proposition as it came up. Joseph Thomas said: "The price of the coal in market does not bring us here to-day, but the poverty among ourselves. Our wages will not average thirty-five or forty dollars per month. We are compelled to work too long."

Charles F. Mayer replied on the part of the operators, and said: "We have listened with a great deal of interest to everything that has been said. We agree fully with Mr. Cochran that it is desirable the men and the companies come face to face to discuss matters of interest to them. I don't propose to discuss the advance at any length, because I have too much respect for the good sense and intelligence of the majority of our men to suppose for a moment they believe it is possible for us to make it, nor do I believe they expect it. They cannot fail to be informed as to the present extreme depressed condition of our trade in common with almost every other industry in the country. They know well the severe competition we have had with the Clearfield region for some years past, and that while we are now paying the same rates of wages as they do in Clearfield, the Clearfield operator has from several causes a lower cost of production than we have." They cannot fail to know that in addition to this old competition we have this year two new and active competitors, viz: Beach Creek coals, in Pennsylvania, and the Pocahontas coals, of Virginia, and that they have taken from our region already some very valuable trade, notably the contract of the New York Central Railroad, which, for twenty odd years, has taken from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand tons per annum of Cumberland coal. Our people cannot fail to know that with this new competition added to the old, it is all we can do to maintain our proper position in the market. In the majority of cases, at the bare cost of production. Under these circumstances, their own judgment, without any discussion with us, tells them an advance is out of the question. He discussed the other propositions in regard to ten hours, the reduction in smithing, and semi-weekly payments and closed by saying: "I believe, sir, these are all the points the men had made in their circular. It would be a much pleasanter task for us to say to them that one, or more, of their requests could be granted, but in the present situation of affairs, it is impossible for us to do this." I am satisfied the sober second thought of the large majority of our men will make them realize the necessity of this decision. The meeting adjourned, all expressing feelings of good will, and pleased that the conference had taken place.

Accident.

Rev. Haman, the new Lutheran minister in charge of the German Church here and the Cove, is preaching very acceptably.

Mrs. Miller who was buried here on Tuesday, 12th inst., was over 87 years old.

Mr. Ephraim Lee paid Accident friends a visit recently.

Mr. Edward Boyer is at Mount Union College, in Ohio.

Mr. John E. Gnagey lately purchased in Baltimore, over seventeen hundred dollars worth of goods, including almost 100 suits of made up clothing for young and old from 3 years and up. They were bought at bottom prices and will be sold at a bargain.

Feed of all kinds was never known to be so scarce.

Mrs. Henry Beitzell living in the glades, ately fell from a haymow and fractured a rib, besides receiving quite serious internal injuries.

Besides several heads of families who talk of going to Florida, there are several who have quite serious ideas of going West.

Ross and Frank Spiker and James Hinebaugh are now in Kansas, and send back good reports of the West.

There has been considerable sickness in this part of Garrett this spring.

Spring work is pretty well done considering the late spring and very cold rough weather in April.

Mr. Brenneman has recovered the two valuable horses stolen from him. It is now reported that the thief has been arrested in Washington City with a stolen horse or two in his possession. It may be of some interest to know that the horses were recovered by a strange combination of circumstances. Some 70 or 80 miles from here in an almost inaccessible region in West Virginia, a gentleman was riding rather rapidly towards a watering place near a grist mill. Fortunately he was behind the thieves whose guilty conscience at once jumped to the conclusion that it was some one pursuing them. The horses were abandoned and the thieves took to the woods. This single circumstance led to the recovery of both horses. Mr. Brenneman is out of pocket over $100 in cash and much valuable time lost. Mr. Brenneman is highly esteemed in this community, and the probabilities are that free justice would be meted out to the thieves were they to be tried in Garrett county. Besides stealing horses quite a number of small articles were taken from different parties.

We have been requested by Western friends and subscribers of THE REPUBLICAN to exercise a little more regularity in the notes from Accident.

E. H. G.

"Funny what things you can find in an old well," remarked a passenger from Western Massachusetts. "Last fall we cleaned out our well, and what do you s'pose we found in it? Here's a list of the articles as I noted them down on the spot: Forty-seven tumblers, 3 jack knives, 3 cream pails, 5 old buckets, 2 silver teaspoons, 2 silver tablespoons."

"That's nothing," added a passenger from Michigan, "we cleaned out our well last fall, too, and what d'ye s'pose we found? The skeleton of one heifer, four lambs, an old pig trough, a swill bucket, and a dog with a can tied to his tail. We had noticed a peculiar taste to the water, but thought it was a mineral spring. People acutually bottled that water last summer and carried it away to drink."—*Chicago Herald.*

Not only the houses of the Mexicans, but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbration of anything, the owner at once says: "Senor, it is yours;" but he simply intends something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered to you. An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English embassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was. "Senor, it is your own," replied the nurse with a courtesy. Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of a pretty child since.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]
MONDAY, May 18, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5½@5 4-5c, that generally rated first quality 4¾@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 4@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@4 cts; extreme range of prices 3@5 4-5 cts; most of the sales were from 4¾@5¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,046 head, against 1,469 last week and 1,465 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 883 head, against 909 last week, and 752 head the corresponding week of last year.

All dealers report the market as dead on the Hill to-day, and, with meager exceptions, that prices were 15 or 20c. per 100 lbs. lower than they were last week, considering the quality, which in some respects was better even than the very good offerings of last week. Prices ranged from 3 to 5 4-5c., with very few at either extreme, most sales ranging from 4¾ to 5¼c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a slight increase over the receipts of last week, and the quality of the offerings is fully as good as it was then. There is a moderate demand, the supply being about equal to the demand. We quote rough Hogs at 5@6c., and the better grades at 6¼@6½, with but few at latter prices—most sales 6¼. Same time last year Hogs sold at 7@7¼c., and extra at 8.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The number of the offerings is less than it was last week by some 450 head, and their general quality was not as good as it was then. Trade is exceedingly slow, common stock not being wanted at our lowest quotations, 2¼@3c., and sales of better grades were made up to 4¼, with but few extra at latter price. Lambs are quoted at 5@9c., with most sales 7¼@8. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@6c., and lambs at 6¼@8¼.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass on my land for the purpose of hunting or fishing, or otherwise they will be dealt with according to law.

5 23 3t FREDERICK KOLB.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES!

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 18th, 1885.

The citizens of the different School Districts of Garrett county, Maryland, are respectfully requested to meet at such time and place as may be named by the present Trustees, and select three of the resident voters to act as Trustees for the succeeding year; said appointees to be confirmed by the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county. Said Board will meet on the 9th day of June.

The names of those selected to act as Trustees should be sent in to the School Board by 1st of June.

By order
C. B. LUDWIG,
5 33 2t Secretary.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address
THIS OFFICE.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.
OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GO TO

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT, BUT BUY FOR THE CASH. IT IS THAT

ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

we want. We ask you to scan with careful scrutiny the long list of unfortunate but illustrious victims of the CREDIT LEDGER; and then, again, look up yonder at the grand marches to greatness of that unbroken phalanx, who step to the clear metallic ring of the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR. Don't forget to go to

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

BRIDGE NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 20th, 1885.

The Red bridge over Yough river, west of Oakland, will be taken down and closed to travel on MONDAY, MAY, 25th, 1885. The river cannot be forded at this point. Persons crossing from either side can go by way of Ashby bridge, or ford river at McCormack farm.

By order
G. W. MERRILL,
5 23 1t Clerk.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 108 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young appie orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., G. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 15th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, June 1st, 1885,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy for said county.

Claims against the county should be filed on or before the first day of this session, and no claim will be allowed unless sworn to according to law.

By order
G. W. MERRILL,
5 16 3t Clerk.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

Estate of John Stahl, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN STAHL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of May, 1885.

Her
CATHARINE X E. STAHL,
mark.
5 9 3t Administratrix.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to
J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.
JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

NOTICE!

Merchants and others are hereby notified to give no credit to any person whatsoever on account of L. Levering or Thomas J. Crouser, from this date.

L. LEVERING.
4 25 3t VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Atty's.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to
E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

The bluebird sings. His trill of hope
Comes ringing down yon snowy slope
To say: "Cheer up; cheer up; 'tis spring.
I bear her greeting on my wing."

Good-bye to winter, stern and cold;
Good-bye to sorrows, new and old;
Welcome to hope and warmth and cheer,
The bluebird sings and spring is here.

How soon each frost-bound field and wood
Will hear his prophecy of good.
Now buds may swell, now sap may flow,
And happy brooks may seaward go.

A thousand thousand sleeping things
Waken when first the bluebird sings,
And 'neath the sheltering turf begin
With joy their rainbow-robes to spin.

What hear I in this clear refrain?
The gladdening sound of April rain,
The flow of waves, the hum of bees,
The gossip of the woodland trees.

I shut my eyes and listen. Lo!
Sunshine above and bloom below.
No winds to vex, no rime to wrong—
A world of beauty and of song.

A prophet's voice, so sweet, so strong.
Though wait the glad fulfillment long,
Hope, ever trustful, trusts anew
And holds the blessed promise true.

The sun is hid. The clouds hang low
With sullen threats of drifting snow,
And in the leafless boughs I hear
The North Wind sound his bugle clear.

But since I've heard the bluebird sing,
No matter what the days may bring;
The wintry winds may wake or sleep,
My heart with Spring her tryst will keep.
—*Luella Clark, in Chicago Current.*

REAL LIVE COWBOYS.

On the Drive, in the Camp and at the Round-Up.

Men Who Daily Risk Life and Limb in the Performance of Duty—Cowboys Graduates of Colleges—Some Mistakes Corrected.

"Do I know the cowboys? Young man, I think I do. When you have worked with them, camped with them, and been among them for years on the drive, on the plains, and on and off duty, you might say you know them."

The speaker was Henry Exall, a Texas cattleman, who has been spending several days in the city at the Seventh Avenue Hotel.

"The Texas cowboy," he continued, "is the most thoroughly misunderstood man, outside of the localities where he is known, on the face of the earth. I know him in all his alleged terrors, and as a class there are no nobler-hearted or honorable men in the world. Brave to rashness and generous to a fault, if you should be thrown among them you would find them ever ready to share their last crust with you, or lie down at night with you on the same blanket.

"Why, young man, see here," and the Texas man twitched his chair around until he could put his foot upon a window sill. "Say that I have 10,000 cattle which I am about to send overland from Texas into Montana to fatten for the market. Those cattle will be on the drive from the 1st of April until the middle of September. They are divided into three herds, with a dozen or sixteen men with each herd. I entrust those cattle in the hands of a gang of cowboys. For six months I know absolutely nothing of my stock. I trust their honesty to the extent of many thousands of dollars without a contract, without a bond, with no earthly hold upon them legally or morally beyond the fact that I am paying them $35 or $40 a month to protect my interests. And these are the men pictured in the East as outcasts of civilization. I trust absolutely to their judgment in getting those cattle through a wild and unbroken country without loss or injury. I trust as absolutely to their bravery and endurance in the face of danger."

"Danger?"

"Danger! Yes, indeed. A man to be a cowboy must be a brave man. For instance, we are on a drive. These slab-sided, long-horned Texas cattle are as wild as deers naturally, and, being in an unknown country, are as nervous and as timid as sheep. The slightest noise may startle them into a stampede. We have been on the drive all day and night is coming on. It is cold and raining. We have reached the point where we intend to round up for the night. The men commence to ride around the drove, singing, shouting, and whistling to encourage the animals by the sounds they are familiar with, and to drown any noise of an unusual character which might provoke a stampede. Round and round the cattle they ride until the whole drove is traveling in a circle. Slowly the cowboys close in on them, still shouting and singing, until finally the cattle become quiet, and after a time lie down and commence chewing their cuds with apparent contentment. A stampede of cattle is a terrible thing to the cowboys, and may be brought on by the most trivial cause. The slightest noise of an unusual nature, the barking of a coyote, the snap of a pistol, the crackling of a twig will bring some wild-eyed steer to his feet in terror. Another instant and the whole drove are panting and bellowing in the wildest fear. They are ready to follow the lead of any animal that makes a break. Then the coolness and self-possession of the cowboy is called into play. They still continue their wild gallop around the frightened drove, endeavoring to reassure them, and quiet them once more. May be they will succeed after an hour or two, and the animals will again be at rest. But the chances are that they can not be quieted so easily. A creak is made in some direction. Here comes the heroism of the cowboy. These cattle are as blind and unreasoning in their fright as a pair of runaway horses. They know no danger but from behind, and if they did they could not stop for the surging sea of maddened animals in the rear. A rocky gorge or a deep-cut canon may cause the loss of half their number. Those in the rear can not see the danger, and the leaders can not stop for those behind, and are pushed on to their death. A precipice may lie in their way over which they plunge to destruction. It matters not to the cowboy. If the stampede is made, the Captain of the drove and his men ride until they head it, and then endeavor to turn the animals into a circuit once more.

"A hole in the ground, which catches a horse's foot, a stumble and the hoofs of three thousand cattle have trampled the semblance of humanity from him. He knows this. A gulch or gorge lies in their path. There is no escaping it. There is no turning to the right or left, and in an instant horse and rider are at the bottom, buried under a thousand cattle. But what of it? It is only a cowboy, and they come cheap. But history records no instance of more unquestioning performance of duty in the presence of danger than these men undergo on every drive. Should the stampede be stopped there is no rest for the drivers that night, but the utmost vigilance is required to prevent a recurrence of the break from the frightened cattle. This may happen hundreds of times on a single drive.

"I remmember one instance, which, from the friendship in which I held the victim, has made a lasting impression on me. Two brothers were together on the drive. Both men had been educated in an Eastern college, but for some reason had drifted to the cattle plains of Texas and had become cowboys. The elder was the captain of the drive. Sitting about the camp-fire one night, the younger was disheartened about something and finally said: 'Charlie, let's throw up this drive. I don't want to go. I feel that one or the other of us will never go back. I am ashamed of this, but I can not shake it off.' His brother was impressed by his seriousness, but could only say, 'George, here are 3,000 cattle in my charge. I could not leave them if I knew that I would be killed to-morrow.' 'A stampede!' cried one of the men. In an instant they were all at their animals, saddles were adjusted and away they went. The Captain gained the head of the drive and had succeeded in turning them a little when his horse stumbled. In another instant horse and rider could hardly have been distinguished from one another. So you see there is some responsibility upon the men.

"These wild cattle away from home are as variable as the wind, and when frightened are as irresistible as an avalanche. The slightest thing stampedes them. For instance: We have rounded up the drive and the cattle are lying down. I am one of the men detailed to ride around them. Finding them all quiet I get off my horse to light my pipe. Relieved of my burden, the horse rests himself at a stake. The whole drove is on their feet in an instant listening to discover from what quarter the noise came. No one can foresee which way they will make the break, and only the utmost self-possession and good judgment on the part of the men on duty will prevent a general stampede. That is the class of men cowboys are made of, and I never knew of many instances where they failed to do their duty."

The enthusiastic Texan had now warmed up to this subject, and when asked: "Where are the cowboys recruited from?" replied:

"From all parts of the world. Some from the plains, where their toys in infancy are the miniature lariat and a shotgun. Some from Mexico, with many of their half Indian characteristics, and many from the East. I know a dozen college graduates who cowboys, and have become so infatuated with the life that I suppose they will never leave it until the final grand round-up.

There is another interesting period in the life of a cowboy," continued Mr. Exall, "and that is in the spring round-up. In the fall the cattle stray away, and in working away from the storms they sometimes get away 100 miles or so. Each cattle owner has his own particular brand on his cattle. Well, the ranchmen in some natural division of the country will organize a grand round-up in the spring. The cowboys will drive the cattle all in together in one big drove. Then the Captain of the round-up will direct the owner of Ranch A to 'cut' out his cattle. One of A's most experienced men will then ride into the drove until he sights an animal with A's brand on. Deftly he will drive the animal to the outer edge of the herd, and then with a quick dash runs the beast out away from the drove and it is taken in charge of by others of A's ranchmen, while the cutter goes back after another. After some fifteen or twenty minutes A's cutter will be taken off and B's given a chance. This will be continued until each ranch has its cattle cut out. If any cattle are found without a brand they are killed for the use of the men on the round-up. This 'cutting' is a work requiring great skill and experience, and frequently requires the use of the lariat. Often cattle with a strange brand are found. If anyone recognizes the brand, ranchmen living nearest the owner take charge of it and notify the owner. If no one recognizes the brand the Captain of the round-up advertises it, and if no owner is found, it is sold at auction for the benefit of the Cattlemen's Association.

"These things will go to show the responsibilities resting upon these men. They have to be men of integrity and reliability, and their labors are such that you can readily see they can not be very dissipated. I will tell you how they get the reputation for recklessness. We will suppose these men have been on a drive for six months, and have finished and been paid off. Then they are just like any other body of men, they go in for some fun, and on their lark ride yelling through the streets of some little town, shoot a few lamps out or get into a saloon row. It is no more than a band of college boys at Harvard, or Cornell, or Princeton might do, and frequently do, but some imaginative correspondent immediately sends it to some Eastern paper, where it comes out headed "Another Cowboy Outrage," and giving a wholly fictitious account of the battle between the outlaws and the citizens. Now, I know hundreds of cowboys who never carry a revolver, and if you should go among them today your life and your pocketbook would be as safe as it is in the city. They have strict ideas of honor and they stand upon their honor. You won't find any of them who would be safe to impose upon, nor will you find any of them who will attempt to impose on you. They are off duty, a lot of big-hearted, rough boys, as ready for a lark as any other boys, but they are not outlaws or outcasts. They are not the class of men who rob trains or hold up people crossing the plains, and I believe that, taken for all in all, the American cowboy will compare favorably in morals and manliness with any similar number of citizens, taken as a class.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

GRANT'S LOVE FOR HORSES.

His Skill as a Bareback Rider While a Boy Still Remembered.

Grant's love for horses is a matter of history. He was a fine horseback rider as a boy at his little country home in Georgetown, O., through which he loved to ride standing on his bare feet on a sheepskin tied to the back of his horse. The only thing he really excelled in at West Point was his riding. He was the most daring rider of the school, and in jumping the bar the officers who were accustomed to hold the bar over which the horses were to go as low as their waists for the others, put it up even with and above their heads when it was Grant's turn to jump. He saved his life in Mexico by his riding abilities by throwing himself at the side instead of staying on the back of his horse, and when he was in the White House his horses were the wonder of Washington.

Grant's Arabian horses are, I think, on General Beal's farm, near Washington. They were given him by the Sultan while he was in Turkey, in 1878. The Sultan had taken him over his palaces and grounds, and finished up with his stables. He had his attendants show off his finest horses, and asked Grant to pick out the finest for himself, telling him he would make him a present of it. Grant at first was reluctant to accept so valuable a present, but one of the Sultan's officers interposed, telling him he would offend His Majesty by a refusal. He then selected a dapple-gray Arabian steed, and the Sultan formally presented it to him. The Sultan afterward sent it to him at New York, adding to his present another Arabian as black as jet, and as magnificent in form as the one Grant had chosen. The two horses arrived in New York in the latter part of the following year, and sporting men admired them greatly. They were taken to a blacksmith shop to be shod, and many persons came to see them, trying to buy their old shoes, or even the nails, as mementoes. When the horses were taken from the boat to the stable, one of them kicked a spoke from a carriage which they passed, and cost Grant twelve dollars to pay damages. "*Carp,*" *in Cleveland Leader.*

AN ATLANTIC OASIS.

The Orange Groves of St. Michael's in the Charming Azores.

Out in the Atlantic, over 1,200 miles from Land's End and about 600 miles due west from Lisbon, lies the beautiful island of St. Michael's, the largest of nine islands forming the Archipelago of the Azores. It is beautiful in its variety of mountain, lake and valley scenery, in the rich verdure of its cultivated lands, its equable, mild climate and in its wonderful thermal spring. The principal commerce of St. Michael's is the orange crop. The mode of picking and packing remains unaltered since early days. The city, Ponta Delgada, the capital of the island is set in the midst of orange gardens, and the air in the early mornings or late in the evenings comes laden to you with the fragrance of the orange blossoms.

Either in the town or suburbs you see the gates of many orange gardens invitingly open, and you will be politely invited to walk in and help yourself to flowers and fruit. If you are a stranger the "cabeca" or head man of the garden will bring you a bunch of lovely camellias and a branch on which hang clusters of ripe oranges, and invite you to be seated on a garden bench, for though it is the month of February, you can enjoy sitting out of doors. There you can watch the juvenile toilers sorting the fruit and dried leaves of the Indian corn. The picker can eat as many oranges as he pleases, and take away every evening a bag or basket full of fruit that has fallen from the trees, which he sells at thirty or forty for a penny.—*Leisure Hours.*

SPIT UPON.

A Central African Custom Which is Not Considered an Indignity.

Most people consider it one of the worst of indignities to be spit upon, and yet, according to Mr. Thomson, spitting has a very different signification with the Masai of Central Africa from that which is given to it elsewhere. With the Masai it expresses the greatest goodwill and the best of wishes.

"It takes the place of the compliments of the season, and you had better spit upon a damsel than kiss her. You spit when you meet, and you do the same on leaving. You seal your bargain in a similar manner. As I was a lybon (medicine man) of the first water, the Masai flocked to me as devotees would do to springs of healing virtue, and with the aid of occasional draughts of water I was equal to the demand.

"The more copiously I spat upon them, the greater was their delight; and with pride they would relate to their friends how the white medicine-man honored them, and would point with the greatest satisfaction to the ocular proof of the agreeable fact. It was certainly rather drying work for me when I had a large number to operate upon, and I required the aid of bullets and stones in my mouth to stimulate the production of the precious fluid.

"However, their simple faith in the efficacy of it made me suppress my feelings, and give them pleasure. How could I, for instance, resist the upturned face of a Masai maid; and what better reward could I have than her delighted and grateful glance when I expectorated upon the little snub nose so eagerly presented?"—*Youth's Companion.*

—A cow attached to the Gubernatorial mansion at Jefferson City, Mo., having been milked for five years by convicts, now refuses to allow anybody in citizens dress to approach her.—*St. Louis Post.*

—English officers are killed off so quickly that they seldom have time to grow to be Generals. — *Minneapolis Tribune.*

A WOMAN'S BEST FACULTY.

Provided by an All-Wise Providence with Eyes that See Enough to Keep Her Tongue Continually Busy.

As a rapid and exhaustive observer woman outshines man more than the beauty and glory of day at high twelve surpasses the flicker of a brimstone match. With one little bat of her eye a woman can see things to which man, with all his boasted discernment, remains forever blind. The focusing machinery in the visionary department of her mechanism is always in gear, and operates with lightning precision without hitch or friction. Put her in a cannon and shoot her through a millinery store, and if she survives the shock to her nerves, she can tell you with a precision that seems phenomenal the exact shade of every ribbon and the net amount of torture to non-possessors represented by every specimen of male distraction in the entire concern. Send her aloft in a balloon when the wind is careering over the city with the speed of a young man running through an hereditary fortune, and she can tell you the contents of every clothes-line in town, without stopping to catch her breath. Put her in a sleigh behind a runaway team, if you are obliged to know the color of every man's eyes both sides of the street, and have to know it quick. If you are to have a fashion report in fifteen minutes that would take you three weeks to prepare, send the dear creature to church. If you want to know anything that can be seen, shut your eyes and tell your wife to look. With one corner of her eye she will see more in the fragment of an instant than you could discern in two weeks with a field-glass. For breadth, scope and accuracy, the amount of observation she can grasp with a single wink makes a Government survey seem contracted and deficient. Prof. Proctor himself owns up that his daughter can see and salt down more in the butt end of a second without specks on, than he can behold with a telescope in a good long astronomical spell, and he always wants her handy during an eclipse or transit to nail such phenomena as may happen to get away from him.

A Chicago man went to Washington to witness the inauguration and give the new administration the benefit of his experience in tight corners, and by some unaccountable freak of conduct he took his wife along with him. He is a man of reasonable veracity, and whenever he swears to a thing you can put it down as coming sufficiently nea the truth to answer all ordinary purposes. On returning home, with considerable more experience and a good deal less money, he appeared before somebody and deposed that out of all the vast ocean of female paraphernalia, military grandeur, and so on, gathered in the Capital on that brilliant occasion, not one thing escaped the clinching gaze of that blue-eyed little woman, and that a minute description of everything with ribbons and ruffles is snugly pigeon-holed between her ears somewhere, for he overheard her telling another woman or two all about them after the return, with a cogency and conciseness that made him feel as though he had been blind from birth. He avows that he kept his eyes at full cock during their entire stay, and did his best to obtain at least a moderately retentive squint of everything in sight, while his wife just stood around and growled about her tight shoes, her headache, encroaching corset, and other female peculiarities, without seeming to care a button-hook for anything or anybody, or even appearing to notice so much as the season of the year. Time and again, he affirms, did he lift up his voice in most vehement entreaty as follows, namely, to wit:

"Keep your eyes peeled, my dear, and try to notice something that will make you remember the place. You may never have another chance to come here, and you ought to try and see all you can while you are about it."

But she gazed not with the rapture for which he famished, and he proceeded with more strenuous intonation:

"I'll declare it looks like a waste of money to take you traveling. Why don't you look around and notice things while you've got a chance? Do you think I went to all this expense for the sake of having a cigar sign along with me? Hold up your head and look around. There's things in sight that will be petrified in history. Shake yourself up and look at 'em while you can, or else blindfold yourself and be done with it?"

But all the solace the enthusiastic man could get in return was:

"O, my headache!" or "Plague take them shoes!" while the apparent eyeless woman at his elbow stood around on one foot, and seemed to be getting about as much benefit from the animated scenes around her as a mole would pick up at an art display. But for all that nothing escaped the busy eye of the undemonstrative little woman. Everything went to the right place under her bonnet, and what she saw would fill every volume of the *Congressional Globe* ever issued, and leave enough over to keep the Government printers busy for years to come, while her husband was tickled nearly to death at the music, and threw up his hat and stood on his head when the elephant went by, he returned home firmly believing he had seen the whole circus.—*E. P. Brown, in Chicago Ledger*

What Consols Are.

In speaking of consols, most people think they include the entire National debt of England. This is a mistake, for there is only a little more than half a debt, strictly speaking, included under that head. The name consols is, as nearly every one is aware, merely a contraction or term that has got into use in the brief way of speaking used on the Stock Exchange. The full official title of the portion of the public debt called consols is "The consolidated three per cent. reduced annuities," and they have grown to their present enormous proportions, some £330,000,000 sterling, as indeed the whole debt has, from comparatively small beginnings, by fits and starts, and through gradual processes of incurring floating debts to meet emergencies and the subsequent funding of the same in permanent shape at low rates of interest.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FALSE ECONOMY.

Some Pertinent Reflections by an Old Writer from the Pacific Slope Who Knows What He is Writing About.

Seek the poorest for economy's sake
Live on the cheapest. Dress cheaply.
Get yourself cheap lodgings where
grime and squalor prevail.

By so doing you will put on the atmosphere of poverty as you do your overcoat and carry it with you as one of the signs revealing the very condition you want and need to conceal. Poverty will drive most people from you. They are afraid of you. They feel in your presence the possible request of "Lend me a dollar for a few days."

This ought not to be so. But it is so. This is not a homily on fancies but one on facts.

There is quite as much reckless saving in this world as reckless spending. As when a man walks three or four miles to save a fare, and thereby walks the strength out of mind and body, that he needed for some important purpose. That's one of the ways of keeping poor. Take care of your pence in taking good care of yourself and keeping body and mind in the best condition, and not in ramming every nickel your fist closes over down a rat hole, while you suffer and weaken for what it could buy

I think real poverty means starving one's self of the good things of this world or being starved for lack of them, as you please. There's a law for cultivating this sort of poverty as fixed in its working as the law which carries the errth around the sun. Make up your mind that you won't abide this sort of poverty and so act as opportunities present themselves, and see if elements and agencies do not come to you to help you enjoy life as you live. Only there is presumed on your part sufficient sense to know such elements and agencies and also to know how to use them.

Who are the rich? A man with a million may live feeling as "poor as poverty;" scared half to death every time he takes out his pocketbook for a necessary outlay; distressing himself by the hour with the thought that his last purchase of a dollar's worth at one shop might have been secured for ninety cents at another; starving his stomach with indigestible ten-cent lunches and studying what he calls "economy" until economy has turned into miserliness.

Another man buys what he needs, treats himself to the best he can find and afford, treats his body to decent food and clothing and gets lots of good out of them as he goes along.

Which is the richer of the two?

What do you want? To feel miserably poor all your days on earth that you may so die "poor as poverty," though worth the million you have scraped together through starving your body, starving your tastes, scrimping, cheese-paring and living in such dread of poverty that you have become a money hoarding monomaniac, distressed by the money gripes every time you open your purse for a car fare.

Go unshaven to-day to save the barber's fee, and you feel unshaven and unpresentable. That is the very day you will meet the man on whom you desire to make a favorable impression, and who may "take stock" of your stubby beard and judge you thereby. Buy the cheaper shoes or the cheaper coat or hat to save a few dollars, and you buy so many cheap signs which will let you out and keep you out of the class who might be most useful to you, as you might in turn also be to them.

A man bred to miserly morality and stuffed full in his youth of Ben Franklin's maxims provocative of economical starvation, went to a strange place in search of business, having in his pocket $100. For economy's sake he put up at a third-class hotel, where grease and rancidity made him half-sick and sallow. For economy's sake he kept on wearing a suit of clothes verging on seediness, when an expenditure of $40 on apparel would have made him outwardly a far more presentable person. Week after week he grew outwardly more seedy and inwardly more sick, and further from the situation he sought, for his clothes and his third rate bearing and address, coming of stopping at a third-rate hotel, enveloped him with a third-rate atmosphere and created for him with others a third-rate impression. So his hundred dollars dwindled and dwindled away on this basis of economy until he could not purchase a new suit of clothes, while those he wore became daily less and less presentable. As he became less presentable he had less and less face to present himself to the kind of people most necessary for him to seek.

The second man coming to the same place on a similar errand chose better though more expensive lodgings and thereby got himself among and was seen of men among a more respectable class of people. He, also, had but $100 in the world, but when he saw in his clothing signs of wear and tear and more coming, he said to himself: "If I buy me a fifty dollar suit of clothing, though I get nothing to do, I shall have the apparel, anyway, and that's a better business basis to stand on than a seedy suit."

Ask any man of the world which of the two was most likely to "get along" and make his way.

"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," says your careful old man of money. True! But are you taking care of the pence when for economy's sake you dose yourself with the dirt and rancidity of a slop-dish restaurant? Are you taking care of yourself? Won't poor living make you poorer? There is a pretty straight path for many between poor feeding and poor whisky. Are not pence very profitably expended in taking good care of yourself?—*Prentice Mulford, in N. Y. Graphic.*

—In a Missouri court some time ago an illiterate person was sentenced to jail till he could learn to write, and another was sentenced till he could teach the former the art. In a little over three weeks the prisoner reappeared, able to write a fair letter at dictation, and both men were discharged.—*St. Louis Post.*

—A wealthy and well-known manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., was arrested in New York City the other evening on a charge of drunkenness. He offered to pay any amount of fine or to give $100,000 security, but he was locked up for the night.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—It is pleasant to see that the sanitary condition of the school-rooms is so frequently a matter of discussion now. And it is to be hoped that the discussion will result in some practical reforms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An application for the position of teacher in a school at Lawrence, Kan., could not explain the difference between horizontal and perpendicular and declared that "circular" meant a fur-lined cloak.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Roman Catholic churches of the diocese of Massachusetts, under the direction of the Bishop, will hereafter sell seats at every mass. Free seats will be given to those too poor to pay, and ushers will protect those who do pay.—*Boston Post.*

—A lad in the Cambrian deaf and dumb institute, on being asked a question he could not answer, thought for a moment and then wrote on his slate: "Short of information on the subject." Such candor is worthy of imitation.—*Chicago Times.*

—Dr. Philip Schaff states that, while the change of text in the revised edition of the old Testament will be found more numerous than in that of the New Testament, they are less important. He thinks a long time will elapse before another revision is made, and that it will take about a generation for the new revision to crowd out the old Bible.

—A new Christian church is about to be built in Jerusalem. The Germans have obtained possession of the site of the ancient hospital of the Knights of St. John, and arrangements have been made for the erection of a German Protestant church. In this cradle center of Christianity are to be found Greeks, Romanists and Protestants; and Jerusalem presents in miniature divided Christendom.

—The colored people of Philadelphia have undertaken to raise funds for the establishment of an industrial training school. They claim that while there is no lack of opportunity for the colored youth to study Latin, Greek, astronomy, theology, etc., no provision is made whereby he can learn to make a boot or perfect himself in any industrial avocation. It is high time that something should be done to give colored youth these advantages, and it is especially gratifying to observe that the colored people are taking the matter into their own hands.—*Current.*

—The eagerness of the Japanese for the Scriptures the past year, writes Dr. Nathan Brown, from Yokohama, has been astonishing. Four thousand Gospels were disposed of and over 10,000 smaller portions and tracts. Dr. Brown's principal colporteur has sold and distributed over 12,000 books and tracts with his own hands. He is, beside, an exhorter, and never goes among the people without giving them an explanation of his work and what is the object of selling the books. All Japanese Christians, Rev. E. H. Jones writes, own Bibles and read them, always turning to the passages referred to by the preacher in his sermon—not a bad habit for Christians of every race.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Buzzard's Roost, Ga., was a post-office. Postmaster General Vilas has changed it to Westlake.

—The sea-serpent has been seen at San Francisco. His head was "crowned with two huge horns." If you will notice it, there is always an intimate relation between horns and the sea-serpent.—*Boston Post.*

—"Are you any relation to my sister?" asked little Johnnie. He blushed and stammered, until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying: "No, but you'd like to be—wouldn't you, Alfred?"—*Detroit Post.*

—The humorous market is dull. We quote coachmen jokes prime, at five to six cents per million; ice-cream jokes, no demand; bank cashier jokes, weak at one to one-and-a-half cents per ton; choice plumber jokes in demand at one dollar to two dollars per ton.—*Lincoln (N. M.) Golden Era.*

—An English lady recently gave a whole ounce of tobacco to every soldier of a regiment about to start for the Soudan. Here is a chance for the men who are always trying to borrow tobacco. Go to England and volunteer for service in Egypt.—*Boston Courier.*

—"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the new minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A negro brought suit in a Mitchell County Justice's court for possession of two shoats and a sow and pigs, and gained it. His lawyer, as soon as the case was decided, settled the fees for himself, Squire A., the lawyer on the other side, and the court. "Well, Joe, Squire A. will take one of the shoats, I'll take the other one, the Judge will take the sow and pigs, and you've gained the case."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—"Do you know," said a bashful swain to his sweetheart, "that doctors say there is danger of contracting diseases by kissing?" "Is that so?" she said, with an air of interest. "So they say," he murmured, "do you believe it?" "Well, I haven't much faith in doctors," she replied, blushing furiously; "besides, I've been vaccinated." If that young man ever contracts the heart disease it won't be his fault."—*N. Y. Journal.*

Spring and Summer Bonnets.

Small bonnets remain in favor, but are slightly larger than those of last year. The only changes in shape are the narrow and short crowns used when the hair is dressed high, and the more fully trimmed fronts, which now have a puff of lace or velvet, or else a small inside trimming of lace, bows, or flowers. There are also round and longer crowns for those who wear the low Catogan braid, but the general preference is for the high slender crown that may be cut off square across the top, and is usually curved at the end to show the hair turned upward from the nape of the neck and fringed like a bang, or else with three or four small "scolding locks" curling below.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Cream cake, so dear to the heart of the children, can be made by splitting patty-pancakes, taking out a portion of the center and filling the space with thick custard. There need be no waste, as the piece cut out may be used in the foundation for a nice pudding.—*Toledo Blade.*

—It is said that a horse may be cured of holding the head high when the bridle is to be put on, by a lump of sugar in the hand. Give him a taste, and he will hold down. Rub it on the bit, and he will soon become fixed in the habit of lowering his head for the bridle.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

—For the filling for an orange short-cake, take two large oranges, peel them, chop them fine, remove the seeds, add half of a peeled lemon and one cup of sugar. Spread between the layers of short-cake while it is hot. This may be used for layer-cake filling, but in that case add the well-beaten white of one egg.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—There is profit in farming good land, but none on any other. Do not forget this in buying and renting land. You can well afford to pay double the rent for a rich piece of ground than you can for poor. If you own poor fields make them rich, as the first object in your whole system of farming.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In relation to purifying beeswax a bee-keeper writes: "The best plan that **I know of is to melt ten pounds of wax** in a vessel, after having first put in the same one pint of strong vinegar, together with one quart of water. After all is melted, set the vessel from the fire and wrap it in several thicknesses of blanket or old carpet, so it will cool slowly. By this plan the wax is in agitation while liquid and all impurities worked to the top or bottom. If strained before putting through this process there will be nothing but dross at the bottom, with nothing on top."—*Albany Journal.*

—A delicate white pudding is made by soaking one teacupful of gelatine in one pint of cold water; let it stand for an hour, then add one pint of boiling water, the juice of two lemons and two cups of sugar. Strain this and add the whites of five eggs beaten to a perfectly stiff froth. Let this become quite cold before serving. The sauce for this pudding is made of one quart of boiling milk; beat the yelk of five eggs with half a cup of sugar, and stir into the milk. When this cools flavor to your taste. The quantity here given will be sufficient for nine good-sized dishes, or, with less generosity, a tenth may be distributed.—*Boston Budget.*

—Rhubarb Jam: Take the desired quantity of rhubarb, wipe it thoroughly dry, and cut the stalks into small pieces. For every pound and a quarter of the rhubarb allow one pound of sugar, the rind of half a lemon cut very thin and minced. Put all into a stew-pan and simmer gently until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, stirring constantly to prevent burning. After the sugar is dissolved remove the pan to a hotter part of the fire and boil for one hour. The jam may then be put into jars, covered tightly to exclude the air, and stored away in a cool, dry place. As rhubarb jam does not keep as well as that made from fruit, it should be utilized quickly.—*Boston Globe.*

HATS AND BONNETS.

Feminine Adornments Which are Eccentric and Dressy.

From present indications it is safe to infer that hats are going to be worn by misses and even youthful matrons in preference to bonnets. One of the novelties in black straw is bound about its brim with puffing of black velvet. It is trimmed very full in front, of high crown with gold net tissue, covered over with black lace and a large cluster of buds and roses, intermingled with straw lilies of the valley and gilded grasses and wild oats, creating a very dressy effect.

One of the eccentric hats has one side in shape of crescent, while the other side is formed like a bent full moon, the extra half standing high above the crescent side, which is filled in with high ornament of a peculiar bird's head and wings and tufts of ostrich feathers. These irregular sides are faced with velvet and the moon portion is decorated with gold gauze ribbon, with velvet stripes, put on in loops and knots.

Ostrich plumes are not often used, still they are sometimes seen on stylish hats, as in one of brown and gold straw, with high crown and brim turned down on one side and up on the other, faced and trimmed with velvet and showing in front a cluster of five tips with one long plume passing over the side of the crown and reaching down to the brim in the back.

Another hat, with rather lower crown and rolling brim, corded at edge of brim with gold, has band of velvet about crown and is trimmed in front with a profusion of variegated velvet leaves, a chenille basket holding humming birds in illuminated hues, one of the charming birds resting upon the handle of the chenille basket.

A charming little bonnet in toque shape is covered with cloth of gold put on full over a frame covered with garnet or red silk, so that the shades are most effective. The brim is puffed and the trimming consists of gauze leaves embroidered in colors and veined with gold, small scarlet flowers, with gold and green leaves and a branch of gilded wild oats standing over the flowers.

For visiting, a becoming bonnet has the front of Alicante velvet in large puff. The crown is formed of net, covered with a lace appliqued, with velvet circles embroidered with gold thread. A large rosette of ostrich tips, flecked with gold and gold aigrette in its center, finishes this stylish bonnet.

Still another odd bonnet has front in V shape. The brim is formed of velvet, laid in folds on inside and outside, each fold being secured by an ornamental gold-headed pin, so the effect is as if the brim was finished with curiously carved gold beads. Inside a cluster of velvet leaves and flowers are arranged, filling the front. The crown is covered with a puff of lace and loops of embroidered ribbon, which also forms strings, are clustered in front and stand up above the crown.—*Philadelphia Times.*

GARDEN CULTURE.

Horse Cultivation Vastly Superior to Hand Culture.

An inquirer wishes to know what garden crops can be cultivated with a horse according to the plan which we recommended on a former occasion, and whether it will not be still necessary to perform much of the labor by hand. He supposes that corn and potatoes are about the only crops capable of horse culture.

In answer to his inquiry, we may state that there are very few crops which may not be cultivated with a horse; and if the garden is quite oblong, with a strip or area at each end ten feet wide for the horse to turn about on, the work may be done rapidly and efficiently, leaving a more mellow surface than can be made with hand culture. First, among the crops which may be thus treated, are all the small fruits. Strawberries in narrow rows, may have two feet space between them for the passage of a fine tooth narrow cultivator. Blackberries and raspberries, pinched down within two or three feet of the ground, and with the side shoots pinched within a foot or so of the main stems, will allow the free passage of the horse, and the operator not be caught by straggling branches or neglected bushes. Gooseberries and currants are of course easily managed.

Nearly all garden vegetables may be **planted in single or double rows, and** require but little hand labor in the rows to keep them clean, as they soon shade and smother all weeds in the rows. Beets and turnips, carrots and parsnips may be easily and cheaply raised in double rows; but when there is plenty of space, and land is cheaper than labor, they may be planted in single drills and require almost no hand labor. Plants with runners, like cucumbers and melons, may be cultivated in the same way through the early part of the season, and the treatment continued longer by drawing the running stems all in the direction of the rows until they become too large and numerous, and after that but little cultivation is needed. Even the smaller vegetables, as lettuce, radishes and onions, may be raised in double rows and cultivated with horse implements, and the frequent cultivation the soil will thus receive will give a finer and more luxuriant growth.

The chief trouble with the old and common mode of cultivating vegetable gardens by farmers is that they are too busy with farm work just at the time when the garden requires attention; the weeds are neglected a week too late, and the whole work is given up. Gardens are pronounced too expensive, and the family is deprived of those wholesome and delicious luxuries which would contribute so much to economy and health. But where the acre of garden is as easily kept clean as an acre of corn or potatoes in the field, there is nothing to prevent a weekly attention to it. The weeds should never show themselves, and the crops having entire possession of the clean, mellow soil, are furnished in abundance and delicious in quality.—*Country Gentleman.*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Information Respecting Feminine Styles in Metropolitan Circles.

The rage for tinsel is on the increase.

Lapis lazuli is the newest shade of blue.

Parasols have canopy, round and mushroom tops.

Jersey corset covers bid fair to supersede all others.

The jacket is the street wrap for young ladies under twenty-five.

More and more popular grows the jersey jacket, waist and webbing.

The cleft brim bonnet grows slowly in favor with American women.

Upholstery crepes are handsome French novelties for furnishing purposes.

Entire polonaises of black lace are made to wear over black or colored dresses.

Wraps are not worn by little girls unless the weather is cool enough to make them necessary.

Beryl green comes with a bluish metallic lustre among the spring greens in millinery goods.

The short pelerine mantle, short and tight in the back, high on the shoulders and loose in front, is the leading spring wrap.

All tinsel shot, brocaded and threaded stuffs, trimmings and laces are popular, but gold is the leading metal in tinsel goods.

Bonnets and hats having been written about *ad nauseam* this spring, it is only necessary to say that they do not grow any prettier as the season advances.

Gold, silver and other tinsel gauzes are found among the tinsel laces at Ridley's, and are sold in enormous quantities for millinery and decorative purposes.

Velvet or velveteen, in contrasting color with the etamine, or cashmere, or wool stuff of the frock, is used to excess for the cuffs, belts, collars and capes, pockets and parements of children's garments.

One of the latest coiffures sent out from Paris is composed of a mass of short curls, so difficult to execute properly that most ladies who prefer this style of hair dressing buy a curled wig and have done with it. It costs less in the end.

Mushroom parasols are among novelties in this line. They are made of silk canvas, woven gauzes, black, white and colored, and covered with a shirred circle of piece lace, black, white or colored, with a ruffle at the edge to match, or sometimes with a deep flounce of lace, which does duty for both covering and border ruffle. The lace forms a *chou* (cabbage) or tuft at the top, made more decorative by the addition of a ribbon bow and loops and floating ends, the artistic handle being adorned.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Garlic among the Greeks was held in such abhorrence that any persons who partook of it were regarded as profane. The Romans, on the contrary, gave it to their soldiers, with the idea that it excited their courage, and to laborers to strengthen them.

—It is said that the Spaniard hates trees, and that after an indiscriminate slaughter of them in all the lands he has ever occupied they decline to grow for him.

UNITED States Senator Blackburn says Red Star Cough Cure is safe and reliable.

IT is the feeblest mustache, as well as the sickliest child, that gets the most fondling.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T—— K—— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—— K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J—— S—— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

THE best posted traveler is a letter.—*Burlington Free Press.*

VALUABLE AND CONVENIENT.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a safe and sure remedy for all troubles of the Throat and Lungs. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cts.

"IT'S hot as an oven in here," he said to the editor. "It ought to be; it's where I make my bread."—*Lynn Union.*

WE accidently overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?"

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

NEVER speak of a grocer as a man of grit. He might suspect that you doubted the honesty of his sugar.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

AN Indianapolis man advertises to put down wells at bottom prices.—*Detroit Post.*

COLDS, fevers and inflammations broken up by Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

MOST of Persia is very rugged, hence the Persian rug.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Book Free: on the Liver, its Diseases and Cure. Dr. Sanford, 231 Broadway, New York.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"YOU did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said the Judge to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbor's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first; but he came at me with his biting end."—*Philadelphia Times.*

BOARD OF HEALTH—the washboard.—*N. Y. Herald.*

NO SOLDIER was ever sued for assaultin' battery.

SOMETHING that will bear looking into—a microscope.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—NATURAL CONSEQUENCES:

Roller Rink,	Starts again,
Big crowd—	No fear—
Dizzy Dude,	Stands gracefully,
Very "loud."	On ear.
Puts on rollers,	Makes for seat,
Takes stroke—	Sky scraper—
Sickening thud,	Last act,
No bones broke.	Undertaker.

A CLOSE call: "Any old clo'? Any old clo'?"—*Somerville Journal.*

IN the matter of a diet a boiled egg is hard to beat.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"ONE sees singular sights at sea," said a person who had just crossed the Atlantic. "I saw the ocean heave, a passenger heave, and the ship heave to."—*Boston Courier.*

MOST of Persia is very rugged; hence the Persian rug.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THEY are now making wool out of wood, but this will not make it sheep.

A POLISHED delivery—cuffs and collars from the laundry.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I SAW your advertisement for a 'young man of good address,'" remarked one of the applicants for a vacant position, "and I thought I would call in and reply. My address is Boston, Mass., and if that isn't as good as the best I should like to know where you will find a better one."—*N. Y. Herald.*

WARNER'S TIPPECANOE

THE BEST

THE PEOPLES CHOICE — THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE

THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840 — ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

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TONIC

MAJOR GEN. W. H. HARRISON — BORN FEB 9 1773

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BITTERS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR

SKIN ERUPTIONS

And Bad Blood.

$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

W. T. HUDSON, of Browneville, Ala., makes affidavit that four bottles of Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, cured him of a case of blood poisoning of twenty years' standing.

FOR

Spring and Summer Weakness.

$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

REV. WM. WATSON, Watertown, N. Y., reports that his wife is indebted to a thorough tone of the system and restoration of her strength, to Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best.

CANCER CURED

I have had a cancer on my face for many years. I have tried a great many remedies, but without relief. I almost gave up hope of ever being cured. Dr. Hardman, my son, recommended Swift's Specific, which I have taken with great results. My face is now well, and it is impossible for me to express my thanks in words for what this medicine has done for me. MRS. OLIVE HARDMAN.

Monroe, Ga., Sept. 2, 1884.

I have had a cancer in my right ear for three years. I tried every remedy the physicians practiced, to no permanent good. Swift's Specific has wrought wonders for me. It is the best blood purifier in the world. JOHN S. MORROW, Florence, Ala.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

I ought to know about it." was the remark of a gentleman to his companion, in passing the exhibit of "Ridge's Food" at a recent fair. "I have reared five children on it." Such testimony as this, covering years of time, is better than all arguments. Ridge's Food still maintains the lead as best suited to all classes and conditions of child life.

A Great Benefactor of Women.

Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is often spoken of as the great benefactor of women and frequently receives letters like the one we quote from, written by a lady in San Francisco, she says: "I am taking your Vegetable Compound and find great benefit from it. *It has done me more good than all the Doctors.*" Mrs. T., of Vincennes, Ind., writes: "Having taken 11 bottles of your Vegetable Compound and cured by its use, I feel very anxious that every woman afflicted with Womb Disease should make use of it. Another lady in Birmingham, Mich., was suffering from weakness and displacement. She says: "I began taking your Compound and it helped me *so soon*, I feel like proclaiming to the World its great virtues as a healing agent for women."

The Exquisite Pleasure Afforded by Family Re-Unions.

In this broad land teeming with a wealth of natural resources and advantages, there is a lamentable tendency for families to become widely separated as its members arrive at maturity. It frequently occurs that a mother must travel a thousand miles or more in order to visit her several children and their families. The exquisite pleasure afforded by a family re-union is, alas! too seldom enjoyed. Not always is it convenient for sons and daughters to leave their homes and little ones to gather around the old hearthstone. Would that the custom could more frequently be indulged in. On many occasions illness in the family is a restraining cause. Too often the monster disease enters an otherwise happy home, despoiling a parent, afflicting a child. Our duty to ourselves and to our little ones demand that we make good health the one grand study and object of our lives. A terrible master is disease, insatiable and unrelenting. At first with deceptive, alluring ways he gains a foothold, while his victim murmurs "*it is nothing—only a little pain, only a feeling of weariness, only a slight disorder,*" until eventually disease assumes complete control. Fight the monster in the start! meet him at his first approach!! by using DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA. It will make you feel fresh, the blood will be made pure and circulate with more vim. Sores and pimples will disappear, the urinary and digestive organs will gain strength and perform their functions without pain, while robust health, strength, freedom from aches, etc., and happy content be the result, and longevity your reward.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.

Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.

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TRADE REG'D MARK.

COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

PROMPT, SAFE, SURE

Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

LOUISIANA

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

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FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 30 pages. Illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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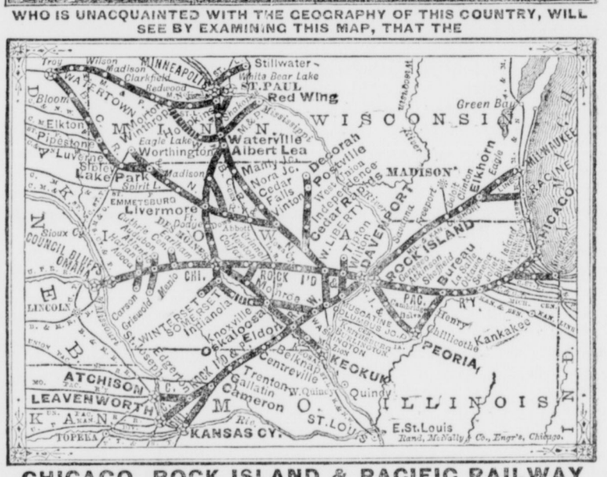
A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

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Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

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The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

Answer This if You Can.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. *Oswego Sun.*

"My little sickly, puny baby, was changed into a great bouncing boy and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a" short time. A YOUNG MOTHER.

☞ "No use to worry about any Liver, Kidney or urinary trouble; especially" Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible ! ! !

"I had severe attacks of gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters. They cured me in a short time. T. R. ATTY.

☞ Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause "gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and "a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters" if taken in time.

"Ludington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1879. I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there" is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarial climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1875. SIRS: I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has "done for me what four physicians failed "to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me." W. L. CARTER.

GENTS—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, 628 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

—"Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Hop Bitters.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Bill Nye on El Mahdi.

This great heathen and full-blown prophet was once a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket. Years ago when little Mahdi used to snare suckers along the White Nile, no one thought that to-day he would be the champion heavy weight prophet of the known world. It shows what can be done by a brave, courageous little boy even in a foreign land.

In appearance he is a brunette of about the style of the successful meerchaum pipe. He does not dress as we do, but wears a white turban that looks some like an Etruscan hen's nest. On chilly days he adds other articles of apparel to this turban, though during the summer months that is sufficient for evening dress. In the morning he puts on his turban, buckles a six-shooter around his waist and he is dressed. It dosen't take Mahdi long to make his toilet.

Years ago he decided that he would retire to a lonely island in the Nile and put himself in training for a prophet, so he crawled into a cave and lived there on whatever he could get hold of. While others were down at Khartoum, having a good time at the skating rink, Mahdi remained in his gloomy cave, setting up the pins to go into the prophet business and murder the king's English.

Some people began to hear of El Mahdi, and as he put a card in all the morning papers of the Soudan, he at once had all the prophesying he could do and had to hire an amanuensis or assistant prophet to help him out. During the holidays, when trade was brisk, the Mahdi had to sit up and prophesy till 10 or 11 o'clock at night.

His real name is Mohammed Achmed, and he was the son of a petty sheik, whose name I have forgotten. This man was an inferior person and a very ordinary sheik, I am told—just such a sheik as you could go in and find on the ten-cent counters of the Soudan anywhere.

Mohammed Achmed for a long time showed one of the prevailing characteristics of a tramp, and so they began to educate him as a fakir. A fakir is a man who has permission to ramble through the country, chiseling people out of money and groceries in the name of religion. He is a sort of Oriental gospel bum, whose business is to go around over the country weeping over the sins of people who are too busy to be hypocrites. These fakirs are always devout, hungry and sad. They yearn for a bright immortality, but they are in no great rush about acquiring it. They are perfectly willing to wait till the Egyptians pullets run out. I am glad that we have no fakirs in America.

By and by Mohammed Achmed got a call to rise up William Riley and gather the clans of the Soudan together. He went to them and told them in confidence that he was the only genuine, all wool prophet on the Nile, and if they wanted some fun, to get their double barrel shot guns and join the gang. They did so. None of them ever did anything at home to obtain a livelihood, so they could go away on the warpath all summer and their business wouldn't suffer at all.

They then proceeded to murder the king's English, who had come there to conquer and acquire their sand pile.

The Arabian style of warfare is peculiar. It consist largely in drinking alkali water on their part and in requiring their enemies to do the same for ninety days. So it becomes simply a question of who has the firmest and most durable Bessemer steel bowels.

No one but a Bedouin would have thought of such a style of warfare. It is not, therefore, a question of courage or everlasting justice, it is a question of who can drink concentrated lye all summer and take his alimentary canal home with him in the fall.

In the battle, the Arab charge is peculiar in the extreme. The Arab does not stand up in line of battle for an hour, while the commanding officer gallops up and down the line on a "heavy" horse and the enemy pours a galling fire into his ranks. He sails up toward the enemy, waves his Oriental night shirt in the Egyptian air, shoots some one and goes away. When the battle ground is examined on the following day, it is discovered that eight hundred brave and handsome English soldiers are killed and one old moth-eaten Arab has stepped on his Gothic shirt tail and sprained ankle.

El Mahdi is not a bad looking man at all, and the report that he has lost his teeth, so that when he gives his orders he has to gum Arabic, is not true.

BILL NYE.

The infliction of an undeserved punishment is not more distressing than to escape the pain and brave the rancour of conscious gilt.

A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. It should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head.

Geo. Andrews, of Lowell, although salt rheum ulcers covered half his body, was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Agricultural Notes.

To make a good water, air and rat proof floor first grade the floor and cover with a concrete of course gravel and hydrantic lime. Melt asphalt and saturate the concrete with it, leaving a thin coat of hot asphalt on the surface, then scatter hot sand over this and beat it firmly.

In building wire fences use more wire. Five strands are much safer than three, and the extra cost is money well spent. Ninety cases of injury in a hundred can be averted by this simple expedient. Put light scantling in place of the top strand to make the fence visible.

On good land, with the same culture as corn, artichokes will produce from 300 to 500 bushels per acre. It is asserted that they yield more hog food than any other crop, and that forty hops may be kept on an acre of artichokes without any other food.

A hill of raspberry plants after being trimmed in the spring should have only three or four canes, about three and a-half feet high, and nearly one inch in diameter at the base, each cane having a few side spurs about ten inches long.

The *American Agriculturist* has a description of a barrel barrow for carrying liquids. A barrel, open at the top, is fitted into the frame of an ordinary barrow with cleats, about one-third being below the top of the frame. It can be advantageously employed in carrying slops to hogs or cattle as well as water for plants.

If farmers would use pure and finely-ground bone at the time of seeding down land, they would be well repaid by the extra yield of grass in other years. Especially is this true on moist land. We have seen this tried and with excellent results Farmers are using bone to a much greater extent than formerly. There is no danger of exhausting the soil by this method.

Vegetable matter in the soil is absolutely essential to the growth of the higher order of vegetation. Where this is wanting commercial manures may be added in any quantity with no appreciable results in benefiting crops. But supply the needed organic matter and the growth and luxuriance of the crops will surprise you. The object of fertilization is to insure an abundance of elements going to form vegetation.

Where stones are in excess in any field, the cheapest mode of getting rid of them is generally to sink deeply out of the way of probable future cultivation. This applies to all sizes, from 10 pounds to a ton or more. But there are many places where good building stone is saleable, often near cities, sufficient to make it really profitable to collect them. Large parts of the west are deficient in stone for building purposes, and with cheap transportation they will pay for carrying a considerable distance.

Wise Words.

Give freely to him that deserveth well, and asking nothing; and that is a way of giving to thy-self.

We may make angels of our own tender and kind and loying thoughts and feelings by letting them fly to others.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

So many women are now doing the work formerly done by men that the male sex is being driven into matrimony as means of support.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult to rightly know and understand.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none. If you flatter only one or two you affront the rest.

Good health is catching, and all are benefited by contact with healthy people. Ill health is also catching, and the most healthy person is depressed by contact with the sick.

Health Hints.

It is now given out that too much coffee dries up the heart.

Raw oysters are highly recommended as a cure for hoarseness.

For nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.

Intelligence, and energy, and conscientiousness, all united, can never evolve true justice if sympathy be absent from the heart.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Pound it until fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper-box with perforated top, then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Garland Hates Doctors.

Washington Letter.

I was told of another of Attorney General Garland's peculiarities by a friend the other day. He hates doctors. Whenever he hears of a friend being sick he takes the trouble to warn him that the medical profession is a humbug, and the only way to be sure of recovery is to let it alone. He says he never had a doctor in his life, and consequently keeps well. But the other day he broke faith. He was taken with a peculiar ailment. At first he thought he was getting fat, but it was all confined to his face and he did not know what to make of it. Directly his jaws swelled out to an immense size and became very painful. He endured it a long time, but finally grabbed up his hat and went to see a doctor who has an office within a square. He said he thought he was poisoned, but had no idea who had done it. "I don't think you are poisoned," said the doctor, after examining his face very carefully. "You've got the mumps." The Attorney General left the office in a rage muttering "Mumps! mumps! I wonder if it isn't cholera infantum! Maybe it's a cancer!" and giving vent to other sarcastic expressions to show his contempt for the whole medical fraternity. But it was the mumps sure enough, and all he could do was to keep out of the way and say nothing about it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss Nellie Kent,

Wellington, Lorain county, O, writes: "Dr. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O., Gentlemen: I have been a great sufferer from chronic catarrh, bronchitis and neuralgia of the face. I have been taking your PERUNA for one month. The neuralgia and catarrh is almost well, and the cough is much better. I like your PERUNA very much."

C. E. Dupler, aged thirty-four years, of Equality, Illinois, had been affected with a chronic catarrh which he first discovered six years ago. In succession he lost his smell, taste and hearing. The disease was so malignant that it not only attacked the softer parts, but destroyed the bony partition of the nose and seriously affected the external parts. He could only hear a watch ticking by holding it close to his ear. He suffered intense pain in the nose, from which green, dry clots of offensive odor fell. In this condition he presented himself to Dr. Hartman several months ago. He can now hear a watch eight inches from his right and six inches from his left ear. His taste and smell are again returning, and the external part of the nose is quite well. Few more grateful patients ever left a physician's office than Mr. Dupler. He said, "Why in the world was PERUNA not prescribed for me long ago?"

Cramps of the Stomach.

We have the privilege of reporting the following case. Those similarly affected can get the name and address of Dr. Hartman. The lady does not want her name in the papers. For a year, or years, (the writer does not remember the length of time,) this lady had cramps, the most fearful, of the stomach, every day and night, "which would be followed by that terrible weakness, which was something wonderful." The suffering and distress of this lady was indescribable and almost unendurable. After all the physicians and medicines had failed, and all hope had almost fled, Dr. Hartman was consulted, and from the first day of taking his PERUNA, the cramps and all bad feeling left her, and now for over a month has been entirely free from every symptom. A more thankful patient no doctor ever had.

Mr. Boggs, druggist, Charlestown, Kanawha Co., W. Va., writes: "PERUNA sells well here and gives good satisfaction. Customers speak well of it."

Dr. J. Anderson, Coshocton, Ohio, writes: "Your PERUNA sells well and gives good satisfaction. I consider it a splendid medicine."

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,

from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,

P. O Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85. tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.25 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M
No. 11	12.55 A M
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M
No 6	9.31 P. M.
No. 11	5.50 P. M.
No. 31	9.45 A. M.
Way	6.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Calomel. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS MANHOOD RESTORED.

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY OVER HALF A THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE

TREATMENT:
One Month, - $1.00
Two Months, - 1.50
Three Months, 2.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Wholesale Druggists
COR. 11th & Green Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURE CURED Perfect Retention Day & Night. Pamphlet Free. Appliances Guaranteed. Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 781 Broadway, New York.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL H. M. STEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust from Thomas Coddington and Cecilia J. Coddington, his wife, executed to me and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Thomas Coddington, I will

ON TUESDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1885,

at ten o'clock A. M., at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md., offer at public auction to the highest bidder without reserve the following described property, to-wit: All the right title and interest of the said Thomas Coddington and wife in and to the real estate which was conveyed to the said Thomas Coddington by William P. Totten, executor of Ezekiel Totten, by deed bearing date April the first, A. D. 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 502, it being the

HOTEL PROPERTY

where the said Thomas Coddington now resides. The interest of the said Thomas Coddington in said real estate being the equity of redemption, and the said real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, the first in favor of M. A. R. Carr for seven hundred dollars and payable on the first of April, A. D. 1887. The second in favor of Ida M. Crow for one thousand dollars, and payable on the twenty ninth day of July, A. D. 1887. Said Hotel Property is more particularly described as Lots Number One and Twelve on the plat of Totten's Sub-Division to the town of Oakland, Maryland. Said Lots are improved by a large two-story frame Hotel building, also large stable, ice-house and necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best locations for a Hotel or boarding house in the town of Oakland.

Immediately after offering the above described real estate I will offer in like manner all the

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE

formerly used by the said Thomas Coddington in running said Hotel, consisting of six heating stoves, two cooking stoves and utensils, twelve bedsteads, beds and bedding, large number of chairs, washstands, bureaus, carpets, lamps, hat racks, tables, stands, &c., &c. Table ware, consisting of knives, forks, plates, dishes, &c. One sofa, one marble top center table, also bar-room fixtures, including one large four mirror, one elegant bar counter, stock of whiskey, brandy, wines, gin cigars tobacco, bar bottles and decanters, &c.; also one buggy, one set of harness, fur sheets and many small articles too tedious to enumerate.

TERMS OF SALE:—On the real estate one half cash on the day of sale, and one half in sixty days from the day of sale. On the personal property, all sums of twenty dollars and under cash, all sums over twenty dollars a credit of sixty days, on the deferred payments the purchasers to give their single bill, with security to be approved by the trustee. If the sale is not completed on the said Second day of June, it will be continued from day to day until finished. No property will be delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

JOHN B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

FRED. A. THAYER,
Trustee.

5 9 4t.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands and hereunder signed for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

HENRY KAMP,
FREDERICK KAMP,
HENRY KAMP, Jr.
WM. ENGLEHART,
ED. MARGHOFF.

Accident, Md., May 4, 1885.—5t.

LIQUOR LICENSE NOTICE.

Application of Mr. John Mellinger for Ordinary License in the Town of Grantsville, the 4th April 30th, 1885, recommended by the following persons: Josiah Boucher, Conrad Bender, Aaron Beachy, J. S. Miller, E. M. Stanton, J. J. Beachy, Mathias Bowser, Charles Loose, Henry H. Miller, Louis Horchler, Peter Shaugh and Jacob Gnagey.

Attest:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seybold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Deer Park Road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
JAMES SEABOLD.

5 9 3t

MOTHER SHUCK'S SALVE!

THE TRIED and TRUE REMEDY FOR CROUP, BURNS, CUTS, Bruises, Sores, Boils.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. Jan19-84.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n17.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 519 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

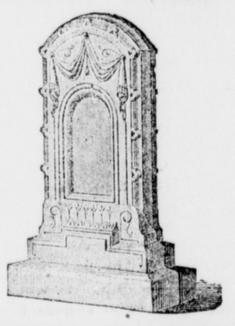
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Hunt, Stille, Lacosta Agnew, Hamilton Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Both can receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTUPAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885. NUMBER 14.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S

PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELBRATED WINE is the pure jutce of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy.

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

jm 3

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the rivel frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELLA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2500.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 8 horses and 5 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 169 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeever and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-yl

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage was almost due at the time circumstance made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting and drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now"

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have the note?"

"No. Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course, he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant word which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming up here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

"She told you about it, I suppose?" said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that day?"

Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me by to-morrow. He took me back into his office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to bank, to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again and did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No, now I remember he said he supposed I had not the note with me or he would pay it. I told him to come in the next day and I would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did. He laughed and showed me his note, with his signature crossed over with ink and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," he replied firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note. What sort of a person is that Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of that kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Annie, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come home at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening."

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books or something of the kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace, "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did he return to the house on Thursday night?"

"About twelve."

"Twelve," said Annie, "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We're getting at something," said I. "How did you get in?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Annie, and said:

"On arriving at the door I found I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happened along and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, I entered in that way."

"Good. Now, who was it that was heard in the parlor unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretaay, At any rate I will charge him with the crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Bryce came.

"Well sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for $2,000," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing perfectly indifferent.

"Paid it," he said short as a pie crust.

"Have you?" said I, looking him sharply in the eye.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within one hour you do not pay me $2,000, and $100 for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the money, I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace on Thursday night at 10 o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," said he grasping a chair for support.

"That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw the evidence I had was too strong for denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take $100 for my trouble; but I was magnanimous and kept only $20. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.—*Truth.*

A Man as Strong as an Ox.

Louisville comes to the front again with the strongest man in the country. His name is John Bernhardt, but he resembles the divine Sarah in name only, though he is a native of Alsace, in the south of France. Bernhardt is a newcomer to Louisville, and is employed in the foundry department of a down town factory, where his feats of strength are daily exhibited to the astonishment of his fellow laborers. He is 27 years old, 6 feet 4½ inches high and weighs 257 pounds and with no surplus flesh. He is not fat, but is the finest specimen of muscular manhood seen here for a long time. A reporter called in to see him and had a short interview with the brawny Frenchman. He is of magnificent build, straight as an Indian. His chest is broad and deep and his chin and cheek bones indicate great strength; but his arms are wonderful, and around the biceps they measure 17 inches. His hands look like bacon hams. His skin is smooth and red, though he never drinks a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind whatever and was never drunk in his life.

He gave the reporter a few exhibitions of his strength. Taking a piece of iron, which was afterward found to weigh 43 pounds, Bernhardt held it horizontally at arm's length for several minutes. He then raised a huge piece of block iron from the ground and placed it upon the scales. It pulled 864 pounds. Taking a piece of bar iron two inches wide and one inch thick and placing it against his knees he bent it double easily. He took hold of a 42 gallon barrel of water, and balancing himself against a post, he went through the motion of drinking out of the bunghole. He took a piece of seasoned oak about the size of a wagon spoke and broke it with his hands. He did various other wonderful things which demonstrated the possession of most extraordinary strength.

He professes to be able to fell an ox with his bare fist, and often killed hogs in that manner while employed in a Chicago pork-packing establishment. His hands are as hard as wood, and a stroke from one of them would not differ from a stroke of a mallet.—*Louisville Post.*

A BASHFUL BEAU.—"Your beau seems very bashful," said a Dayton avenue mamma to her daughter.

"Bashful!" echoed the daughter, "bashful's no name for it."

"Why don't you encourage him a little more? Some men have to be taught how to do their courting. He is a good catch."

"Encourage him!" said the daughter. "He can't take the most palpable hint. Why, only last night when I sat all alone on the sofa, and he, perched up in a chair as far away as he could get, I asked him if he didn't think it strange that a man's arm and a woman's waist seemed always to be the same length, and what do you think he did,"

"Why, just what any sensible man would have done—tried it."

"He asked me if I could find a piece of string so we could measure and see if it was so. Ain't he horrid?"—*St. Paul's Herald.*

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large Bottles 50c and $1.00.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SONG OF LIFE.

Make life long by noble deeds,
Make it sweet by loving;
Walk in paths where duty leads,
Ever onward moving.

Life is short in point of years,
Bitter oft with sorrow;
Dim we look thro' mist of tears
T'ward the dread to-morrow.

It were naught if this be all:
Breathing, sleeping, waking;
Gleam of sunshine—then a pall—
Hearts with anguish breaking.

Were this all, oh! then at best
Life's a withered flower;
Sweeter far to be at rest
From its blighting power.

We may make it what we will,
Grand in strength and beauty;
And with sheaves our bosoms fill
Gleaned from fields of duty.

Make life long by noble deeds,
Make it sweet by loving;
And as day the night succeeds,
Onward we are moving.

—*G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A VACATION.

How Rev. Mr. Elderberry Employed His Season of Rest.

Reverend Jonas Elderberry had preached in Flintville twenty years, and had never had a vacation. Sickness and death had caused him to use a few Sundays now and then, and after much deliberation, not entirely free from acrimony, the church had decided on each of these occasions not to deduct anything from his salary, a concession which was thought very generous, as he received seven hundred a year, and the parsonage rent free. Still these brief respites from labor were not vacations. Though a quiet man, Mr. Elderberry was not without ambitions and dreams. He sometimes wrote short articles and poetry, which appeared in magazines and newspapers under the veil of "J. E.," and were pronounced by the editors "imaginative." So it was not strange that he often fancied himself and his little wife, Matilda, going on a real vacation, and looking upon the mountains and the sea. But these dreams were like others he had of owning a reliable gold watch instead of the ridiculous silver turnip that ticked away like a town-clock in his pocket, or of owning a home of which he could speak proudly as "my house." In his sober moments—and most of his life was very sober, indeed—he never expected to have any of these dreams realized.

The children that had come to the parsonage had all died in infancy, and perhaps that was the reason that there was almost always some one stopping there. All the cousins came, even to the fourth and fifth degrees, and cousins reduced to their lowest terms, so to speak; and this abundant hospitality cost something, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Elderberry was the maid of all work; and so, notwithstanding the seven hundred a year, and an occasional five dollars from some editor, Mr. Elderberry's only bank stock was a few hundreds in what was called, expressively, "back salary."

Flintville, though an old place, was little more than one long street, lined with white houses, well hidden from the road by honey-locusts and poplars. The Orthodox Meeting-house had received sundry coats of paint, but in other respects was just as it was the first time Mr. Elderberry entered it. The people were conservative, and the orthodox were the most conservative in the place; so they quietly ignored the smart little pine box called "The Church," which had sprung up on one side of them, and the squat brick building around the corner called the Hallelujah Chapel, and resisted innovations.

Rev. Julius Surplice, rector of "The Church," took a vacation in July; but as he was an unmarried man, it was supposed he spent the time with his parents. As for the Chapel, its ministers came and went too often to need a vacation; while in Flintville, as Mr. Elderberry read his sermons, it was known that he wrote them; but any male member of his flock, if asked his opinion of such labor, would have said: "It must be easy enough to sit in the house, and write things out of your head, if you have been to college." As for the women, while they considered sermon-writing too deep for the female mind, they yet considered it something of the nature of woman's work, not a definite business, but an occupation to be taken up at odd moments, as knitting, or patchwork, when nothing more important was going on.

"Nature can not endure everlasting drooping,"

and Mr. Elderberry had twice asked for a vacation without success, when Mr. Whitaker, of Chicago, after doing something very sharp in corn, sent his wife to Flintville to visit her father, Deacon Billings. "I never heard of a minister's preaching through August!" she exclaimed, lifting her bejeweled hands. And the next Sunday the long-desired vacation was granted, although 'Squire Pogg opposed it, saying, if he hired a man to hoe corn, he did not expect him to skip every other row.

"Where shall we go, Matilda?" said Mr. Elderberry, the next morning.

"We!" exclaimed Mrs. Elderberry, tremulously. "It's your vacation, Jonas. I—I don't see how I can leave. There's the hens, and the house, and the missionary bed-quilt; and Cousin Alzina liable to come any day."

"My dear," said Mr. Elderberry, with full eyes, "If I go anywhere you shall accompany me."

Thursday evening came; but Mr. Elderberry had not succeeded in obtaining a cent from the "back salary." He had been asked exactly fifty-two times where he was going and when he would start; and there was in his pocketbook fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

"Tilda," he said, coaxingly: "Let's go and see Sister Martha."

Though Mrs. Martha Tucker had been like a daughter in Mr. Elderberry's father's house, she was the child of his mother's sister. She had been married five years when he married Matilda, and had soon afterwards visited them at the parsonage. When she had invited them to come and see her, Mr. Elderberry had always intended to do so; but the Tucker farm was forty miles away across the hills, the stage fare was an item to be considered, and his wife always received his remarks on the subject in silence. Without much thought about the matter, he had concluded that Matilda was prejudiced against his adopted sister, and was secretly vexed; for Martha was the only one of his many relatives who had not demanded some favor of him.

"I don't want to go a-cousining," said Mrs. Elderberry, with unconscious sarcasm.

"You've never had a chance," said Mr. Elderberry, dryly. "But we've *got* to leave town before Sunday. We will only stay a few days, and I think Martha will be glad to see us."

Mr. Tucker's desire to accumulate money, with his wife's desire to be known as a perfect housekeeper, had never been checked by childish fingers, and Mrs. Tucker's naturally unsympathetic temper had hardened into something very frosty indeed. To unpin her nice beds, and have her chairs thrust into new places, above all to have extra cooking going on, and her orderly plans frustrated, irritated her. If she had known her cousins were coming, she would have schooled herself a little; but, as it was, she saw them descend from the stage with ill-concealed dismay, and greeted them with the exclamation: "I never did!" "I wish I had brought my sermon on the fulfillment of the law," said Mr. Elderberry that night to his wife. "Martha says that Zeland Vodecker preaches at East Gypsum. I remember him and I think he keeps up his Hebrew." But the next morning Mr. Tucker hitched up his colt, and with his wife started for the ost office three miles away. It was noon when they returned, so the absence of the sermon on the law was of no consequence. In the meantime, the maid of all work had gone out to visit the wife of the hired man, and, in her hurry, had left the kitchen door open. The hens took advantage of the opportunity, and hopped in quietly till the place was full of them. By some curious instinct, Mrs. Tucker divined their presence the moment she entered the house. "There's folks who wouldn't hear a whole menagerie in the next room!" she exclaimed, scornfully, after a vigorous use of the broom. It's precious few times *I've* ever been away from home; but when *I* have *I've* worked myself to skin and bones!"

At bottom Mrs. Elderberry was a very determined woman, and when she said that evening: "Jonas, I shall take the stage to-morrow for Flintville," her husband knew better than to oppose her. Two days afterward, when he had resolved to follow her, he received the following note from her:

"You must contrive, dear Jonas, to remain away from home the four Sundays. In the Orthodox organ for this week it says: 'Mr. Jonas Elderberry, the pastor of that bulwark of the faith, the Flintville Church, is spending his vacation trout fishing. All our pastors, can not, we know, enjoy this diversion; but let each one draw near to Nature's heart instead of hunting up some pulpit to supply while his church has generously given him time to rest.'

"In the Flintville *Clarion* is the following: 'We have understood from parties qualified, it would seem, to give information on the subject, that our highly esteemed townsman, Mr. Elderberry unless some unusual circumstance should expedite his return, will spend his vacation in the exercise of the piscatorial art.'"

After spending the night in painful consideration, Mr. Elderberry determined to go to East Gypsum, and find a cheap boarding-place, where, free from the distractions that beset the parsonage, he might write out some verses that were singing in his head, and thus pay expenses. He had weeded onions all day Monday, and stemmed currants all day Tuesday, and felt that in a sense he had paid his board. But he was conscious that Mr. Tucker and possibly Martha felt that he was, as they phrased it, "living on them," and to remain longer was impossible.

"I s'pose you'll have a vacation every year, now your church has got started," said Mr. Tucker when Mr. Elderberry announced his intended departure. "You'd better come out in the country again. You can board cheap, or work for your board, if you want to. I'd take ye. I sh'd think 'twould do ye good to git up an' stir 'round after takin' it easy a year."

Arrived at East Gypsum, Mr. Elderberry was directed to the house of Mrs. Mullein, who, it was said, desired one more boarder. He was met at the door by an elderly woman, who proved to be Mrs. Mullein, Senior.

"Board? Yes. Professional man? Yes,' said the old lady, in a high staccato voice, as she led the way up stairs. "We may suit, and we may not. Julia, my son's wife, gives lessons. P'r'aps you'll find out one these days what son's wives are. When she an't banging the piano, or the children ain't, the scholars are. The piano's just under this room."

She opened the door of a torrid chamber.

"There's two sets o' twins, and one odd, and they rampage all over the house. That's Julia's idea of government. The young man in the room back of this is learning the horn, an' when he's home—an' he alwas is evenings—he practices, or reads out loud for his elocution. Probably you want a cool room? Hem! Well! This room'd bake an egg after dinner; fronts west, and there's a tin roof. Another one of Julia's ideas. Our price is eight dollars. I think she wants to rent this room; but you'd better come in later and see her."

Mr. Elderberry did not return to Mrs. Mullein's, and, after long wandering, found a little room in a house owned by two quiet spinsters. But the lot was narrow, and on one side was a melodeon and on the other were four girls and a dulcimer. In vain did Mr. Elderberry attempt literary composition. The melodeon wheezed, while the dulcimer kept up a monotonous: "Pink-a-punk-a-pink! Pink-a-punk! A pink-a-punk! A pink!"

When a week had passed, having only a dollar and four cents left, Mr. Elderberry set out for home on foot. He had on his old clothes, but the ministerial cut was unmistakable, and the old farmer who overtook him, asked, dryly: "Hev a lift, Elder? I'm goin' your way."

"Hev the dumbdest kind o' work a-gittin' help!" he grumbled, when Mr. Elderberry had accepted his offer. "An' I've work for two men in the hop-yard, an' there's a sight o' cowcumbers spilin' to be picked 'fore they're too big for the pickle fact'ry."

"I wish you'd hire me to pick cucumbers," said Mr. Elderberry.

The old man laughed, incredulously; and then Mr. Elderberry told him his whole story, at which the old man laughed again, and engaged him on the spot for a dollar a day.

When Mr. Elderberry returned to Flintville his cheeks were brown and his step was brisk, and he received many congratulations on the good his fishing excursion had done him; but Squire Pogg spent Thanksgiving with friends near East Gypsum, and the next week a committee waited on the pastor.

"We consider you've brung disgrace on us an' the cause," said the Squire, severely, when he had detailed what he had heard. "The bes' thing you kin do is to resign."

When Mr. Elderberry had told the story of his vacation, and had explained that the money he had earned in the cucumber field had part of it gone to swell the church missionary accounts, the committee were mollified; but there was still a rankling feeling that he had disgraced the church. The winter passed, and spring was blossoming into summer, when Flintville was electrified by the news that Mr. Elderberry had a call to Gypsum Center, and was offered eighteen hundred dollars and a parsonage.

"It's all come of that old Scran he worked for on the Mile Strip, last summer," said Squire Pogg to Deacon Harp. "Scran's son 's deacon in the Gypsum Center Church. I seen the old feller last week, an' sez he, I never had a man on the place that put in the licks Elderberry did, sez he; an' when you want to drive your new preacher, Mr. Chubb, out o' town, sez he, send him up to me."

"M-yeh ah!" ejaculated Deacon Harp, with an expressive shake of his head. "If he can't go to his father's, or his father-in-law's, or—some'eres respectable, Mr. Chubb won't git no vacation."—*Elizabeth Cummings, in N. Y. Independent.*

INTRODUCTIONS.

The "Best People" at the Hub Setting Their Faces Against the Custom.

Our "best people" are setting the ban of their displeasure against the custom of introducing people to other people. The social lines, including guests who may be introduced to other guests, are very tightly drawn, and an invitation to people in good society to visit them does not by any means involve the probability of your becoming known to the other guests. This is not taken to mean that you are not at liberty to "scrape acquaintance" with any of the lordly guests if you choose to make the attempt, but simply that the hostess considers it no part of her duty to impose your acquaintanceship upon her other friends. There are some old families here, the bearers of pre-revolutionary names and pedigrees, who carry the absurd new notion to a ridiculous extreme. Many of these families are as poor as church mice, and have no little trouble to scrape along in their shabby gentility, but the way they hold up their social superiority is something truly agonizing. I heard a bright and cultivated young lady telling of her experience under one of these ancestral roof-trees the other evening, and as she is sensible enough to enjoy the absurdity of the whole pretentious custom, it gives her friends no little healthy amusement. At a private musicale a few evenings since one of the young lady guests, who is a social favorite, as well as a remarkably fine amateur pianist, was approached at the close of a brilliant performance by one of the grand and unapproachable dames, who condescended to say: "You play very well. You really must ask some one to introduce you to me!" Needless to say, the presentation has not yet been made. —*Boston Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.*

A FEATHERED BACCHANAL.

Singular Accomplishment of a Milwaukee Canary Bird.

A tiny yellow-feathered canary bird stopped eating hemp seed and began cocking its head on one side, then scratching its bill with one claw, the bird began to sing in flute-like tones, "We Won't go Home 'till Morning." Every note was as true and prompt as a French music box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it was so unnatural to hear the roystering song of the bacchanals chanted by a canary, that the bystander looked suspiciously around to find the music box which was playing the tune. The bird belongs to L. D. Stebbins, the watchmaker, on Wisconsin Street, and he explained the *modus operandi* by which the little songster acquired its surprising faculty.

He said that the bird had been bred by himself, being a common canary. The parent birds were chosen with reference to volume of voice and quality. "As soon as the bird was born," he said, "the education was begun. A mouth organ was the educator employed. Beginning thus early it was eight months before the education was completed. The bird can sing 'We Won't go Home 'till Morning,' faultlessly, but there its acquirements end. It has never heard any other song. That tune was played at the bird three times a day on an organ. It is a common canary, and is valuable on account of its superior education, insomuch that I was offered forty-five dollars for it a few days ago. Ignorant common canaries sell for four dollars, which proves conclusively that there is nothing lost by educating them."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

—The difference between an imitation and a genuine amethyst can be easily distinguished. Just put them on your tongue alternately, and you will find that the spurious feels warm and the genuine icy to the touch. The stone which has had the greatest run of late is tiger-eye, which has a peculiar, dull fire. It is only a piece of petrified wood, turned, smoothed and polished. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—And now it is all the rage to paint flowers and landscapes on large, square crackers and render them useless, even for dog feed.

CORKS.

How They are Made and to What Uses the Refuse is Put.

"It's funny what prejudice will do," said Mr. C. M. Fay, the cork merchant. "We are compelled to import every year several thousand dollars' worth of hand-cut corks. These come chiefly from Germany. They are not so good as the machine-cut corks of our own country, as they vary in size and are but approximately round. A machine-cut cork will always fit the bottle it is made for. Yet some of our old German brewers, bottlers and druggists are so prejudiced in favor of the products of fatherland that they will buy hand-cut corks every time. Of course, price may have something to do with it, for it is a peculiar fact, and one showing how cheap labor can get, that those corks, cut one by one by hand in Germany and brought over here, twenty-five per cent. tariff paid at the Custom House, and then sold a little cheaper than our machine-cut corks. The cork business is growing very rapidly. This is a great country for bottled goods, and bottles must be corked with something. There are twenty-three cork factories in the country, but the one in Pittsburgh, of which we are the branch, works up a little more than one-half of all the bark imported every year. Cork, you know, is the bark, not the wood, of the cork oak. All our bark comes from Spain and Portugal. There they keep cork woods. It doesn't kill the tree to take its bark away, and it can be skinned every six or eight years. About $1,000,000 worth of the raw bark is brought to this country every year. There is no tariff on it, but a tariff of twenty-five per cent on the manufactured product. The importations of manufactured corks run about $130,000 a year. The cork has to be steamed up before it is cut. Corks are made in thousands of sizes and grades, from the size of a pin-head up to four meters in diameter. We keep 600 sizes and grades in stock. There's a little cork that sells at six cents a gross, and yet every cork has to be handled three times in the manufacture—once in cutting, once in tapering, and the last time in assorting one grade from the others.

"None of the bark that comes over in the ships goes to waste. We used to burn the refuse, but we know better now. Up between the joists, right under the roof of this building, we have packed fifteen inches of granulated cork. Last summer this upper floor was as cool as any floor in the building. The heat can't get through that cork protector. The palace car builders use the same stuff to pack under the floors of their cars to deaden the sound and under the roofs to keep the heat out. I sold fifty car loads of granulated bark to a certain gentleman to pack under the roofs of his refrigerator cars as a non-conductor of heat. He has saved thousands of dollars in ice by the use of that substance, and has hoped that none of his competitors would catch on to the scheme. But he hoped in vain. The finest of the refuse is used by picture-frame makers in decorations. They sprinkle it on their bronzed or japanned frames. See that picture? Well, this old castle along the Rhine, the rocks, hills, trees, vineyard, flowers and birds—an exquisite landscape, is it not?—are all made from cork, pressed like papier mache. It is a German novelty, and a neat one. Fruit and egg cases, ice houses and ice machines, are often packed with the granulated cork, which costs only two cents a pound."

"We beat the old world at cutting corks, but it is rather strange that America should import tons of straw. Yet we do every year buy immense quantities of straw in Germany in the form of bottle-covers. These covers cost eight dollars a thousand, and they are hand-made. They can not be made for one-fourth the sum in this country until somebody gets up a machine to do it with. We import something like 100,000 of these covers every month. All of these little tinfoil caps for wine and soda bottles come from Paris. A New York firm has tried to compete, but they can't do it. We have 380,000 at the depot, just arrived from Paris to-day. They are shipped in hermetically sealed cases. But this country leads in wooden ware. Perhaps you don't know it, but the best wooden ware maker in the United States, old man Bauerle, carried on business in Chicago for twenty-five years. He is now over in Michigan, in the timber country, making faucets, bungs, bung starters, wooden shovels, cork drivers and vinegar measures and funnels, each out of one piece of wood without joint or seam.

"As for bungs, Cincinnati might properly be called the bungtown of America, as there are made all the bungs used in this country. One factory there ships 200 barrels of bungs every day."—*Chicago Herald.*

The French Cholera Patients.

As one who saw cholera patients for the first time (in Paris), what struck me with most force was the great fear which seemed to lay hold of many of these patients, so unlike anything met with in the ordinary zymotics—such as small-pox, typhus, diphtheria, and the like; the sudden and extreme collapse, the comparative absence of real delirium, and as the later stages come on the shrunken features, the shrunken eyeballs, dark areola round orbit, and the shrivelled, inelastic condition of the skin, so that when pinched and raised up it showed scarcely any elasticity or tendency to retract itself in the normal manner. In one man at the Hospital Cochin this inelastic state was marked even in the convalescent stage. After seeing patients in the collapse of cholera it is easy to understand how it has been possible to mistake patients really alive for dead, so like is the condition to that of a corpse.—*London Lancet.*

—This the Firs Number of The Cast Plow goes to the world under many adverse circumstances it is our first effort at type setting, without a case and a second-hand outfit and not half enough of that, we are our own typo, editor, and "Devil," principally, the latter. When this edition goes to the world and all hands have a whack, at me I will be all "Chawed" and "Mangled" but that does not make any difference. I will have a whole montht to get over it in.—*Farmerville (La.) Cast Plow.*

A CAUSE FOR LAMENTATION.

The Succession of Misfortunes That Is Sure to Descend Upon the Head of a Hatless Citizen.

There is no sympathy for the man who has lost his hat. The most venerable looking man in town may lose his hat in a manner easily explained, but when he walks along bareheaded, even his most intimate friends regard him with suspicion. I have been frequently asked to state the cause of this ill arrangement, but anything like a satisfactory reply would involve so much study that I am afraid to undertake an enterprise placing me under the necessity of such mental strain. The man who has lost his hat always looked as though he had been drunk. He may take off his hat and carry it along, and bareheaded he may walk around in his yard, and he does not sow the seeds which sprout in mischief, take root in malignity and grow up to be weeds of great evil. Any one can at once see that he has not lost his hat. In one instance they see that he has it with him; in the other instance they suppose that he has left it in the house.

Several weeks ago, Rev. Mr. Pitchfield, as good a man and as upright a revivalist as ever lived, lost his hat while looking from the window of a railway train. Being a man of economy, he decided that he would not ride home after reaching the station, and that as he had another hat at home he would not weaken recent collections by unnecessary expenditure.

As he walked along the street people stared at him. "What's the matter with Mr. Pitchfield?" asked a business man, addressing an acquaintance.

"Been drunk."

"You don't tell me so?"

"Man down the street just now told me that the old fellow was rip-roaring. Said that he kicked his hat and then wore it out against a post."

"That's shameful. I didn't know that the old gentleman ever drank anything."

"I didn't, either, until just now. Fellow said that the old man had been a quiet drinker for years. Another man told me that he keeps a jug in his closet."

The morning paper, coming out the following day, contained this paragraph:

One of our most prominent ministers was seen walking along the street yesterday in a beastly state of intoxication. He filled his plug hat with fragments of stone, tied it to a dog's tail and yelled in idiotic delight. His many friends were shocked, and we, in making this chronicle, although we mention no name, are deeply grieved.

The church people became excited and began to make inquiries. Some of the most trustworthy men in town stated that they had seen Mr. Pitchfield going bare-headed through the streets. A committee selected from the unfortunate old gentleman's congregation summoned him. Astonished and indignant, he appeared.

"Brother Pitchfield," said the chairman, "we are greatly humiliated by the report that you were beastly intoxicated yesterday; that you tied your hat to a dog's tail, and that you behaved in a very scandalous manner."

"It is a lie," exclaimed the justly indignant preacher.

"Hold on, brother, hold on; the guilty always fly into a passion."

"I lost my hat from the window of a railway train, and came through the streets——"

"Mr. Clerk," said the chairman, "record the fact that Brother Pitchfield acknowledges his guilt."

"I am not guilty, and I acknowledge nothing but the truth," shouted the minister.

"Also add, Mr. Clerk, that when confronted he became violent and abusive."

"You are a set of scoundrels," exclaimed Mr. Pitchfield.

"Also add, Mr. Clerk, that he slandered the church. Now, sir, you may go. We want no more of your preaching."

No; the man who loses his hat and who goes bareheaded through the streets can make but a poor explanation. This is sad, in view of our freedom, our great institutions; it is just cause for lamentation.—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. Mercury.*

SUNSET COX.

The Turkish Minister's Grief at the Death of His Mother.

I reached here in time to receive the conscious and precious blessing of my mother on her dying bed. "God unloosed her weary star" so peacefully that it seemed like the unrippled calm of a lake reflecting a serene and cloudless heaven. I could not have gone on my mission abroad with such a dear one in life at home. In one sense I may now go without "dragging each remove a lengthening chain of filial fear." This loss of my mother is the greatest affliction I ever knew. My mother was more to me than words can tell. She is one of the bonds which binds me to Maryland. Thus: My grandfather, my mother's father, was Judge Samuel Sullivan. He came to Ohio in 1804, from New Castle, Del. His grandfather came over with Lord Baltimore. I have heard my grandfather say that he remembered his grandmother counting her beads. These Quaker-Methodists of Northern Delaware and early Ohio, when they immigrated to Ohio, were three generations before devout Catholics. But the change of faith never swerved the ancestral integrity. My mother's father, Judge Sullivan—whose name I bear—was selected as the trustworthy Senator for the office of State Treasurer in 1818, when the treasury had been despoiled, and on his bond was every member of the Legislature. This is one of the incidents I love to recall; and as I lay my blessed mother away to-day I feel an honest pride in her honest ancestry which compensates for many poignancies.—*From Letter to a Baltimore Friend.*

—There are but few instances recorded of death from falling meteoric stones. It is stated that loss of life resulted from a large fall in Africa that about the year 1020 many persons and animals were killed; that 1511, about five o'clock one evening, a priest was struck and killed, and that still later, in 1650, a monk was killed.

IS THE BODY IN THE CRYPT?

Rev. Dr. Charles Hall Thinks Stewart's Remains Were Never Stolen.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, of Brooklyn, Sunday officiated at the Church of the Holy Incarnation at Garden City, the Stewart Memorial Cathedral. On his return home he was met by a *World* reporter. The reverend gentleman expressed the opinion that the body of A. T. Stewart is securely resting in the crypt of the magnificent edifice built with his money. Furthermore he advanced the marvelous theory that the body had never been stolen. Notwithstanding the fact that Judge Henry Hilton, the trustee of the Stewart estate, has paid tens if not hundreds of thousands of dollars to detectives for searching for the body, Dr. Hall believes there never was anything to find. The rector of Holy Trinity does not stand alone in the opinion that A. T. Stewart's body has found a last resting place. This conclusion, however, is generally based on entirely different grounds from the simple deduction of the clerical gentleman.

When it was first announced that Stewart's body had been stolen Mrs. Stewart was reported as having said that the Garden City Cathedral would not be built until her husband's remains were recovered. The edifice has not only been completed, but presented to a corporation and handsomely endowed. The Rev. Dr. Hall was chairman of the committee appointed by the Long Island Protestant Episcopal Diocese that reported favorably on accepting the munificent gift. It has also frequently been stated that Judge Hilton paid $50,000 to the grave robbers for restoring the body.

Dr. Hall believes that the whole story of the famous grave robbery was manufactured. It is in his opinion a piece of pure fiction. When asked what motive he thought could have actuated Judge Hilton or Mrs. Stewart to make such an announcement he said:

"There was every reason for its fabrication. Judge Hilton was constantly annoyed by the receipt of anonymous letters, informing him that the body was to be stolen. If such a crime was successfully consummated, the expected reward for the recovery of the body would be so great that the thieves would feel themselves justified in making any outcry to secure it. No guard could be placed upon the body that would not be bribed, and in order to defend the body the story of its having been stolen had to be fabricated. Look at all the reports in the papers at that time. You will find that the story is told with too much attention to details, while the question, How did the robbers make off with the body? is almost entirely lost sight of. No, sir, the supposed robbery was never committed, and some day, and at no distant one either, you will learn the whole story of the supposed robbery. I believe firmly that the body of A. T. Stewart is now in the crypt at the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City."

"How do you account for the fact that the grave was found to have been disturbed and the discovery of the trail over which it was thought the body had been dragged?" asked the reporter.

"That is what I refer to when I say that 'the story is told with too much attention to details,'" said Dr. Hall. "It all had the appearance of having been planned. There is no doubt in my mind that the very fact that so nice and ingenious a story was told betrays its weakness, and places the stamp of falsity on it."

"But Judge Hilton expended $100,000 or $200,000 in searching for the body," suggested the reporter.

"Did he?" interrupted the clergyman. "Has it not also been denied that he ever paid such large sums for such an object? He may have expended a fortune, but that does not break down the theory. It might have been necessary to carry out the original plan and prevent robbery. If the body had been stolen why did not the detectives keep up the search? Why was there not a more sustained effort to find it and gain the reward?"

"Mrs. Stewart is said to have paid $50,000 for the return of the body."

"Is that anything but a rumor?' Judge Hilton and Mrs. Stewart have never acknowledged it. The report has never been substantiated so far as I have heard. No, I think it is all a myth. Some day you will learn that the body lies in the crypt in the Garden City Cathedral."

"Have you any positive information that it is there, Doctor?"

"No, sir," answered Dr. Hall, very frankly. "I know nothing about it, only from such information as I gained from the newspapers. I have talked with my friends about the theory, but never care to obtrude myself by giving publicity to those views. Still I am very positive in my belief. I do not know Mrs. Stewart or Judge Hilton, and I do not know anything about their plans."

"How did you arrive at such a conclusion as you have?"

"I merely did a little mental detective work for my own amusement," confessed Dr. Hall.—*N. Y. World.*

Kindly, But Firmly.

A merchant who had repeatedly dunned a man, sent him a bill of the amount due. In addition to the necessary rule and figure work, the merchant added the following:

"I am becoming tired of the indifference with which you treat this matter, and I desire to hear from this bill at once."

Several days afterward, the merchant received the following, written on a postal card: "Accept my thanks for the bill which you were kind enough to send. I have never troubled you about the matter. When I owe a man it is my disposition to treat him kindly, but firmly. I never hang around him. Well, whenever you haven't anything else to do, send me another bill."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A farmer and his wife went into a dentist's. "How much do you charge for fillin' teeth?" asked the farmer. "From two to five dollars." "An' how much for pullin'?" "Fifty cents." "Mariar," he said, turning to his wife, "you'd better git it pulled."—*N. Y. Sun.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY FIRST POEM.

I'm going to make some poetry
About my brother Will.
'Tisn't every one that can make verses, though he try;
To some it's like climbing a very steep hill,
And a slippery hill, too—and perhaps I'll find it so.
But there's nothing like trying—so here I go!

It's a very good day
To say what I want to say;
'Cause I'm shut up at home—and it's snowin' hard;
And I hurt my knee;
For you see
I had a bad fall, 'cause it's very slippery in our yard.
And mother said I mustn't go out
Till my knee got well.
It's just about
Two weeks ago, if I remember, that I fell.

But Will—that's my big brother—
Says one day: "Mother,
I'm goin' out to the Pond to catch some fish."
And mother says to him: "Why, Will, the pond's all froze;
And do you suppose
You can catch anything? my son, I wish
You'd stay at home, and amuse your brother,
Who has got a lame knee
And feels the want of company."

my hideous of brother Will fishing.

But Will did not pay much attention to mother,
But went out to the Pond.
Will is so fond
Of fishing that he broke a hole in the ice,
And fished there nearly all day.
It was very cold, but he seemed to think it was nice,
And 'specially to have his own way.

But the wind was very cold and rough;
And Will wasn't dressed warm enough.
The breezes keen, they blew
And chilled him through and through.
And his fingers were numb and his nose was blue,

Will with a cold in his head.

And his hands were almost froze;
And quite wet were his clothes.
And besides that, he went where the ice was too thin,
And poor Will fell in
Nearly up to his chin!

He didn't catch any fish,
Crabs, catfish, or smelts;
But he caught something else
He didn't at all wish.
And that was a great blue and red
Cold in the head!

Me writing about it.

And now I've told my story
About Will and his glory.
And I believe all I had to say I have said.
But it's very hard, I find,
To make poetry to one's mind.
—"James Mumfries," in *Wide Awake.*

DAISY'S BIRTHDAY.

How They Found Out What She Needed Very Much and Had So Long "'Spected."

Daisy is a little girl who lives in Providence, R. I., and I suppose some of the children who read this story will laugh, and say: "Oh, my! How funny! We knew all about this in the time of it. It was little Daisy Vineron, you know!"

Long before Christmas Daisy had been saying, very wisely: "I 'spect to have a sled, Trismas, and a wax doll." And she called one day on her sister Lou, who was just married, and told her she "'spected the doll would have a pink dress, and she confided to her brother Tom, Lou's husband, that she "'spected the sled to be a green one." So, of course, it happened that, among the many gifts on the Vineron Christmas-tree, Daisy found the expected sled and doll. She was delighted, and danced about like a fairy; but as she loaded her sled with her presents, she said with a little sigh of regret: "Here's my doll and oranges and candy and pop-corn balls and A B C book, but I 'spected someting else."

It was in vain they all coaxed. Daisy kept her own counsel in her own curly head. She often said, however: "It is stwange, because it is someting I need so much."

On New Year's Day another deluge of presents came to surprise the dainty pet. There was a white kitten, with a blue ribbon round its neck; a pair of white mittens, with swan's down around the top; a satin hood trimmed with swan's-down, and, best of all, Daisy thought, one for the wax doll just like it.

"They are beau'ful," said Daisy, "and I fank you, but they wasn't what I 'spected. I 'spected someting else—som'ting that I need *very* much."

Daisy had heard her mamma say: "I do hope the children, in buying gifts for me, will remember my needs this year, for I need certain articles very much." Daisy was coaxed again by brother Tom and by all the other brothers and sisters in vain. She would shake her sunny head and purse up her cherry lips and say: "It's stwange that you can't see for yourselves what I need."

The weeks rolled by until the spring days came, when the sled and mittens and hood where laid away for another winter.

"Daisy's birthday comes this week," said Lou, one pleasant May Sunday afternoon, when all the family were gathered for lunch before returning to church and Sunday-school.

"Is it?" cried Daisy, in excitement. "Don't they give fings to good girls on their birfdays?"

"Certainly," said Tom. "What would you like to have, little one?"

They all suppressed their smiles, thinking the wee darling's secret was out now, but she shook her head gravely, as usual.

"There is one fing I need," she said; "and 'cause I'm afraid you haven't thought yet what it is I will write you a letter about it, and that won't be just quite the same as if I told it, 'cos mamma said she didn't fink it was very nice to tell what you wanted."

Getting a sheet of paper and a pencil Daisy sat down by mamma's desk, and scribbled away until the little zigzag lines covered one whole page. This she handed to Tom, saying, very politely, as her mamma did sometimes, when she had a family letter interesting to all: "Read it aloud, please, Tom, dear." So the laughing young man read:

"Dear Tom, I wish you would bring me a little black-and-tan dog named Pedro."

"Isn't such a word in it!" cried Daisy, so Tom passed the letter to her papa, who read:

"I would like a pair of ear-rings like Kitty Lee's."

"No," said Daisy "I s'posed *you* could read writing, papa."

The paper was passed around the room, each one of the large family reading it differently, but of the fans, parasols, chairs, lockets, bracelets, dolls, white mice, and rabbits. Daisy each time said: "No." When the paper got round to Tom again Daisy took it from his hand with an expression of supreme disgust and looked it over.

"It is just as fine lovely writing as ever was," she said. "But I never shall tell if you can't read it yourselves, when I have written tea-set, *tea-set*, TEA-SET, as plain as day all over it;" and away she ran upstairs in a huff.

She had no idea that her long treasured secret was out, and said, petulantly, as a shout of laughter followed her flying steps: "I don't fink its nice a bit to always laugh when I get vexed."

When, on her birthday morning, she found a doll's chair, and tea-set in the bay window of the breakfast-room, she said: "I should like to know who it was that fought and 'membered what I needed and 'spected ever since a dreat while before Trismus Day."—*Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in Christian Union.*

BETTIE'S BEAN-BAG.

A Kind Little Sister, and What She Did for Her Brothers.

"Please make *me* a bean-bag, mamma!"

Bettie's brothers had a small gymnasium in which some of the neighbors' boys came to play with them, and had great fun with bean-bags.

Mamma took a piece of strong, coarse netting which lay in her work-basket, and sewed it into a bag. Bettie thought it nicer than those the boys had, for when she went to put the beans in they showed through.

When mamma sewed it up she went out to play with it, and found it very nice indeed, much nicer than a ball, for it was easier to catch, and never hurt her hands.

"I do hope every mamma makes a bean-bag for her little girl," she said to herself.

It got dirty very soon, though, with being flung freely about the garden-paths and the dusty porches. Bettie made up her mind it wanted washing, so she laid it under the pump and gave it a good soaking. She thought it looked very much improved, and set it carefully away to dry.

"And I'll wash all the boys' bags," she said. "What a nice little sister they'll think I am!"

No one saw her as she brought them all by turns and gave them a thorough shower-bath, then carried them back to the gymnasium, and piled them up as she had found them.

The next day she went for her bag—but what had happened to it?

It seemed so crowded full of beans that it was as hard as a ball.

"Laws, chile!" said old Dinah, with a smile at her little disappayed face; "don't yer know beans'll allus swell when yer wets 'em?"

"Is it all spoiled?" asked Bettie, looking ruefully at it.

"Mebbe dey'll shrink if yer dries it, but mebbe not."

Bettie laid it on the piazza in the bright sunshine, and went to see what her little brother Ray was so *very* busy about on the lawn.

"Way mow gass," he said, working very hard to push his mother's carpet-sweeper over the green turf.

She tried to help him for a while, but it did not seem to mow well, so she went back to look after her bean-bag. It was harder than ever, and she flung it away and forgot all about it.

Two or three days later the boys came to have "a jolly bean-bag fight," as they called it. A great cry went up from the gymnasium.

"Hello! What in the world's the matter with our bean-bags?"

"I—washed 'em," said Bettie, looking very penitent as the damp, moldy, solid things were brought out.

Mamma laughed very heartily, but not a boy laughed until she had promised to make a dozen new ones.

"What are those coarse-looking leaves growing among the clematis-vines?" asked mamma, about a month later.

"I'll see," said papa. "Bean-leaves," he said, going nearer. "But how could they have got here? I'll root them out."

He hunted about at the foot of the trellis, behind a thick sweet-briar bush.

"This seems to be the root of the matter," he said, bringing out a square muddy mass from which bean-vines were growing.

"It's my bean-bag!" cried Bettie.—*Youths' Companion.*

—There was a remarkable phenomenon in F. W. Walker's pasture, near O'Donnell's mills, says a Benson letter in the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald*. A strip of sod measuring two or three by ten feet, was thrown up as if by a volcano, and water spurted up from the place, it is said, to a height of sixty feet. Many people have visited the place, but nobody can explain the thing.

—The *Popolo Romano* lately printed the following advertisement in English: "A Roman gentleman wishes to marry English, American or German lady. Very serious affair. Apply W. W."

—Ebert County, Ga., has a man who swoons at the sight of blood, no matter where it comes from.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A large bowlder, weighing about 1,000 tons, was loosened from the top of Shelter Hill Rock, near Bethel, Conn., by the frost and rolled down the mountain side the other day, sweeping large trees and everything before it. The shock was felt for twenty miles around.—*Hartford Courant.*

—It is said that the largest grapevine in the United States grows on the premises of Mr. Madden, in Pike County, Ga. It is eighteen years old, is thirty-four inches in circumference at its base, is a quarter of a mile long, and yields five wagon loads of grapes.—*Southern Trade Journal.*

—Don't take a chew of tobacco just because some of the big boys say it will make a man of you and looks smart. Chewing tobacco never did make a man, but it has been known to make a boy very sick, and will cause him to regret it many a time. It is a mighty good thing to let alone.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Newspapers are appreciated in Washington Territory. The *Weekly Signal*, at Old Yokima, was about to remove to the new town called North Rakin, a distance of four miles, and the office was placed on trucks. That night the whole establishment was blown up with dynamite by the residents of the old town, who were opposed to the removal.

—An old landmark, the building owned by George Swords, in the heart of the city, was torn down in Steubenville, Ohio, the other day. It was the oldest house in the city, the last of the log houses. It was built in 1810. The lot was originally purchased in 1808 for forty-five dollars, sold in 1814 for $265, the following year for $700, in 1816 for $1,750, and in 1872 for $5,000. It was weather-boarded forty-five years ago.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—The latest freak among the young folks in New York is the "electric party." It is held at any house where there is a heavy carpet, and the fun consists of shuffling rapidly over the floor to generate electricity in the person, and then discharging it through the fingers, nose or lips against some other person or a metallic object. When two well-charged persons kiss the "snap" may be heard in the next room, and when a young man holds his nose near a gas-burner sparks fly from it and ignite the gas.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mr. D. C. Robbins, in his "Annual Review of the Drug Trade of New York," states that in 1884 we imported 1,263,732 ounces of quinine and 2,588,307 pounds of cinchona bark. We are importing more quinine and manufacturing less every year. In 1884 we imported twice as much quinine and half as much bark as in 1882. In 1883 more opium was imported for smoking (298,153 pounds) than for all other purposes put together. The large duty placed upon this form of opium reduced the import for 1884 very considerably.

—From recent surveys it has been ascertained that the entire city of Virginia, Nev., has moved over thirty inches to the east since the big fire of 1876. The Maynard block, in Golden Hill, is known to be gradually sliding down in the direction of Gold Canyon, and has moved nearly two feet since its erection. This movement is so gradual that it does not affect in any manner the safety of the building, as the ground to the depth of nearly one hundred feet to the bed rock is known to be continually sliding. It is a well-known fact among practical miners that the ground on which Virginia City is built is what is termed a slide, and that it is necessary to sink nearly one hundred feet before finding the natural bed rock. These slides are caused by the constant crumbling of the rocks on the mountain sides.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A NEW SEAL.

The New Device Which Authenticates All Governmental Documents.

The new die for the great seal of the United States, which was received at the United States Department of State on April 21, and has been used on commissions since then (the first on which it was used being that of Mr. Jordan, the new Treasurer of the United States), is only the third one accepted for and used for the purposes designated by the law which ordered it in 1789, and which readopted the design first ordered in 1782, since the latter date. The new die which conforms more strictly to the letter of the law designating what the national coat-of-arms should be than did its immediate successor, which was made in 1841, and is more aristocratic than that of the first die made, all three of which are now in the Department of State, and which I have lately compared, cost, including the massive mahogony case, and the press for making the impression on papers, and the die itself, one thousand dollars. It was ordered a full year ago, and was made by Tiffany & Co., in New York. Its case is five feet eight inches high, and about half as wide and deep. The original die had thirteen arrows in the eagle's talon, as the law expressly stipulated, but when, in 1841, the old one having become worn, a new one was made, somehow it happened that only six arrows were put in the eagle's talon. Nevertheless, the seal was accepted and used until the new one arrived, with all the arrows the law required, on April 21. So now we have our national quiver full of arrows. But, better still, the new seal can, by a special arrangement of the machinery, cause the eagle's head to turn in any direction a treaty may require when its impression is to be stamped upon one. With the old one great difficulty was often experienced in attaching our stiff-backed national bird to cumbersome documents such as a treaty, as it would sometimes be found, after the impression was made, looking west, when he should look east, or north when he ought to fix his unterrified gaze on the south, or, worse still, he might come out in the treaty literally standing on his head. Now, thanks to the mechanical ingenuity of the manufacturer, we have a patent reversible quadruplex, back-action, fan-tailed American eagle, warranted to gaze at any point of the compass our foreign policy or domestic interests may demand. Whether this symbolizes the policy of the State Department under this administration or not is to be seen.—*Washington Post.*

A PARISIAN DINING ROOM.

One of the Extraordinary Restaurants o the Gay Capital.

The other day, bearing always in mind the present high estate of King Demos, I began a series of observations of his Majesty's kitchen and table service. The glorious Emperor Charles Quint, I had read, used to have for his dinner a whole roasted pig served up on a golden dish. What does that many-headed emperor, the sovereign people, have for dinner? Under the very shadow of the people's palace, in the Rue de la Verrerie, I found Demos' table spread. At the end of a black and sooty courtyard men and women were passing in and out through swinging doors. On one side of the doors was the tariff: Plate of meat, twenty centimes; wine, twenty centimes; soup, bread, vegetables, and dessert (!), each ten centimes. On the other side of the doors were placards, one stating that it was forbidden to bring bread, meat, or drink into the room, and another stating that the table utensils were placed in the safe keeping of the public: "Les verres, couteaux, fourchettes, et cuilleres sont places sous la surveillance des honnetes citoyens."

To the right of the doors outside is a ticket-office, where you buy as many two-sou zinc checks as your purse and appetite permit. I took five, and followed the crowd. Each one, as he entered, stooped near the door and snatched a glass out of a basketful that stood there. Then, bearing leftward, he approached a wire grating, through which is seen an immense kitchen and furnaces charged with huge cauldrons holding hogsheads of steaming food and running on rails. This grating is pierced with five little trap-doors; at the first is sold soup; at the second, boiled beef and cabbage, sausages, herrings and greasy stews; at the third, beans and lentils; at the fourth, dessert, consisting of stewed prunes, jam, cheese and bread, of which you get about half a pound for your two-sou check; at the fifth you can buy one-third of a litre of very sour *piquette* wine, or the same amount of cider for two checks. Each diner makes his choice, and gets served at the different trap-doors, takes a knife, fork and spoon out of a basket, and with his bread under his arm, his soup in one hand and his plate of meat in the other he goes and sits down wherever he can find a place, and eats in peace. The room is apparently a courtyard, over which an iron roof has been thrown; at one end is a fountain and at the other a bust of the Republic, with the words "Paix," "Travail," "Concorde" on the pedestal; on the walls are big painted maps of the departments of France, and here and there notices, "No smoking," "Aidez-vous les uns les autres," and a request to give up your place as soon as you have done eating. The floor is paved with red quarries; the chairs are of Austrian bent wood, and at the long, narrow marble-topped tables there are seats for 300 people. There are no waiters, no overseers; the only servant in the whole room is a man who strolls round with a basket-truck into which he collects the dirty plates and knives which each one leaves on the table when he has finished eating.

Here, indeed, you see all sorts and conditions of men—workmen, washer-women, beggars, organ-grinders, clerks, shop-girls of low degree—all degrees of poverty and misfortune. Many come in without buying checks, and loaf around on the chance of picking up scraps. After tasting my plate of stew (apparently composed of horse-meat, potatoes and thick, dark gravy), I concluded that it was too greasy, and laid down my knife and fork for a moment. Suddenly an arm was extended over my shoulder, and a hoarse voice whispered in my ear: "Citoyen, vous ne mangez plus?" and, almost before I had time to reply, my plate had disappeared. Nobody seemed to think the phenomenon strange, and after further observation I noticed that it was quite common. Pieces of bread, half-finished bowls of soup, lumps of cheese, were being constantly appropriated by the hungry, so that the dish-collector found only clean platters and no leavings. As I was sitting and meditating over this truly democratic dining-room, a man and a girl came in, sat down and began to exchange remarks and criticisms as to the fare and those who were partaking of it. "Ce sont des curieux," said one woman in a drawling nasal voice to her neighbor at my table; "ils rigolent a present." And her neighbor replied in a loud voice, so that the young couple could hear, "On devrait assassiner des gens qui se moquent d'une misere pareille!" The young man and his companion disappeared promptly after this hint, and we all went on eating in the most orderly manner, what little talking there was going on in a low tone.

The portions at this Pension Alimentaire, which is a specimen of several similar establishments in the populous quarters of Paris, are bountiful, but the food is naturally of the coarsest kind and horribly greasy, and the sour wine is not calculated to fill the heart of man with joy. Never have I seen a more gloomy and depressing sight than these 300 indescribable waifs and strays of humanity silently eating their miserable dinner. And to think that this one establishment feeds from 2,000 to 3,000 people a day! Still, even here there is progress to be noted; each man serves himself, there is no spying and overlooking, and no suspicion. It is not like a popular restaurant which I visited some years ago, near the Place Maubert, and frequented by masons and other workmen. This was a long room with an earthern floor; the table was simply a beam resting on legs of masonry, and hollowed out at intervals. In each hollow was a tin bowl nailed on to the wood. You walked in, sat down at the table, and a great stalwart waiter-woman immediately came up armed with a syringe full of soup, which she squirted into your bowl. But if you hesitated a moment to pay the nine sous which was the price of the dinner of soup, meat and cheese, the stalwart waiter-woman simply sucked back the soup into her syringe and walked away without a word. And this is how the sovereign people of Paris dine, and this is why Demos has to send round the hat for himself.—*Paris Cor. London World.*

A CENTENARIAN.

Interesting Account of a Connecticut Woman 103 Years Old.

Mrs. Clarissa Davenport Raymond, of Wilton, Conn., completed the 103d year of her age recently. When a reporter of the *Times* called and was presented to the old lady she shook his hand cordially, and was as ready to talk as the reporter was to listen. She remembered all about an interview with the writer last year, and although another year has been added to her remarkable age there was no perceptible change in her appearance. She wore a black cambric dress, a small light-colored shawl was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and a white lace cap set off her features to advantage. During the interview Mrs. Raymond was seated in her old arm-chair, while she grasped the long birch staff which she uses when walking. The staff is fully six feet long. Mrs. Raymond is a ready and fluent talker, and nothing pleases her more than to narrate reminiscences of her early life to a patient listener. She is a member of the Congregational Church, but the last time she attended service was on the communion Sunday following her one hundredth anniversary. She has not been able to ascend the stairs during the last four years. Her sleeping apartment is on the first floor. Up to a year ago she insisted on taking care of her room and dressing herself without assistance. Last fall she was able to walk around the yard assisted by her grandson, but during the winter the old lady has remained indoors. She eats with relish three meals a day, and retires to bed and rises with the regularity of clockwork. Mrs. Raymond never drinks anything stronger than tea or coffee and has scarcely been sick a day during her long life. Within the past year her sight has become dim and her hearing has failed. The beginning of her one hundred and fourth year finds her mind clear, her memory as distinct, and her physical strength apparently as good as when, three years ago, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Up to a year ago Mrs. Raymond was able to read coarse print, but she has abandoned the custom, and her children now read to her.

Mrs. Raymond was born in Stamford. When Washington died she was seventeen years old, and she frequently relates incidents which occurred during his lifetime, of the War of 1812, and of the several wars later on. In 1804 she was married to Samuel Raymond, and removed to Poundridge, Westchester County, in this State. During the war of 1812 she removed to Hester Street, in this city, which was then little more than a country lane, and was considered outside the city. Mr. Raymond died in 1816, and his widow removed to Wilton, where she has since resided, making her home with her only daughter, Mrs. Comstock. Mrs. Raymond was the mother of five children, of whom the youngest, aged seventy-nine years, and widow of the late Nathan Comstock, is the only one living. In 1882 the family group, including five generations, was photographed, Mrs. Raymond forming the central figure. In that year also she did considerable knitting, repaired her own clothes, and wrote her name very legibly. Mrs. Raymond is a lineal descendant of the Rev. John Davenport, who was born at Coventry, England, in 1597, and who preached the first sermon ever delivered in New Haven. This was on April 16, 1638, under an old oak tree which stood at the corner of George and Church streets. The tree was cut down by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and was used for firewood in his shop on George Street. Mrs. Raymond is of a genial disposition and rarely forgets a face. When asked recently as to her health, she said: "Well, I believe I am getting old." The esteemed lady has no lack of visitors, many persons calling simply from motives of curiosity. She has a pleasant word for every one and appears to enjoy life.—*Hartford Times.*

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Russia and America Likely to Divide the World Between Them.

Suppose the dream of Russian ambition in the East should be gratified and Persia, Afghanistan, and British India fall under her power, the next step would be the conquest of China. The Czar would then rule over half the human race. The child is living who will probably witness this vast extension of Russian power. The British are detested by the Hindoos, who will welcome any change, not indeed so much that they have been badly governed as on account of the humiliations to which they have been subjected by the British authorities. Natives are allowed to fill but few, and those the minor offices of trust or honor in Hindostan. The principal ones are all filled by importations from the United Kingdom. Hence there is no opening for the ambitious youth of the great Asiatic peninsula. And hence the desire is universal to throw off the British yoke. The appearance of a Russian army would be the signal for a general rising, and the comparatively small British army would soon be overwhelmed. It is not at all likely that change would better the condition of the Hindoos, for it would probably be merely a transfer from King Stork to King Log. Still it must be confessed that Russia has proved to be a great civilizing power in Central Asia. Law and order has been introduced in a vast region of the earth's surface heretofore given over to turbulence and semi-barbarism. The Czar's government, judged by Western ideas, is not up to the most advanced standards, but it is admirably suited to bringing under control the wild tribes that have heretofore placed Central Asia outside of all civilizing influences. Any government is better than no government. But the situation of affairs is such that for many long years to come the news from that quarter of the globe will be eagerly scanned by Americans. There is a strong bond between Russians and Americans. It is believed somehow that they are eventually to divide the world between them. Both are growing powers—increasing in number and extent of territory at a swifter rate than any other of the nations. Some time in the not distant future we shall be supreme in this continent.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Seventh Day Adventists seem to be gaining in strength in New York. They have recently established missions in New York, Buffalo, Albany and Syracuse.

—Bismarck will devote $12,000 annual interest on his national birthday gift to establishing charitable foundations for students in universities for the study of philology.

—During the year there have been three hundred additions to the Baptist Church from the Cherokee Indians, making the total membership 2,000. There are 6,000 members of the denomination in the Indian Territory.—*San Francisco Call.*

—The *Christian Advocate* says: "A reasonable estimate justifies the opinion that more than 40,000 persons have professed conversion during the past three months and joined, or are intending to join, the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—Linear drawing has been introduced, by recent enactment, into all the elementary schools of England. The theory is that a knowledge of this kind of drawing is useful in almost every kind of trade or handicraft.—*Chicago Current.*

—The $1,500 required to complete the $25,000 for the Parsonage Building Fund of the American Congregational Union, for comfortable dwellings for home missionaries on the Western frontier, was contributed by the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, after an appeal by Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle.—*N. Y. Times.*

—At a colored church on the outskirts of the city Sunday afternoon the preacher notified the congregation that he must have $5 before he would preach. The hat was passed round, and when returns were made $3.50 was in the pot, whereupon the preacher said he must have $1.50 more before he would preach. The hat was passed around the second time and the $5 made up, when the congregation was treated to one of the best efforts of the pastor's life.—*Columbia (S. C.) Register.*

—The education of the Chinese in San Francisco is a problem that presents manifold difficulties. The board of education of that city have provided a school-room and a teacher, but it is found that the wealthier Chinamen object to having their youngsters associate with the offspring of the rabble, and they are opposed also to the co-education of the sexes. So far but one pupil is promised for the new school, which entails an expense of $40 a month for rent and $90 a month for the teacher.

—President Eliot says that, without special extravagance or fast living in any way, a Harvard student can easily spend $800 a year, and some get rid of much more. A calculation of the average expense at twenty-five of the principal colleges, according to the statements of their respective catalogues as to price of board, tuition, and general expenses, shows that it is a trifle over $500. An average college education, then, costs $500 a year, or $2,000. Of course, the thing can be done for less than this. Tuition may be remitted by the gaining of a scholarship, and a young man who is determined to support himself may do so in whole or in part by teaching and other work.—*Boston Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Earthquakes in North Japan are more numerous and severe in winter than in summer.

—A Milwaukee editor committed suicide because he was in debt. It is such an unusual thing for an editor to be in debt that he could not stand it.—*Boston Post.*

—In one issue of a Utica, (N. Y.) paper recently were accounts of no less than four suicides, two of which were ascribed to despondency over the loss of wives, and a third to the interference of a young man's family in his love affairs.

—Emma Nevada, the sweet singer of the Sierras, kissed three hundred girls before leaving San Francisco, and complains that it made her very tired. Served her right. Why didn't she hire a cheap young man?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A man never begins to find out how little he knows about domestic matters until his wife asks him to keep his eyes on the baby and to see that a pan of melted butter is kept stirred while she goes into the attic to look through her rag bag.—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

—A ministerial acquaintance thinks that he alone should decide what hymns are to be sung during service. He thinks that the choir should have no voice in the matter. They haven't in very many churches—that is to say, any voice to speak of.—*Christian at Work.*

—The life of a woman in Italy who was recently buried beneath an avalanche was saved by a hen. The account does not specify how this was done, but we presume the woman had a corn, and the hen in scratching for it dug her out.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

—Emerson says: "All the world loves a lover." That may be true, but wide observation has taught us that the love of all the world doesn't make the lover any more contented so long as one little snip of a seventeen-year-old girl says that she can be to him only as a sister.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Clara (shyly)—Of all the months of the year, George, dear, which do you think is the happiest one for lovers? George (of a thrifty nature)—May is the happiest because it is the cheapest. Clara—Cheapest? How? George—It is too late in the season for oysters and too early for ice cream.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The other day, a reverend gentleman, addressing his lawyer companion at the fire, said he didn't see "why a stable should catch fire in the middle of the day when there was no fire-place or stove in connection with the building." Whereupon the legal friend replied: "They may have kept a fiery horse in there."—*Chicago Journal.*

—"So you are a stenographer?" "Yes, sir." "I should think it would be very difficult to take down everything a speaker says." "It's not so hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would just try and see how fast I could report, and, will you believe it, none of the speakers could follow me!"—*Texas Siftings.*

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

Major Peters, editor of the Watseka *Republican* and member of the Illinois legislature, when assured of Logan's election as senator, telegraphed his friends from Springfield, "Logan is elected. Paint my old home red." The boys took him at his word, and, showing the message to Mrs. Peters, gained her consent, and forthwith the entire male population turned out, and, procuring the brightest red paint imaginable, painted the house, barn and outhouses scarlet, roof, chimney, and all, not sparing even the fences and tree trunks.

The Locust Plague.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Professor Riley says of the seventeen locusts, whose visit is predicted, that they are harmless to growing crops and do no injury except to the twigs of forest and fruit trees. Whenever young orchards have been planted on land which has been cleared during the last seventeen years trees are liable to suffer, but it is probable that a kerosene spray upon the trees will protect them. The ordinary locust which is so destructive to growing crops has jaws which cut, while the seventeen year species, more properly called the cicado, has only a beak through which he suck his nourishment.

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25.

The district of Pennsylvania from which Mr. Samuel J. Randall is sent to Congress every two years, is said to have a majority of Republican voters beyond that of almost any other district in that great Commonwealth, but there are business interests of the people in the district that make it imperative that Mr. Randall should be designated to attend to, and right well has he attended to them. The Legislature has recently redistricted the State, and having let Mr. Randall's district alone, his Congressional career is assured for at least another decade. Under the apportionment, the Democrats have peen given eight districts, the Republicans take eighteen, and the other two are left to the chances of manipulating influences. In the last Congress the Democrats had 12 of the 28 districts, and the loss of the 4 is simply a sacrifice made by them for the sake of keeping Mr. Randall before (and behind) the people. It is also a suggestive fact that while Mr. Randall's district is overwhelmingly Republican, Mr. Kelley's Democratic pig-iron constituents, were they disposed, could relegate him to private life upon party issues by a majority quite as large as that which could down Mr. Randall upon distinctive party lines. But nobody entertains a thought of having a Congress without its Pig-iron Kelley, any more than a Congress twenty years ago could be expected to draw its breath without a Washburne to help it.

One of the usual Demscratic blunders is that which resulted in the election of General Logan to succeed himself as United States Senator from Illinois. With the Legislature a tie, and Republicans in the body whose antipathy to Logan had already kept him out of an election for very near five months, it needed only Democratic success in one of the strongest Democratic districts in the State, to not only prevent Logan's election, but to ultimately insure the success of some Democratic candidate, by the election of a successor to Mr. Shaw. Relying with the utmost confidence upon their strength in the district, Mr. Morrison hies himself away to Washington to see after the distribution of official pap, leaving the only assurance to Democratic success to the hands of such master Republican politicians as "Long" Jones, Dan Shepard, Ame Babcock and ex-Postmaster Palmer. These men went down into this Democratic stronghold, organized their forces in the dead of night, held them in reserve at every balloting place in the district until after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, lest the enemy might suspect their intentions, and when the vote was counted that night they had carried off their Senatorial prize by a round majority. At 1 o'clock on the morning after Logan's election, the President's ears were greeted with the thunder of 38 guns, fired under the very windows of the White House.

JUNIUS.

From the Baltimore American.

The Revised Old Testament.

Public interest and curiosity have at last obtained the means of satisfaction. The revisers have completed their arduous labors on both the Old and the New Testaments, and their published results are now before us. Great and important is the influence which the revised Bible is destined to exert; conservative and careful the method and spirit of the revising companies. The work itself certainly testifies to the consistent application of the first general principle laid down for the guidance of the companies, "To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version, consistently with faithfulness." There is evident throughout a determination to yield as few points as possible to the opinions of a rapidly increasing liberal class, who regard the exact English rendering of the Hebrew original of more importance than the particular interpretation of any school or denomination; men who, having nothing to gain or to lose by a false translation, prefer to give the sense of the text literally rather than in language which interprets at the same time it translates, for we must know that the translator is compelled to be an interpreter in all those places in which the accepted rendering is grammatically no more to be preferred than many suggested and different renderings. Thus, for instance, in the opening verses of Genesis—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," "And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep"—the revisers have translated: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," "And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the waters." Now, we are fully aware that the correct translation of these verses has for centuries been a cause of bitter controversy, and we are also aware that the authorized translation has been a serious obstacle to belief in Revelation to men like Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley and others, who find no evidence in nature of the so-called "carpenter" theory of creation. It can no longer be disputed that a faithful and accurate rendering of the Hebrew would also allow "In beginning God formed the heavens and the earth; for the earth had been desolation and emptiness." This would avoid the inference that the creative act was instantaneous, would leave the origin of the earth's matter unrevealed, and would deprive the argument against the reliability of the account of much of its effectiveness. Nor does this translation lack defenders. Professor Taylor Lewis, the translator of Scribner's edition of Lang's Commentary, says that this is not only linguistically possible, but that is is preferable to the other. Professor Sayre, of Oxford University, England, makes this improvement on the accepted version a test of accurate knowledge of the Hebrew verb. He says: "What fresh vividness is given to the picture! God hewed out the heaven and the earth; now the earth had been waste and desolate." The Hebrew of "create" means originally to hew trees, to clear a forest; and its more abstract meaning, "form," "make," is a secondary and derived meaning, just as the word for "reveal" primarily means "to uncover." So, in all languages, the concrete and material meanings of words are primary, and the abstract and figurative secondary. In Genesis i., 20, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature" has been retained by the revisers, and "Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures" introduced into the margin. The latter reading is plainly the correct one, and why its insertion into the text was not found consistent with faithfulness is not explained. We are glad to notice the change made in Genesis ii., 5, "No plant of the field was yet in the earth, and no herb of the field had yet sprung up," instead of the authorized reading that God made "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." This verse as revised enables us to see in the English text some evidence of the documentary nature of at least this portion of Genesis. A comparison with i., 2; "Let the earth put forth grass, herb yielding seed," etc., will clearly show that there is something that seems to favor the theory that more than one author composed the book. In chapter iii., 15, "Between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," the exchange of "he" for "it" is an excellent example of interpretation and translation at the same time. Either would fairly represent the original; but, as many sincere Christians have thought that "he" referred to Christ, and that the firs Messianic prediction was made to the serpent, the revisers are to be highly commended for making the change. As Hebrew has only two genders, all English neuter nouns are either masculine or feminine in Hebrew, and require in English a neuter pronoun, in Hebrew either a masculine or feminine. "*It* shall bruise thy head" can only refer to the collective posterity, "seed" of the woman, and not to any single individual. In Genesis x., 21, Shem is called "the father of all the children of Eber, the elder brother of Japheth;" but the marginal "the brother of Japheth, the elder," is in accordance with the order of the Hebrew words, though by it the Hebrews, the descendents of Eber, lose the honor of descent from the first-born. Respect for the Hebrew nation does not require a departure from the plain sense of the Hebrew language.

In Genesis xi., 3, it is to be regreted that "Go to" was not replaced by "Come," which is less obsolete and better understood. Joseph's coat, Genesis xxxvii., 3, is still one of "many colors," and Joseph himself "the son of his (Jacob's) old age," although this full rendering of words is scarcely permissible, "coat of pieces" and "son of old age" would be more literal and equally expressive. The margin explains, "a long garment with sleeves," which would require the translation, "coat of extremities," meaning a coat that extends to the wrists. But, to retain "son of his old age" as applicable to Joseph, is to forget that Benjamin was the youngest son of Jacob, and Joseph's natural brother, and was, therefore, the son of Jacob's old age, if any was. The literal "son of old age" carries with it the meaning that Joseph was a precocious youth—had an old head on young shoulders. The Jews themselves in the Targum of Onkelos, explain "a wise son," and with this the history of Joseph's dreams, abduction and exaltation in Egypt is entirely consistent. The first occurance of "Sheol" is in Genesis xxvii., 35, where the new version retains "grave," explaining in the margin that it is "the name of the abode of the dead." This accompanying note is inestimable in its importance to a better and more intelligent reading of the Bible. Many well-meaning Bible readers have been puzzled to understand its application in those places in which sheol is "hell" in the accepted version. In only one instance—Isaiah xiv., 9,—is "hell" allowed to remain, and in this place, as is explained in the revisers' preface, there is little danger of misunderstanding, "the dead" being mentioned in connection in the succeeding member. Time alone will prove how great the obligation bestowed by this scholarly attempt to purge the sacred text of all false translations. It is a step in the right direction—an acknowledgment of the possibility of progress even in the department of religion. That this work is not perfect, the revisers themselves must honestly admit. Many of them now have textual preferences over the adopted readings; but that it is valuable that it expresses to the present generation the sense of the actual Scriptures more nearly than does the old version, will be freely and gratefully acknowledged by all friends of true religious advancement.

J. G.

Prayers for Grant.

NEW YORK, May 23.—The cure of Gen. Grant by mircle has been undertaken by a band of Perfectionists in this city. They are the followers of the late Phœbe Palmer, who used to preach the doctrine of personal holiness at Methodist camp meetings, notably for many years at Ocean Grove, the great religious summer resort, near Long Branch. After her death the leader was Dr. W. C. Palmer, a wealthy New Yorker, whose second wife is now at their head, he having died a year ago. The Rev. J. C. Hughes is her first lieutenant. She spends the income of her fortune almost entirely in defraying the expenses of holiness literature. In her residence, a fine house facing Stuyvesant Square, weekly prayer and praise meetings are held. The services bear close relation to the belief that men and women may lead perfectly sinless lives of entire consecration to God, and they lay stress upon their power in prayer, owing to their compliance with the required conditions of spiritual perfection. Specialties for prayer have been constant since the establishment of these meetings, nearly twenty years ago; and the case of Grant was taken up with much sincerity and fervor. The wonderful improvement in the General's disease set in immediately, and Mrs. Palmer is sure that the betterment was in direct answer to her band's petitions. When asked if she looked for complete recovery, she replied "That is as God wills. We shall continue praying, confident that we have thus far been answered, and hope that we shall continue to be."

The "King of the Black Legs."

Piedmont, W. va., Cor. Baltimore Sun.

The central figure at Elk Garden during the recent strike was Jacob M. Biggs, called by many of his admirers "The King of the Black Legs," and known throughout this and the Maryland coal region. He is a character, and what he says is considered solid by all who know him. He is expected to do whatever he announces, and has worked through all the strikes in this section for many years. At the outbreak of this last trouble he said he would work if there was not another man in the mine, and stuff nine cars full of coal each day. He has two sons that work with him. One of them, a well-grown lad, wanted to strike, and his father had a difficult time in thrashing the boy into the mines. Biggs related this domestic conflict to the officials of the mine, and in closing said, "but I brought him, and don't you forget it."

He told the story comically. Biggs it is said, sees the folly of strikes, and never has joined in one, but always makes his big money during their continuance. During this strike he has made $7 to $8 each day. He is a fearless king, and goes anywhere during strikes. His dust-blacked face may be seen in among the strikers after he comes from the mines, though it is said some are very bitter against him. About three years ago he leased ground from the company at Elk Garden and built a nice house. His plant, he says, is worth about $3,000. In addition to this, he has two acres of choice land here—more than any one else. The company allowed Biggs to choose his own location, to go where he pleasd, because he was the King of the Black Legs, a valuable, trusty man, to be depended upon by the company in strikes or any other difficulty. The Methodist preacher in charge of this circuit lives with Biggs, who generously gives him apartments and board gratis.

Biggs uses expletives sometimes, and to this the minister has objected, but the host has always said that the minister would have to take his home as he found it. It is said, however, that the minister is doing Biggs good and that he is less emphatic than heretofore. Mr. Biggs came out of the mine to-day looking most business like, with his miner's lamp and coaldust-covered suit. He said in reply to questions: "I never 'black-legged' in my life; that is I never joined strikers and then went back on them by going in the mines to work. I have always done what I thought was right, but the strikers have called my working 'black-legging.'" Taking their view of it, Mr. Biggs declared he was the king of the "black-legs" of this region. He is 51 years of age and was born near Oakland, Md. For many years he was brakeman, conductor and dispatcher of trains on the B. & O.

In 1869 he dug his first coal in the old Hampshire mine, in Mineral county, W. Va. When this mine struck in 1874 for scales he worked on until the company stopped him. After six weeks the scales were put up and the men worked two or three days, when they struck to have Biggs discharged. They failed, and went in after a week. Several times mobs have got after him, but he has stood his ground. At the new Hampshire mine he worked through many strikes. In the strikes in the Virginia mine he worked, and through the strikes in Elk Garden. He has never refused to work during a strike, and has on each occasion had what he calls a pic-nic. In concluding he said: "The striking party always get worsted. I have never seen any of them do any good yet. Digging coal pays better than anything I can go at, and I can do almost anything. It is not any particular love I have for it, but because of the money that is in it. I act up to my convictions. I came here to stay, and I will stick."

A Maryland Rip Van Winkle.

Snow Hill special to Phila. Times.

A rival to Rip Van Winkle has just risen to fame in Worcester county, three miles from here. On thursday last, Levin Newton, a small farmer of good repute, disappeared from his home. His family, knowing that he had made many enemies on account of his opposition to the five acre oyster bed law, which gives citizens the right to take up oyster beds for private use, feared that he had been murdered. A rigid search was made for him and he was given up for dead. Late on Sunday afternoon a neighbor went into Newton's barn to feed the horses and cattle, and to his astonishment noticed the missing man stretched out at full length on his back on the top of the hay. He was sleeping soundly and only awoke after being vigorously shaken. Newton exhibited no surprise on being awakened, simply saying: "Well, John, is it late?" He evidently thought that he had been sleeping but an hour or so.

Inquiry showed that Newton rose at 6 o'clook on Thursday morning, after sleeping from 10 o'clock the night before. He went to the barn, where he fed his horses. Feeling drowsy, he says, he laid down on the hay. "I don't remember anything more," he remarked to-day, "until Neighbor John called me. I then thought I had been asleep but an hour at most." Newton's sleep extending from 10 P. M. Wednesday until 6 A. M. Thursday, and from 7 A. M., one hour later, until 5:30 P. M. Sunday. Excepting the hour on Thursday morning he was asleep 90 hours and 30 minutes, the longest natural sleep known to physicians in this State.

A Proposed Change of Name.

From the Episcopal Methodist.

We shall shortly be called on to vote either for or against a change in the name of our church. The word South has come to convey a meaning which never entered into the heads of our fathers, and their sons seem anxious to prove that they do not belong to a sectional church, and to disprove the charge that our very name has a political significance. The new name proposed is "The Methodist Episcopal Church in America." With the light we now have we shall not only vote against this proposed change, but shall most heartily oppose it. We shall do so for the following reasons, viz: The name proposed is a misstatement of fact. Our church is not, and never will be the M. E. Church in America, since the M. E. Church stands in the way of any such claim, and since our work is confined mainly to the Southern States, with some mission stations in Mexico, and these form a very small part of America. Next, we shall oppose it because the name proposed does not really stand for any principle or fact to excite admiration or esteem. A name ought to be a rallying cry, and should serve to aspire to unity and effort. Then again, the change proposed is a virtual concession to the clamor that our church name is incorrect, and does not stand for a living fact or principle, which we are prepared steadfastly to affirm. Further, the change amounts to an acknowledgment that the record we have made under our old name should be covered over by a new one, and we are not prepared to admit this in any degree. And lastly, if a change of name be deemed important, we favor the name Episcopal Methodist Church, for reasons long since given. Our church is a Methodist Church chiefly, and Episcopal only in a modified sense, and by all rules of construction the adjective which most nearly qualifies the noun should be in juxtaposition to it. Put Episcopal before Methodist and it tells directly what sort of Methodism it is in contrast with all other portions of the Methodist family, and then, as it leaves out all locality it will give us no reason to explain at our Mission Stations, or to limit us in any way to America. We want to be world-wide. But as the latter name is not now in the issue we drop the subject here, to recur to it probably again.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 23.—The movement of general merchandise throughout the country the past week, as reported to *Bradstreet's*, has not varied much from that of the preceding week. Dealers in staple lines at leading distributing centers do not look for any permanent gain or activity in mercantile circles during the coming quarter. Dry goods merchants at New York are more cheerful than elsewhere. The heavy auction sale of last week merely substituted jobbers for agents as holders for $2,000,000 worth of cotton.

At the West petroleum continues inactive and featureless. Some special brands of pig-iron have cut prices $1 per ton—that is, have made actual prices asking prices. There is no other change of note either in iron or steel. Copper in the home market has declined some.

The reports from the winter wheat region continue unfavorable. The Commissioner of Agriculture telegraphs that his reports indicate a shortage of 117,000,000 bushels of winter wheat. The specials from Washington Territory and Oregon point to a gain of 40,000,000 bushels as compared with last year, and there is now no known reason for believing that the total spring and Pacific coast wheat crops will fall much if any behind 1884. In that event the outlook for the aggregate of wheat this year is 396,000,000 bushels. It may run below this, and it is equally possible that the total may be larger. There are too many uncertainties at present for a definite forecast.

Hog products have been very dull. Speculation therein is almost at a standstill. Stocks are ample and the demand light. The movement in grocery staples in general shows no improvement. Sugar and coffee are higher. Dairy products have again shrunk considerably and close slightly more active.

BOSTON, May 23.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been fairly active for the season, and indeed no great movement is to be expected until new wools arrive. This is really "between seasons," when old wools are being closed out and new wools are about to come forward. Manufacturers buy in such a market only what they need to bring them up to clip time, and dealers and commission men have agents and representatives in the interior either purchasing wool or obtaining consignments. Prices are fairly steady for all choice descriptions, but as selections are broken prices vary considerably more than usual. It takes an extra lot of X Ohio to command 32c. but we report such a sale. The sales of Michigan have been larger than last week, and stocks are now quite low. Prices are steady for good wool under this condition. Very little Territory is now on the market, but there have been several sales of Texas, being mostly new. The prices of some of the transactions are withheld, but as the sales show, some lots have brought from 20a23c, the latter being exceptionally high. On good authority we hear of a small sale at 24c, which is included in unclassified, but this is for a very fine lot of medium. A correct quotation for fair to good lots is 19a22c. Sales of combing and delain have been larger than a week ago.

A story, creditable to the President, is told in Washington. A Senator, who wanted the place for his son, induced Roosevelt, Consul at Bordeaux, to resign, promising him a consulship in Canada instead. Roosevelt, who is a one-legged Union soldier, fearing that his days would be short in Bordeaux, and having an intimation from the State Department, went into the arrangement. But the Canadian consulship lingered, and Roosevelt went to the President, who is reported to have said: "Mr. Roosevelt, you can return to Bordeaux at your pleasure, and I assure you that so long as you perform your duties you shall remain there. I am determined that no man who lost a limb in the United States army shall be removed during my term of office, unless for very good cause."

Facts for Farmers.

Money economically spent in draining wet places may lift a mortgage from a farm.

Josiah Hoopes says the Fay's Prolific currant produces bunches that surpass the large representations made of them.

Soot is an excellent "starter" for corn, as it is rich in nitrogen. It is a substance that is often wasted, but which is really valuable.

Soft-wooded plants should always be placed nearest the light, while hard and smooth-leaved ones will not suffer in quite shaded situations.

New celery seed has a faint tinge of green, and is very aromatic, but it loses the green and becomes less fragrant if more than one year old, and is doubtful.

A writer in the *Rural Workman* says a teaspoonful of coal oil poured into the wound made by peach-borers in the body or limbs of trees is sure death to the borer.

Leaf-mold, rotten cow manure and good garden loam in equal parts, with a small addition of sand, well mixed together, makes a suitable soil for nearly all plants.

The roots of clover and some other grasses often find their way to very considerable depths, but drains laid rom three to four feet deep are seldom choked by the roots.

Trees whose roots seek water should never be allowed near the drains. The roots entering the pipes choke them. The willow has been known to travel 100 feet to enter a well.

The Indiana Bureau of Statistics says that underdraining not only decreases the tendency to malarial diseases, but in that State has been known in five years to increase the yield of corn and wheat 50 per cent.

Use plenty of lime in the orchard and around the vines. It prevents the attacks of insects and also serves as plant food, as well as hastening chemical action in the soil, thereby rendering the inert substances available.

Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar is said to make a paint for marking sheep that will not injure the wool and will remain for a year. It is worth trying. Tar and pitch are both blotening and difficult to scour from wool.

For the improvement of heavy soils lime should be used for the first dressing, and the crop for the first season should be potatoes, the second season oats, then corn, next wheat and then clover, commencing again with potatoes.

The magicial cure of colds and coughs, by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is indisputable.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Go to Newman's for oranges, lemons and bananas.

—Mr. Thomas J. Stanton is at home from college to spend vacation,

—The Oakland Hotel is being repaired, inside and out, and will be refitted and refurnished for the present season.

—Groceries and flour at Newman's. 5 9 4t.

—Mr. John G. Brant has discovered and opened up a ten foot vein of coal on the North Branch of the Potomac, about four miles above Bloomington. This is a valuable discovery, and will add much to the value of lands in that neighborhood.

—Mr. Lawrence Stanton has purchased and removed to the Hoopes residence, near the Court House. We understand that Mrs. Hoopes has purchased a lot on the east end of Oak street, and will erect a residence thereon in the near future.

—If you want a good cigar go to Newman's.

—Married, Monday evening, May 25th, 1885, at the brides' home in Grantsville, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Franklin Bill and Miss Mary Wagner, both of Grantsville, Md.

—Only behold the fine lot of toys at Newman's, sold so cheap that you can't help but buy them.

—On Thursday, May 21st, 1885, the town Bailiff, under direction of the Burgess, arrested H. W. Hesen on the charge of obstructing Wilson street, by erecting a fence thereon. After the arrest Hesen was taken before the Burgess who imposed a fine of twenty dollars. Inasmuch as Hesen had no trial ar opportunity to summon his witnesses to clear himself of the charge, and finding that the ordinance under which he was arrested only provided for a fine of from one to ten dollars or imprisonment of from one to ten days, he declined to pay the twenty dollars fine, whereupon the Burgess committed him to jail for twenty days. On the same day Hesen, through his counsel, Messrs. Peddicord & Thayer applied to Judge Hoffman for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, which was granted, and the Sheriff ordered to produce Hesen before the Court in order that the facts might be inquir d into. In obedience to the writ Sheriff Hamill, on Monday last, carried the prisoner to Hagerstown (where the Judge was engaged in court.) Upon examining the commitment and ordinance under which it was made the Court very promptly discharged Hesen from custody on the ground that the Burgess had exceeded his authority. The difficulty which led to Mr. Hesen's arrest grows out of a difference of opinion as to the location of Wilson street, in Wilson's First Addition to the town of Oakland. Mrs. Hesen owns lot No. 1 in Wilson's First Addition, which fronts on Wilson street, and Hesen undertook to put his fence upon what he believed to be the line, but the town authorities claim that the fence is upon the street, and hence the arrest.

It occurs to us that imposing a fine will not settle the line in dispute, and we think, therefore, it would be more wise to institute proceedings of some kind which would settle that question and determine the rights of the parties. Until it is settled in this way or by agreement it will remain a source of annoyance and expense.

—We desire to call attention to one or two matters which in our judgment have become nuisances. The first is the practice which has grown up among the young people and boys of the town to assemble in large numbers at the Postoffice either before or during the opening of the afternoon mail. Especially is this the case on Sabbath afternoons. The crowd is so great that the sidewalk is completely blockaded for a time. All this would not be so bad if the numbers thus assembled would remain quiet and orderly; but this, we are sorry to say, is not done. On the contrary, many boys and some young men, who ought to know better, indulge in loud and often times improper talk, to the infinite disgust and annoyance of all decent people who happen to be within hearing. We have noticed amongst the crowd at various times quite a number of ladies. Now we respectfully and with great deference suggest that the ladies do not go to the postoffice until the mail has been opened and the crowd dispersed, and thus, by absenting themselves, discountenance the evil refered to above. We further suggest that the Bailiff look into the matter, and see that these youngsters behave themselves or suffer the consequences.

In the next place we wish to say a word to the men who plant themselves in front of the M. E. Church before each service and stare at every lady who goes up the steps to enter the church. If these people do not know that their conduct in this particular is a crying shame, it is high time they were informed upon the point. Such vile impertinence as that refered to is, we are happy so say, rarely seen anywhere else, and if it be persisted in here we will be compelled to perform the unpleasant duty of giving names.

We hope "a word to the wise" in this case will be sufficient.

—A carp weighing 3¼ pounds was caught in the dead pond, near the Oakland water station, by Master John Stevens, aged about ten years Monday. The carp was in shallow water in search of food, when the little boy killed it with a hoe. The pond is said to be alive with these fish. They were placed there by Fish Commissioner Delawder about two years ago. A number were also placed in the same pond about seven years ago by Dr. J. Lee McComas.

A Few Remarks from Harne & Lawton.

—Now is the time to do up your summer dresses. If you want them clean and white and free from that yellow cast, buy a cake of Frank Siddalls soap at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Smoke K. K. tobacco, ¼ lb package and a good pipe for 10c., at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—There is rest in that "sweet by and by" for the man who buys for CASH at Harne & Lawton's Grocery

—12 dozen shirt buttons for 5c at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—12 dozen pantaloon buttons for 15c at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—If you are in love, buy your pickles at Harne & Lawton's Grocery, 10c per dozen.

—The biggest bottle of chow chow you ever saw for 35c, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Straw hats at cost, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Men's and boys' wool hats at cost at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Ladies' fancy hose at 8 and 10c per pair, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Washboards 10 to 35c, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Only be lathered and you shall be shaved, and if you do not shave yourself, insist upon your barber using Brown's barber soap, for sale at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—3 lbs. of rice, 25c.; 3 lbs. Turkish prunes, 25c; 3 lbs. granulated sugar, 25c; 3 cakes of Ivory soap, 25c; 5 cakes Lone Star soap, 25c; 4½ lbs. oat meal, 25c, and various other articles too cheap to mention, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Stone Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

The Best is the Cheapest!

That's what we mean when we say Newman keeps the finest candies in town. Call and see his stock.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

The Sang Run Store.

Mr. S. M. Friend desires to inform the citizens of the Sang Run neighborhood, that he has lately enlarged his stock of general merchandise, and is now enabled to sell as low as any merchant in the county. He will pay the highest market prices for good produce. Call and see him.

Increase in Basis of Taxation.

Clerk Merrill informs us that a large increase has been made in our taxable basis by assessing lands not heretofore on the tax books. The total number of acres added is 15,727, at an average assessment of $3,70 per acre, or a tofal of $58,230. The basis for 1885 has been increased $146.612, over that of 1884. Much credit is due to Hon. R. T. Browning, our efficient collector, for looking up property not heretofore assessed.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Chas. H. Sincell, deceased, are requested to settle within 30 days, otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

LEAH F. SINCELL.
EDWARD H. SINCELL.
Administrators.

Oakland, Md., May 30, 1885.

Quarterly Meeting.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting held at Southpoint, June 6th and 7th. Services for Sunday will be as follows: Lovefeast, at 9 A. M.; preaching, at 10½ A. M.; sacrament of the Lord's Supper immediately after preaching. Evening services will be announced at the morning meeting. Rev. E. Harper, of the U. B. Church, will preside. We extend a general invitation to all. A. F. Rogers, preacher in charge.

Public Sale of Hay Rakes.

Wishing to close out my entire lot of Hay Rakes, I will sell to the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1885, in front of my furniture room, Oakland, Md., eleven hay rakes, all in good condition, and all guaranteed to do good work. These rakes will be sold without reserve. Terms will be made known on day of sale. Will sell at private sale at any time.

5 30 3t JOHN SHARTZER.

A New Ordinance.

At a special meeting of the town commissioners, Tuesday evening, a much needed ordinance was passed, and should be impartially enforced, not only against those who may violate its provisions in the future, but also against any person or persons who may have heretofore appropriated to their own use and now hold any portion of any street or alley in the town. All of our streets and alleys should be thrown open to the public. Don't make fish of one and flesh of another, but treat all alike. Here is the ordinance in full:

ORDINANCE NO. 14.

An Ordinance to provide for the comfort, convenience and prosperity of the inhabitants of the town of Oakland, and for the removal of nuisances within said town.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the Burgess and Commissioners of the town of Oakland, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, their agents or servants to wilfully hinder or obstruct the free passage of a person, persons or conveyance of any description along or upon any of the streets, side-walks or alleys within the town of Oakland by erecting or placing any gate across any side-walk or digging holes or setting posts or erecting any fence or portion thereof on any street or alley, or any part thereof, or by placing any other obstruction that proves a hindrance to the free passage of any person or persons, or any vehicle within the limits of said town.

SEC. 2. Be it ordained by the Burgess and Commissioners of the town of Oakland, That any person or persons, their agents or servants offending against the provisions of section first of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof before the lawful authorities, be fined the sum of not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars.

SEC. 3. Be it ordained by the Burgess and Commissioners of the town of Oakland, That if any person shall neglect or refuse to pay any fine imposed for a violation of the provisions of this ordinance, the said Burgess is hereby authorized to commit such person or persons to the county jail or town lock up for the space of time not exceeding twenty days, or the said Burgess shall, in his discretion, cause said person or persons to work out said fine within the limits of said town, and said duties shall be performed under the supervision of the Bailiff by direction of the Burgess.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted that this ordinance shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Passed this 26th day of May, 1885.
D. E. OFFUTT, Burgess.
J. HART, Clerk.

Bloomington Blooms.

It was the good fortune of your correspondent to witness the entertainment given last Wednesday night under the auspices of the M. E. Sunday School in the M. E. Church at this place. So much has been said here in regard to the possibilities of failure, that many of the projectors have "fallen by the way-side," and the prospects for failure at one time seemed very bright, but the management was given partly into new hands, who manifested unusual interest in the success of the affair, and to which the brilliant success it attained is largely due. The little children did splendid. Will Owens, George Hepburn, Wm. Smith, Thos. Doughety and Joseph Diche acquitted themselves in a manner reflecting credit upon the management; Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Cecil, Mrs. Rawlings and Gutherie deserve praise for "Keeping a secret" so well, the young ladies won the admiration of all—especially the young men, but whether it was the young ladies that were so captivating, or the parts they performed, is the difficult problem to solve. "Keeping a secret" and "Strategy" seemed to be the general favorites, indeed, "Keeping a secret" was so well performed and the characters so well chosen that many were led to believe the ladies were enjoying a social "confab" and were not aware of the fact that they were on the stage. "Strategy" was well performed, and Miss Emma Owens was justly pronounced the "Star" of the evening, and prudence demands that she be allowed to return to college in peace. In short, it was a successfully managed affair. The amount taken in at the door was $31 70, the audience was well entertained and all went home agreeing that it was a well spent evening.

It is rumored that they will favor Bloomington with another entertainment sometime during the "heated term," and if they should, building an addition to the church is anything but an ill-advised plan.

TACK HAMMER,

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Deer Park.

Deer Park begins to look like summer at last, and houses are fast filling up for the season.

Hon. S. B. Elkins and family arrived this Wednesday morning.

Mr. J. W. Williams and family are expected daily.

Mrs. Senator Davis has been quite ill in Keyser for some time, but is now improving and will come to Deer Park as soon as she has sufficiently recovered her strength.

Mrs. A. C. Lote, of Baltimore, with her mother and daughter reached Deer Park Tuesday night, to occupy a house here during the summer. Her son, Mr. Fred Lote, has been Senator Davis' secretary for the past year.

Mrs. W. R. Davis, with her family, will come to her summer residence next week.

Miss Jennie Hoye returned home a few days ago.

Mrs. James Graham will remove to Piedmont shortly.

Mr. L. H. Schoolfield left for Baltimore Tuesday night to attend the funeral of his brother, Mr. Charles S. Schoolfield, who will be remembered by some of our citizens, he having spent some time in Deer Park last summer.

Mr. Jos. Nesbitt, of Fairmont, W. Va., was in town for a short time one day last week.

Rev. J. W. Bedford has returned from his trip to Pennsylvania.

Mrs. W. S. Lantz has been quite ill for the past two months or more.

Vice-President Spencer of B. & O. R. R. was in Deer Park last Sunday.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin intends putting up a drug store in our town very soon.

A Lodge of Good Templars will organize here on the 30th inst.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Washington, D. C.—Z. S. Malone.

Baltimore, Md.—John F. Lumpkin and Wm. J. Digges.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Charles Chadduck.

Cumberland, Md.—John W. Hewett, Philip McCall and Danl. S. Kitzmiller.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—A. D. Casteel.

Rowlesburg, W. Va.—John H. Ott and Walter Bowman.

***

Pleasant Hill, W. Va.

Farmers here are generally done planting corn and are preparing to sow buckwheat.

Miss Kate Spindler, of Morgantown, has returned home to remain during the summer.

Miss Alice DeWitt and Mrs. Ella DeWitt were visiting relatives and friends at Terra Alta a part of last week.

Assessor Albert R. Fearer, of Glade Farms, was in this neighborhood last week assessing property.

Messrs. G. W. and R. M. DeWitt, of Sang Run, were here last week.

Mr. Will Hoye, one of the successful and enterprising farmers of Sang Run neighborhood, passed through here last week *en route* to Kingwood.

Messrs. Enlow & Savedge, of Cranesville, have disposed of their stock of merchandise to J. M. Hartman & Co., of Confluence, Pa. They have removed to Sang Run and we are informed that Mr. Enlow contemplates opening up a store somewhere on Sang Run.

Miss Teresa Mattingly is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas White, and other friends in Oakland.

Mr. Jos. A. Beatty, of Terra Alta, has purchased a tract of land from Wm. T. Kelly and is preparing to build a house on it.

Mr. Geo. M. Cramer is working at Deer Park.

P. L. Cramer's new house is nearing completion.

Frank B. Kelly has sold his property in the Kelly settlement to Henry Sisler. Mr. Kelly has moved to Guseman.

W. M. Spindler is building a buggy manufactory at Terra Alta. Mr. Spindler is a first-class workman.

Miss Ella Guseman will teach a summer school at Cranesville, so we are informed.

David A. Albright is running his steam saw mill at Cranesville to its full capacity.

We learn that Ambrose Mattingly has purchased a farm near Oakland.

Walter N. Teets, of near Terra Alta, was visiting friends here last Sunday.

Michael Teets purchased a tract of land from W. Clark May a short time since.

Henry Kelly, a son of the late Harrison Kelly, is lying very low with pneumonia fever. It is thought he cannot recover.

Mr. R. P. Beatty and wife, of Terra Alta, are visiting relatives in the Kelly settlement.

The Rev. A. F. Rogers, of the Glade circuit, U. B. Church, preached, at the Kelly church on last Sunday evening.

WANDERER.

Selbysport.

The church grounds have been cleaned of stones and enclosed by a neat fence.

Rev. Woodruff will fill the Presiding Elder's place at the Quarterly meeting here on Saturday and Sunday. We are always pleased to see him.

We have heard from D. W. Frazee since he went west. "Adam" is well pleased with his new home.

The heavy rains have destroyed a great deal of corn in this neighborhood.

Large numbers of fish are being caught in the river this spring, and this seems to be the main point of attack upon the finny tribe, especially with Pennsylvanians.

A party of five went from here to "White Rock" Friday afternoon and caught 387 trout. They put in the night there, and a jolly night it was. Austin Brown (better known as "Longyarn") played cook. He cooked about one hundred trout, or rather warmed them, for supper. Now a warm trout is worse than no trout at all, but what he lacked in the cooking was made up in telling yarns. He and Henry amused the party with their stories all night. They say it is the roughest place they were ever in.

"Doc" Green returned home Monday from a trip through Pennsylvania.

W. F. Kessler and Franklin Welch are in Pennsylvania peeling bark. They will come home Saturday to attend the quarterly meeting.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]
MONDAY, May 25, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@6c. that generally rated first quality 5@5¾ cts; medium or good fair quality 4½@5 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@4½ cts; extreme range of prices 3@6 cts; most of the sales were from 5@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,157 head, against 1,046 last week and 1,444 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 697 head, against 883 last week, and 752 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade on the Hill to-day has generally been fair—a few dealers only reporting their sales as rather slow. The quality of the offering shows a general improvement on those of last week, few common cattle being among them. In view of the improved order of the offerings, prices show an advance of about ½c. in the opinion of most of the dealers, though some few report no change in their prices. Quotations ranged from 3 to 6c., few selling at either extreme, most sales being reported between 5@5¾, a considerable number selling at 5¾.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a fair increase in the number of the receipts over the fairly full offerings of last Monday, and their quality is not as good as it was then. There is no outside demand, and that on the part of our home butchers is slow, as their wants have been quite light and easily supplied, without causing as much as a ripple in the market, which all dealers report as an exceedingly dull one, common sheep not being wanted, except in limited numbers, at our lowest quotations—2c.—and the sales ranged to 4½, with sow at latter price. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@5½c., and lambs at 4½@6½.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"LIFE IS SHORT AND SWEET."

It will not pay you to waste time in theorizing and experimenting upon chances and luck, and circumstances, when the straight, short and quick road to fortune, lies here right before you. Buy your

GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

Fresh Butter and Eggs always on hand. Evaporated apples, dried apples, dried peaches, dried lima beans, dried corn, soup beans, hominy, corn meal, Ivory soap, Lone Star soap, Frank Siddalls soap, Cottage soap.

Chew Gravely tocacco and smoke the old reliable cigar.

WANTED—10,000 lbs. rags at

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Edward C. Ross, vs. Amanda M. Hawkins and others,

No. 283 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the creditors of the late Wm. R. Pressman, to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of June, 1885, as on that day I will state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the trustee's hands.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
5 30 3t Auditor.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,
5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.
JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m*

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents, can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES!

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 18th, 1885.

The citizens of the different School Districts of Garrett county, Maryland, are respectfully requested to meet at such time and place as may be named by the present Trustees, and select three of the resident voters to act as Trustees for the succeeding year; said appointees to be confirmed by the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county. Said Board will meet on the 9th day of June.

The names of those selected to act as Trustees should be sent in to the School Board by 1st of June.

By order
C. B. LUDWIG,
5 23 2t Secretary.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.
OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions
Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

Bring flowers: for back to kindred dust
We give our dead to-day:
Bring flowers, upon a long-tried heart
In toil-worn hands to lay.
But not for her the florist's art
Shall heap the sweet regret,
Of pansy and of heliotrope,
Tea-rose and mignonette.

The frosts of more than ninety years
Have bleached the locks of gold
That lay upon her mother's knee
In many a shining fold,
When she, so wrinkled now, and gray,
Knelt, at the twilight fair,
A little, rosy, dimpled child,
And learned her earliest prayer.

Of those who watched her infant years,
Or shared her childish play,
Or knew her girlhood's hopes and fears,
Not one is here to-day.
Nor is there of that later group,
She saw about her bloom,
One left to weep beside her bier,
Or lay her in the tomb.

But still her old home stands, embowered,
In fragrant locust-trees;
The sweet-brier that her father trained
Still sweetens every breeze.
The rose-trees that she used to tend
Beside the door-step grow,
And grass-pinks load the balmy air
With hints of long ago.

Across the wall the pleasant wood,
Wherein her girlhood strayed,
Still breathes its wealth of fragrance out,
Still spreads its cooling shade.
There, haply, 'neath the odorous pines
Her early dream of love
Made sweeter all the woodland scents,
And charmed afresh the grove.

Then bring the bayberry and the fern,
The locust's heavy plume,
The brier-rose and the cinnamon
In the old beds that bloom.
Bring spicy pinks and lillies sweet
Beside the wall that blow—
Such lilies as that garden knew
A hundred years ago.

Fragrant with loving deed and word
And old-time courtesies,
Her life its fitting emblem found
In flowers such as these;
A life whose quiet, modest bloom
We knew but in decay—
The lingering sweetness of a rose
Slow withering away.

Apart from all she loved in youth,
She ends her pilgrimage.
This face we hide, to us has been
Always the face of age.
But mindful of her early home,
Her girlhood's sunny hours,
We lay upon the aged breast
The dear, old-fashioned flowers.

—*Miss E. F. Frye, in Chicago Advance.*

PETHERICK'S PERIL.

Thrilling Account of a Dangerous Adventure.

Each story of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time-keepers of the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick-work, the practice giving him a singular delight that has seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a foot-path, and although there was a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness. Occasionally Hardy and I have run races on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers' platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who has been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick?" I called down. He made no answer, but walking off rapidly, disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanor, I descended, and, after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I. "Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Not just that," he replied, sententiously.

"Did you expect me to fall, then?" I inquired.

"Not just that, either," said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the one-o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled awhile over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said, as I went by:

"Don't do it again, Mr. Frazer!"

"What?" I said.

"That!" he retorted.

"O! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you tell me why you advise me, I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!" said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorsteps that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowls make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh!" said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments——

"You must know that most of the cliffs, along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop straight on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind never blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this," illustrating with his hands. "It was some six feet wide; it stuck out may be some ten feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet.

"As I went down thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling round me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that country-side, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching almost as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out as in terror and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff, to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening under my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered me to make an instant end. In imagination I *had* leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling and the cold, upward rush of air!"

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foot-hold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!"

The old man paused long. Glancing sidewise at Jack, I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: '*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.*' My faculties so strained, I seemed to *hear* the words. Indeed, often yet I think I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me."

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!"

I nodded to him silently.

"Shuffling sidewise very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall; do you think you could move along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that and you trying to move sidewise—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yes, three times farther! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not in an ecstacy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face-first at full length, clutch by your hands and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse! The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. O, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighting you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and looking askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face towards it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

"In the depth below the myriad sea fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to white-caps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had risen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from far below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other carefully edged around. For an instant as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feeling, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice, and gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

"Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no hope in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

"A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily towards me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead, a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope! Almighty God! and hast Thou deserted me?

"But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while, with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway towards me? I could hope for that.

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and the nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

"Now at last I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave, gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.—*E. W. Thompson's Prize Story in Youth's Companion.*

A GYPSY CAMP.

How the Men and Women Manage to Employ Their Time.

A gypsy camp, with tents and wagons, horses, dogs, babies, hard working women and lazy men, is located in the woods on the east side of Fifty-second Street, north of Baltimore Avenue, West Philadelphia. There are over fifty persons, young and old, in the camp at present and more are expected every day. Some have been there all winter, while others have just arrived. They came from the South where they have been camping out all winter in the pine woods of North Carolina and East Tennessee. The gypsies were found last night sitting around little fires or attending to their horses. They are not a very communicative set, and they looked with evident suspicion upon an intruder.

"Why don't you build up a more cheerful fire?" was asked of a group of men and women sitting around a little heap of half dying embers.

"Wood's scarce," was the laconic rejoinder.

"Where do you come from?"

"Wales."

"Lately?"

"North Carolina."

After an hour of this kind of conversation it was discovered that most of them are named Lovell, which is the name of the queen of the gypsies, who died in New Jersey last summer. Some of the party were formerly with the "Romany Rye" company in New York, but they tired of theatrical life, preferring to live in the open air with their dogs and horses. Several negroes are in the camp. They came with the gypsies from the South, and take care of the horses. One of the women, or "ladies," as the men called them, was asked what she charged to tell a fortune.

"I wouldn't think of it for less than two dollars," she said.

"Do many people have their fortunes told?"

"Yes, indeed. Many ladies come out here to have us tell their fortunes, and they pay well for it. There's more old women than young girls; and men, they come, too, very often."

The women are the workers of the camp. Every morning they get up early, build the fires and cook the breakfast. Then they take their baskets and bundles and go down into the city to peddle clothespins and baskets and to tell the fortunes of credulous servants and others. They always take their babies with them. They make a sort of sling of a shawl and carry the baby in it, leaving their hands free to carry the baskets. The men spend their time loafing around taverns and stables and trying to trade horses.

The gypsies live well. They will buy nothing but the best of everything. The best butter, meat and vegetables are carried back to camp every evening by the women. People who live in the houses near by say that the gypsies don't steal from them. The reason given is that they know they would be the first persons suspected and are too sharp to run the risk of being arrested. —*Philadelphia Times.*

MARRIAGES MADE EASY.

A Truth That Finds Fresh Illustration Almost Daily.

Some one has said that if ministers were not so careless about marrying people there would be fewer divorces. This is a truth that finds fresh illustration almost daily. The facility with which very-young persons can get married is as great a scandal, if not as great an evil, as the frequency of divorce. It is only a few days since two boys and two girls went to a minister in Brooklyn and got him to marry them, without the knowledge of parents or any friends, and one of the boys is now a fugitive from the vengeance of his child-wife's father. The woman who is suing Ross Winans to establish a claim as a wife was the wife of another man at fourteen, and divorced soon after. In a very large number of divorce suits it comes out that the parties were married very young, and frequently without the knowledge of parents. The ministers are greatly to blame for this, beyond doubt. And they are all the more to blame for the reason that in a great many cases their chief motive in marrying young persons is to get a fee for the service. The fee is usually small—or a mere trifle—yet some ministers are as anxious to get it as a petty lawyer is to make five or ten dollars out of a client. If one of these ministers should hang out a shingle inscribed: "Marriages performed with promptness and dispatch, no questions asked," he would merely announce what he actually does. If the rule of "calling" marriages in advance, that is followed in the Catholic Church, were adopted in the other churches, there would be a good deal less grist for the divorce mill. Ministers who perform marriages without asking many questions may not intend to play into the hands of the divorce lawyers, but that is exactly what they do, nevertheless. And I don't know but some might claim a commission from the divorce lawyers for business provided.—*K. G., Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

—A Polish dish: Cut in very small pieces any sort of baked or roast meat (veal, mutton or beef), add soft-boiled eggs and finely minced onion, lettuce, or endive. Mix all thoroughly with a dressing of oil, vinegar, mustard and pepper and serve.—*Boston Budget.*

—Every farmer who has tried it knows that work can be accomplished in much less time if it has been carefully planned before-hand. When you go into a field to work, know just what you want to do, then do it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TEMPERANCE.

CALL OF THE CHILDREN.

I can hear the voices of the children,
Calling in the dawning and the dusk:
Sweet as cleft pomegranates are their faces,
Sweeter than the scent of myrrh or musk.
Softer are their voices than the lute is,
Soft their laughter falls as falls the dew;
Yet the voice of their lamenting pierces;
Wheresoe'er we go it doth pursue.

For the little children all are crying
In the lanes, the alleys and the streets,
Crying with the sobbing that betrays them
When they fain would hide from those they meet.
Crying in the depths of loathsome hovels,
Crying in the homes of wealth and ease,
Crying in the crowds of costly cities,
Crying in far, silent places by the seas.

Evermore goes up the ceaseless wailing,
Neither dawn nor dusk can bid it cease;
And no change of swift-returning seasons
Has the power to say unto it: Peace.
'Mid the daisies in the fragrant spring-time,
'Mid the roses in the summer's hush
'Mid the fruity treasures of the autumn,
Comes no change, no pause, no moment's hush.

For the children weep for fallen fathers,
Weep for homes made desolate as death;
Weep for fear, for shame, for wild foreboding,
Cower before a demon's blighting breath;
Cower before an unspeakable terror,
Cower before unpardonable wrongs,
And their hearts sound only miserere,
When their young lives should be glad as songs.

And they cry against the cup that blights them
Till the cry is deeper than a curse;
Deeper, aye, and to our ears who hear it
Seems the cry far sorer, bitterer, worse.
And to God, who listens up in Heaven,
Could no curse pierce half so keen
As the frenzied sobbing of the children,
Reaching to the depths of Heaven serene.

And they call to the great world unheeding:
Help us, brothers, or we perish ere our time;
Save us from our fathers, from our brothers,
Save us from the woe, the shame, the crime.
Hurl the cup far from us, oh, our brothers;
We are weak and bound by cruel thongs;
We can only sob on in the darkness,
Urge in baby voices all our wrongs.

Help us, oh—our brothers and our sisters,
Innocent are we, yet held in thrall;
Rise! deliver us from out the bondage
Which the stoutest heart may well appal.
Give us help to live the lives of children,
Clean, and pure, and innocent, and calm;
Help to change the voice of our lamenting
To a song of triumph—to a psalm.

Brothers, shall we turn away our faces?
Shall we leave the children in their tears?
Shall no echo from our happy child-life
Plead with us down through the lengthening years?
Must we leave them to the blighting presence
Of a wrong so deep, so dark, so dread,
That we joy to see the faces that it darkens
Lie before us, faces of the dead?

Nay, my brothers; nay, my sisters, hearken
To the children calling in God's name;
All their trusting faces turn toward you,
Plead with you to help them in their shame.
Cruel ye who would be kind and tender,
Far more cruel than ye feel or know,
If ye leave the children undefended
From the cup of cursing and its woe.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold, in Chicago Times.*

MODERATE DRINKING.

Several Excellent and Conclusive Reasons in Favor of Total Abstinence.

You are quite willing to admit that intemperance is a great evil, that drunkenness is a great disgrace and that multiplied and intolerable burdens are put upon society through the medium of the liquor traffic, but you say: "All this comes from excess; if people would only restrain themselves, there would be no great harm done. Why may I not drink moderately?"

1. Because moderate drinking is prejudicial to health.

The old time idea was that alcoholic liquors were necessary as well to prevent disease as to cure it. But that was before the period of investigation. Now better opinions prevail. There is no appreciable food value in drink. It does not increase, but rather diminishes, the natural temperature of the body. It hinders rather than helps digestion. It is the fruitful parent of very many of the diseases which afflict humanity, and has the effect of predisposing toward them.

The following are sample testimonies of some of the most celebrated medical men of Great Britain:

It is perfectly certain there are multitudes at this moment who are injuring their constitutions and shortening their lives by taking alcohol daily in an amount which they consider strictly moderate.—*Dr. Ridge, M.S., B.A. B.Sc., London.*

I should like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying, day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. It is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink, without being drunkards. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines and alcohol in various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities.—*Sir William Gull, M. D., F.R.S.*

In the "average man" the habitual use of alcoholic liquors in moderate or even small quantities is not merely unnecessary for the maintenance of bodily and mental vigor, but is unfavorable to the permanent enjoyment of health.—*Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., F.S.S.*

As far as my experience goes alcohol is in no sense necessary to health. I will say more. Alcohol is in no sense necessary to work. Not only is alcohol not necessary to health, but no man or woman can ever realize that full sense of the joy of health until they live without alcohol.—*Sir Andrew Clarke.*

2. Because there is danger that you will soon drink immoderately.

There never was a drunkard in the world but began as you say in moderation. Each one repeated over and over the very words which you have uttered: "Why may I not drink moderately?" and yet each one found himself at last bound as a slave and driven to utter destruction. Are you stronger than all these?

Alcohol tends toward producing a physical craving in the body for itself. In this it is different from all foods. The effect produced by a certain quantity to-day can only be produced by a greater quantity to-morrow. The dose must be enlarged and so on and on until the awful craving maddens and brutalizes. Is it well for you to tamper with so strange and fatal a poison? Is it not the wiser course to give it a wide berth? Drink weakens the will-power, tends to destroy self-respect, weaves a strong subtle chain of appetite about you, and brings with it a thousand associations which tend neither to purify nor strengthen. It is far braver as well as safer to make no alliance with the deceitful thing.

3. Because your example is bad.

It is quite possible that you may be able to take just your few glasses per day and never exceed that measure. But where are you leading those who look up to you and follow your example, and alas follow it in everything but its dressing of oil, vinegar, mustard and pepper and serve.—*Boston Budget.*

best point of view, the strong man was riding from crag to crag, forgetful of the tender strength of the boy, whose voice at length came from the distance: "Look out, papa, I'm following you." Then he bethought himself that he should measure his pathway by the standard of his child's capacity.

Would that every day there might sound in your ears the words, which even though not uttered, are yet true: "Look out father, mother, teacher, preacher, man of business, man of office, elder in society, we are following you," and be careful to take no steps in the pathway which proves so fatal to so many of the growing children of every generation. They simply see you enter the tavern, stand at the bar, take the glass at the social board, and they say: "If he drinks why can not I?"

How many a mother's heart near breaks with awful anxiety as she observes how her boy chafes under her restraint and pleading as he answers every plea with: "But mother, Mr. B. drinks, and he is a perfect gentleman."

How many a wife's hopes grow dim and faint as all her expostulations with the husband she loves are met with the ready reply: "Yes, dear, but there is Mr. A. who takes his wine, and is respected and prosperous, surely I can follow his example."

Please just sit down and think if any child of yours, any friend, anybody that comes into contact with you is being led by your example to taste and love the drink. You can do without it and be far better off in health and pocket. Then do so, and give no occasion to stumble or fall to any one in your way.

Do not drink at all; then no one who follows your example can be injured.

4. Because in drinking you help support and perpetuate the traffic.

And what is this traffic? Behold it. Millions of bushels of food are by it annually wasted and turned into a subtle poison. Millions of dollars of capital are kept by it from productive business, and turned into an enginery of waste and ruin. Idleness, discontent, poverty, misery, crime and death crowd together in its wake. The homes it destroys, the hearts it breaks, the lives it sacrifices, the hopes it quenches, the immortal happiness it destroys, are simply incalculable. It is a foul, dark, devilish blot upon our civilization. There is no good thing it aids, there is no evil thing it does not render more evil.

Every dime you spend for drink goes to build up and keep this monstrous system of evil. Why should you help it with your money? Every time you darken the doors of a dramshop your influence is given to the traffic. The more respectable you are the more help you are to it. Why should you lend your influence to this dark system of wrong?

Every time you put your money or influence at its back, that act is known and noted by many. The example tells. Others do as they see you do, your custom brings others' custom, and thus by example you are bringing grist to the fatal mill. Why should you draw custom for such an awful business?

And the traffic has the benefit of your indorsement. Whenever the drunkard's shame brings the blush to its face, whenever the earnest, honest denunciation makes its conscience uneasy, whenever the tears and expostulations of the wife or widow soften its heart for the moment, whenever the terrible ghastliness of the ruin it works flashes before its vision, it finds support and comfort in your sanction and influence and name, and wrapping itself about in the robes of your respectability forgets the shame, stifles conscience, denies the prayer of the heart-broken, and fortifies itself for the continued work.

As a moderate drinker you injure your health, you play with an awfully fatal temptation, you lead others astray, and put your money and influence at the back of a most vile and destructive traffic. Can you afford to do that?—*Prof. S. E. Foster, M. P.*

WHY HE DIDN'T SAY AMEN.

A Business Which the Lord Will Not Take Under His Care.

A few years ago, as Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer.

One day a gentleman appeared, in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain with him, pointing out the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up everything for Jesus—that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let's go upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt at the altar, and Mr. Finney prayed:

"O Lord! this man declares that he is prepared to take Thee as his God, and cast himself upon Thy care, now and forever."

The man responded: "Amen!"

Mr. Finney continued: "O, Lord! this man vows that he is ready to give his *wife, family and all their interest*, up to Thee."

Another hearty "Amen!" from the man.

He went on: "O Lord! he says that he is also willing to give Thee his *business*, whatever it may be, and *conduct it for Thy glory.*"

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked:

"Why don't you say 'Amen,' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the *spirit trade*," he replied.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. "The Lord will not take" such a business under His care. He demands its destruction, as one of the mightiest obstacles to the progress of His cause in the earth.—*National Presbyterian.*

THE vigorous work of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Excise League is having marked effect. The successful prosecution of liquor-dealers for violations of the Excise laws has caused large numbers of saloon-keepers to surrender their licenses rather than stand prosecution.

FACE POWDER AND ROUGE.

How the Ladies Enhance Their Natural Charms—Preparing for the Opera or Ball—A Belle's Toilet Set—Dudes Using Bandoline and Powder.

"There is scarcely one woman in a hundred," said a well-known druggist to a reporter's inquiry, "but uses face powder. Some use it only on rare occasions, and very little of it; others are powdered up every day as regularly as they are dressed. It would be very hard to find a woman who has never applied the beautifying dust to her face."

"Of course young women use more than the older?"

"I can not make any rule on that subject. We have customers for face powder old enough to be grandmothers. It is not at all uncommon to see on the streets highly powdered women who at a distance seem to be about thirty years old, but, coming nearer, the wrinkles of the three-score years are plainly visible. Most of our business in this commodity is done with the middle-aged women. The young generally do not need anything to improve the complexion. But when a woman gets to be thirty years of age, if she has not taken good care of herself, her charms begin to fade, and powder and other devices for enhancing their beauty are resorted to."

"Are there many kinds of powder in use among the ladies?"

"Hundreds, I would say. Generally a woman does not care for any powder in particular and a druggist can sell just what he recommends. Some of course have their preferences among powders and will purchase no other. The manufacture of face powders is a large business and many firms have become wealthy in it. It used to be profitable for the retailer to handle these goods, but now the large dry goods stores are dealing in them and the trade of the drug stores is much reduced. But there are many ladies who would not purchase powder in any other place than a drug store because they think they are more liable to get a better and purer article there."

"What are face powders made of?"

"There are various components from which they can be made. Magnesia, chalk and lead are the principal. Some powders are almost entirely composed of chalk, and are of the cheaper kind. Quite a number of women, instead of purchasing powder, use plain drop chalk or pyramid cakes of magnesia. These come much cheaper than the manufactured powders."

"Do you regard powders as injurious to the face?"

"Many powders are chemically pure, that is, contain no ingredients that are poisonous, while others contain lead, which is harmful. Now if a lady comes in to purchase powder and asks me if I have any which is not injurious I give her a pure powder with very little or no lead in it. But all powders are injurious, whether they be chemically pure or not. They close up the pores of the face and destroy the natural functions of the skin. After a woman has used powder for any length of time, her face becomes hard and the skin scaly. Then cream or glycerine must be applied every night to soften the skin and open the pores. Thus the skin, which has its functions just the same as any other part of the body is made to do treble work and finally becomes sore and scabby. I've seen lots of such cases from the use of large quantities of face powder."

"Women use much else besides face powder for the adornment of their charms, do they not?"

"Well, I should say so. You'd be surprised to see all the articles many a belle uses to get herself up for a special occasion, a ball or the opera for instance. She often starts the night before to begin the preparations. She has been in the habit of using powder and her face, as I told you before, becomes rough and scaly. The first thing to do, then, is to apply something to soften the skin. Generally a woman uses cream or glycerine and many have a sort of mask which they wear over night on the inside of which the cream or whatever it may be is rubbed. In the morning the face is soft and smooth. Then as the evening approaches the hare's foot is used to put on the powder. And how do you suppose she gets such nice red lips! She uses rouge, of course. And at the ball she looks perfectly charming—fair but false."

"Do they use anything else besides powder and rouge?"

"Certainly. We have a large sale for face washes, vaseline, toilet water, washes for the scalp, bandoline, camphor ice, eye-brow pencils and a dark liquid for the eye-brow and lashes, not to speak of the quantity of cologne that is disposed of. Many ladies keep all these articles in stock. Then the list of toilet articles includes, of course, a comb, a tooth brush, a set of manicure instruments, a Turkish towel, a flesh brush, tooth paste, a hand glass and other things too numerous to mention. O, yes, the ladies are often the best and most profitable class of trade that a druggist can have."

"Are not the ladies ashamed to come to your store for these articles, especially, the powder and rouge?"

"Most of them are not. They have got used to it and think it no disgrace or no one's business if they use powder or rouge. But some of them, when they come to purchase, always give the clerk to understand that they want the articles for some friend. They never use such things. O, no! And yet you can often see the powder on the face and the rouge on the lips while they are trying to give you this taffy. Many ladies send a messenger boy for all such articles, and thus keep the fact that they use powder somewhat secret. But a man can't see well if he can't tell the difference between a powdered face and one without powder."

"Do men ever use face powder?"

"Men? No, certainly not. But I have sold both powder and rouge to two or three young dudes. And they weren't a bit ashamed of buying them, and acknowledged that they used them regularly. Some dudes also use bandoline for their hair in front, just as ladies do. Bangs seem to be going out of fashion with the ladies. I don't wonder at it, since the dude has caught on to the style.—*Albany Argus.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Early lambs are considered by many sheep men the most profitable source of income from the flocks.

—Slapjacks: One quart of milk, one pint of Indian meal, seven spoonfuls of flour, a little salt, four eggs; beat the eggs light; add milk, flour and meal, and bake on griddle or "spider." Eat with syrup.—*The Household.*

—Nut Cake: Three eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one half cup of milk, two and a half cups of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of the meats of any kind of nuts, stirred in the last thing.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—All fowls that feather slowly are usually hardy. For instance, the Brahmas. It is owing to the fact that the drain on the system occasioned by quick feathering does not weaken them. Slow feathering, while growing, is indicative of hardiness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Fried Bread: Take a half pint of sweet milk and add a well-beaten egg and a little salt; dip in this slices of bread (if dry let it soak a minute) and fry on a buttered griddle until it is a light brown on each side. This is a good way to use up dry bread.—*Household.*

—If you have never tried the soiling system do so, even on a small scale, this summer. Pastures are almost always short and parched in July and August, but sowed corn or oats and peas sown together, will help over the dry time. Rye is one of the best soiling crops.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Cracker Pie: One egg, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, four crackers rolled fine, one and one-half pints of milk, cinnamon, and salt to taste. Beat the egg and sugar together, add the rolled crackers, then the milk, spice and salt. This recipe makes two pies on common-sized baking plates. Please try these recipes and report. *Exchange.*

—The Indian method of planting corn was to make a conical hillock, in the top of which the corn was placed, and being used for the same purpose, these hills became so hard that they have, in some old fields, lasted till today. In some places in Michigan a heavy growth of maple has sprung up since, and yet the old cornhills are clearly marked.

BEANS.

The Proper Culture to Make This a Profitable Crop.

With a good yield and fair quality of crop, bean culture is quite profitable. They are not exhaustive, and I have never found a better crop to prepare the land for wheat. Belonging to the same botanical family as clover—the *leguminosæ*—they leave the land in a condition extremely favorable for the growth of the wheat plant.

The navy bean will, in ordinary seasons, mature in eleven weeks from planting, and this will enable the farmer to grow a crop of rye to turn under before planting to enrich the land, or if he has a piece of land full of foul seeds, he can, by early plowing and subsequent stirring, get most of the weed seed to start, and destroy them before the beans are planted; so it is seen that rightly managed beans are a cleansing crop.

In several counties of Southern Ohio beans have been grown largely as a field crop by a method which I have never seen elsewhere. The land is plowed early and frequently cultivated, so as to kill the weeds and get in nice condition, and about the 10th of June the beans are drilled at the rate of about one bushel of seed per acre, with the wheat drill, with every third hoe stopped. This gives two rows, eight inches apart, then a space of sixteen inches, and two more of the close rows. After sowing, the field is rolled so as to leave it level, and nothing more is done to the crop until maturity, when they are cut with the mowing machine, thus doing away with the hard and slow work of pulling. It is wise to plant as soon after a rain as the land can be worked, and it is very desirable that there should not be any heavy rains until the beans are up and have a good start, for, if a heavy rain falls soon after planting, they are likely to rot in low spots, making an imperfect stand, and the weeds will start with them and choke the crop. If, however, the conditions are favorable for the first few days, and the crop gets a good start, they will soon cover the ground so as to keep down the weeds and produce a good crop. If the beans are to be cultivated, sow with the wheat drill, and make the rows two feet apart. Cultivation should be shallow and level, so as not to heap any earth up at the rows, and with favorable weather will need to be repeated but once, as the crop will soon take possession of the soil. Harvesting should not be deferred till the pods are dry, or there will be loss from shelling. As soon as half the pods are yellow, the crop may be cut or pulled, and should be cured as rapidly as possible, and taken to shelter as soon as possible. If lofts, with open floors, can be had to store them on, there is little danger of damage to them in the barn, as they do not pack closely and the air will circulate through quite a bulk of them.

The best time to thresh beans is in clear, cold weather in winter, but if it is not convenient to keep them, there are usually drying, windy days through the autumn when they are in prime condition. The quickest and best way to thresh is to tramp with horses, but care must be taken not to let the horses step on the bare floor, or to have thin places, or the beans will many of them be split, which will detract from their appearance and injure their sale.

If the weeds have been kept down in the crop, it will be better not to plow the land for wheat, but simply mellow the surface with the cultivator or harrow, and drill in the seed, as the land where beans have grown will be found to pulverize easily. I have spoken only of the navy bean, because it is a standard variety. On some soils, and for certain markets, some other variety will often prove more profitable, and each grower must judge for himself what to plant. The "tree bean," which has been largely advertised for some years, seems to be only an improved navy, and the name I consider a misnomer, as it does not, as the name implies, grow in tree form.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A New Tanning Agent.

A new tanning agent has been discovered. The statement is made that a tanner at Tempe, Arizona, two or three years ago discovered a plant which carried a large proportion of tannin, and which, when used in the manufacture of leather, gave extra weight to the product. The plant is of annual growth, indigenous to the deserts and dry uplands, and is known to the Mexicans and Indians as "gonagra." It has a root somewhat longer and more scraggy than the cultivated beet, though resembling it in appearance.—*Arizona Gazette.*

CONGRESSMAN MUTCHLER, of Pennsylvania, states that a severe cough leaves at once when Red Star Cough Cure is taken.

"WHAT is there in a mince pie?" asks a household journal. By the way, we have always been rather curious to know ourselves.—*Boston Post.*

How Pale You Are!

is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have mention, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheek.

PERSONAL paragraphs in the Dutch newspapers are put under the head of "Meinheer Matters."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

WATCHMAKERS describe the recent attack on the Salvation Army in Berne as a "Swiss movement."

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cts.

THE best thing out—A big fire.—*Bloomington Eye.*

IF you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

A GOOD big-inning is half of the game.—*The Judge.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

AN eye-deal person—The oculist.—*The Hatchet.*

TIMES seem to be getting harder and harder day by day. Now it is announced that we cannot have another total eclipse of the sun until 1889.—*Boston Transcript.*

BOSTON FASHIONS: "Will you have spring bottoms to these trousers?" said the city tailor as he took his country customer's measure. "Wall, I rather guess not," was the reply. "Spring hez got so fur along you may as well make summer bottoms to 'em."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THERE is a man in Bermondsey who is so lazy that he has worked but once, and that was when he was laboring under a mistake.

"I KNOW every rock on the coast," cried an Irish pilot, when the ship then bumped—"and that's one of them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GOOD-LOOKING and witty young wife, recently married, was much given to yawning in the presence of her husband. The latter one day asked her if she was tired of his company. "O, no," was the reply, "but you see we two are one now, and I always feel dull when I am alone."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"HOW DID you find your uncle, John?" "In apple-pie order." "How is that?" "Crusty."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SONG of the German pastry cook—Wait till the clouds roll pie.—*Washington Hatchet.*

"WE meet to part no more," said the bald-headed man to his hair-brush.—*Boston Bulletin.*

SHAM builders should be severely punished. They should be sent where there is no sham pain.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

MANUFACTURERS of stove pipes should always wear stove-pipe hats.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

ORDINARY astronomy teaches us the theory of spots on the sun, but Boston astronomy teaches the theory of specs on the daughter.—*Merchant Traveler.*

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THE PEOPLES CHOICE
THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE
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ELDER J. H. R. CARDEN, Columbiana, Ala., reports that he gained one hundred per cent. in strength by the use of Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best.
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B. A. WILCOX, Clayton, N. Y., was cured of malaria and dyspepsia, loss of appetite, general languor, etc., by Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best.

Bleeding Nostrils.
I have been afflicted with catarrh for over ten years—frequently my nose would bleed and leave the nostrils in a dry, inflamed condition, with constant soreness. I experienced relief after the first trial of Ely's Cream Balm. It is the best of a great many remedies I have tried, and I can fully recommend it. —J. GILL, Madison, O., Editor of the *Index.*
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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER
CREAM BALM
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
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FOR LIFE.
MRS. ANNA RAMP, of Belair, Ga., under date of Nov. 6, 1884, says: "I have been using your wonderful remedy, Bradfield's Female Regulator, in my family a long time, and I would to God that every afflicted woman in our land knew of its wonderful virtues and curative powers as I do; there would be a great deal less suffering among our sex. I am sure I would have been *bedridden for life* had it not been for the Regulator. I recommend it to every woman I hear of who is suffering with any womb trouble, no matter of what description, and I have yet to hear of a single failure to cure."
Send for our Book on Diseases of Women, which is mailed free. Address
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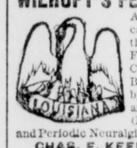

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.
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It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colics, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.
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For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York

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Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.

DEDERICK'S HAY PRESSES.

Are sent anywhere on trial to operate against all other presses. the customer keeping the one that suits best.
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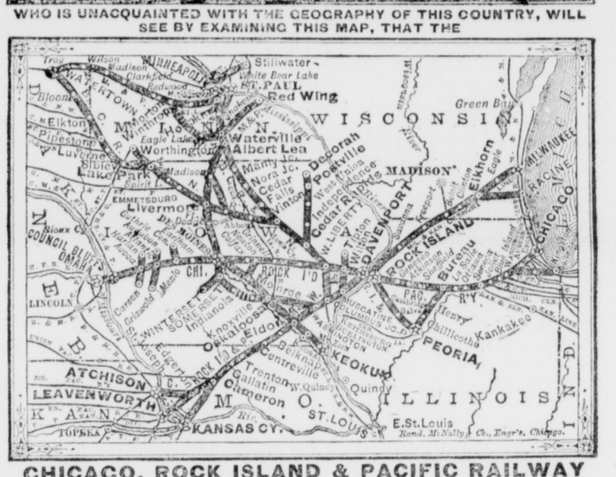
P. L. DEDERICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.
SOLDIERS NEW LAWS: Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE


CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY
By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.
The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.
THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE
Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.
THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.
Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing
R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Friend of Woman.
This title is often applied to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., by happy wives and mothers who have been cured of distressing disorders and relieved of pain and suffering by Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. L. H——, of Strother, S. C., says in a recent letter: "Your medicine has done me so much good that I don't think I can stop taking it until I am entirely well. I owe all my good feelings to you. The doctor can't get any credit for curing me, it is your medicine that has done me more good than anything I have ever taken." A Dressmaker in Findlay, O., says: "I have derived so great a benefit from the use of your Vegetable Compound that I recommend it in the strongest terms, with the utmost confidence and am sure it will cure the most stubborn cases. I consider it *very much better* than any other preparation made for all Female Complaints."
AGENTS WANTED
FOR OUR NEW BOOK
HEROES OF THE BIBLE
With original articles from Leading Divines of the day. Nearly 800 pages. 20 full-page engravings. *Exclusive territory guaranteed.* Extra Inducements offered energetic Agents. Address A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 1222 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
BAND UNIFORMS
Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Band Cloth, Dress Goods, Trimmings, 20 colored fashion plates. Illustrations and prices of Hats, Helmets, Caps, Pouches, Belts, Drum Major Outfits, Pompons, Plumes, Epaulettes, Sword Knots, Gold Cord and Lace, Buttons, Ornaments, Band and Presentation Flags and Banners, Gas Lamps, etc. Mailed free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago
R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?
$75 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars FREE. We mean what we say. Standard Silver Ware Co., Washington St., Boston, Mass.
TELL THE TRUTH! Worship of the Golden Calf, and Prohibition and Bible, by Uncle Tim. The most spicy book of the times. Price, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. BUXTON & SKINNER STATIONERY CO., St. Louis, Mo.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."
The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature Statue *six inches in height*—the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at One Dollar Each.
This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a *perfect fac-simile* of the model furnished by the artist.
The Statuette in same metal, *twelve inches high*, at Five Dollars Each, delivered.
The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee.* Address, with remittance,
RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
(American Committee of the Statue of Liberty),
33 Mercer Street, New York.
Caution! Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the original $3 Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. You can not be sure of getting the genuine article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:
JAMES MEANS $3 SHOE.

This Shoe for gentlemen is made of finest Tannery Calf-Skin, stitched with large Silk Machine Twist, and is unequaled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. It is made in various widths to fit any foot. It is made with either broad or narrow toes. Made in style shown in cut, also in Congress and Lace. The quality of this Shoe has won for it so high a place in public estimation that it stands to-day absolutely without a rival. Wherever you live, this Shoe is within your reach; ask your dealer for it, and if he can not supply you with a good fit, send your address on postal card to JAMES MEANS & CO., 21 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.
FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 30 pages, 12 illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.
A. N. K.—C. 1031
$75 a month (salary or commission) to agents for THE WORLD'S WONDERS. Write for full particulars. Hist. Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Built up Meteors.

Dr. Kleiber, of St. Petersburs, publishes in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* the results of investigations by himself and Dr. Keller on the amount by which the earth's mass is increased each hour by the meteors falling upon the globe from space. The original memoirs, which are printed in Russia, have not reached this country, but the summary referred to is extremely interesting. Observations by Professor Schmidt, of Athens, and others, have shown that on the average a single observer will see about ten meteors per hour. This is a number which depends upon experiment simply. A single observer does not command the whole sky above his horizon, but only some twenty-three percent of it. Professor Newton, of Yale College, has shown that about 10,000 times as many meteors fall on the whole earth in an hour as fall as to be visible above any one horizon. Combining these separate reductions, it follows that 10x 100x10x460x23 (or about 450,000) meteors fall on the surface of the whole earth each hour. It is to be remembered, too, that only such meteors as would be visible to the naked eye are included in the enumeration. Every astronomer knows that there are vast quantities of extremely minute telescopic meteors in the heavens. One can hardly work for two or three hours without seeing at least one meteor in the very small field of view of the telescope. The number given above, then, is clearly minimum. Professor Alexander Hershel has shown that the average weight of a meteor may be taken as five grams, whence it follows that the earth receives hourly not less than 2,250 kilograms, or 4,950 pounds of foreign material deposited upon it from the celestial spaces.—*New York Evening Post.*

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism.

E. M. Calkins, of Warnerville, N. Y., has completed one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism ever produced. He has worked on it twenty years, and like Darius Green's flying machine, "at last it is done." On a large platform, 7x20 feet, constaucted so as to represent mountain scenery, rocks, trees, lawns, rivers, cascades. caves and lakes, there are several hundred moving figures of men, birds, and beasts. In the centre is a life-like fac-simile of Washington's residence at Mount Vernon. On the roof are two beautiful figures, carved and painted so as to represent sculptured marble guarding with drawn swords the historic mansion, while a gilt eagle perches upon the porch. In a room Washington is lying on his deathbead, surrounded by weeping friends. In the kitchen are colored servants at work. In the yard are men sharpening their scythes and chopping and sawing wood. Several incidents connected with Indian life are vividly pictured. Railway cars are running, and a ship with sails unfurled and laden with passengers float in a miniature river. Even Noah's ark is represented, with Noah at the head of the procession marching into it, while up on the hill tops surrounding are men and women awestruck at the rising waters. A perfect grist mill in operation is represented; also a country home, with the father and mother sitting by the fireside, reading by the light of pine knots. The figures are all kept in motion by a small overshot wheel, less than ten inches in diameter. All of the figures were carved with jack knives, Mr. Calkins having worn out several since he began the work.—*New York Sun.*

The Iron-Clad Mersey.

From London Letter.

To a man in the crowd who looks at the launch, the Messey, as Mark Twain says of his frog, it has no points different from any other iron-clad. But to the person who knows her construction she is the most extraordinary craft ever set afloat. It is claimed the enemy could shoot away the two upper decks, all the upper works, and then blow away the remainder of the hull till not a vestige of the ship we saw launched remained, yet, after such heroic treatment, the Mersey would not only remain afloat, but it would actually steam away from the enemy, and if the weather were good reach port with her crew. Imagine the consternation of a Russian crew who had successfully battered in all the upper works of such a cruiser and then left off a torpedo under her and found that the outside hull or shell sank and left afloat a new kind of steel boat, the like of which they had never seen, and fancy their feelings as they saw the rest of her quietly steam away, defiantly firing a stern-chaser at the Russians, like a man who slipped off his top coat before starting on a run. I fancy the Russians would think that the devil had come to the aid of the British sure enough.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best alternative, tonic, diuretic, and blood purifier, ever produced.

Bits of Humor.

On a war-footing—The veteran with a wooden leg.—*Mail and Express.*

"Necessity knows no law." It is largely this that makes lawyers a necessity.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

"The most unkindest cut of all" is frequently furnished by your butcher with the assurance that it is sirloin. —*Boston Post.*

"Why is it called the honeymoon?" asks an exchange. Honey, because it is full of cells, and moon because it "comes high." Throw another one at us.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The old lady who asked for a gold ring at 16 parsnips fine was propably related to the elderly gentleman who said that his daughter was attending the conversatory of music, says a colaborer in the vineyard of truth.—*Bloomington Eye.*

A newspaper correspondent says the Duchess of Buckingham has her stockings marked in cross-stitches, with the initials A. B. C. and a ducal coronet above. It is singular what discoveries people who are not near-sighted will sometimes make.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Ah, captain," said a fresh young man on an ocean steamer, "when you board a vessel, where do you get the timber?" "Ugh," replied the captain, looking him over critically, "we get it out of the log, of course." The f. y. m. went below.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

A New York actress has "leaped at one bound into the realm of fame" by appearing on the stage before an audience in her bare feet. This fashion of nudity on the stage seems to have reached the other extreme. Lydia Thompson, a score of years ago, also "leaped at one bound into the realm of fame," but we believe she wore shoes—and not much else. —*Norristown Herald.*

"What in the world are you muffling up so for?" inquired Mr. Blank, seeing his wife putting on her furs atop of her heavy circular; "the thermometer is up to 70 and it is positively hot in the sun." "But you forget, dearest," replied Mrs. B., "that I am going to a church social." "Oh!" responded Mr. B., "that's a different matter; I hope you've got a jacket or something or other under that circular. In this pneumonia season one cannot be too careful."—*Boston Transcript.*

He Practiced Economy.

A factory owner in Illinois went up to Chicago last week to raise a couple of thousand dollars on a third mortgage, but he only found one capitalist willing to advance the money, and he wanted security outside of the mortgage.

"Give you a chattel mortgage on my $3,000 turn-out," said the man.

"The horse might die."

"Well, my wife has $6,000 worth of diamonds."

"Yes, but in case of disaster she might make trouble."

"I've got $10,000 worth of paintings in my picture gallery."

"No good."

"Might take a second mortgage on my opera-house?"

"Not without outside security. Haven't you been a little reckless with your income to indulge in so much extravagance?"

"Extravagance! Great Scots! Why, I've cut down wages three different times within a year.—*Wall Street News.*

London in Brief.

About 3,000 horses die each week.

About 129,000 paupers infest the city.

About 11,000 police keep good order.

About 120,000 foreigners live in the city.

About 10,000 strangers enter the city each day.

About 9,000 new houses are erected annually.

About 700,000 cats enliven the moonlight nights.

About 2,000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday.

About 620 churches give comfort to the faithful.

About 125 persons are added to the population daily.

About 28 miles of new streets are laid out each year.

About 500,000 dwellings shelter the population of London.

No glory could come to us from the slaughter of Englishmen and Russians. We have no national ambitions to promote, and no wrongs to avenge which can justify a war between these great nations. Our interest in it is mercenary. War would probably raise the price of wheat and pork, and stimulate trade and manufactures and for this reason some are not over-anxious for peace. Is it really so? Are we willing to have men slaughtered to increase the price of hogs? Is this the Christian civilization that we boast? Shall we look complacently on the agonies of war because our pockets are thereby filled with gold? Are American women willing to be decked with jewels which are but the crystallized tears of European widows and orphans? Instead of listening with any favor to this clamor for war, the people of this country should be in favor of peace. War is barbarism.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from exessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place, PERUNA and MANALIN should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expression of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others, certain powers only are lost while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these PERUNA and MANALIN should at once be taken.

Mrs. S. Smith, Hillsville, Lawrence County, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.: I have been a great sufferer for ten years. It seemed as though every organ in my body was diseased at one time or another. I had about given up all hopes, when I commenced taking PERUNA and MANALIN. I immediately began to improve, the soreness and pain disappeared, strength gradually returned, and now I am as well as ever in my life, and I owe it all to your PERUNA and MANALIN. I recommended it to my friends and it gives better satisfaction than any other medicine I ever heard o."

Miss Maria Roderick, Warren, Ohio, writes: "It is with pleasure and many thanks that I write to you to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from the use of the PERUNA. I have used several bottles of your PERUNA, and can safely say it has done me a great deal of good. I have improved ever since I commenced its use."

Mr. T. J. Webber, Plymouth, O., writes: "I am selling your PERUNA, and having a good trade on it. It gives excellent satisfaction."

Mr. Thomas Acton, Brooklyn Village, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I received a severe wound in my foot by tramping on a spike. It inflamed and was painful and swollen. I had every reason to fear lockjaw. Your simple suggestions as to local applications and the taking of your PERUNA and MANALIN were followed to the letter, and, thanks to you, my foot is entirely well, and I am happy."

GO TO

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT, BUT BUY FOR THE CASH. IT IS THAT

ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

we want. We ask you to scan with careful scrutiny the long list of unfortunate but illustrious victims of the CREDIT LEDGER; and then, again, look up yonder at the grand marches to greatness of that unbroken phalanx, who stop to the clear metallic ring of the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR. Don't forget to go to

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

Under "Republican" Office, Oakland, Md

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,
from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,
of the best varieties.
Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,
Garden and Flower Seeds,
Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.
Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.11 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGES.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
806 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust from Thomas Coddington and Cecilia J. Coddington, his wife, executed to me and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Thomas Coddington, I will

ON TUESDAY,
THE 2D DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1885,

at ten o'clock A. M., at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md., offer at public auction to the highest bidder without reserve the following described property, to-wit: All the right title and interest of the said Thomas Coddington and wife in and to the real estate which was conveyed to the said Thomas Coddington by William P. Totten, executor of Ezekiel Totten, deceased bearing date April the first, A. D. 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 502, it being the

HOTEL PROPERTY

where the said Thomas Coddington now resides. The interest of the said Thomas Coddington in said real estate being the Equity of Redemption, and the said real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, the first in favor of M. A. R. F. Carr for seven hundred dollars and payable on the first of April, A. D. 1887. The second in favor of Ida M. Crow for one thousand dollars, and payable on the twenty ninth day of July, A. D. 1887. Said Hotel Property is more particularly described as Lots Numbers ten and twelve on the plat of Totten's Sub-Division to the town of Oakland, Maryland. Said Lots are improved by a large two-story frame Hotel building, also large stable, ice-house and necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best locations for a Hotel or boarding house in the town of Oakland.

Immediately after offering the above described real estate I will offer in like manner all the

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE

formerly used by the said Thomas Coddington in running said Hotel, consisting of six heating stoves, two cooking stoves and utensils, twelve bedsteads, beds and bedding, large number of chairs, washstands, bureaus, carpets, lamps, hat racks, tables, stands, &c., &c. Table ware, consisting of knives, forks, plates, dishes, &c. One sofa one marble top center table, also barroom fixtures, including one large bar mirror, one elegant bar counter, stock of whiskey, brandy, wines, gin, cigars, tobacco, bar bottles and decanters, &c; also one buggy, one set of harness, four shoats and many small articles too tedious to enumerate.

TERMS OF SALE:—On the real estate one-half cash on the day of sale, and one-half in sixty days from the day of sale. On the personal property, all sums of twenty dollars and under cash, all sums over twenty dollars a credit of sixty days, on all deferred payments the purchasers to give their single bill, with security to be approved by the trustee. If the sale is not completed on the said Second day of June, it will be continued from day to day until finished. No property will be delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

JOHN B. BRANT, Auctioneer.
FRED. A. THAYER,
5 9 4t. Trustee.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

HENRY KAMP,
FREDERICK KAMP,
HENRY KAMP, JR.,
WM. ENGLEHART,
ED. MARGHOFF.

Accident, Md., May 4, 1885.—3t.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 21 2m Garrett county, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Ryans Glade road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
5 9 5t JAMES SEABOLD.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,
OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan19-84.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles,
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

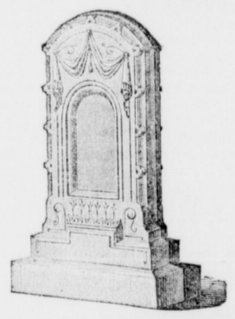
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
—DEALERS IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885. NUMBER 15.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S
PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice,

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy,

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands nat rivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Jan 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms, Large lot Ammproved by stable, carriage house, icehouse, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 169 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public.—E. E. ANDREWS, Druggist, Tower St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chill and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

le21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

About Davis City.

Cor. of the Wheeling Intelligencer.

ST. GEORGE, W. VA., May 25.—That region of forests and wildernesses extending from Fairfax Stone, the corner-stone of Maryland and West Virginia, southward and westward along the western face of the Allegheny mountains for fifteen or twenty miles, was until recently entirely unknown to the outside world, and even now it is not thoroughly explored. The W. V. C. & P. railroad has pushed its surveys into jungles and thickets where until the last year or two none but the adventuresome hunter or the roaming woodsmen had ever penetrated. The railroad has now reached Davis City, a new town springing up at the confluence of Black Fork of Cheat river and Beaver creek. Black Fork comes in from the south, and flows through the splendid Canaan valley, the fame of which is no new thing. Beaver flows down from the summit of the Allegheny mountains, and its course tends to the west, and from source to mouth, a distance of about twenty miles, it flows through one unbroken forest of gigantic pines and one immense wilderness of laurel, tangled and impenetrable. The new town of Davis is regularly laid out under the supervision of the railroad company, and occupies a beautiful situation on a rising ground, overlooking the bronze colored waters of Black Fork.

A few days ago I had occasion to visit the town of Davis. It is named after Senator H. G. Davis, and he is sparing no mean to make it a popular and fashionable summer resort. Already the site is pointed out where he and Stephen Elkins will shortly erect their superb residences, and the grounds are laid off for magnificent flower gardens, and for fountains that will flow with water from living springs. But now there is no artificial beauty about the place. The men are only preparing for works of art. They are tearing down the temples of Nature's building—the groves, for the site of the town was recently, and part of it still is, covered with huge pines, thick together and standing straight and symmetrical one hundred feet high. It cost $100 per acre to remove the timber from the ground. I watched this work going on. When the trees had been cut down and the trunks hauled off and the tops and limbs burned, the surface of the ground was almost hidden by stumps. One could nearly walk from stump to stump. Next followed a corps of workmen with crowbars and dynamite. A hole was made under the stump and a cartridge of dynamite put in place. With the explosion of the dynamite the stump was torn from the ground. Sometimes trees were thus blown out, and the explosion would tear the tree into splinters.

The country around Davis is not minutely explored. The laurel is so dense that it can hardly be penetrated. While I was there, R. W. Eastham, the founder of Davis, came in. He had just returned from an exploring expedition on a hill standing on the opposite side of the river, a half-mile away, and had discovered a very large and cold spring of water, the existence of which was not before known. The spring is higher than the town, and the water can be carried in pipes into every dwelling.

But that which claimed my attention most and excited the deepest curiosity was not the town springing up where four months ago had stood the wilderness, nor the effect which the explosion of dynamite had on trees and stumps; but it was the decaying of the forests, the dying of the gigantic pines that had grown and lived and stood for generations and centuries and now, with no visible cause, dying. That whole region, facing westward from the Alleghanies and reaching to the Backbone mountains on the west, an area of more than one hundred square miles, is one grand grove of pines and hemlocks, the stately beauty of whose trees I have hardly seen excelled in the cypress swamps of Louisiana or the redwood groves of Nevada or California. No one who has an appreciation for nature as she is manifested in the venerable woods, can look over this forest and not feel impressed with the magnitude and regularity of its million trees.

But the trees are dying. Some mighty poison seems to have blown its breath upon the land, and the groves are blighted, and the gray moss clinging to the leafless limbs tells that death has seized these regal kings of the wilderness and they are yielding. A forest of living pines are always green; but the eye observes that instead of green, a dull gray is seen. The trees are not all dead, neither are they all dying; but very many of them show the workings of decay. On every hand can be observed withering branches and failing twigs. As far as can be seen the same meets the view. Dead trees, withering and decaying. The appearance is one of loneliness and melancholy. The very wind that wanders through the forest seems to sigh, dying, dying, dying.

The plagues told of in history which have swept away such myriads of the human race are not explained, nor is it known why of necessity one race must succeed another, or why one order of animals become extinct and another takes its place, or why some portions of the earth's surface are covered with forests and others, equally fertile, are not. If these reasons were known it might be told why these forests on the upper waters of Cheat River are dying. It is well known that vegetation is often killed by vast herds of microscopic insects which feed upon it. I have seen thickets of nettles entirely eaten to death in this manner. I believe that it is even claimed by learned men that all decay natural to the animal kingdom, is nothing more than a mere eating away by microscopic parasites. If this be true of the animal kingdom, it may also be of the vegetable; for I recognize very little difference between the two orders of existence.

Then it may be that the decaying of the timber for a hundred square miles around Davis city is due to the ravage of insects which have come upon the land like locusts and lice came upon Egypt. The ground beneath the trees is damp and chilly. It seems itself like the harbinger of death. The rocks are beaded with icy water, and a damp, cold mold is eating away the very stones. I had been hunting all day for a certain landmark in that wilderness, and had failed to find it. I ate in the afternoon I sat down to rest under the withering pines by a small puddle of ink-black water, collected from the rains, in a little rocky depression of the earth. I don't think that a ray of sunshine has ever touched that little lake. The branches and trunks of trees are too thick above. But while I sat there a little frog came up out of the water and perched himself on a stick and looked at me and sang his tuneless song as though he had basked in sunshine all his life.

H. M.

A Chat with Gough.

John B. Gough, the temperance orator, was seen at his hotel recently by a *Mail and Express* writer. He chatted freely about temperance work. "Of all the societies, I think the Woman's Christion Union is doing more good work than any of the others. It seems to me that there is less drinking and drunkenness now than there has ever been, and public sentiment is moving in favor of prohibition. The work in this country, however, is not to be compared to the work in England. All over the United Kingdom the temperance workers are making rapid strides. There some nine million persons are total abstainers, and it is becoming quite the proper thing to decline drink."

"How do you account for this great revolution?"

"The Britishers are a more steady plodding people than the Americans. They are very careful before they take hold of anything to examine it thoroughly, and then being convinced of its worth they lay hold of it with a bulldog tenacity and stick to it. Then they are great organizers. You know Whitfield preached and Wesley preached, but Wesley preached and organized, consequently the Methodist cause is growing all over the world. The same with the temperance cause. We here preach while our English cousins preach and organize. Why, do you know that a little while ago in Liverpool they had a congress that lasted for a whole week, and at it such men as the bishops of Exeter, Durham, Rochester, Bedford, Gloucester, and Manchester, Canons Wilderforce, and Farrar, and Cardinal Manning were present. Look at the grand fetes they have in London every year at which over 70,000 total abstainers are congregated together at one time. I verily believe if that were to be done here they would be mobbed. Look at their societies—the Church of England Temperance Society with 14,000 members, Cardinal Manning's Society, the Society of Holy Cross with 36,000 members, the National Temperance League, the British, the Scotch, the Irish and the United Kingdom Temperance alliances, and hosts of others. We want this organization here, and then see the stride it would make."

"How long have you been working for this cause now?"

"Forty-two years last October. For eighteen years I spoke on nothing but temperance, but since 1860 I have lectured on various other subjects. I always make it a point, though, to introduce total abstinence into my talk somewhere. Since returning from England in 1860 I have lectured on temperance 967 times. 'London' has been delivered 284 times; 'London by Night,' 33; 'Here and There in Britain,' 73; 'Eloquence and Orators,' 263; 'Peculiar People,' 422; 'Fact and Fiction,' 214; 'Habit,' 173; 'Curiosity,' 201; 'Circumstances,' 251; 'Will It Pay?' 171; 'Now and Then,' 152; 'Blunders,' 147; 'The Powers that Be,' 49."

"Then you have traveled considerable?"

"Up till last July I had traveled 498,000 miles. I have been three times in Europe—once in 1853, returning in 1855; then 1857 until 1860, and in 1878 and '79. In the United Kingdom alone I have traveled 57,000 miles, and during the first five years in London I spoke ninety eight times in Exeter hall."

"Have you any method of preparing your lectures?"

"You know I received no education, and since I was 10 years old I never went to a school of any kind. My lectures are not orations. Every single sentence could be criticised. I am a keen observer, and, if working on a new lecture, I think it out while traveling, and it becomes as it were crystalized on my mind, and when I have observed enough I give it to the public. When in London I spoke so frequently on temperance that I ran dry of anecdotes, and to get a fresh supply I used at night to often go around the worst slums in company with detectives, and so get my illustrations from real life. Although I said I gave, say, the lecture on London 284 times, I guarantee it was different each time, and that I have never given the same lecture twice over. They are like an umbrella I gave my niece some five years ago. She liked it so that it has been recovered, had a new handle, a new stick, and all the ribs replaced but one, yet she says I gave her that umbrella, although there is only one rib of the original. So with the lectures, the subject is all that remains in fact."

"Do you feel at all fatigued by working so hard?"

"I do a great deal. I am 68 years of age now, and it tells on me considerably. So much that I have decided not to travel any more at night, and if an engagement can't be filled without traveling at night it will have to be dropped."

"Are you a prohibitionist?"

"I am, but not like a number of people. I do not believe in forcing a prohibition bill on the people suddenly. I would work up to it; do all that is possible to hinder the sale of liquor by such bills as the Sunday closing, local option, and so lead up to the principal measure. It is no good forcing a measure on the people that the public sentiment is against. You might just as well pass a law to legalize theft as to pass a prohibition measure the people are not in favor of. I think the measures taken to license the sale of liquors in this city on Sunday a disgrace to New York. What do they do it for? Does the community derive any benefit from it? Not the least. Why, do you know Dr. Andrew Clarke says the first teaspoonful of liquor taken into a healthy body does it harm?"—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

An Important Discovery.

The most important Discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough's, and Colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it possitively cure Consumption, but Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a Trial Bottle Free, at Nydegger's Drug store

Henry O. Flipper, the once famous colored cadet, is now a colonel of Mexican volunteers with a handsome salary.

That taint of scrofula in your blood can be wholly eradicated by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CONDUCTOR'S CAROL.

I like to stand by the platform guard
At the end of a rushing train,
To watch the rapid interchange
Of forest, hill and plain,
And see the iron rails reeled off
Like threads from an endless skien.
Lickety, lankety, ling!
The chords of iron ring
In tune with every jar
Of the swiftly moving car.
Music and motion, well combined,
Will give relief to a troubled mind.

The trees and fences near the track
Go flying backward fast,
And houses swim in level fields
Until it seems at last
That I alone am standing still
And the world is gliding past.
Clickety, clackety, clang!
A bridge goes by with a bang,
The time to cross its span
Is a jot in the life of man,
And a span of life is much too brief
To be shortened or clouded by useless grief.

A dozen homes are left behind
At every minute's run—
I know that somebody's hope or fears
Are centered in every one.
Somebody's race has only begun
And somebody's nearly done.
Bumpety, bampety, bind!
Around the curves I wind.
The platform rocks and swings,
But rests on trusty springs.
There's nothing so good for a tired brain
As a ride at the end of a lightning train.
—*A. M. Ensign.*

WHAT HE REMEMBERED.

The One Never-to-be-Forgotten Act of His Life.

George Mason was a very prominent man in Beaver's Falls. For several terms a member of the Legislature, and twice Governor of the State, his name was widely known and universally respected; and his friends, many of whom dated their acquaintance with him from boyhood, said he was a strictly upright man and had never done anything mean, dishonest, or cruel.

But there was an incident of his early youth of which they knew nothing, an incident he had never mentioned to any one, and of which he could not think, even at sixty years of age, without a tingling in his cheeks, and a feeling of deepest shame and contrition.

It was connected with his sister Susan, and though Susan never alluded to it in any way, and seemed to cherish only the kindest feelings toward him, George felt sure that she remembered it to the day of her death, and that the remembrance was as painful to her as to him.

She was only his half-sister, and there was a difference of nearly seventeen years in their ages. George could not remember either of his parents, for they had died when he was an infant; but he had never felt their loss, so tireless and complete was Susan's devotion to him.

For his sake she had given up her dreams of becoming a teacher, and had taken up the laborious occupation of a laundress; and that he might be comfortably clothed and sent to school, she had denied herself almost the necessities of life.

Hard as she was obliged to work, and few as were her pleasures, she never complained and was so bright and cheerful always that George, when a little fellow, took it as a matter of course that she should toil for his maintenance, and never thought to thank or pity her.

But as he grew older he began to realize his obligations to her, and to wish that he could take on his own shoulders the burden hers had carried so long. When he graduated at the High School in Beaver's Falls, he begged her to let him find employment of some kind; but her heart was set on his spending a couple of years at the Drinkwater Academy, and she would not listen to any other plan.

"Now is the time for you to learn, George," she said, "and I want to see you well fitted to take your place in the world. A good education is of the first importance to a man, and I know if I allowed you to leave school now I would regret it as long as I lived. Never mind about my working so hard. I'm used to it, and wouldn't know how to be idle."

So George went to the Academy at Drinkwater, and his brave, unselfish sister continued to wash and wring and iron, proud that her labors secured to him the education she considered of such paramount importance.

Her letters to him were models of cheerfulness and good humor, and she made no mention of the severe headaches which frequently prostrated her for hours, or the terrible cough she contracted by doing without rubber shoes which she did not feel able to buy. George could only guess at the sacrifices she made for him.

Over the mantel in Susan's little sitting-room hung a fine photograph of George, neatly framed. Susan valued it as her dearest earthly possession, and at Christmas time it was always wreathed with bright holly and smilax. George did not know how frequently his sister's eyes sought that pictured face, when sitting at her sewing, nor how many times she left her washtub to take a look at it. He laughed one day at the tender, gentle way in which she handled it when taking it down to fasten the cord more securely.

"You show more respect to that picture than you do to me, Susan," he said. "Do you think a great deal of it?"

"O, George, you can't imagine how I value it!" answered Susan, warmly. "It is such a comfort to me when you are gone."

"I think I ought to have one of *you*," he said.

"George!" She flushed painfully, and the tears rose to her eyes. Some accident which had occurred when George was only two years of age, and about which he had never been told, had taken from poor Susan's face all the beauty it had ever possessed, save that which shone in her gentle, earnest eyes. A terrible scar hopelessly disfigured brow, cheek, and chin, and the skin was withered and faded like that of a very old woman.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Susan," said George, going to her, and putting his arms about her, "and I really *would* like to have a photograph of you."

Susan brushed away her tears with one hand, while with her other she pushed back the hair from her brother's brow.

"No, no," she said, in a low voice. "You must not ask it, dear George. I know you love me too well ever to feel ashamed of either me or my picture, but I would rather not grant this request. Say no more about it, dear brother."

So George turned the conversation to something else, and speedily forgot all about the matter.

The most popular teacher in Drinkwater Academy was Prof. Reeves, who had the class in English Literature and Natural History, and he was particularly kind to George, who took a great and genuine interest in everything pertaining to nature, and was an excellent historian. It may therefore be understood how great was George's pride and pleasure in being asked by the Professor to make one of a small party which had in view a visit to the museum at Beaver's Falls.

George had frequently strolled into the museum when at home and knew by heart the contents of almost every case it contained, but he had never had any one with him who could talk intelligently about them, or who could explain to him the nature of various odd objects which had puzzled him.

"I'm sure to have a capital time," he thought, "and perhaps I may have a chance to call on Susan. I'll give her a genuine surprise."

Beaver's Falls was only sixty miles distant from Drinkwater, and the natural history party, taking an early train, reached the museum at eleven o'clock.

George kept as close as possible to Professor Reeves, and was deeply interested in the discussions which took place between that gentleman and a noted scientist who was an excellent talker and possessed a wonderful fund of information on the subject of natural history. But some of the other boys grew tired, after a time, of the learned gentleman's views, and strolled away in different directions in search of amusement of some kind.

George was listening attentively to the Professor's description of a strange species of moth found in Australia, when he was annoyed by a touch on his arm, and turning, saw John Drake, his boon companion at the Academy, and the son of wealthy and aristocratic parents.

"Come along with me," whispered John. "I know you have heard enough of this sort of talk, and I want you to see the ugliest woman you ever laid eyes on. She's enough to give a fellow the nightmare for a week. Dill and Manning have been trying to chaff her, but they can't get a word out of her. Look, there she is now,"

George turned his eyes toward the door, and saw, coming slowly toward him, a heavy basket of towels on her arm, *his sister Susan.*

All the boys at the Academy knew that George had a sister, and that she lived in Beaver's Falls, but were not aware that her occupation was that of a laundress. He had never considered it necessary to mention that fact. Could he acknowledge it now? Could he go forward and embrace fraternally this tired-looking, stooping, plainly dressed woman with the scarred, distorted face? What would the boys say if he did so? And Prof. Reeves——. No he *could not* do it.

Yet he hesitated a moment, his better feelings, his love for the sister who had done so much for him, struggling for the ascendancy; then, with the thought: "She will never know," he turned aside to avoid the meeting.

But he turned too late. Susan had happened to glance in the direction in which he stood, and recognized him at once.

She gave a slight exclamation, and was about to put down her basket, when suddenly she paused and her face flushed crimson. In her brother's expression of mortification and annoyance, in his attempt to avoid her, she read the truth—*he was ashamed of her.*

For an instant she stood motionless; then with, a long, gasping sigh, which seemed to George to come from the depths of her heart, she lifted her heavy basket higher on her arm, and with averted face passed by him without a word.

He saw her stop at a desk at the other end of the room, and give the basket to a janitor, who gave her some money in return, but saw no more; for fearing to meet her eyes again, he turned his face toward a case of butterflies and moths, and pretended to be deeply interested in them.

He was startled by an exclamation of surprise and pleasure from Prof. Reeves, who broke off in the middle of a sentence, and started forward toward the center of the room with outstretched hand.

"Susan! Susan Shields?" he cried, in a voice that was distinctly heard by every one in the room. "I can't be mistaken! Have I met you at last, after all these years?"

It seemed to George as if the room was whirling around him. Could it be possible that it was Susan, the sister of whom he had been ashamed, that the Professor held by the hand so gladly, and whom he was leading toward the man of science with so eager an air?

"Beaufort," he heard him say, "I want to introduce you to the bravest, noblest woman it has ever been my lot to know. But for her I would in all probability not have been alive now. She saved me fifteen or sixteen years ago from a frightful death. I was lying sick in bed, unable to move hand or foot, when a sudden breeze, coming into an open window, blew the curtains into the gas-light. Susan Shields, waiting in the hall to speak to my mother, who was engaged with company, smelled the smoke, and rushing up stairs, made her way through the flames, and carried me bodily from the room."

"A brave act!" said Prof. Beaufort, "I am indeed proud to know you, Miss Shields."

"An act that I have never been able to reward, deeply as I have felt my obligations to her for it," said Prof. Reeves. "When I recovered my health and I inquired for Miss Shields, I found that she had moved from the town, and I have never been able to discover——"

George could endure no more. Pale, bewildered and contrite, he hurried from the building.

When Susan entered her home an hour later, she found him lying on the sofa in the little sitting-room, his face buried in the great patchwork cushion. He did not move or speak as she approached him.

"George," she said, tremulously, "won't you look at me, dear? I have something I want to say to you."

Still he did not move.

"You must not feel so badly about it, dear," continued Susan, still in that tremulous voice, and laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder. "I was a little hurt at first, of course. But it don't matter, and I don't wonder that you acted as you did. It was only natural that you should be ashamed of me, coming in upon you so unexpectedly and in this plain, cheap dress—and—I don't mind it at all, really!" But even as she spoke she sank down in a little heap on the floor, and hiding her face in her hands began to cry as if her heart would break.

George was by her side in an instant, his arm around her: and as he kissed over and over again the poor, scarred, tear-wet face, he poured forth words of deepest sorrow and contrition, and pleaded humbly to be pardoned for the pain he caused her.

"O, Susan!" he said, it is *you* who ought to be ashamed of *me.* I can never, never forgive myself. If you had only told me how you came by these scars, dear sister! If I had only known!"

Of course Susan returned his kisse twofold, and told him over and over again that she loved him just as well as ever. Then she began to look for something nice for him to eat, and packed a little basket full of goodies for him to take back to the Academy.

"This painful matter must never be referred to again, dear George," she said as she kissed him good-bye. "We will both forget it."

Ah, that was easier to say than to do. George knew that the memory of it clung to his sister as long as she lived, and made her doubly sensitive to her unfortunate appearance, and he would willingly have given all the wealth and honor he acquired in his later years to rid her eyes of that mournful expression which reproached him for that one never-to-be-forgotten act.—*Florence B. Hallowell, in N. Y. Examiner.*

HUCKLEBERRIES.

How a Couple of Young Americans Secured a Supply for the Winter.

"Ge whiz! Look at the huckleberries?"

"Golly, ain't that immense!"

The speakers were two small boys, sun-burned, barefooted, and with big straw hats. They wore short pants, buttoned to a waist, with large white buttons, and were on their way to the creek to swim; but at sight of a large patch of ripe berries forgot all about the water.

"Go for 'em!" said the older boy; and without more delay both scrambled into the bushes, and were soon stained inside and out with bright blue juice. It does not take long for a boy to fill himself, and soon both boys were as full as they could hold.

"Um—guess that is all I can hold," remarked the first boy.

"I'm full too, you bet! but I wish I was holler all the way to my feet. so I could hold more. Let's take some home to mother."

"All right, but how can we carry 'em? I can't hold any more inside of me, and we ain't got a basket or sack."

"I'll tell ye what! Let's take off our pants, tie up the legs an' carry 'em home full."

"All right." And without a moment's delay the two little rascals slipped off their pants, tied up the bottom of each leg with string and soon had each pair of pants full of ripe berries. Slinging their pants over their shoulders they started for home, slipped along by the woods, down the hollow, past the old watering trough, and reached the barn, where they found a large basket, emptied the berries and put the pants where they belonged. And do you suppose the berries were all nice whole ones? Not a bit of it. About one-third were mashed and the inside of the pants were damp and blue.

The boys didn't notice this but picked up the basket and carried the berries to mother. Wasn't she delighted! That same day the berries were prepared and put in jars, and all that winter we had huckleberries. But you should have seen those boys that night when they undressed for bed! Of all the blue sights you ever saw, and it would not rub off either.

From the waist down those boys were one, or rather two, masses of blue. (Blue mass is a better phrase.) How they did yell and laugh, until their mother came up to see what the matter was. Then both crept into bed and drew a blanket over the scene.—*Peck's Sun.*

Boston Rules.

"I had quite a wow the other night," said the dude, as he attempted to twist into a curl the first half-dozen of hairs that were struggling into life on his upper lip.

"Ah! indeed," said his girl; "with whom, pray?"

"With my hated wival, Smith," he answered.

"You did not come to blows, I hope?"

"We did wather. In fact, he struck me on the mouth."

"O, that was altogether unfair."

"Not at all. I struck him first."

"Nevertheless it was unfair of him to strike you on the mouth. It is not right to strike a mustache when it's down."—*Boston Courier.*

—As a rule, longevity is less frequent than people think. The age of 80 is reached only by one person in 18, the age of 100 by one in 3,500, and the age of 110 by one in 1,000,000. Out of 1,000 individuals 74 die between 60 and 70, about 55 between 70 and 80, 24 between 80 and 90, and not more than one between 90 and 100. The average of life seldom exceeds 30 years, even in the best regulated and temperate communities.—*Boston Post.*

—A handful of rice ground through a spice-mill cleans it effectually. The particles of spice or pepeer or of coffee will not adhere to it after this rice is ground through it.

WIVES OF SOLDIERS.

How the Matrimonial Question is Regulated in the British Army.

The general reader knows more, probably, about the solar system than about the details of regimental life; though he is always ready to listen to a tale of wrong like that which was lately told about soldiers' wives. It will be news to many that a soldier can not lawfully get married, or is not recognized as lawfully married, until he has completed six years' service and is also the possessor of a good conduct badge. Having served the allotted period, leave has to be obtained from the commanding officer of the regiment; but as a rule permission is granted readily enough. But even then it may be some time before the newly-elected benedict can avail himself of the privileges of "free quarters."

The proportion of married men for whom accommodation is provided by Government is about ten per cent. of the total strength of the regiment, and when a man has obtained the necessary permission to enter the holy estate it may happen that the "married strength" of the regiment is already above the limit, in which case he has to support his wife and self on his regimental pay and rations. But he is allowed the privilege of "living out of mess;" that is to say, instead of taking his meals in barracks with the other men he is permitted to draw his rations and do his best to make three-quarters of a pound of meat per diem and one pound of bread fill two mouths instead of one. How the men contrive to make both ends meet under such circumstances is a mystery; but they do, and as a rule the married men of a regiment contrive to keep up a better kit than their unencumbered companions. Of course there are exceptions; and many an officer will be able to call to mind some startling effects encountered in his subaltern days on the occasions of "kit inspection"—as when what to all intents and purposes seemed to be a neat folded linen shirt or flannel vest has proved on closer inspection to be the remains of an article of female attire not usually worn by the male sex.

When once a married man has become enrolled on the "strength" his position is materially improved. He has his single room in barracks, with coal, gas and wood free; his wife gets a share of the regimental washing, and if she is a good laundress, frequently has some of the mess and officer's linen to wash. By the practice of strict economy a soldier's wife can, under such conditions, enjoy a more comfortable existence than if she is mated to an agricultural laborer or mechanic. But even under the most favorable conditions it is hard to lay by for a rainy day; and we may be sure that many of the wives of the brave fellows who have lately set out for the Soudan had not more than a few shillings to make a fresh start with. In civil life a thrifty housewife will endeavor to lay by a small stock against bad times occasioned by slackness of work, when the bread-winner may, through force of circumstances, be compelled to endure a spell of enforced idleness; but with the soldier's wife this necessity is not so apparent. So long as her husband remains in the service (ill or well) so long will he receive a certain amount of daily pay; and although the contingency of his services being required abroad may at times present itself to her mind, the possibility of such an event is usually overlooked until it arrives to find her quite unprepared.

Putting aside the men married "with leave," there are in nearly every regiment a large proportion of men who have got married without the necessary permit to do so. Although they do not actually offend against military law, their status as married men can not be recognized by the authorities. The man who marries without sanction is to all practical intents and purposes looked upon as single. He is compelled to continue to mess with his comrades in barracks, although as a rule a certain amount of laxity is observed in allowing leave to sleep out of barracks. When a regiment moves from one station to another the wives of such men often find it a matter of extreme difficulty to scrape together the necessary funds for the railway journey; although, to their credit be it said, they as a rule do manage to solve this difficult problem some way or other, and before their husbands have fairly settled down in their new quarters they are generally located in a lodging within easy distance of the barrack gate.

Incredible as it may seem, not very many years ago as many as three or four soldiers' families had to accommodate themselves in a single room in barracks, the only division being curtains stretched across. After a time the authorities awoke to the fact that this state of things was not quite what it should be, and a single room to each couple has long been the order of the day.—*London News.*

Color Blindness.

The prevalence of color-blindness is, in round numbers, ten times as great in the male sex as in the female. The facts rests upon the examination of many thousand persons in different countries; and the examinations have not only been conducted by trained scientific observers perfectly familiar with all the sources of error in connection with the subject, but also in such a manner as to exclude the names of colors from consideration. The persons examined have been required to match sample colors by selection from among a great variety of skeins of wool; and only those have been set down as color-blind who commence by selecting some shade of stone-color or drab as a match for pale green. Further tests would then determine whether the blindness was to red, to green, to violet, or to all three. In England, among Eton boys, 2.16 per cent. were found to be color-blind in some form; and among males of the laboring class the percentage rose to nearly five.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A fire engine company of Fairhaven, Mass., stopped to elect a foreman pro tem in the street close to the burning building before putting a stream on the flames.—*Boston Globe.*

TEMPERANCE.

A GIRL'S PINK BOOTS.

Where the Money That Purchased Them Came From—A Father's Resolve.

A drunken man came staggering along a village street. As he reached a corner he saw a group of boys watching something across the way. He had not entirely lost his senses, so he wondered what they found so interesting.

"Wha-a-ar-yer-yer lookin' a-at?"

"Well, old fellow," answered Billy Door, "we're looking for a beauty to come out o' that store over there."

"A beau-tie?"

"Yes, a beauty; but go on, there's no use o' your lingerin' to see Pink Boots; your old, red eyes can't see half across the street."

But the rude boy was mistaken; the "red eyes" were not quite so bloodshot as usual, and they were looking with as much interest as the younger eyes at Pink Boots, who just then opened the door of the store opposite them and came out. Pink Boots was a beautiful girl of ten years, and her hands full of flowers—roses, lilies and carnations. She walked a half-dozen or more steps down the walk, and was just stepping into a handsome carriage when another little girl came in sight. For a brief moment the two children stood in strong contrast—Florence Burr, with glowing, happy face, and Celia Hunt, with her pale, distressed one. Florence was dressed in an elaborately-embroidered pink cashmere and her feet were incased in beautiful pink kid buttoned boots; for Florence was going to a tea party. She wore also a broad-brimmed hat with nodding pink plumes. As for Celia, she wore an old faded dress, so shabby that it revealed her bruised ankles, which were bare like her feet. An old veil tied about her pinched face did duty as head-protector, but no wrap covered her thin shoulders, although one was much needed this chilly day.

The carriage drove away with Florence, and Celia stood gazing after it. Of course the drunken man saw the poor child, so did the boys. The latter laughed, and Billy Dorr said: "I tell you it pays better to sell liquor than it does to drink it. What's your opinion, Daddy Hunt?"

"Daddy Hunt" did not answer; he stood stupidly gazing at his barefooted, weary-faced child.

"I say, old fellow, did you buy Celia's fall outfit at the same store that Pink Boots' father bought hers?"

"Shut up, now, will you? If you don't I'll knock the breath out of you."

The drunkard spoke savagely and raised his hand to execute his threat, when suddenly a little arm touched his, and a voice said coaxingly: "Come, father."

The man suffered himself to be led away from the heartless group; cruel Billy singing after them: "O father, dear father, come home."

It was a long walk to the drunkard's home. Before he reached it he was sober. "Celia," he said, "wouldn't you like some pink boots?"

"No, father, I would not want them!"

"Why not?"

"They wouldn't correspond with my rags," the child said, bitterly; "and I wouldn't wear Florence Burr's pink boots if I had silk dresses to wear with them," she added, savagely.

Again her father questioned: "Why not?"

"Because they were bought with money that ought to have bought bread and meat for poor starving children and their crying mothers."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody told me, I found out for myself."

"You're a strange child, Celia."

"Yes, perhaps I am, but I love you, father."

And Celia put her cold hand within her father's.

"I don't see how you can," he said, chokingly.

"I guess it's because you're my father," was the innocent answer.

As father and daughter entered the house the mother arose, put the sleeping babe in its wretched cradle, and said: "Come to supper."

Such a supper for a family of six! Only a part of a stale loaf of bread and some weak tea. The patient, weary wife would not have been surprised at her husband had he thrown the bread across the room at the wall and hurled the teapot after it, cursing her at the same time, as he had done often before; but she was surprised when he rose from the table—just after seating himself—and said, huskily: "Eat this miserable stuff if you can, poor things! I must be gone."

He started for the door, weak and faint, but determined. His wife followed him, beseeching: "Oh! don't go out again to-night, Fred, don't; the baby is sick, and ——"

She said no more, for, with the words: "The little fellow is sick, is he?" the father went back to the cradle, stooped and kissed his infant child for the first time, and arose with tears glistening upon his eyelashes.

"I'm not going out to drink, Mary. Don't be worried; I'll be back by nine o'clock, and if the child should get worse Celia will find me at Sergeant Wright's."

"What do you suppose it all means, mother?" asked Celia, as soon as her father was gone.

"I don't know, child; but perhaps it means there is a blessing coming on us all. Pray to God that it may be so."

"Mother," said Celia, "father asked me this afternoon if I wanted pink boots. What do you think of that?"

"It was a strange question, child. I'd be thankful if he'd save enough money to buy you some black ones. Your feet are blue with cold."

At nine o'clock a face peeped through the little curtainless window of the kitchen. The eyes saw a desolate picture. It was this: a bare, cold looking room; a haggard woman bending over a sick babe; a little sad-faced girl fallen asleep on the hard floor while bravely "waiting for father," and two pale-faced boys asleep on a low bed against the wall. Upon the boys' faces were traces of tears, for they were only little fellows of four and six, and had cried themselves to sleep because they were hungry.

The face moved from the window, and the man to whom it belonged opened the door and walked in.

"Wife," he said, bending down to kiss his wife's worn face for the first time in years, "I've been an idiot and a brute, and I'll not ask you to forgive me to-night. I'll wait until you thank God that I am! Ah! Celia, you're waking, child. Florence Burr will never buy any more pink boots with the money that belongs to my little ones. I've been over to Sergeant Wright's working hard at blacking stoves for four hours, and while I blackened the stoves he whitened my heart a little. God bless him! He paid me, too, a good price and to-morrow I'm to begin work in his tin shop. Wake up the poor little boys, Celia, my dear little girl. Tell them their father, and not a brute, has come home, and brought such a supper that they'll shout for joy."—*Toledo Blade.*

Beer Drinking.

Against the still widely prevalent notion that fermented liquors are comparatively harmless, and are useful in driving out whisky and other of the stronger liquors, Temperance workers are sternly setting their faces. The "Devil's kindling-wood," as the milder alcoholic beverages have been well called, are found to be poor material with which to put out the fires of intemperance. Says Judge Pitman, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, in a recently published letter: "An experience of over twenty years in the administration of the criminal law shows to me also that * * beer * * is as potent an incitement to crime as the more overwhelming stimulants." The last known act of a recent Philadelphia murderer and suicide before the double crime was committed, was to send out for beer (that "harmless" beverage!), by which he secured enough frenzied strength to drive two sinful souls into eternity. A dissipated foreigner, of New York City, who, a short time since, after pawning every household article he possessed, tried to sell his daughter for a thousand dollars, was only a "beer-drinker." These are wise words of an Episcopal rector and Temperance worker of New York, spoken in opposition to the movement for cheap licenses for beer-shops, which has of late shown such unfortunate power in that State: "I would make beer-saloons the most expensive of all, for it is there men start to drink. It would be better for poor men and women if they could find no liquor-shop cheap enough for them."—*S. S. Times.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A TEMPERANCE guild was organized in a barber-shop among young men waiting to be shaved, in Troy, N. Y., by Rev. Father Dolan. He induced twenty-two to sign the pledge, and the organization was formed immediately.

MAINE has passed a law preventing persons from soliciting trade for liquors in the State. Drunkards will be imprisoned from five to thirty days for first offense, and from ten to ninety for second offense. The Legislature has passed a law prohibiting newspapers from advertising liquors.

THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK.—You deposit your money and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your soul—and lose it.

A LONDON Temperance manifesto to workmen contains the following: In manufacturing one hundred dollars' worth of liquor two dollars goes to labor. In manufacturing one hundred dollars' worth of boots and shoes, twenty-two dollars goes to labor. The money turned over by one distillery employing one hundred and fifty men would, if employed in more useful ways give work to fifteen thousand men.

INTOXICATION seems to be a specially expensive luxury in Madagascar. An English newspaper states that the Madagascar Government imposes on any person found drunk in the district of Imerina a fine of seven oxen and seven dollars; and the introduction of any quantity of rum into the district is punishable with a fine of five oxen and five dollars—sums, of course, made much larger relatively through the poverty of the people.

IT is an apparent mistake to suppose that the liquor business ever pays for itself, so far as society at large is concerned. Boston, for instance, receives annually half a million dollars in license fees from liquor-dealers; but it pays out for police, criminal court, almshouse and hospital expenditures, $2,324,866—which last sum is, of course, in large, very large part, expended for the restraint of criminals and support of paupers, rendered such by the liquor habit. In every city where licenses are issued, the proportion is similar.—*S. S. Times.*

IN connection with the International Exhibition to be held in Antwerp, Belgium, this year, arrangements are being made for the holding of an International Temperance Convention there. The *National Temperance Advocate* of New York expresses the hope that as many American travelers abroad as can will attend this Temperance gathering, which will assemble some time in September—the exact date being not yet fixed. The *Advocate* adds: "Temperance counsel and testimony from Americans is most welcome and helpful to the struggling friends of Temperance on the Continent."

I HATE the rum traffic. It burned my father to death after squandering his property as a rumseller. Trouble then came through sickness and poverty, and we children were thrust into the poor-house, and father and mother into the asylum. Who ever knew the Rum Devil to stop until it had finished a man and landed him in hell, unless he came in contact with some of God's agents and was saved? My father was burned with his last bottle, the candle falling against his clothing while full of this accursed poison; and he was burned until the flesh dropped from the bones while he was yet alive; and mother was full of the same rum at the time. Ah, what a scene there was in the morning. * * * The only hope I now have of my mother is to send her to a brother in Kansas, where rum is not so free.—*The Voice.*

FOUR OF A KIND.

How a Chicago Hackman Played It on a Quartette Who Were Painting the Town Red.

Some time ago a quartette of Colorado bucks came to Chicago to swap wealth for soaring hilarity and to carminate the metropolis. They paid homage to Bacchus until they began to get somewhat shaky in the legs and then chartered a hack, and then the jamboree commenced in earnest. After an hour's ride, with stops at all way stations for refreshments, one of the Big Four took the hackman aside, and with an air of much impressiveness inquired in a cautious whisper the extent of his claim to their beneficence. He was quiet about it, because the leading characteristic of a Colorado man is to insist on paying for everything when he knocks around with a crowd.

The hackman said his bill was ten dollars.

It was paid, and the carnival progressed at a rattling gait. At the next pause to irrigate, another man found an opportunity to exchange a few private words with the jehu, in the course of which he inquired the amount of political influence he considered himself entitled to.

The hackman said he had no hope of getting a post-office and would have to call it ten dollars.

It was paid and the excursion resumed its winding way. In a short time the wheels of the chariot had ceased to whirl, and the four gidsome bricks were again looking to the zenith and hearing something gurgle. At this pause the third man made it his business to quietly step aside and put a few words in the ear of the acquisitive pilot of the expedition, as to the nature and extent of his claim upon their standing in society for the kindness of his escort.

The hackman said that times were hard, but that he could get along with ten dollars.

Again they loaded up and went forward in quest of a still further addition to their prospect for headache in the morning, and, when the corks had popped and the evanescent sparkler disappeared, the remaining philanthropist found an opportunity to get his breath in the neighborhood of the brigand's nose, and with much incoherency of speech wanted to know the extent of the levy

The hackman said Colorado people came his way so seldom that he would have to exact a ransom of ten dollars.

Once more the wheels were put in motion, and along towards morning the boozy party brought up at the Grand Pacific and disembarked for good. As they were about to go into the hotel one of the men said to the hackman:

"I paid you, I believe?"

"Yes," said the bold buccaneer, "you did."

"But I paid you myself, didn't I?" inquired the second man.

"Yes, sir."

"But hold on. I paid the rascal, too. Didn't I, John?" put in the third.

"It runs in my head that you did?"

"But I gave him ten dollars just a short time ago. Didn't I?" said the last victim.

"You did, for a fact."

"And do you mean to say that you have taken ten dollars from each one of us?"

"That's the way it looks to me."

"Well, are you satisfied now? Do you want any more?"

"Just as you please, gentlemen. Suit yourselves and you'll suit me."

"Thunder, man! You ought to be in Congress. You're a credit to Chicago, and I'm proud to know you. Do us the honor to come in and have a bottle of wine with us. What do you say?"

"That strikes me," said the man of staggering gall, as he threw the blanket on his horses.

And into the hotel the party went, and put in the remainder of the night pouring wine into the gourmand, with the vain hope that they would crowd him to the wall and make him refuse to take anything more. But he sat up with them till they gave it up as hopeless, and beat a retreat.

He had learned his trade at Niagara, and understood his business thoroughly, as they found to their cost. This is not a flight of fancy, but an actual occurrence.—*Chicago Ledger.*

TITLED FOREIGNERS.

The Secret of the Fascination They Exert Upon the Frank and Free-born Yankee Maiden.

American girls who marry foreigners are supposed to have but one motive—adoration of titles—but one excuse for their folly, the influence and encouragement of mothers sillier than their offspring. It is a foreigner, one who not only traveled in the United States, but lived for several years in the best society of New York and Boston, who furnishes a better reason for such marriages than any given by Americans who have attempted to find the secret of the fascination foreigners exert upon the frank and free-born Yankee maiden. Says this observant stranger:

"Men—ladies' men—are terribly scarce in America, where husbands and fathers, brothers and cousins, mostly business men, are off early in the morning after an early breakfast, only to be back in the evening for a late dinner or supper; and they come home worn out with work, debased by greed, unfitted for ladies' company by want of congenial education and polish, of sympathy with female pursuits, or appreciation of female talents and graces.

"Hence it is that a male visitor, a man free from engagements and with indefinite time at his disposal, willing to devote himself to women, to humor them, to take some interest in their not very serious or heavy occupations, is looked upon as a godsend in all American households."—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—Cocaine, the new anesthetic, is a colorless fluid not unlike glycerine. Under its effects, a patient at a hospital the other day submitted to the ball of his eye being punctured by a delicate spearhead knife, and in its place a small suction pump inserted which brought out some pus from a sack which the knife had punctured, and all the while the patient, mentally conscious, chatted pleasantly with the operator, as insensible of the operation as though it were being performed on his hat band.—*Chicago Journal.*

CARE OF THE SICK.

Poultices, Plasters and Blisters—How They are Prepared.

Poultices are used in so many cases that it is very important to know how to make and apply them properly. They are intended to convey warmth and moisture to the parts affected, and so must not be made too dry, nor allowed to grow cold before being put on. A wet, sloppy poultice is almost as objectionable as a dry, hard one, and a little care will enable one to attain the happy medium. Flaxseed meal is the best material for a poultice; it is not always at hand in a country house, and then a substitute must be found for it. If many poultices are likely to be required, as in peritonitis, or inflammation of the bowels, it is well to buy a few pounds, for nothing can satisfactorily replace it. If it has not been applied to an open surface where there is a discharge of matter, the flaxseed can be scraped from the cotton and heated again, adding a little water if too stiff, or more meal if there is not enough. To make it, have ready a sufficient quantity of boiling water in a sauce-pan (two teacupfuls will make a good-sized poultice), and into this stir enough of the meal to make a soft, thick paste. By stirring in one direction, and putting in the meal gradually, there will be no lumps. It need not boil after the flaxseed is in. Have ready a piece of old cotton, about two inches larger each way than the poultice is to be when applied, and a small piece of thin muslin. Dip a spoon in boiling water, and spread the flaxseed evenly on the cotton, leaving at least two inches of margin on all sides; lay the muslin on top of the poultice, and fold the margin neatly over it. This prevents the possibility of the flaxseed oozing out. No poultice or plaster should ever be directly applied to the skin; there should always be a layer of muslin, old linen, fine cambric, or some thin fabric, between, to prevent the skin from being soiled, and to make it more easy to remove the application.

Carrots, boiled soft and smoothly mashed, make a good poultice, and turnips prepared in the same way are sometimes used. These must be spread quickly, or they will cool too rapidly. Onions boiled in water to which a little vinegar has been added, make an excellent poultice; they should be crushed with a spoon when spreading them on the cotton. Indian meal makes a tolerable substitute for flaxseed, and is improved by the addition of a third part of slippery elm. Bread is a good material for a small poultice; it should be stale and only the crumbs used. Crumble it between the fingers, and pour over it enough boiling milk or water to moisten it thoroughly. When a poultice is intended to relieve pain, a small quantity of laudanum is sprinkled on the surface. If it is applied when there is an offensive discharge, powered charcoal is used in the same way, or a tablespoonful of carbolic acid solution is put into the water with which it is made. A poultice ought to be removed every two hours at least, and covered with a piece of oiled silk, India rubber cloth, or several thicknesses of flannel, to retain the heat. Before applying it, test it with the finger; if it feels uncomfortably warm, it is certainly too hot to lay on a sick person. When a gentle stimulant is required, a mustard plaster is generally used. Equal parts of mustard and wheat flour is a good proportion. They should be mixed to a smooth paste with warm water—boiling water destroys the essential oil of the mustard and renders it less efficacious—and then spread as thinly as possible on a piece of stout cotton, covered with muslin and applied. In ten minutes a corner should be raised, the state of the skin inspected and, if very red, the plaster removed. It is not desirable to raise a blister, as one made by mustard is more painful than any other. It is said that when mixed with the white of an egg, it will not blister. Flannel dipped in vinegar and thickly sprinkled with red pepper, makes a stimulating application, that is also free from this objection. An admirable plaster for a swelled breast is made by melting together a piece of resin the size of an egg and a lump of mutton tallow as large as a nutmeg; let them remain on the stove for an hour, and when taken from the fire, stir in the yelk of an egg. Have ready a piece of cotton the proper size, cut round and with a hole in the middle, spread the mixture on it, cover with part of an old handkerchief, shaped like the cotton, and apply warm to the breast. It usually gives great relief, and may be left on three or four days.

When a doctor orders a blister, he generally sends one ready prepared from an apothecary's shop, or a bottle of blistering fluid, which only requires to be painted on the spot where the blister is to be raised. It must not be applied where the skin is broken; the surface should be washed, and, if not too tender, rubbed with a rough towel. The time required for it to rise varies in different persons; it is usually from six to twelve hours. If it is very slow, it can be hastened by putting on a warm poultice; the vesicles will then be larger, and less painful. When the blister is raised, if it is intended to let it heal, the skin must not be removed, but snipped carefully in one place with a pair of sharp scissors, and the fluid that has accumulated allowed to escape, then dressed with a piece of soft linen spread with lard or vaseline. If it is to be kept open, the skin must be carefully cut around the edge and taken off, the surface being dressed with any stimulating ointment the physician orders. In either case the place must be washed every morning by gently squeezing tepid water over it from a sponge, a basin or thickly folded towel being placed underneath, to absorb the moisture. The ointment must be applied again as at first.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in Country Gentleman.*

—A woman of Middleton, Conn., who had become exasperated at an eagle that had stolen her chickens and pigeons saw him taking a siesta the other day after lunching on a spring chicken. She got down a double-barreled shotgun, pointed it at the eagle, shut both eyes and fired both barrels. She brought down the bird, which is to be stuffed as a trophy. — *Hartford Courant.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The *Popular Science Monthly*, after a careful investigation, concludes that the human race began about 2,000,000 years ago.

—During the recent Franco-Chinese difficulty the latter country was for the first time in her long history compelled to borrow money from foreign sources.

—Newport is agitated over the condition of the famous old stone mill, one of the wonders of the world and a genuine antique. The extreme cold of last winter has so badly damaged the structure that extensive repairs will be required to keep it from falling to the ground.—*Providence Journal*

—Dr. Holmes gives a receipt for a popular novel: "Hero—heroine—papa—mamma—uncle—sister, and so on. Love—obstacles—misery—tears—despair—glimmer of hope—unexpected solution of difficulties—happy finale. Landscape for background according to season. Plants of each month got up from botanical calendars."

—The late Schuyler Colfax, at a meeting of the Daughters of Rebekah, in Indianapolis, last summer, declared from the rostrum that it was his pride to say that the Rebekah Degree was the best kept secret in the order. Men had been expelled from the order (Odd Fellows) for divulging the secret work, but there was no instance on record of a woman having ever proved recreant to her obligations.—*Albany Express.*

—The saltpetre beds of Nevada are far better situated for the development of their deposits than the nitre region of South America, which is a desert entirely devoid of water and all vegetable life. Water for all purposes is condensed from the ocean water, and carried to the nitre fields, while fuel has to be procured from the mountains in the South of Chili. In Nevada the saltpetre deposits are in the vicinity of a rich farming country, with an abundant supply of water and wood close at hand.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Fenian ram that aroused considerable public curiosity through the columns of newspapers two years ago is still at New Haven, Conn., in a wooden building on the bank of Mill River. It is about thirty feet long, cigar-shaped, burns petroleum for fuel, and can make excellent speed under water. It is said to have cost $15,000. No one is allowed to see it except those in whose charge it is, and they refuse to talk about it. The building has no side windows and the door is strongly barred.—*New Haven Register.*

—An angler thus tells of his own experiments as to the effect that sound produces on trout, and he assumes that all fishes are more or less alike in this respect: "Frequently when able to observe a trout, while myself unseen, I have screamed and shouted at the top of my voice. These demonstration have invariably been without the slightest effect, but when varied by a concussion which would communicate itself to the water this has no longer been the case, and evidence of alarm, or at least that the concussion was felt, has been apparent."—*Chicago Herald.*

—The use of the revolver by women to avenge real or supposed injuries, is becoming very common in France. Recently a Paris physician, residing in the Rue Lafayette, had a maid servant named Louise Chasot, whom he dismissed. She left, vowing vengeance, of which he took no notice. The next day a messenger called to ask him to go and see a person who was ill at Rue de Dunkirk. He went to the apartment indicated, and on the door being opened to him he found himself in the presence of his late domestic. She immediately fired two shots of a revolver at him. One bullet grazed his ear. The other passed through his left thigh.

—Some thirteen years ago Hon. Gideon Haynes, of Massachusetts, in the course of business mailed four Bank of England notes of the aggregate value of $500 to a correspondent in Brazil. The mail steamer was burned on the passage, with her cargo, and the money was given up as lost. Recently Mr. Haynes discovered that each note was stamped with a mark and a number, and that a duplicate of this was kept in the record of the bank. He communicated with Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., and that firm, together with its London correspondent, Baring Brothers & Co., soon had the matter investigated and the lost bills replaced by new ones. —*Boston Journal.*

The Anamese Aristocrat.

The upper class of Anamese have modeled their life and manners as closely on those of the same class in China as their circumstances would permit. They dress much the same, but in silk of less glossy hue. They never wear their hair en queue. They either wear sandals or go barefooted. When they appear in public it is with a certain number of huge umbrellas or parasols, some before or beside them to indicate their rank. The number has been considerably abridged since the occupation of Tonquin by the Chinese. The vehicle in which they travel is a horselike palanquin or hammock, covered by an oval roof, bent down at the sides. The dignitary always reclines, and is entirely screened from the vulgar gaze by curtains that entirely fill the uncovered openings. He is attended by a multitude of coolies, who carry, beside the parasols, his betel-nut box, spittoon and any other articles which may be wanted during the excursion.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Bustles, Steels, Etc.

Bustles are worn very large because there is a tendency to do away with masses of drapery on the tournure. The separate bustle for each dress is a cushion or pillow of hair made thicker than it was last season, and tacked through with threads at intervals to keep the hair from matting; this is sewed permanently to the belt, and below it are two steels run in casings across the back of the foundation skirt. When a pad bustle is objected to, modistes use a third steel in a casing about eight inches below the belt, cutting it in two for the opening of the placket-hole, and putting a hook and eye at the end of the casing to fasten it. —*Harper's Bazar.*

DECGARY INCREASING.

Hulking Tramps Who Dog Women Until They Get Money from Them.

"I doubt very much," said a gentleman who recently returned to town after a long absence, "if New Yorkers realize what a pestiferous nuisance street begging has become. Before I went to Europe, in 1879, there were old men and women grinding organs on New York street corners, with old cigar boxes resting on the gutters for such pennies as people chose to throw them. Occasionally people saw rag pickers collecting bits of bread and the like from door to door, and now and then an able-bodied tramp soliciting assistance. But all this is vastly different from the begging which one must endure on every side now. If I come out of my hotel in the morning and stand on the corner waiting for a stage, I am beset by two or three men before I can climb into the vehicle. There are gangs of tramps who lurk about in the vicinity of the Union and Knickerbocker Clubs and regularly annoy the members. Public parks are also affected by the beggars.

"Another thing which struck me yesterday was the number of big hulking tramps who beg from women. These dirty and disagreeable-looking specimens actually intimidate and annoy women into giving them alms. One of them yesterday followed my wife for two blocks along Fifth Avenue, just below Twenty-third Street, walking beside her and annoying her so that, finally, she was obliged to give him a dime to get rid of him. At the foot of the elevated railroad stations at Twenty-third, Fourteenth, and nearly all of the up-town stops, one can always find one or two of these men. They do not beg from every passer by, but single out their victims and approach them with apparent respect.

"But if the men are bad, the children are worse. There are gangs of these young mendicants who are fit subjects for police attention. They cry and whine about having no place to sleep and nothing to eat, and so succeed in reaching their victim's pocket. If a man is in a hurry he has to push these little beggars aside before he can get ahead. Some of them sell evening papers, but the majority are simply mendicants. I suppose some of this is the result of hard times. But with New York's ample charity institutions it should be possible to keep these street beggars at least under control. There can be no doubt in the minds of men who know anything about it that two-thirds of the street beggars are frauds of the most palpable description."—*N. Y. Sun.*

SNAKES.

Ophidians That Abound in the Penjdeh Valley.

Remittent fever has of late years played sad havoc among the Jamshidis of Kushk. All the neighboring valleys, including Penjdeh, are infected, and are only habitable in spring and summer by the acclimatized. Another drawback to this valley is the number of snakes which infest it. In spring the country must swarm with them; at present they are to be found, when there is occasion to dig some eighteen inches or two feet below the surface, hibernating in sleepy torpor.

Before winter closed in, one of the Lancers—a strong, healthy young fellow—very nearly fell a victim to one of these reptiles. When picking up a stone he was bit in the back of the hand, and he owed his life to his own prompt presence of mind and Dr. Charles' care and skill. Tearing off a strip of his turban he bound it tightly—so tightly that in the hospital they could not tighten it—round the arm above the wrist. He then made off for the hospital, and half an hour after being bitten he was under Dr. Charles' care. But already there were signs of paralysis in the left leg, and this gradually spread till both extremities were completely paralyzed. He suffered from great heat, followed by intense cold, tingling and numbness in the arms and legs, and much pain over the heart—his heart was "on fire," he complained.

Altogether his case, after an hour or so, seemed hopeless. He was plied with brandy and ammonia, and made to walk till his legs were deadened by paralysis, and then he was put between hot blankets, and hot bricks were applied to his feet. Hypodermic injection of ether was found very useful, and at last, after three hours of unremitting care, he slowly passed out of danger; and Dr. Charles has the satisfaction of being one of the few who have successfully treated a snake bite. However, the man did not completely recover at once. He suffered from blood poisoning, and it was three weeks before he was discharged from hospital.—*London Times.*

The German Ahead.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in every part of the commercial world Germans are supplanting the English as merchants and business men. The reason for this superiority is obvious on its face. The German is highly educated; this makes him intelligent, and then he is patient and thrifty. The number of Germans who can not read or write is smaller than in any other country, while the university graduates are more numerous, and hence they are supplanting the British trader because of their greater intelligence and economical habits. Americans are out of this fight for commercial supremacy. We have neither colonies nor trade with other nations. If we had we would probably hold our own with the Germans except in the matter of education and economy. Our people are reckless spenders, even more so than the English, but this now makes no difference as we have no commercial ambition, and the new administration does not seem to favor any departure from the traditions that have been handed down to us from a past generation.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—After repeated trials penny dinners in London and Birmingham are becoming successful, though it is admitted that, to a great extent, the children of the very poorest classes are not reached. Half-penny dinners are now being tried in Birmingham.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SONG OF THE REDWING.

The bogs show green in the meadow,
The brook goes babbling along;
High-perched, on a dead-limbed willow,
Gay redwing is whistling his song:
"O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Here are we; come and see!

"My little wife cares for the babies—
I see them in yon grassy clump;
Do you think I will tell *you* just which one?
Be careful, now; look where you jump!
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Babies wee, babies three!

"Oh, fine is this bright, warm weather!
The tender leaves whisper around;
The shad-birch now whitens the hill-sides,
And violets sprinkle the ground.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Envy me? *Envy* me?

"I can not sing all I would like to,
My wife says: 'Be still as a mouse!'
But I do just dote on this willow,
And I dreadfully hate keeping house.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Pity me? *Pity* me?

"We redwings are singers and poets;
In meadows and brooks we delight;
But, though glossy our shining black dress-coats,
Our family cares are not light.
O-ka-lee! Children three;
Don't you see? O-ka-lee-e!"
—*S. J. Douglass, in Our Little Ones.*

HOW HARRY WAS LOST.

A Great Scare Which Happily Ended in Great Rejoicing.

It was a sultry day in July and Grandma Morrison had risen with the sun, that she might take advantage of the early morning hours and do her week's baking. By the time Eben came in to get the milk-pail, that he might make his morning call on old Bess, grandma had two beautiful loaves of cake all baked and set away carefully in the pantry, and was bustling about from stove to table and from table to stove, baking cookies. As Eben came up on the piazza and stepped into the kitchen she was just taking the first panful, brown and tempting, out of the oven.

"Good-morning, Eben," said she, deftly sliding the cookies out of the pan on to the table, "won't you have one of my nice crisp cookies before you go out to milk? I always bake a batch when baking day comes round, no matter how many other things I have to do, for Harry thinks there's nothing like grandma's cookies," and her kindly face lit up with a pleasant smile at the thought of her little grandson of five summers, for whom there was not much her old hands grudged doing.

"Thank ye, ma'am, I don't mind," said Eben, taking up a nice brown one and placing it between his teeth. "Do you know is Mr. Morrison goin' to the lot this mornin' to cut that hay?"

"Yes, Eben, he is going, and he said that he would like your help if you could give him the time."

"Well, yes, I calc'lated sparin' to-day to him if he wanted it, and I'll be round by the time he's ready to start."

Shortly after Eben had left the house, swinging his milk-pail and singing "Annie Laurie," Mr. Morrison came clumping down the back stairs, and, opening the door at the foot, said: "Mother, Harry has set his heart on going to the lot with me this morning, and I guess I'll take him along if you think you won't worry about him."

"I can't promise that, father, but I suppose he might as well go if he wants to. I shall have to suffer him out of my sight sometimes; but do, father, be careful, and don't let him go too near the brook or into the next field where the savage bull is, or—"

"Pshaw, mother, what's the use of telling me all that? Don't you suppose I am able to take care of my own grandson?" and grandpa Morrison looked a little piqued.

"Well, yes, I suppose you are, dear; but you know sometimes when you get to working hard you forget everything else, and I promised Sophie, you know, that nothing should happen to her boy while he was staying with us."

A happier boy than Harry, as he ate his breakfast that morning, would be hard to find. Grandma found a nice little basket which had been used for her boy Tom on similar occasions, and filled it with her newly-baked cookies, which, she thought, in addition to grandpa's well-filled dinner basket, would be all the little fellow would want.

"You know, grandma," said he, as she put on his hat and led him to the door, "I'm going to learn how to work like grandpa, so I can s'port mamma by-and-by."

"That's a brave little man," and grandma's eyes were suspiciously dim as she lifted him up into the wagon, which had just come rattling up to the door, and put him on the seat between grandpa and Eben.

"I declare," she said, after watching them drive out of the gate and down the road as far as she could see them, "I declare, I almost wish I hadn't let him go, for grandpa *is* so careless; but there, there's no use worrying," and turning into the house she was soon so busy with her household cares as to forget that Harry was not playing about the house as usual.

About five o'clock Eben came in, saying that he had had a slight chill, and Mr. Morrison had sent him home. Grandma gave him a dose of quinine, and some more to take home with him, making sure, before he left the house, that Harry had not fallen in the brook, or been gored by the old bull.

It had begun to be dusk before grandma heard the welcome sound of the wagon coming into the yard. She hastened to the door, sure that Harry would be ready for a good supper and an early bed.

"Why, where's Harry?" she said, as the wagon loaded with hay went right on toward the barn without stopping at the door.

"Harry!" and grandpa pulled up his horses with a jerk. "Why, he came home with Eben some time ago."

"I've seen nothing of him," said grandma, her face exhibiting great alarm. "Eben came in alone, and went right home after getting some quinine from me. He certainly would have said something about it if Harry had come with him."

"Well, now, that's queer, for I left him to go home with Eben, and went over to see Collins for a moment. When I came back, I'm sure he wasn't there. I'll go over and see Eben about it," and grandpa hastily drove his load of hay into the barn, not stopping to unload it, and, after unharnessing the horses, started as quickly as he could for Eben's house.

Fifteen minutes after, grandma, waiting anxiously in the kitchen, heard him come hurriedly up the walk to the house.

"Mother," cried he, as he entered the room, "it is exceedingly strange. Eben isn't at home, and his wife doesn't know where he is; but she says there was no one with him when he came in this afternoon, and he said nothing about Harry."

"Oh, father, how dreadful this is! If I had only clung to my better judgment this morning and kept him at home, for I almost knew something would go wrong. I should never have undertaken the care of the child in the first place, even for these few weeks, if Sophie had not been so anxious that he should have a breath of country air. But why do we waste time in talking? You must harness Kitty to the buggy and drive right out to that field again, for the child is probably there yet, and frightened almost to death. Take some cookies in your pocket," she added, as he was hurrying from the room, "for you must be very hungry."

Grandma Morrison will not soon forget the suspense of those two hours in which she waited for news of Harry—Harry, her darling and the joy of his mother's life. She tried to busy herself about something, anything which would divert her mind from the dreadful thoughts which haunted it. That brook—what more likely than that he had been playing near it, and had fallen in? At last, driven almost to distraction, she took down her Bible from the shelf, and sat down to read. This had been *her* consolation in all previous sorrows, and she was sure that it, if anything, would be now. She had just taken her seat when she heard the buggy coming back, and with rapid beating heart, she went out upon the steps. There were certainly two figures on the seat, but was the second Harry?

"Is Harry with you, father?" she asked eagerly, as old Kitty stopped before the steps.

"No, mother, this is Eben," replied grandpa, in what seemed to her a surprisingly cheerful voice under the circumstances; "But, I say, mother, Harry has been at home all this time that I've been scouring the country for him."

"Impossible, father! What do you mean? You certainly would not joke at such a time as this."

"No, indeed, mother, it is no joke, but a happy fact. Harry is now sleeping on top of the load of hay which I brought home, if I'm not very much mistaken."

Without stopping to give or receive an explanation of this strange statement, they all three hastened to the barn, where, sure enough, Harry was found sleeping quietly in a little nest on top of the load of hay.

When he had been taken into the house, and duly petted by all, Eben explained how it had all come about. Harry had decided, after his grandfather left him to go home with Eben, that he would rather wait and ride home on the hay, and Eben had put him up on top of the great pile which was to wait there until Mr. Morrison came back, supposing, of course, that Harry would call to his grandfather as soon as he came back. He had, however, become tired of waiting, and gone to sleep, so that when Mr. Morrison came back he had seen nothing of him, and supposed he had gone with Eben.

After Harry was all snugly tucked in bed that night grandma could not refrain from stealing into his room every few minutes to assure herself that he was really there; and she resolved that Sophie should never know what a fright they had had, although Harry had really been safe all the time.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

How Johnny Was Cured of Crying fo One Day, at Least.

Johnny and Nellie were playing in the sitting-room, when Johnny fell down and bumped his nose. It did not hurt him much, but he was fond of crying. The tears came into his eyes.

"Don't cry, Johnny," said Nellie.

"How can I help it," replied Johnny, "when I have fallen down and bumped my nose?" And he began to cry with all his might.

"Then," cried Nellie, "there is nothing for me to do but to beat the arm-chair till Johnny stops crying." So she seized a stick, and began to beat the chair as hard as she could.

Fred came running in. "O Nellie!" said he, "why are you beating the arm-chair?"

"How can I help it," replied Nellie, "when Johnny has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might? I must beat the chair till Johnny stops crying."

"Then," cried Fred, "there is nothing for me to do but to blow my tin trumpet." So he took the trumpet from his pocket, and began to blow with all his might.

In came Sophia, the older sister. "O Fred!" said she, "why are you blowing so loud on your tin trumpet?"

"How can I help it," replied Fred, "when Johnny has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might, and Nellie is beating the arm-chair? I must blow the trumpet till Johnny stops crying."

"Then," cried Sophia, "there is nothing for me to do but to ring the dinner-bell." So she seized the bell, and began to ring as hard as she could.

The noise soon brought in Mother Allen. "O Sophia!" said she, "why are you ringing the dinner-bell so hard?"

"How can I help it," replied Sophia, "when Johnny has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might, and Nellie is beating the arm-chair, and Fred is blowing his tin trumpet? I must ring the bell till Johnny stops crying."

"Then," cried Mother Allen, laughing, "there is nothing for me to do but to look for the switch which stands near the pan of cookies." And she ran to the kitchen with all her might.

Johnny jumped up, and ran after his mother. He was ashamed, but he tried to laugh. Nellie ran after Johnny, Fred ran after Nellie, Sophia ran after Fred. Johnny had stopped crying for that day.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

e copy, one year $1 50
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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

We have often heard it said "that any man who will attend to his own business will have enough to do," and we respectfully commend this old adage to the anonymous scribbler, signing himself "Oakland" in last week's *Democrat*, who in casting his "immature reflections before the public" undertakes to find fault with our merchants because, forsooth, they see proper to conduct their business to suit themselves. "The charge that this is the dearest country town in the United States has gone out," says this scribbler. Who made the charge? If the charge has been made who has circulated it? Such scribblers as "Oakland," who, having little or no business of their own, or being too lazy or incompetent to attend to it if they have, take it upon themselves to manage the affairs and business interests of "our merchants." This correspondent seems to have an idea that, if the merchants of our town would lay aside the knowledge which they have acquired by many years' experience in business and adopt his peculiar notions, they would thereby enhance the value of property, increase the population and add to the prosperity of the town. All the assumptions and recommendations of scribbler "Oakland" are based upon the statement that "our merchants have everything up to the highest notch." This statement is untrue to start with, and is simply a slander upon men who have been engaged in business here for many years, and who have always enjoyed the confidence of the community. It is our "deliberate opinion" that if all such meddlers in other people's affairs as scribbler "Oakland" would betake themselves to "Hutton's, or Terra Alta," or some other place where they would be allowed to regulate the business of other people, the community would be better off.

We are surprised that the *Democrat* gave space for such a letter as the one refered to, because it is a request to the customers of our merchants to go to Hutton's, Terra Alta, Mountain Lake, St. George, or anywhere in the United States except Oakland, if they want to buy cheap goods. Now, if this letter has any effect upon the readers of the *Democrat* it certainly would be to the disadvantage and against the business interests of all the people of Oakland, whether merchants or not. We are much more surprised that the *Democrat* editorially endorses the communication as containing a great deal of truth. The editor eagerly seizes the opportunity to add the weight of his influence and wisdom to this wanton attack upon the business men of Oakland. The editor is right, however, in supposing that any suggestions from him "would prove a mere whistling down the wind." The people of this community have learned to value suggestions from such a quarter at their real worth, and to look with suspicion upon any statement which is endorsed as thruthful by the *Democrat*.

But apart from the baselessness of the charge, the unthruthfulness of the general statement and the vindictiveness toward a class of respectable men, we submit that it is none of this scribbler's business whether the merchants charge large or small profits. If the *Democrat* and its anonymous writers cannot buy goods at such prices as they desire in Oakland it is their right to go elsewhere, but it is neither their right nor privilege to make such attacks upon our merchants and through them upon the whole business community. In the meantime the merchants would be very grateful if Mr. "Oakland" or the *Democrat* would kindly consent to give them his name.

Colonel Baughman, of the Frederick *Citizen*, is very much incensed at the appointment of Major Allison as deputy postmaster for Baltimore. He has a lengthy editorial on the subject, in which he larrups the "independent" Democrats pretty lively and concludes as follows: "We would like to know when we are to commence to stick to the old doctrines of the party, for if the true men are everlastingly to be turned down for disorganizers, then good-bye to Democracy in Maryland."

A week or two ago we copied two editorials, one from the *Baltimore Herald*, the other from the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, upon the subject of counting the funds in the U. S. Treasury. We gave proper credit for the articles and did not attempt to rehash them and palm them off upon our readers as our own matter, as we have frequently known others to do. The *Democrat* finds fault with us for publishing these articles. They do not suit him. They were not meant to suit him. We did not even think of him in connection with them. We are editing this journal in accordance with our own judgment and in doing so made the selections refered to, and although the *Democrat* says there is nothing in them, the editor devotes a whole column to replying to them. A great deal of work, neighbor, replying to nothing. We have no doubt the readers of the *Democrat* would be grateful to the editor if he would fill the space usually devoted to his own composition with well selected matter from other and abler writers.

An interesting discovery, said to have been made by Appointment Clerk Higgins, is that the records of the departments contain large numbers of cases in which Government employes obtain or seak to retain their positions on the strength of false claims to military service in the late war. Higgins claims to have discovered a number of cases in the Treasury Department in which incumbents have falsely represented themselves as being old soldiers, with a view to secure the consideration which the law promises to that class. Higgins proposes to have the war records searched and the military claims of Treasury employes verified. He is reported to have claimed that there are scores of cases in which he is awaiting final and formal evidence of misrepresentation.

James Graham Pearre, son of the late Judge Pearre, of Cumberland, was convicted in the Baltimore Criminal Court on Wednesday of last week, of attempting to commit a felonious assault upon a Mrs. Kirkland, a few months ago. The affair occurred at the Albion Hotel, where the two boarded at the time. Pearre is twenty-two years of age and a law student. Mrs. Kirkland is thirty-five and has been separated from her husband for some time. The penalty is from two to ten years in the penitentiary. Senator Whyte, counsel for Pearre, will carry the case to the Court of Appeals. Mr. Pearre has been bailed in the penal sum of $5,000 to await the action of the court.

The entrance of the new B. & O. railroad into Philadelphia has not yet been definitely settled upon, but it will be made by an elevated road branching off from the main line at the Schuylkill and running to the very heart of the city. The route, it is stated, will run between Chestnut and Market streets and will extend as far south as Fifteenth street, and a passenger station is to be built fronting the latter street. Every obstacle has been thrown in the way of this line but the company has been able to overcome the most of them and push the work forward with wonderful rapidity.

Offensive Partisans.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The *Critic* has the following: "The *Critic* is credibly informed that at the last caucus held in March by the Republican Senators the following two rules in substance, were adopted in accordance with their views of civil service reform:

"First—That in case of the removal of any efficient Republican public officer on the alleged ground of offensive partisanship and the nomination of a Democratic partisan in his place, that such nomination will not be confirmed.

"Second—That any Democratic partisan who causes the removal of an efficient Republican and receives as his reward for causing such removal the nomination as successor to the decapitatrd official, that such nomination will no be confirmed."

The reasons assigned for the adoption of these rules are understood to be in effect that the Senate, under the constitution provision of "advice and consent," is an advisory body to the Executive, and with him is held responsible for the character of the Civil Service, and that under the laws of Congress establishing Civil Service reform in the public offices of the country, their duty requires some such action as indicated in the above given caucus rules.

A recent complete survey of the Western and Southern wheat-growing states made by the *Farmers' Review*, of Chicago, indicates that the outlook for the winter-sown wheat is the worst in ten years.

Secretary Lamar and the civil service commission are at loggerheads as to the right of naming candidates for clerkships.

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1885.

The return of Gen. John A. Logan to succeed himself as U. S. Senator from Illinois, is the great political event of the season since March 4th. As he is an indefatigable worker, well acquainted with the political machine, and a Republican of brains, backbone and courage, he will be no deadhead from this time on. Had Blaine been elected, he would have bounced nearly all of Logan's friends. Logan in turn will demand the removal of all who snubbed him and coddled up to Mr. Blaine, and will thus open the doors so that about 1,100 voters employed as clerks in the different departments, will be pointed out to Mr. Cleveland as proper subjects for a rest. Their places in several cases must be filled by Republicans, but as a general thing Democrats will come as the Blainites go out. As the Senate is Republican and needed in political business, it has corresponding power and privilege in naming clerks. The great contest of 1888 has virtually begun already, with Logan in the lead as the coming Republican.

With all the machinery and accessories requisite for the printing of postage stamps, obtained at a cost infinitely greater than that incurred by any private concern, the Government is asking for bids to supply the Post Office Department with four billions of postage stamps of various denominations. Should any individual be guilty of a piece of folly so unequivocally stupid as this, there would be no hesitation about consigning him to some institution for the feebleminded. However, the syndicates in New York and elsewhere have somehow or other always managed to get the best of the Government in these contracts, and the expensive machinery might just as well as not be sold for old iron. When the contract for printing the Government bonds some few years ago was awarded to the American Bank Note Company, it was demonstrated that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing could do a better and finer work, for about one-fourth of the contract price awarded to the company; yet, in the face of that fact, the Treasury Department continued for years to award the contract to the same company. If this manner of doing Government business does not call for a reform, perhaps it were better to farm out every other species of Government work to private parties.

That was a very pretty broadside to the civil service rules that was given by the Interior Department the other day, in the appointment of a clerk of class four as a "chief of division" in the General Land Office. That such an officer is not known to the law, made no difference to the appointing power in this case, which, in its anxiety to provide for the family, did not hesitate to override the law. With this exceedingly shallow excuse for avoiding the rules laid down in the civil service law, we shall expect that chiefs of divisions will be as thick as black-berries in the Land Office, and who as such, will be "fired out" *ad libitum*, in order to create vacancies for that hungry, and "you may well suppose thirsty," horde who infest the corridors to so great an extent that "standing room only" is the admonition to the outside throng.

JUNIUS.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The general trade situation, as reported to *Bradstreet's*, has not been improved during the past week. At Chicago dullness has been conspicuous; preparations are making for a quiet summer. The bank reserves are larger than ever and loan rates there were never lower than at present. At Cincinnati and at St. Paul the dry goods markets are more active, owing to the summer season and other special influences. At the former city warm weather and concessions by sellers of cottons and summer fabrics have stimulated sales, and in the northwest the demand for summer goods has resulted in increased sales. At St. Louis prices of dry goods have been revised and reductions made in several lines of cottons, but the movement has declined. No gain is expected by the trade until after harvesting. At Boston the movement of cottons from first hands is lighter and the outlook is unimproved. The late auction sales have settled prices on a lower level, which will, for the time being, have to be maintained. So far as the volume of general trade is concerned there has been no appreciable change from last week.

There is much that is discouraging concerning the newly planted corn crop. The weather in the Mississippi valley has been unfavorable. Some of the corn will have to be replanted. In the northwest the weather has been excellent for the spring wheat. The corn acreage there is larger than last year. The wheat acreage is more likely to be larger than last year than otherwise. Its condition is good. The wheat market has declined conspicuously; No. 2 red closed at $1.00 last night, against $1.04½ a week ago. Indian corn closed at 52c., against 55½c. May 22. The war boom (in Asia) was, evidently, a disadvantage, it having unduly stimulated the quotations as well as the shipments on this side. There has been no further news respecting damage to the wheat crop. Cotton is lower, spots having weakened in sympathy with futures. Middling uplands closed at 10 15-16c., against 11c. a week ago. Trade in grocery staples is very quiet, with sugar firm at the advance. Dairy products are demoralized.

The price of American pig iron, bar and of steel rails, have not been changed. The long-time past nominal quotations are still made, and are as frequently subjected to shadings to secure contracts. There is little likelihood of any improvement or increased activity prior to August. Sales have been light. The metal trades prefer at present to await the outcome of the strike between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and the Manufacturers' Alliance.

BOSTON, May 30.—The *Advertiser* in its review of the wool trade says: Although the total sales of the week are larger than the previous week, trade has been less active, as of the total sales 2,334,400 lbs., 678,000 lbs. were foreign carpet. The sales of domestic were about 400,000 lbs. less than a week ago, which practically shows the dullness referred to. The sales of Australian were about 26,000 lbs. more than last week. Sales of Texas were larger than a week ago, and more sales of choice 12 months have been made at 24c, although not directly reported.

A Bad Outlook for Wheat.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 31.—The growing wheat crop having reached a critical stage, and winter wheat having approached a condition sufficiently near maturity to approximate the acreage and probable yield, the *Farmers' Review* has followed up its usual weekly summary by a complete survey of all the Western and Southern wheat-growing states, reports having been received from over 3,000 correspondents, covering every wheat-producing county in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, together with a very accurate and recent summary from the Pacific coast region, made by the Associated Press. It is believed this will be one of the most complete reports ever prepared. The review has been carefully prepared, and the information is believed to be the most exhaustive and latest that has yet been obtained, and foreshadows the state and government reports. The *Review* says: "The gloomiest views have been advanced concerning the winter wheat outlook for 1885 must now be accepted as the most accurate. The promising conditions of 1884 have this season been completely reversed. The absolute uniformity of the returns indicates that the outlook for the winter-sown wheat this year is the worst in 10 years, and it may be now set down as positive that under the most favoring conditions the total winter and spring wheat yield is to fall considerably under the short crop of 1881, when the total product was 380,000,000 bushels. With the exception of Michigan, Oregon and Washington Territory, as the far Western slope, the causes leading to a decreased output of winter-wheat are almost identical. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri the ground was bare of snow during the winter, and the severely cold weather at the close of the winter was followed by dry, cold winds later on. There was also a decreased acreage, owing to the low prices which prevailed for the crop of 1884. In California the decreased acreage was accompanied by a severe drouth, which has tended to almost thin the growing crop. Oregon and Washington Territory were saved by bountiful showers, which came in time to save the grain. When the states are considered in detail the situation can be better appreciated.

Illinois—Fifty-three per cent of the entire wheat crop of the state has been plowed up, and more would have been plowed had not the ground been sown to clover and grass. A very large proportion of the wheat that is heading out proves to be chess, and there is no probability that bread and seed will be made in Southern Illinois this year. Four entire counties in the central and southern tier have been plowed up, and in eight other counties the crop is reported as an entire failure. The average condition of all the counties of the state does not exceed 46 per cent of the yield of 1884, based upon the fields not yet plowed up.

Kansas—The same conditions which exist in Illinois are to be found in Kansas, with this exception—that the Hessian fly has been at work more largely in the one state than the other. The acreage of the state not plowed under is 52 per cent of 1884, and the average condition of the plant is 53.

Missouri—The state presents the same conditions spoken of with reference to Illinois and Kansas. The winter-killed fields having been plowed under leaves the total acreage remaining 58 per cent of 1884, and the average condition is 52. The state will not produce more than one-third of its last year's yield.

Ohio—The northern tier of counties are making a better showing than the average of the states already given, but in all the southern counties the plant has been badly winter-killed. The growing acreage has been reduced to 76 per cent of last year, and the average condition does not exceed 58 per cent of 1884.

Indiana—In portions of Northern Indiana there is a promise of an average yield, but in the southern portion of the state the outlook is no more promising than in Ohio and Illinois. The yield of the state will be about 45 per cent of last year.

Tennessee—The winter-wheat prospect in this state has been running down steadily for 30 days, and the latest advices indicate that the state will not harvest one-fourth of the crop of 1884.

Kentucky—In a few counties of Kentucky the wheat crop promises to be fair, but the returns by counties indicate that the crop will not exceed 50 per cent of last year.

California, Oregon and Washington Territory—The prolonged drouth in California has very greatly injured the prospects for the growing crop in that state. Edwin F. Smith, secretary of the State Agricultural Society of California, has computed the yield of that state for the Associated Press at 25,000,000 bushels, while Oregon and Washington Territory, under improved conditions, will turn out 17,200,000 bushels, an aggregate of 42,200,000 against the aggregate of 68,700,000 for the Pacific coast in 1984, or a shortage of 26,500,000 bushels for the Pacific coast region.

Michigan—This state is the only one in the winter-wheat belt to-day which gives the promise of an average yield. While the winter-wheat in the other states was bare of snow, the wheat in Michigan was well protected and covered, to which cause is to be ascribed the present promising condition of the crop. The state promises to turn out fully 96 per cent of an average yield.

From a close compilation, and taking the most cheerful view of the situation, the winter-wheat yield for the present year will not exceed 200,000,000 bushels, and the absolute percentages from the most trustworthy sources indicate that the yield will fall somewhat under than over the figures given.

Turning to the spring-wheat belt, the outlook is altogether more promising. Full returns from Nebraska show slightly enlarged acreage as compared to last year, while in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota the decrease in acreage will be about 10 per cent, while the condition is about 95 per cent. The acreage of Dakota is about 8 per cent less than last year, and the condition fully equal, though the season is from 10 to 12 days later. The probable spring-wheat yield, based upon continuing favorable weather, will be 130,000,000 bushels. The total wheat crop of the country, therefore, from the present outlook, will be from 320,000,000 to 330,000,000 bushels, against an average yield for the past five years of 464,000,000 bushels.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—The wheat crops of California this season will be the smallest for many years. There are two reasons for this: First, the large yield of last year and the low prices received caused a great shortage in the acreage: second, the late sown grain on winter-plowed land will, from a lack of rain, be nearly all cut for hay. The acreage of wheat in 1884 was, in round numbers, 3,500,000 acres, yielding 57,000,000 bushels. Edwin F. Smith, secretary of the State Agricultural Society of California, estimates the acreage of the present year at 2,800,000 acres, with a total yield of 25,000,000 bushels, or less than half a crop as compared with last year. There is still on hand in the state 15,000,000 bushels of last year's crop. By deducting 10,000,000 for home consumption, there will remain 30,000,000 for export.

The estimates for Oregon and Washington Territory show large gains. The acreage in Western Oregon is 23 per cent greater than last year. In the "Indian Empire," comprising Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, an increase in acreage over last year is estimated at 42 per cent. The early rains of the present month, which were followed by cool, cloudy weather, have assured the spring-sown grain, while the present condition of the winter-wheat is better than at the corresponding period of last year. Close estimates fix the quantity of wheat for export from Western Oregon at 6,500,000 bushels, and from Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory at 7,500,000, making a total available for export from Oregon and Washington Territory of 14,000,000 bushels. The total yield of wheat in Oregon and Washington Territory last year was 11,700,000 bushels. The estimated yield this year will be 17,200,000 bushels.

A good story of Judge Bond, of the United States District Court, is told by one of his Western friends. It occurred in Boston in 1877. The two went to call on a medium. They were shown many wonders, and at last the Judge was told to write a list of names on a slip of paper, which being done, he was instructed to run his finger down the list and stop when the accustomed rap on the table was heard. When he got to the middle of the list a violent blow was struck upon the table. Thereupon a long conversation ensued between the Judge and the materialized spirit, in which were rehearsed many astonishing facts (most of which the Judge had ingeniously managed to drop in the opening of the conversation with the medium.) Finally, the exhibitor suspected something, and the "spirit" abruptly departed. Then the Judge fell into a brown study, from which it was difficult to arouse him. Suddenly looking up, he said, with the most admirably assumed tone of astonishment and conviction; "This is the most remarkable thing I ever dreamed of; I almost doubt the power of Omnipotence to equal it." "Ah" says the medium, "I can show you greater things than that." Further conversation ensued in a similar strain, when Judge Bond burst out with: "But I tell you, sir, I challenge the Almighty to do such a thing. Why, sir, can you believe it? I left that gentleman not twenty minutes ago on the steps of the Parker House!" At this the medium became naturally furious and exclaimed: "I told you to write the names of dead men on that list." "No," replied Judge Bond, with a look of childlike simplicity, "you did not; you told me to write the names of friends, and I did so. There isn't the name of a single dead man on that list." It is needless to add that the Judge and his friend departed without ceremony.

A Florida Vendetta.

A despatch from Madison, Florida, gives a description of the desperate affray at Hickory Grove school house. It was the outcome of a quarrel between the West and Langford families, and three on each side took part in the fight. In the forenoon, while Sunday school was in progress, Eugene West drove up with his brothers, John and Abe. William Langford, who was sitting in the shade outside the church with some friends, got up and approached the West boys. Only a few words were exchanged before Longford drew a revolver. Both sides began shooting almost simultaneously. Eugene West was shot while attempting to jump out of the carriage. The bullet struck him in the back and lodged in the shoulder. Babe and Taff Langford ran up to protect their brother, and the firing became general. Thirty shots were exchanged. Babe and Taff Langford were armed with knives only. Eugene West was cut in the right arm and nearly bled to death. His coat was cut to pieces. John West was cut in the left hip and Abe West in the back. William M. Langford was shot in seven places, and his recovery is doubtful. His brother Babe was shot in the bowels and fatally wounded. Taff Langford was struck on the head by a bullet, but the wound is not necessarily fatal. When the firing ceased the parties were surrounded by a number of the Sunday school teachers and further fighting was prevented. Several women and children are dangerously ill from shock induced by fright and excitement. The fight was the result of a feud of long standing between the two families. The ill-feeling was revived during the campaign last fall by personal letters published in two local papers by William Langford and John W. West. All of the parties are well connected and wealthy, and it is feared that the quarrel will be taken up by others.

A train arrived in Chicago Sunday afternoon in charge of a madman, who, with a pistol, had terrified the train hands and passengers. Before he was captured he killed one police officer, mortally wounded another, and was fatally injured himself.

An earthquake has laid Serinagur, the capital city of Cashmere, in ruins, entailing a great destruction of life and property.

Coming! Coming!

A new stock of stationery, plain and fancy, of the latest designs. Will be on hand in a few days at the Post-office, Grantsville, Md. Look for it. Wait for it.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—A few more straw hats at cost, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Evan Jones, a miner working in the Armstrong mine, at Elk Garden, who was crushed on Friday evening of last week, by a fall of breast coal, has since died.

—1,000 matches for 10c., and 3 boxes shoe blacking for 10., at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Bring in your buggies and wagons and have them repainted. Shop over Naylor & Richardson's wagon shop, Z. F. MALONE,
6 6 4t. Carriage Painter.

—Buy Gun Powder, Imperiel, Loo Choo and Oolong teas, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—F. D. Brooke and sister will open a Photograph Gallery on Pennington street, near Main, on Monday, June 8th. See advertisement in another column.

—Just received at Harne & Lawton's Grocery, a fine lot of candies.

—John Jacobs, an old employe of the Phœnix mine, committed suicide at Westernport on Thursday of last week, by severing his jugular with a razor. He was about sixty-six years of age, and had been a resident of Westernport for many years.

—Buy your groceries at Harne & Lawton's Grocery, and have them delivered to your home free of charge.

—Mrs. White has opened a bakery and confectionery in the room formerly occupied by C. P. Smith, on Second street. Fresh bread, cakes, pies, candies, nuts, &c. &c., always on hand. Will furnish ice cream by the plate or in any quantity.

Just received at Harne & Lawton's Grocery, a nice lot of hams, shoulders and bacon.

—The average life of farmers is sixty-five, while that of printers is thirty-three, which shows the necessity of prompt payment to the latter, so that they may have the pleasure of handling their own money during their short sojourn on this sublunary sphere.

—Just what we want—some of Harne & Lawton's old reliable cigars.

—The County Commissioners have been working on the levy from Monday to the time of going to press. The tax rate for this year will be about $1.35 on the $100, for State and county purposes. We expect to publish the Levy List next week.

—Throw away your old washboiler and use Frank Siddalls' soap, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—It is currently reported that Senator Gorman and family will arrive about the first of July to spend the summer in Oakland. If this be true the Senator will have an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the factions hereabouts and hear what they may have to say about each other. It might be well for the Senator to have the Postoffice matter settled before he comes.

—Use Harne & Lawton's celebrated Guiding Star flour.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the Ev. Lutheran Church of Oakland, held a fair and festival last week, for the benefit of said church, which was a success in every way. The net proceeds amounted to the neat sum of $63.82. The ladies desire to return thanks to Mrs. A. A. Perry for the gratuitous use of her building, to the ladies (especially those of other denominations) who assisted in doing the work, and to the people generally for their patronage.

—Private families furhished with fresh roll butter during the season at reasonable prices at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Whenever anybody made application to the Burgess and Commissioners for the office of Bailiff he was told to put in his bid. The applicants put in their bids. Mr. Thomas R White offered to take the office for $15 per month and a certain percentage for collection of taxes. Mr. Chisholm offered to act as Bailiff for $40 and a certain percentage for collection of taxes, and said "he would do it for no less." Mr. Chisholm was appointed. Comment is unnecessary.

—At the regular monthly meeting of the town council Monday nigat the Burgess announced the usual committees. The declination of the office of Bailiff by Mr. P. A. Chisholm was announced, when, on motion, the Board proceeded to an election to fill the vacancy. Mr. Thos. R. White being the only candidate placed in nomination, a motion was made that his election be made unanimous which was lost, the vote standing 3 for and 4 against. After several ineffectual ballots, the vote standing 3 for Mr. White and 4 blanks, the matter was dropped. The Burgess and Commissioners Hamill and Heibig voted for Mr. White and Commissioners Jamison, Delawder, Mason and Compton voted blank.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Festival!

The Ladies of Oakland will hold an Ice Cream and Strawberry Festival for the benefit of the Oakland Athletic Association, in the Brooks building, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 10th and 11th, 1885. The proceeds will be used in purchasing base ball uniforms for the different teams of the Association. The public generally are invited to attend.

Camp Meeting.

The camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park will commence Saturday, July 11th, and close Monday, July 20th, 1885. This meeting will be in charge of Dr. Dugan Clark and D. B. Updegraff, Ministers of the Society of Friends. Ministers and Evangelists of other denominations will participate in these services. Persons in the surrounding country are invited to come in wagons, with tent covering. There is plenty of shade, grass and water free of charge. Board can be had at $1 per day.

J. M. DAVIS,
Superintendent.

W. C. T. U. Inter-State Conference and Training School.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Unions of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia will hold a Conference and Training School for Temperance workers at Mt. Lake Park, Md., from July 1st to 4th. Speakers of National reputation will deliver addresses. Illustrated lectures on the methods of W. C. T. U. work, including a "Model Union" and "Band of Hope" will be given under the supervision of Mrs. Mary Woodbridge, of Ravenna, O., and Mrs. Nelly Bayley, "National Chalk Talker," of Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Chapin, of Charleston, South Carolina, will speak for the South. Here will be a rare opportunity to enjoy the mountain air, and the companionship of cultured Christian workers. Reduced rates will be given on Railroads, and ample accomodations afforded at "Grace Cottage," the delightful home of Jennie Smith, our R. R. Evangelist, and at the various Hotels at the Park. Send for programme, giving each day's lectures, addresses, discussions, music, &c., with names of the eminent speakers, to

MRS. I. H. JOHNSON,
Chairman Committee on Program,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Public Sale of Hay Rakes.

Wishing to close out my entire lot of Hay Rakes, I will sell to the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1885, in front of my furniture room, Oakland, Md., eleven hay rakes, all in good condition, and all guaranteed to do good work. These rakes will be sold without reserve. Terms will be made known on day o sale. Will sell at private sale at any time.

5 30 3t JOHN SHARTZER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Stove Wood for Sale.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish and deliver to the residents of Oakland, dry stove wood, cut ready for use, at a reasonable price. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

6 6 3t. WM. CASTEEL.

Death of Mrs F. R. Seymour.

Mrs. Elizabeth Seymour, wife of F. R. Seymour, deid at her husband's residence in West Virginia at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning, in the 71st year of her age. Her maiden name was Welton, and she was a native of Hardy county. She was a lady of many good qualities and generally esteemed. Her husband, who is a well known and highly respected farmer, survives her, with ten children, all married. The deceased leaves behind, besides the ten children, 39 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren. Mrs. D. E. Offutt, of Oakland, is her daughter. The funeral took place Monday morning, and was largely attended. The remains were interred in the cemetery on the home place. Rev. J. E. Moffatt officiated.

Special Attention.

In the various departments of our business we endeavor to meet the popular demand for new goods and low prices. We have a large variety in ladies' and children's hats and bonnets, both trimmed and untrimmed. We also have a complete line of trimmings, flowers, feathers, plumes and pompons, silver and gilt laces, ribbon scarfs and other novelties. Good assortment of ladies' cotton, lisle thread, silk and kid gloves, all colors and latest styles. Satin and silk coaching parasols, of latest styles and lowest prices. Our shoes are from the best manufacturers. We guarantee every pair as represented and as low as the same quality can be bought anywhere. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store.

Obstructed Streets and Alleys.

We desire to call the attention of the Burgess and Commissioners to the fact that there are several streets and alleys within the town which have been fenced up and obstructed. The persons who have taken possession of these streets and alleys never bought nor paid for them. The erection of fences across them is, we are told, a violation of the law. The town officials have acted commendably (so many people say) in removing obstructions from streets lately. Let the work go on until all the streets and alleys are free from obstructions of any kind. If it should be found that some of our prominent citizens or even officials have obstructed the streets or alleys don't let the good work stop, but let the council see to it that all the people of the town obey the law.

Meeting of the Board of Health.

OAKLAND, MD., May 30 1885.

The Board of Health held a meeting this day for the purpose of thorough organization, and to elect new members. All members of the Board was present, consisting of Dr J. Lee McComas, Prest., Dr. B. T. Keller, J. W. Vietch, State's Attorney, and Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Secretary,

On motion the following named gentlemen were elected members of the Board: P. T. Garthright, of Mt. Lake Park, Hon. P. Hamill, Hon. R. T. Browning, Geo. L. Bosley and S. L. Townshend, of Oakland.

The Secretary was instructed to notify these gentlemen of their election, and to furnish our local papers with the proceedings of this meeting, requesting a notice of the same.

The next meeting will be held on Monday, June 8th, at the office of Dr. McComas, at 8 o'clock P. M. No further action being deemed necessary at this time, the Board adjourned to meet as above.

E. H. BARTLETT, secty.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of May:

Israel A. Beverlin and Mary C. White.

W. Z. Warnick and Lillie E. Dawson.

Frank Bill and Mary Wagner.

Wm. A. Smouse and Katie Shaffer.

And one with request not to publish.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland. Garrett county, Md., June 6th, 1885.

Friend, Geo. B. M.,
Huff, Jennie,
Lewis, Roxana,
Powell, Joseph,
Paugh, John W.,
Rush, David 2,
Schooley, E. O. Miss,
Thompson, Walker,
Wan, James.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of May:

Thomas Gilpin to George H. Gilpin, part of the tract of land called "The Pink of Allegany," containing 35 acres; $5.00.

Wm. Casteel and others to John O. and Wm. M. Thayer, their interest in several tracts of land lying in Garrett county; $500.00.

Jacob L. Camp to Mary Camp, 3 acres of military lot number 2732; $220.

Hannah J. Matheny and others to Samuel Faulkner, all their undivided interest in lots Nos. 2987, 2988 and 2990, containing about 200 acres and known as the "Samuel Sisler Farm;" $300.

Emanuel Efsing and wife to Ezra Savage, part of a tract of land called "Utica," containing 199¼ acres; $400.

Zachariah S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith, Jr., trustees, to Julius Oester, 696 acres and 84 perches of land lying on Keyser's Ridge; $500.

Benjamin Griffith and wife to Wm. Walter and Nancy C. Griffith, an undivided one-third interest in military lot No. 2801, and 1¼ acres of lot No. 2802; $100.

Benjamin F. Harvey and others to Emily T. Hinebaugh, all their interest in a certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Deer Park; $1, &c.

Julia A. Edwards to Alfred Kelly, 8 acres and 1¾ perches of land situated in Garrett county, Md.; $112.00.

John W. Veitch, trustee, to Wm. H. Hall, 85 acres of the tract of land called "The Promised Land Resurveyed"; $300.00.

Christian M. Beachy to Susan Beachy, part of military lots Nos. 2387 and 2390, containing 60 acres; $160.

James T. and Viola N. Grove to Elizabeth Frazee, all their interest in an undivided piece of land bought of Jesse Groves, deceased; $20.00.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Mary C. and Thornton Wilt, 9¾ acres of the tract called "Latent Worth"; $100.

John T. Gary and wife to L. M. Albright, part of military lot No. 3282, containing 80 perches; $50.00.

George W. Beeghley to James W. Beeghley, part of military lots Nos. 3206 and 3207, containg 51½ acres; $455.

Edward McCarthy and wife to Alice O'Brien, lot No. 9 in the town of Oakland; $50.

Ellen E. and Geo. W. Atkinson to Alvaro F. Gibbens, lots Nos. 84 and 77 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $1.

James F. Sebold to Rebecca Hoopes lot No. 5, on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland"; $350.

John P. Hubbard to the J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Company, all their interest in a tract of land called "Fairfax," containing 400 acres; $1440.

Henry Beckman and wife to John Moon, 87½ acres of land situated in Garrett county, Md.; $525.

Benj. A. Richmond and Fredk. Perry, trustees, to Thomas Carr, all that tract of land called "Sugar Cove" containing 240 acres; also "Myrtle and Vine," containing 73 acres; also "Hunting Ground," containing 61½ acres; also another piece containing 4 1-10 acres, and being known as the "Beeman Farm"; $4005.00

Wm. Casteel and others to Mahlon Glotfelty, all their interest in a part of a tract of land called "Glencove"; $120.

John Spiker and wife to Sampson Butler, military lots Nos. 2304 and 2305, containing 100 acres; $150.

Henry Yoder to George Failinger, military lots Nos. 2676, 2677, 2680 and 2681, contaiing 50 acres each; $2400.

George Failinger and wife to Frederick Kolb, military lots Nos. 2680 and 2681 and 22½ acres of lot No. 2677; $1500.

Noah Wilt and wife to Samuel Warnick, lot No. 1978, containing 50 acres; $450.

Mountain Lake Park.

The Hall now presents a handsome appearance since the second coat of paint has been applied.

Dr. Frysinger has had both his cottages ceiled up stairs.

The large dining hall belonging to the Association is now under roof, and will soon be ready for use. Mr. W. H. Hagans, of Oakland, is to have charge of it this season. He is now occupying one of the cottages until the dining hall is ready for him.

Mr. LaFetra, of Washington, D. C., was here last week to let the contract for the erection of his cottage on H street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Allen, of Grafton, were here two days putting their cottage in order for the season.

All of the Directors were here two weeks ago, and made a general inspection of the Park. They are endeavoring to make it as pleasant and attractive as possible.

Mr. E. J. Stone, of Wheeling, is here fitting up his new cottages. He is thoroughally furnishing seven or eight. The Association's six cottages are also furnished for lodgers.

Mr. Isaac Myers has just staked off the LaFetra cottage.

The depot was again opened on the first inst. A young Mr. Laughlin from Deer Park is our agent.

Mr. H. H. VanMeter has returned for the summer. Mrs. Bullard and family have also arrived.

The Association is having a board walk laid in front of their new cottages and dining hall. J. A. E.

A Religious Wave.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The *Sun* publishes the following special to-day from Atlanta, Ga.: Atlanta has been swept by a wave of religious excitement, which promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever known in the South. It had its rise in the meeting of the National Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association. The session of that body was attended by all the magnates of business and fashion of the city. They were welcomed by Chief Justice Jackson, and a prominent place on the stage was held by Governor McDaniel. The proposition to build a $75,000 house was made, which was afterwards taken up in secular circles and to-day the cash subscriptions have swelled to $65,000. While this excitement was up, the Methodists induced the Rev. Dr. Munhall, of Missouri, to remain over and conduct a series of meetings. As by wildfire the zeal spread and the social circles of Peachtree, heretofore engaged in progressive euchre, and the German, began to quote Bible texts, and one after another the announcements of the conversion of noted men added fuel to the flames. Go where you will, there is noting talked of but the soul's salvation,

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, June 1, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5⅝@6c. that generally rated first quality 4¾(@5⅜ cts; medium or good fair quality 4¼(@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 4¼(@4¾ cts; extreme range of prices 3@6 cts; most of the sales were from 4¾(@5⅛.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,140 head, against 2,157 last week and 1,299 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 840 head, against 697 last week, and 813 head the corresponding week of last year.

The market has been slow throughont to day, and toward the close exceedingly sluggish. Prices are off all through the list, the better grades suffering rather more than other grades, or, at least, quite as much. Prices are generally considered as ½ to ¼c. lower than last week, considering quality and make-up of bunches. The offerings were of quite as good grades as last week, good butchers' cattle being well represented. Prices 3@6c., few selling at either extreme, most sales 4¾@5⅛c. There were a number of Maryland "grassers" here this week, and Virginia shipments are expected to begin next week. The Lehmans bought on private terms of Harry Cover, of Carroll county, a superior bunch of 53 cattle for shipment by the Oranmore.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The offerings, some 600 head less in numbers than those of last week, are generally reputed as of fully good quality as were the offerings then. Trade is fairly active, the supply being about equal to a fair to good demand, a few of the dealers having sold out. Prices 5(@6c., most sales 5½@6c.; rough sows and stags about 5. Same time last year Hogs sold at 6¾@7¾c., net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The offerings number more than 1,500 head less than they did last Monday, and their quality is not as good as were the offerings of that day. With some Eastern demand now developing, trade shows some improvement for good stock, as there is a fair demand from our home butchers for that class of stock, though common Sheep are not wanted at our even lowest prices—2@2¼c. Quotations range up to 4¼c. for Sheep, as to quality; Lambs range at 5½(@7½ gross. Same time last Sheep sold at 3@5½c., and Lambs at 5½@8¼.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR & OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

Estate of Naaman L. Shank, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NAAMAN L. SHANK,

late of Garrett Co. Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of June 1885.

SARAH E. SHANK,
6 6 3t Administratrix.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & CO'S.

PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED

Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

EGLON, W. VA., June 1, 1885.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Julius Scherr and George Giessman, under firm name of Julius Scherr & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, George Giessman retiring.

JULIUS SCHERR,
GEORGE GIESSMAN.

Having taken entire charge of the Mercantile Business of the late firm of Julius Scherr & Co., at Eglon, W. Va., I will continue to do business at the old stand and shall be pleased to serve my many friends and old customers. I will at all times pay full market price for produce, and guarantee to sell goods at the very lowest prices.

All accounts and notes due the late firms of A. C. Scherr & Co., and Julius Scherr & Co., must be settled as speedily as possible, either by cash or produce, or by note.

To the cash buyer and prompt payer I will say: Call and examine my stock and see prices before purchasing elsewhere. It will be to your interest to buy your goods from me, believing that a "nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling." Quick sales, prompt payments and small profits.

Very Respectfully Yours,
JULIUS SCHERR.

N. B.—Mr. M. C. Feather will remain with the new firm, and will be pleased to have his many friends call. 6 6 3t.

Estate of Daniel Fichtner, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Preston county, West Va., hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL FICHTNER,

late of Preston county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of June, 1885.

NOTLEY B. BROWNING,
6 6 3t. Administrator.

"LIFE IS SHORT AND SWEET."

It will not pay you to waste time in theorizing and experimenting upon chances and luck, and circumstances, when the straight, short and quick road to fortune, lies here right before you. Buy your

GROCERIES

—AT—

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

Fresh Butter and Eggs always on hand. Evaporated apples, dried apples, dried peaches, dried lima beans, dried corn, soup beans, hominy, corn meal, Ivory soap, Lone Star soap, Frank Siddalls soap, Cottage soap.

Chew Gravely tocacco and smoke the old reliable cigar

☞ WANTED—10,000 lbs. rags at

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUCH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUCH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

UNDER A THORN-TREE.

Wife, you see I kept them snugly,
Our old pictures of lang syne—
Old ideals grow often ugly,
Not this cottage one of mine—
Yours a color in September—
Wife, it seems but yester morn
When we sketched, do you remember?
Underneath that crimson thorn.

Yes, that large white owl was near us,
In our woodland painting place,
Seeming loth to see and hear us
With an interested face;
Looking, O, so wise and woolly,
We could fancy he might say:
"Ah, I knew love's frenzy fully
In my young and heedless day!"

Did Sir Robin too deride us
Up against that Autumn sky,
On a tree which could not hide us
From his bright and merry eye?
"Bob," you said, "seems sketching boldly
In his mind a larder bare,
With us twain both crying coldly:
'Not a crumb for Bob to spare!'"

Then you questioned archly, sadly:
"Must love's summer always go?
Can it be that love loves madly?
Owl and redbreast tell us so!"
And I drew a robin peering
Through a cottage window pane,
Singing o'er his crumb-feast cheering:
"True love's summer does not wane."

O, the owl's a cynic, dearest,
And a satirist is Bob—
Love," I said, "oft sees the clearest
All its wealth which none may rob—
If to Heaven's Gate we take it,
Asking for its blessing there,
Love will have a fount to slake it
That can keep it fresh and fair."

So we left that thorn-tree gayly,
Happy-plight, hand in hand,
And our love has since been daily
To us twain a summer land.
Now the bells of age are tinkled
In our ears, my white-haired wife,
But though old love grows not wrinkled
If its summer is for life.

—*H. E. Waring, in Good Words.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

How an Accident Determined a Young Lady's Choice.

It was at that time of the year when the period technically known as the season had closed, and the symptoms, natural and artificial, which accompany the progress of the month of September into its second half were present in their usual prevalence, when Ned Chilton found himself pecuniarily justified in purchasing an excursion ticket, good for ten days only, and availing himself of the "greatly reduced rates" at the Mendon House, under the shadow of Weehausett, for a brief outing. It must be brief indeed; for even the small pickings that come to a young lawyer just admitted to the bar were of importance in his calculation of ways and means, and he must be on hand in his little office—shared by a real estate agent, and with desk-room to let, where the promoter of a Mexican railroad had just failed—for fear that his great case should come and find him absent. And it was the very day following his arrival that, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was stumbling along the bowlders that fret the current of Rocky Branch, with the recklessness which comes of frequent submersion.

His fish basket thumped lightly against his side, for the spell of preoccupation was upon the eager and not unskillful fisherman, and sadly interfered with the exercise of his craft. For, early as he descended to breakfast, there, in the breezy dining-room of the Mendon House, he had seen an apparition which caused a thrill of mingled alarm and delight in his soul.

A round-faced boy, with short hair, brown cheeks and other physical evidences of an out-door life of some months' duration, sat alone, engaged in the demolition of hot soda bread, thin steak and cakes with maple molasses, with one of those appetites which are unappreciated only by their possessors. It was not so much the boy as the contingencies which the boy represented that caused the commotion in the young lawyer's breast. Where George Burleigh was disporting himself, neither his devoted mother nor his comely sister Alice could be far distant; and it was Alice Burleigh who had, a short three months before, displayed an amount of worldly wisdom little less than incredible for her years in declining the possible honor and preferment of Mrs. Ned Chilton. How much of the purpose of his sister's suitor this youth had divined can not be known; but it was with a sort of reminiscent grin as well as a start of genuine surprise that he raised his eyes to encounter the glance of Chilton, and instantly exclaimed in a voice largely mingled with potato, "Hello!"

Mastication interfering with the further expression of the boy's sentiments, Chilton was able to return the salutation before George recovered his speech and began to display the usual volubility of his age.

"I say, why didn't you come up here before, Mr. Chilton? It's been getting awful stupid since the fellows went away. Alice is no fun at all, and there's nobody else that's good for anything. Mother thinks so, too, for I heard her tell Alice that she hardly expected any congenial society—that's what she said—after August. She says her health forbids her to return; but I know better. If it wasn't that somebody was coming"—and here the boy's tones suggested confidence and buttered biscuit—"I believe she'd go to-morrow."

"Do you expect friends?" inquired Chilton.

"No, I don't" frankly answered the boy; "but mother's bound that he shall see Alice. I heard her talking about it with Uncle George. He's sort of guardian to Alice, you know. I was out on the piazza roof tending to my snake, and I heard mother tell him they could talk freely, because Alice was away and George was in bed. If my snake hadn't got out of his box I could have heard it all, though it didn't amount to much, except that he was on a tour through the moutains, and would be along this way about the middle of September."

"Who is 'he?'" asked Chilton, undeterred by any fastidious scruples from getting what information he could from this scion of the house with which he had sought to ally himself.

"Why, that Lankton fellow, of course, who's been hanging around Alice. Mother likes him ever so much."

Now, this is but a fragment of the conversation, ranging through topics of home and society, sport and adventure, with which young Burleigh entertained his newly-arrived acquaintance at breakfast, with a wisdom peculiar to his years, and a happy freedom of expression that would hardly have pleased either the mother or the sister whom he so easily introduced in his narrative. But this is the portion which caused the preoccupation of Ned Chilton's mind so favorable to the continued happy existence of the spotted trout against which he had sallied forth after his early breakfast.

For although he had received his dismissal from the lips of the fair Alice, he had, being an obstinate fellow, by no means relinquished his purpose, and, being so foolishly in love, had neither given up his hope; and the appearance of Arthur Lankton as a suitor, favored by parent and guardian, was peculiarly unpalatable. It was not college rivalry which had bred antipathy between these young men, nor yet competition in the business of the law, to which profession each had devoted himself; but the chance which brought them into conflict in the courts had also imposed upon Chilton the unpleasant duty of exposing, in the interest of his client, certain conduct on the part of the opposing counsel which touched close upon unprofessional sharp practice. And the natural consequence was that Lankton heartily hated his former classmate and rival, while Chilton was far from kindly in his sentiments toward such a claimant for the hand of the girl who held captive his own fancy.

The singular coincidence that brought them all to this particular spot in the mountains together, with associated thoughts, had been in Chilton's mind as he fished up the brawling stream all the day with such poor luck, and was uppermost in his cogitations as he unjointed his rod and took the homeward route.

This led him, when near its close, through the Cathedral Woods—a wide and long stretch of heavy pine and hemlock growth that occupied the plateau between the green meadows of the intervale and the slope of the Weehausett range. The lofty stems mounted straight from the ground, bare, after the manner of their kind, until they reached a height of thirty or forty feet, where scraggy branches began to obtrude, finally widening far above the head into masses of foliage that jealously struggled to interpret the sunlight, softly muttering and crowding against each other as the wind swept by. In mid-day it was indeed church-like, and in moonlight it was weird as the woods about Camelot. In the season it was not unusual for church services to be held here, and it was, moreover, a daily resort for such boarders at the houses within the range of a few miles as affected poetry and sentiment and lazy solitude.

It was here that Alice Burleigh had betaken herself that sunny September afternoon, and thither had George, much to her discontent, followed her. His boyish gabble distracted her thoughts from the high romantic subjects of which at that time she considered much, and his unsympathizing practicality jarred upon her customary mood. Therefore it was only with increased annoyance that an exclamation from her brother directed her attention to a figure seen indistinctly making its way along the avenue of tree trunks at a little distance.

"Mr. Chilton! Mr. Chilton!" cried the irrepressible youth, hailing the advent of a more congenial companion. "How many have you caught?"

"Hush, George," said Alice. "Don't call any gentleman here."

"But it's Mr. Chilton, and he's been fishing. You know Mr. Chilton first rate," persisted the boy.

The angler had advanced until too near to either feign ignorance or to make a graceful retreat. The salutations were somewhat awkward on his part, a trifle cold on the other, when George interrupted the formal exchange:

"We're just going to the house, Mr. Chilton; ain't we, Alice? And I wish you'd let me carry your fish for you. You can take Alice's book, or she can put it in the basket."

Chilton had recovered his self-possession enough to realize that if his rival was soon to appear on the scene, fortune had not done him an ill turn by bringing him into the field of action, even in wet clothes; and he set himself to make the most of it, calling in all his resources for agreeable conversation. But Miss Burleigh was in one of her lofty moods, to whose prevalence Chilton conceitedly attributed his rejection, and her responses were not encouraging.

"I suppose it was very gay here earlier in the season," at length ventured her companion. "When I left, all the town had returned, with reports of excursions by day and hops by night."

"Yes, it was quite lively at some of the houses; but mother prefers quiet, and I really don't care much for such things," replied Alice, adding, with an air as if the gravity of a hundred years of worldly experience rested on her young spirits, "I don't find society very satisfying as we have it at these resorts."

"And so you come out for the best of all good company—yourself and solitude. Well, I can't disagree with you. But you see you are not safe even when you take sanctuary in the Cathedral. Society follows you, even in wet boots; and no wonder."

"Please don't make it personal, Mr. Chilton," said Alice, annoyed that she should have led the talk along in that channel. "All my friends know how I feel on this subject. What I do not find in society is a high and earnest purpose, a knightliness, and a true elevation of spirit which I feel confident would make themselves evident in the face and form as well as in the mind of the people who had them."

"*Sana mens in corporo sano*," murmured the young man, quietly amused at this girlish rhapsody.

"There is nothing ideally good or great," went on the young woman, now fairly mounted on her hobby. "It is all commonplace and dull. The girls have their little sentiments, the women have their dress and their children, and the men have their tiresome and vulgar business. They make money and they grow bald. There is no romance in it anywhere. One of King Arthur's knights would be laughed at in our society, but a true woman would worship him."

"This is the very place where one of these knights ought to be found, if anywhere," said Chilton, anxious to make a diversion. "How his charger's hoofs would crush these yellow ferns! But armor would be uncomfortable wear in fighting the dragons of these days."

"You don't understand me," replied Alice, with a touch of haughtiness in her tone. "I could recognize a knight in blue flannel or broadcloth."

Here the path led them out toward the road, from which George was seen running with excitement.

"I told you he was coming, Alice. Now I hope mother will be satisfied, and get ready to go home."

"Who is coming?" asked Alice, a little nervously.

"Why, Mr. Lankton—Arthur Lankton; and he just drove by in one of the teams from Foskitt's. Come along quick, and you will see him."

They met at the supper table. Lankton was a fine fellow, physically and mentally, a model of elegance both in action and repose. His manner was faultless and impressive; and whether he was listening to Mrs. Burleigh's talk of her symptoms, or was interjecting remarks in Alice's fluent conversation on more æsthetic subjects, his tone and his air indicated the most intense sympathy. Chilton recognized him as a dangerous companion where the peace of mind of a romantic young girl was concerned, especially since the first two days developed an evident preference and attraction between the two; while Mrs. Burleigh had the satisfaction, which does not always come to match-makers, of seeing her work prosper under her hands from the start. Chilton saw that, while he had doubtless won the esteem and a measure of the confidence of the girl who had rejected his warmer advances, the brilliant Lankton had already fascinated her, and knowing the man to be in some sort a moral sham, he was by no means content.

One morning, at the end of the first week of his stay, coming down to a late breakfast, Chilton found the Burleigh family, with Lankton in attendance, already packed in a mountain wagon, preparatory to an ascent of Weehausett, and the young lawyer was asked, with more or less cordiality, according to the individual, to make one of the party. He excused himself, and sat down to a solitary meal; in the course of which, revolving all the circumstances in his mind, he decided that his interests, if he had any, would perhaps be better served by remaining near Alice for the short time that was left, not leaving the field to the enemy. It was not too late to reconsider. There would be delay in changing from carriage to saddle at the foot of the mountain, and he could walk there in time to join them or horseback.

A brisk tramp of a few miles brought the young man to the station where guides and horses were taken for the ascent. But with the exception of Mrs. Burleigh, who was comfortably ensconced in the farm-house parlor, her courage having failed at the last moment, none of the party was visible. The rest were already on their way up the great slopes of the mountain, and had taken the last horse from the stable with them.

There was nothing left for him but a day's climbing on his own account, whether or not fortune brought him into the society of his friends. So, cutting a stout staff, he set out with a swinging step up the bridle-path. He passed the cold spring, near which was the fresh imprint of a little boot in the moist earth, telling that here Alice had dismounted, and perhaps drank from the very tin dipper which Chilton, on the chance of it, put reverently to his own lips. He passed on and upward into the region of broad ledges, past small plantations of stunted pines, ash and cedars. Far above him once he caught sight of the little cavalcade moving like a march of ants. Here the bridle-path made a wide detour to the northward to avoid the precipitous slope of the eastern side. Let him take the chord of the arc described by the traveled way, and he would gain a half-hour and meet them at the summit.

It was a rough scramble after leaving the path; more difficult than he had imagined. He battled his way through interlaced scrub, scaled a slippery incline, clambered a precipice. Then he found himself among bowlders, great fragments split by frost and storm from the ledges, and set standing apart until storm and frost should again dislodge them for a reeling plunge down the mountain. They stood breast-high in terraces, with narrow paths between, or hung balancing over each other. Chilton leaped from bowlder to bowlder on his upward path, helping himself now with his hands, now with his staff.

It was at the end of half an hour's hard climbing that, as he grasped the overhanging edge of one of these obstructing rocks, he saw it lean slowly toward him. The great stone had rested there perhaps for a hundred years, waiting the touch of his hand to disturb its delicate equipoise. Slowly it swayed under the impulse of gravity, and settled down upon Chilton, caught in one of the paths of the stony labyrinth, an immovable rock behind him, others on each hand. Slowly it seemed, but too quickly for escape. One desperate leap he gave, and the descending bowlder settled against his thigh, pinning him with a giant grasp to the rock beneath.

So gently was it done that Chilton failed to realize its power. As well as his constrained position would permit, he grappled the edge of the bowlder and strained to lift it from his pinioned limb. One effort was enough. It rested as firmly as the mountain itself against any strength he could bring to bear.

He had retained his grasp of his staff. This he placed beneath the stone and endeavored by leverage to shift the weight. The staff bent, then snapped in his hand.

No wonder the young man's brain whirled, or that he leaned his head against the cruel granite that imprisoned him in an agony of fear lest faintness should overpower him and make his doom certain. For pain had now come. The grinding weight of the stone became each moment less endurable. The dull ache in his fettered limb was followed by sharp pangs, and these became fiery tortures shooting through his whole frame.

Even then the incongruity of his situation and surroundings was not lost upon him. Horribly grotesque it was, this contrast between solemn beauty and intense suffering. The bright September sun never shone on a fairer land than that which lay spread out in intervale and mountain and river and glinting lake and distant villages before his agonized vision. A peace that was hardly life-like lay on it all. Amid all this beauty and glory and peace of nature he was caught to die like vermin in a trap—to figure as a "mysterious disappearance."

It was too horrible. He must cry for help if only the birds heard him; for the increase of pain and cramp would soon deprive him of all power to call.

"Help!"

Hardly had the first cry issued from his lips when a distant clatter reached his ears. He called again, and listened. It was in truth a party descending the mountains. Every moment brought nearer the sound of hoofs striking sharply the rocky path and hammering across the bare ledges. Yes, they were surely coming in his direction.

"Thank God!" groaned Chilton. "If I can only make them hear."

Nearer and nearer came the invisible cavalcade. A light breeze sprang up from the north, and on it was borne to his ears the sound of an airy laugh mingled with the clank of the horses' steps. Even in his anguish Chilton rebelled at the thought that this laugh was in answer to Lankton's pleasantry. But the breeze that carried these snatches of merriment to Chilton's ears wafted away the cries which he sent up for aid.

"Help! Help!" he called. And "Help!" came back in musical echoes from the opposite hills.

The tramp and the laughter suddenly ceased. Had he been heard? No; the sounds returned again, but fainter. The party had turned the corner, which had momentarily shut off the noise of their march.

For an instant Chilton yielded to despair, and prayed for the insensibility which was so painful in its coming. It was more as a duty than as a hope that he again raised his voice in the solitude, and uttered the monosyllable of such awful import on human lips.

"Help! Help! O God! help me!" he groaned, as he weakly bowed his head on his granite rock.

"Hi!" was the response to his prayer, in a boyish voice.

Raising his glance in wonder, he saw, peering over the ledge above him, framed in some stunted bushes, a pallid and terror-stricken face, round-cheeked and sunburned, with stains of mountain blackberries about the mouth, and eyes expanded beyond belief.

The angel had come in the shape of George Burleigh

"George," said Chilton, abbreviating his directions as much as possible, "run after your party, and bring back the guides to get this rock off me."

George was not lacking in perception or lazy in execution; and as Chilton bowed his head again in pain and thankfulness, he stumbled back along the route on which he had recklessly wandered from the path in search of berries, and slid rather than walked down the steep mountain road in pursuit.

From his lofty position Chilton saw the party emerge upon and cross the rocky plateau far below him, and enter the woods where the cool spring flowed. His throat was parched and his body seemed on fire. Then a smaller figure, on foot and with no hat, was seen to dart across the stony ledge, tripping and falling at full length as it went, and to disappear also among the trees.

Chilton was now at liberty to faint, which he did forthwith.

How the two stout guides found him insensible; how between them they managed to raise one end of the bowlder and release his limb from its terrible grip; how George steadied the limp body as it slid down to a safe place among the rocks—of all this Chilton knew nothing. He awoke to consciousness to find himself flat on his back, staring at the bright sky, with scared faces about him, and rough but kindly hands rubbing his limbs.

When at length he was swathed in compresses, put on gruel diet and stretched on his bed at the Mendon House for slow recovery, he had time for reflection and for explanation. It all came out when George was allowed to visit and talk to the convalescent.

"I tell you what, Mr. Chilton," said he, "if Alice didn't send that Lankton fellow kiting!"

"What do you mean?" asked Chilton, with as much animation as could be expected of a man still unable to turn over in bed.

"You ought to have been there," continued the boy, which, as Chilton was at the moment referred to, under the rock, would have been a pleasure as well as the duty which George's words indicated. "It was when I got to the spring. Mr. Lankton was lying on the ground close by where Alice was sitting, looking up in her face, and asking her something, and I couldn't see where the guides were, and I ran right up to him, and he said: 'Confound the boy!' But I didn't mind that, Mr. Chilton. And I called out to Billy Westman—Billy, was one of our guides, and he is a good fellow, too—and I told him a man was under a rock up on the mountain. And Westman said: 'Where?' And Mr. Lankton said: 'He's fooling.' And I said: 'I ain't fooling, for it's Mr. Chilton, and he told me to come and get you to help him.' And Westman said: 'Come along Mr. Lankton, and my brother will bring the horse.' And Mr. Lankton said: 'I don't believe the story,' and he looked wicked, and said he would ride that horse down the mountain himself. And Westman said: 'I'll be hanged if you will, so long as that horse belongs to me.' And Alice she got white as a sheet at first, but now she was red enough, and she drew herself up just as she does when she feels top-lofty, and said: 'Mr. Lankton, you can have your answer right here, and it's no, siree.' She didn't say just those words, but she looked like it. And she pointed to her own horse, and said: 'You may take mine to ride down the mountain, and as far away as you choose, and you will find a side-saddle an appropriate seat for the chivalry you profess.' But he didn't take her horse, though he went right away. I told Alice yesterday I thought she gave it to Lankton first-rate, for a fellow that won't run to help another fellow isn't fit company for a fellow. She said I mustn't say 'fellow' so much."

"George, you're a brick," exclaimed Chilton, somewhat irrelevantly.

"That's another word she says I mustn't say," answered George.

Nothing more was needed to expedite Chilton's recovery. The revulsion of feeling in Alice's mind caused by Lankton's conduct in a moment that called for chivalrous service—although the complex motives working upon him at that time were not all known to her—seemed to have influenced her judgment of the qualities of her other rejected suitor. Lankton was not seen again; and before the family's departure it was Alice's arm that supported, or pretended to support, the limping Chilton in his promenade on the piazza; and it was George who, when tending his snake in the box on the roof of that structure one evening, surprised them both gazing at the moon, and leaning over, like an angel from above, hoarsely whispered:

"Alice, I'm mighty glad of it. You may talk freely."—*Harper's Weekly.*

REGARDING PLOWING.

Deep or Shallow, Which?—The Manner of Plowing Dependent on the Character of the Soil.

Probably ever since there has been use for the plow there has existed a difference of opinion regarding the manner of plowing, and more especially in the matter of the depth. For years agricultural papers have been the medium for the expression of views upon this question, which at times have waxed exceedingly warm. The advocates of deep plowing have been earnest in their advocacy of their system, and have been as vigorously opposed by those who practice shallow plowing, and yet the question is now no nearer satisfactory solution than when the discussion first commenced, for the reason that the mode of plowing is governed by conditions of soil as to mechanical character, depth, etc. Soils vary very much, especially in New England. Upon many of the hillsides they are of necessity shallow, while in the valleys and river bottoms they are comparatively deep. This condition is one that can not be easily avoided, for the reason that the tendency is for the fertile portions of the soil to be carried from the hillsides to the valleys below, unless a system of terracing is produced, which would be both expensive and laborious.

All soils go through an atmospheric preparation before they are suited to the growth of crops, as is well known by every thinking farmer, and that portion becomes the available soil, so to speak. Beneath the cultivable soil is the more compact soil or hard pan, to which the depth varies according to circumstances of cultivation or natural deposit. In valleys the cultivable soil may be increased in depth by a natural deposit brought down from the hillsides or the overflow of streams passing through them; or the depth may be increased by a gradual working over of the subsoil, in slightly increased depth of plowing, fertilizing and cultivation. Now, the depth of plowing rests upon the simple secret of the depth of the cultivable soil to be plowed; there is no arbitrary rule that applies to the case, further than the healthy feeding capacity of the soil to be plowed. Until the subsoil has been exposed for a time to atmospheric action it is of little use, and, in fact, if turned up in large quantities, appears to act as a poison, and for that reason it regulates the depth of plowing.

It would be the height of folly to plow a field having an available soil of only four or five inches to a depth of ten or twelve inches, because there would be turned up six or seven inches of soil that is not yet fitted to sustain plant life, and hence the man who on the recommend of some one who is fortunate in possessing a soil of such depth that plowing to a depth of twelve inches is profitable, and so recommended by him, would, in consequence of the failure, be ever after a bitter antagonist to deep plowing when the trouble all arises from their different conditions. Every farmer must be the judge for himself regarding the manner of plowing upon his own farm, and the tenacity of the subsoil will be a good index for his guidance. It is always safe, in case of shallow soils, to cause them to be deepened by the gradual working over of the subsoil, but among New England farmers owning fields with a subsoil completely ballasted with rocks and bowlders this process means an amount of work that presents a discouraging aspect to the case. The deeper a soil is worked the more enlarged becomes the feeding ground of crops of every kind that are brought under cultivation, and the more enduring it becomes in character.—*Boston Globe.*

—The following is recommended as a good cough syrup which has been tested by long use and found to be excellent: One ounce thoroughwort, one ounce slippery elm, one ounce extract of licorice, one ounce flaxseed; simmer together in one quart of water, until the strength is thoroughly extracted; strain carefully; add one pint of best molasses and one-half pound of loaf sugar; simmer them all together, and, when cold bottle tight.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Mention is made in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* of a man who has "had no bad colds since he learned to sleep with open windows."

THE CHARMING WIDOW.

How She Impressed a Hard-Hearted Storekeeper, as She Always Does, with Her Dainty Sobs and Tearful Glances.

She was pretty and sweet, so much so that the several clerks nearly broke their necks in struggling to see who would be the one to wait on her, but she ignored them all, and, sitting down on a stool, drew from her pocket a handkerchief which she held in readiness for an application to her eyes, and sent for the manager. He soon came up to the lady, who, with the handkerchief to one eye, flashed the other brilliant orb at his, and told her story thusly:

"Mr. B——, Charley, my husband (sob,) is dead and I have no suitable (sniffle) mourning. I came down to see (gulp) if you would trust me for a (sob) mourning outfit." (Sniffle.) Here the other eye was hid behind the handkerchief, while a kind of cold chill shudder passed over her.

"But, my dear madame, I don't know you. It would be rather departing from our rules to comply with your request," replied Mr. B——, politely. "How much of a bill did you wish to buy?"

"I want (sob) everything as nice (sniffle) as I can get (sob) about (another sniffle) $200, I (sob) guess.

"I am sorry, but as you are a stranger to me I shall have to decline unless you can furnish security or come recommended by some one known to us."

"Do you (sob) know Mr. (two sobs) Mr. Richfellow?" (Two sniffles.)

"Yes, madame, I know him; do you think he would guarantee the payment of the bill?"

"I don't (sob) want (sniffle)—want you to (sniffle) ask him (sniffle) because I am going (two sniffles) to marry him (sob) when my (sob) mourning has expired." (Sob.)

"Well, in a case of that kind of course we will trust you; we can present the bill to him after your marriage."

"O, thank you (brightening up), thank you; indeed, that will be all right. Now I want a box of black gloves number six and a half, fourteen yards of cashmere, thirty yards of crape cloth, twelve yards of veiling, two boxes of black silk hose (number eight) and the necessary trimmings; please fix it up nice. Don't you think I will look nice in mourning?"

Mr. B—— looked into her eyes, his heart began to jump, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he assured her that her order would be filled and the lady departed smiling. Mr. B—— after the flash of the pretty widow's eyes would have filled a thousand dollar order and paid it out of his own pocket. He is bald-headed.—*Brooklyn Times.*

CHANGHI.

Visit of a Traveler Who Enjoyed His Surroundings.

A scene I cherish with especial tenderness is that passed at Changhi, behind Singapore. A Malay fishing village lay beneath our bungalow upon a broad and snowy beach. In barbarous regions of the North men live underground, but these dwellings were suspended in the sunny air among plumes of cocoanut and betel; behind them rose the shadowy jungle. There was no cultivated land in sight, for the Malay finds his harvest and his garden in the sea. The smooth sand below high water mark was a parterre of sponges, green and red, and purple blue, intermixed with coral. Old fashioned people in Europe cherish certain round masses of limestone, daintily fluted, and put them under a glass case for ornament. Imagine their beauty in the spot where nature places them, every lip and hollow on the cream white surface traced out in vividest pencilling of green, with the seaflowers of sponge around them.

But after the first impulse of delight one almost comes to overlook this charming foreground; for beneath the water lives a tangle and a maze of all things lovely for shape and color and growth and motion. Coral takes a hundred flowery forms, weeds branch like trees or wave like serpents; sponges are cups of amethyst and ruby. When waves lie still, one sees just as clearly into the depths below as into the air above, and almost as far as it seems. The vegetation is gigantic in its loveliness. There are coral growths shaped like an Egyptian lily and as white, but three feet in diameter, wherein a mermaid might take her bath. Others break into a thicket, each twig covered with snowy rosettes which bear a morsel of green velvet in their bosoms. Others are great round hillocks diapered with emerald, with here and there a bush of scarlet thorn springing from their sides. Through and over the garden long silvery weeds tremble and quiver in a net. Small fish as quick as humming birds, and almost as gay, dart to and fro. Water snakes float past in coils like Indian enamel of every shade, in red and brown and yellow and purple. I am grateful that fate allowed me three weeks of life at Changhi.—*Frederick Boyle, in Belgravia.*

Pompeii's Danger

There is reported danger that the latest eruption of Vesuvius will overwhelm Pompeii afresh. The whole of the old city has not yet been disinterred by any means. It is slow work to resurrect a wealthy place which once contained at least 20,000 inhabitants, from such a deep tomb of ashes and scoriæ; and furthermore the work had to be prosecuted with extreme caution. Reckless haste might result in the destruction of priceless works of art; a too sudden exposure to light and air might cause masterpieces of fragile material to crumble into dust. It has been hoped that further researches would be rewarded by the discovery of precious manuscripts—works of unknown authors, or complete copies of works whereof the greater part has been lost, and of which we possess only fragments of exquisite beauty. Already many manuscripts have been found; but these were not of the character hoped for. A deluge of lava would end all research of this kind, and deprive the world of one of its most delightfully interesting places of pilgrimage.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—According to the Salt Lake *Tribune* the lineal descendants of Brigham Young now number 15,000.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Congregational Academy at Salt Lake City, Utah, has six teachers and 240 pupils, a large proportion of whom come from Mormon homes.

—Washington is a remarkably religious city. Statistics show 189 churches, with 49,351 members. Of this total membership, however, about 21,000 are in the colored churches.

—A returning missionary writes to a church paper: "We suffer so much in the hot season that we are fully convinced that it is the will of the Lord that we should return to America before the hottest Indian weather is upon us again."

—He was a graduate in nature's university. Nature is wiser than the schoolmaster; she educates, but she never crams. Her scholars do not go up to take their degrees; their degrees come to them.—*Jean Ingelow.*

—In 1877 there were twenty-three Danish-Norwegian Baptist churches in eight Western States, with 1,350 members, seventeen ordained ministers and twelve meeting houses. Now there are thirty-nine churches, thirty-four ministers and twenty-seven meeting houses.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Since 1870 women have been admitted to universities in Sweden, Norway, Russia, Switerland, Italy, Spain and France. At St. Petersburg in 1882 ninety-nine young women were given degrees in the literary and historical department and sixty-four in the scientific department.

—Japanese educators are making an effort to substitute Roman letters for those now in use in Japan. It would probably require but little persuasion to induce the people to adopt the English language outright, if one may judge from the willingness with which they have accepted other American and English customs and methods.—*Current.*

—The public hears from time to time of a discussion over the question of public worship at Harvard University. In point of fact, there are at present no regular Sunday services in the college chapel. During the winter an occasional discourse was given. Attendance upon some church on Sunday is no longer requisite, but by a recent decision compulsory attendance upon morning prayers in the college chapel is continued.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An ancient custom was observed recently at a London church where, in accordance with the will of Peter Symonds, which dates so far back as the year 1586, sixty of the younger boys of Christ's Hospital attended divine services in the morning, and afterward received a new penny and a bag of raisins. It was stated that this was the two hundred and ninety-first celebration of this quaint ceremony.

—At Portland, Me., a clergyman who manages a Gospel temperance mission has organized a "Gideon's Band," which is said to introduce Wagnerian effects in the choruses sung during the services, the idea on which the scheme is founded being taken from Judges, vii., 16: "And he (Gideon) divided 300 men into three companies, and he put a trumpet into every man's hand, with empty pitchers and lamps within the pitchers."—*Boston Journal.*

—The famous "Codex Argenteus," the four gospels translated by Bishop Ulphilas, is preserved in the University of Upsala. It is written on 182 leaves of parchment in letters of silver on a ground of faded purple. It is kept in a glass case and under lock and key. It dates back to the second half of the fourth century, and, besides being of value to the religious world, it gives the secular world all the knowledge it now possesses of the early Gothic, the parent of all the Germanic tongues.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man content to live in an oleomargarine boarding house does not know on which side his bread is buttered.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Schools are are to be established in the navy for instruction in the culinary art. The fine old expression, "son of a sea-cook," will henceforth have added force.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Ella Wheeler has written a poem on malaria. She must think editors are idiots if she expects to get one of them to take it willingly, even if she offers to give it to him for nothing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—A Jersey City doctor forms his written prescription into poetry. A doctor's prescription is bad enough under any circumstances, but written verse must be an awful dose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Electric scarf pins are the latest thing in dudedum. The spark is kept alive by means of a pocket battery. Perhaps, by and by, a little light can be admitted into a dude's head by a similar process.—*Broome Republican.*

—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Chinese doctors induce faith in their prescriptions by making them of gigantic size. A writer in the *Fortschritt* describes one of them two feet long and calling for twenty different ingredients.

—An angler's paper speaks of the "shrinkage of trout streams." A trout stream may shrink, but the trout never does. It generally expands and increases in weight after being removed from the stream by an angler.—*Norristown Herald.*

—If a man weighing 150 pounds were as active in proportion to his weight as a flea, he would be able to jump over a three-story building. But, unless a man carried a feather bed with him to fall on, he wouldn't jump over a three-story building more than once.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Two colored dandies were overheard indulging in the following conversation on one of the streets of a Texas town: "I say, Jim, you doesn't call around as much as yer used to, at de house ob Miss Matilda Snowball." "De troof am, Julius, I'se called on her so many times in dese heah clothes dat I'se afeered she will suspect my wardrobe am limited." "Pshaw, niggah, you is a fool. Jess keep on going ter see her jess as you is, and den she will be sure to take to you, bekase you are so unchanging in your suit—heah! heah!"—*Texas Siftings.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—It pays to keep one man in constant attendance on thirty head of fattening cattle.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A salad of oranges and cocoanuts is recommended as a breakfast dish sufficiently dainty to set before a king.

—Cucumber Sauce: Three dozen cucumbers, six or eight white onions, half pint salt, two quarts cider vinegar, quarter cup black pepper, one cup black mustard seeds, six dozen cloves. Slice the cucumbers and onions, and put them with the salt in a bag to drain for six hours; then add pepper, mustard seed and cloves, and cold cider vinegar. —*The Household.*

—An old housekeeper says: "To wash prints of delicate colors, boil bran in soft water, and when cold, wash the goods in it, and rinse thoroughly several times. It will cleanse them beautifully without hurting the colors." She adds: "I have washed delicate lawns of fading colors, in which I had grated two or three large potatoes. It kept them bright and clear for many washings."

—The making of a good milker depends not only in the ability of the cow to produce milk at a minimum cost, but essentially, also, in the training, not only to develop these qualities to the highest degree. Proper feeding is necessary, and of fully as much value will be the training that induces reliance upon the feeder and milker, and the absence of fear.—*Chicago Times.*

—An excellent rule for making nut candy is to take two pints of maple sugar, half a pint of water, or enough to dissolve the sugar and no more. Let this boil until it becomes brittle, when a little is "tried" in cold water. Butter some plates or tins, cover with nutmeats and pour the candy over them. Hickory nuts or butternuts are nicer with this than almonds or peanuts.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Poor Man's Fruit Cake: This cake is excellent as well as economical. Take one and a half cups of brown sugar, two cups of flour, one of butter and one of chopped raisins, three eggs, three tablespoons of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, half a cup of blackberry jam. Mix the sugar, butter and eggs together first, then the flour and milk and fruit. Bake in a moderate oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Soda Biscuit: Put one quart of flour, before sifting, into sieve with one teaspoon of soda and two of cream tartar or three of baking powder, one of salt and tablespoon of white sugar; mix all thoroughly with the flour, run through sieve, rub in one level tablespoon of lard and butter, or half of each, wet with half pint of sweet milk; roll on board about an inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. If you have not milk use a little more butter and wet with water. Handle as little and make as rapidly as possible.—*Boston Budget.*

PROFITABLE FEEDING.

Not Enough Consideration Given to the Value of the Manure from Fattening Animals.

The value of the manure from fattening animals is a matter less within the positive knowledge of the average farmer than should be the case. The effect of different kinds of feed on the value of manure is also a matter not so thoroughly appreciated as would be for the advantage of farmers. Much of the feeding, so far as the value of the manure is concerned, is at haphazard. Farmers can generally give some idea as to the best feed for the production of pork, beef and mutton. By the feeding of so much corn, hay, oats or barley they expect to make a certain quantity of meat. But how much the manure from this will be worth is to many an unsolved and often an unthought of problem.

The truth is that the value of the manure from a ton of some kinds of feed is a much more certain quantity than the weight of meat that it will produce. During the past winter, for example, the manure heap will in some cases be worth far more than anything else obtained from the feed. It is possible to make this the fact nearly always, and that, too, while giving kinds of feed that are excellent for making fat and flesh. We have lost much in this country from our inattention to this point, while England has profited by the popular ignorance prevailing in this and other countries of the varieties of feed essential to making the richest kinds of manures. Many years ago Sir John B. Lawes published tables showing the comparative value of manures made from a ton of the various kinds of food. Linseed cake and cotton-seed cake stand at the head of the list, and it is a noteworthy fact that for very many years these oilcakes were the staple food for fattening beef cattle.

In this country fully three-fourths of the food given to fattening, or other stock, is corn. It does not become us to speak against corn. Growing and feeding it largely are evidences of improved farming. We rather exalt ourselves on the fact that farmers here can grow corn, while those in England can not. But, after all, corn is not among the more valuable feeds for manure, especially on lands requiring phosphates, as most of our long cultivated soils do. What has been called the English farmer's prejudice against feeding corn is possibly a recognition of this fact. According to Mr. Lawes' tables, based on values in England, the manure from a ton of Indian corn meal can be worth only $6.65. That from a ton of linseed cake is worth $19.72, from beans $15.65, and from peas $15.75. The manure from a ton of clover hay is worth $9.65, while that from coarse to fine wheat middlings varies from $13.53 to $14.50. These figures are very suggestive. They show not only that many kinds of feed have more value as manure than corn, but that some of these are worth more for the manure alone than the money value of their cost. It is not uncommon to have wheat bran selling very near to what it is worth as manure even in the East. At the West it can often be purchased for $10 or $11 per ton in the fall. It must be remembered that the above figures are made in England, yet the matter of comparative values is equally applicable here.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOME NURSERIES.

The Advantages of a Well Stocked Nursery.

The numerous advantages of a well stocked home nursery, especially where planting is extensively carried on are so well known and are appreciated by every proprietor of large estates, that comment on this subject seems almost unnecessary; however, a few remarks on the subject may not be out of place. I do not propose to dilate on the details of nursery management, my object being more to dwell on the advantages of a home nursery for the rearing of plants for special purposes, such as the planting of barren, exposed districts, as well as the convenience of having at hand a stock of plants suitable for all emergencies, and whose hardiness can to a great extent be relied upon.

Where ornamental planting, game coverts, or hedging is performed on an extensive scale, the convenience of a home nursery can not be overvalued, the plants being always at hand and of the size and in the quantity required, thus obviating the necessity of sending to a distance for these when wanted. The advantages in these cases are too well known to require comment, and plants, more especially those of a large size, sent from a distance can not, after packing and transmission by road and rail, be expected to succeed equal to those raised and planted on the same day. The extra soil or ball with which large plants can be removed for a short distance is also much in their favor, but which is next to impossible where packing and transit have to be resorted to. It is well known that too sudden a change from rich, well-sheltered nursery borders to bare exposed hillsides often proves fatal to young plants; and when we consider that few public nurseries are at a greater elevation than three hundred feet, the necessity of proprietors rearing their own stock whose plantations are perhaps upwards of one thousand feet above sea level will the more readily be seen. There are certainly difficulties to contend with in planting high-lying ground, more especially if the soil is poor and the situation exposed, and in these cases the advantages of using hardy plants that have frequently been transplanted in a well-chosen home nursery are only too perceptible, especially when contrasted with others that have been grown under more favorable circumstances and in a sheltered position. Some plants seem better adapted than others for this removal, but in the majority of cases the shock sustained by transferring from low-lying ground to that of a great elevation is only too apparent, and from which the plants seldom recover. A good deal of comment has taken place as to the necessity of rearing trees from seed sown on the site of the future plantation; and although the suggestion has many points in its favor, still, artificial planting is better adapted to the wants of our country and not at all likely to be superseded by artificial reproduction, which is more fitted for countries differently situated from our own. The nursery treatment of plants is, therefore, sure to remain a prominent feature of British forestry, and as such the soil and situation, as well as most successful treatment of these, so as to produce plants suitable for the positions they are intended to occupy, will require due consideration, and very much according to the situation of the estate and ground to be planted.

In choosing the site of a home nursery a good deal will depend on the general elevation and exposure of the estate. The situation should be neither too much exposed nor yet sheltered, but partaking to a certain extent of both, and with a southern or western exposure; for although too sudden a change from sheltered to exposed ground often proves fatal to young trees, this should not altogether form a criterion for rearing such in situations unfavorable to the development of strong, healthy plants. The soil should be good friable loam on an open, porous subsoil; but the quality of ground required for different seedlings is so diversified that it is next to impossible to suit all within the small bounds required for a home nursery. As water is indispensable where seedlings are raised, as well as for numerous other purposes in the nursery, it is well to have provision made for a continuous supply, either by a stream running through the nursery ground or in close contiguity to it. From six to ten acres will be found sufficient nursery ground for most estates, but it is advisable to add a little more than is really required, so that the breaks may not all be under forest trees at the same time, but undergo, when found necessary, a course of green crops, which will not only enrich, but clean the ground and leave it in good condition for replanting with seedling forest plants, bearing in mind that farmyard manure should always be applied first to the green crop, and never directly to the plants themselves. Land intended for nursery ground should be thoroughly trenched to the full depth of the soil, and, where necessary, heavily manured or enriched by the addition of lime, vegetable soil, or loam, as the case may require. In laying out the ground into breaks it will be found convenient to have these either square or rectangular in shape, and, if possible, parallel to each other. The breaks may be divided by different kinds of hedges, which, when well kept, give not only a neat and tidy appearance to the nursery, but are highly beneficial in the way of shelter. The site chosen for the seed beds should be naturally sheltered, or, failing this, such artificial shelter as is found necessary should be provided, as exposure of the young plants to cold, cutting winds causes them to become stunted and bark-bound. Young trees, like other plants, rarely thrive well in a bleak situation.

In the management of a nursery the amount of care and attention required is certainly great, but any trouble as well as expense connected with starting and keeping it in good condition afterward will be amply repaid by the increased value and superiority of the stock obtained; and as the subject of extended planting is one well worthy the consideration of proprietors owning exposed or otherwise worthless tracts of land, a step in the right direction will be the establishing and maintaining in good order a well stocked home nursery.—*Cor. The Garden.*

Zach Chandler.

Zach Chandler's florid countenance, which led strangers to believe that he indulged too freely in strong potations, was the result of a gas explosion the first evening after he had removed into a new house in Detroit. Immediately after the gas was turned on and lit, the smell of escaping had aroused the family and servants, and search was made for the leak. The daughter, now Mrs. Hale, then a child, with a lighted candle detected it in a closet off the back parlor. The father, knowing the danger of an explosion, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle from the daughter's hands, and shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck and hands almost to a crisp. The nose, ears, eyes, lips and flesh of the face were so completely burned that old Zach embraced the opportunity and mumbled through his blistered lips: "Bring on your cannibals, I'm cooked!" Such is the history of a face only saved by the nicest skill of surgery.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

Workingwomen in England

There are in England 347 female blacksmiths who actually swing heavy hammers, and 9,138 women employed in nailmaking, who make nails for horse-shoes.

Ten thousand five hundred and ninety-two women bind books and 2,302 assist in printing them.

In intellectual occupations women also fill an important place, the number of teachers being 123,995; of missionaries and preachers, 7,162; of clerks in civil service, 2,260; of painters, 1,180; of "students," 1,000; and of engravers, sixty-four.

There are 37,910 women engaged in medical and surgical work, nursing, etc.; 452 busy themselves in editing, compiling, and writing books, and 1,309 are employed in the various departments of photography.—*Exchange.*

AUDITOR LEBLIE, Pere & Marquette Railroad, says Red Star Cough Cure is safe and sure.

"PERFIDY in Sugar" is the title of an article in an exchange. We never heard sand called by that name before.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Is it Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

DUDE, coming into the editor's sanctum asks: "Anything fresh to-day?" Response: "No; nothing until you came in." [Exit.]

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

ELSIE (seeing for the first time a calf): "Oh! mamma! These must be the little cows that give condensed milk!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

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WHEN a man's mind recovers from a state of confusion, he doesn't necessarily die, but he ends his daze.—*Peck's Sun.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A POET says: "Woman is the Sunday of man." He probably had Eve in his mind, as she was the beginning of the weak.

A PLUMBER never allows his wife to burst into tears. He hasn't time to mend such leaks.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A RECENT contest between several sketch artists resulted in a draw.—*Merchant Traveler.*

WHY is a haystack like a mouse?" "Because the cattle eat it."

A LAWYER'S motto—*Suum cuique.* ("Sue 'em quick.")

A COUNTRY-SEAT—The milking-stool.—*The Beacon.*

THE laundress' daily soliloquy: "Aye, there's the rub!"

CYCLONE QUOTATIONS — Funnels close stronger for spot and cellar sixty days.—*Current.*

WHAT piece of horse furniture does an old bachelor resemble? A sir-single.

FIXED STARS—Members of a stranded theatrical troupe.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A BRIDGE should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers.—*Boston Courier.*

HYPERBOLE.—Auctioneer (selling town property): "Why, gentlemen, the very atmosphere's worth the money.—*N. Y. Independent.*

IT is said that the sting of a hornet will cure rheumatism, or at least make one forget it.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

"WHAT is the meaning of the phrase, 'Passing strange?'" asked the teacher. "Shoving the queer," said the head boy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT this country needs most is a practical scientist who can invent an attachable steering apparatus for cyclones.—*Boston Post.*

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A CURIOUS fact in natural history—That so many fishes frequently go in seine.

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—Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Hop Bitters.

Nonegenuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Popular Errors Concernig Health.

Prof. George H. Rohe, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, in a recent lecture on "Some Popular Errors Concerning Health and its Preservation," quoted the saying, "One Man's meat is another's poison," and showed that, while idiosyncrasies with regard to certain articles of food or medicines do exist, they are far less frequent than is generally believed. Articles of food which ordinarily disagree may be better borne if differently cooked. A more serious error is that one should rise from the table hungry. The sensation of hunger is a cry of the tissues for food, and should always be appeased. Much of the ill-health of brain workers is due to a lack of sufficient food. It is impossible to lay down hard rules as to the quantity of food one should eat, but the remarks of the old country doctor who had lived in good health, doing hard work until fourscore and ten, might be taken as examples. "I have always eaten when I wanted to eat, as much as I wanted, and the best food I could get." Another fallacy is, that all diseases are due to disturbances of digestion. Graham bread, oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc., are more difficult of digestion than pure wheat bread.

It is a dangerous error to withhold cold drinks from persons sick with fever. It is cruel, objectless, and the dangers that are said to follow it are imaginary. The effects of alcohol upon the body were discussed at some length, and the conclusion drawn that alcohol does not supply heat to the body, but rather withdraws it. The greatest danger to the man who gets dead drunk in cold weather is that he may freeze to death. The use of alcoholic drinds in health is injurious, but its medicinal use is valuable in many instances. The notion that we should not bathe while overheated is as unreasonable as it is widespread, but persons should not remain in the bath long enough to become chilled. The traditional axiom that boils are in evidence of good health is a snare and a delusion. Prof. Rohe said: "For my own part, I should prefer to be without that sort of health. Even Job, when suffering from an abundant crop, could not gain consolation from his would-be comforters."

That vaccination does not prevent smallpox is a very dangerous error, but that it is preventive of other diseases is equally a fallacy. Statistics prove that before the introduction of vaccination deaths annually from smallpox numbered nearly 3,000 for every million inhabitants. Since the practice has become general the percentage of deaths has fallen to about one-tenth of the former number. Without vaccination the deaths from smallpox in this country would be 150,000 a year. Vaccination has not increased other diseases. That any one remedy is a cure for all diseases that afflict humanity is an absurdity. While hydropathy and electropathy are unquestionably of benefit in some dieeases, they cannot be relied upon for the cure of all.

It Paralyzed Him.

Cin. Commercial Gazette.

One day in 1878, during the progress of a game between the Cincinnatis and Bostons at the Avenue grounds, Charley Johnson, of the *Volksblatt*, was very persistent in "boning" a brother newspaper man for a bet on some possible point of the game. The b. n. m. would not bet however, but finally in sheer desperation, said, as Will White came to the bat: "I'll bet you that man don't make a home run," White at that time usually struck out, and was not known to hit hard. The offer was, therefore, not a flattering one, and Johnson replied: "What odds will you give me?" This reply came assuringly and boldly: "My watch and chain against a quarter." What are they worth?" asked Johnson, "Two hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply. Johnson studied a moment and then said: "I'll go you." The quarter and the watch were handed over to Jerry Cochran as stakeholder.

Just then White whanged away at the ball and it went away down toward the carriage gate, over the centre fielder's head. He had never before made a home run, but it now seemed assured. He lost a little ground by stumbling over third and came in collision with the ball right at the home plate. Even then there was a doubt as to whether he had scored or not, but when the umpire said "Out!" the owner of the watch sank back on the bench speechless, moist, cold and almost paralyzed. After he regained his power of speech he whispered: "Boys, I've made my last bet. Take me home." A week later he appeared on the streets and swore he didn't stop sweating for two days after the bet had been saved, and that he had to use alcohol to close the pores.

Try Ayer's Catharic Pills! They are mild and pleasant in action, but thorough and searching in effect.

Amenities of War.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

While we were in front of Chattanooga it became fashionable along the picket line to exchange papers. The plan was for Confederates who wanted a paper to come to the front, shake a southern paper as a flag of truce, and in this way invite exchanges. The pickets on either side in that immediate vicinity would cease firing, the Union soldier would start from his line and the Confederate from his line, and they would meet half way, shake hands, exchange papers, and if there were no officers in sight, sit down and have a chat. This had been kept up for several days, when there came an order from headquarters that no more papers should be exchanged. But the boys, choosing their time for exchange continued the practice against orders. There came a week, however, in which no rebel responded to waving, or shaking, or flutterings of paper or handkerchief, and we knew that orders against exchange had been issued on that side as well as on ours.

But one morning my partner discovered a man on the rebel line frantically waving a large paper. He suggested that we slip away from the reserve and go out and see what the man wanted. He took a paper, and we started toward the rebel in front. When we had proceeded about half way to the point of meeting the fellow ceased to wave his paper. We were puzzled at this, and concluded that he was down in a hollow, and we would see him when he came up on a high ground. So we walked without warning into a group of soldiers at the rebel picket post. The men were just ready to take breakfast, and after the first flurry they joked us a good deal about our extraordinary willingness to get into their clutches at breakfast time. When we spoke of the exchange of papers the officer in charge informed us that orders were positive against exchange, and that all his men understood it. As this was the case, he took the position that we had come willingly into their lines, and that he could not allow us to return. I saw at once that his men disagreed with him, but the question was how we were to get away.

My partner, who had been a soldier in Germany, joined in the jokes at our expense, and proposed that he make the boys some coffee that was coffee. The Confederates had a very poor excuse for that article, and without more ado he proceeded to make a kettle of coffee, the aroma of which seemed to fascinate the coffee hungry sharpshooters. When he had poured the coffee into the cups and had expatiated on the good it would do the men, he took up his rifle and said to me: "Now let us start for our own line." I followed him, and not a soldier on that picket post lowered the cup of coffee from his lips or looked our way.

Passover Wine.

The editor of the *Methodist Times* personally witnessed the Hebrew pascal servies in one of the Synagogues of London at the last annual celebration. He made many inquiries respecting their present ceremonial significance. One topic which has been somewhat in dispute in the Baltimore Preachers' Meeting and places may be illuminated by a quotation from his report:

"Supper being ended, I said, amongst other things, to an intelligent and affable Rabbi, who sat next to me, 'May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?'

'With a non-intoxicating wine,' he promptly replied. 'Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it on the Passover either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of 'leaven,' which is prescribed in so many well known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the Chief Rabbi's Board, and by those only. Each bottle is sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing yonder on the sideboard from which the wine used to-night was taken was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else but an infusion of Valencia and Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used on that occasion was unfermented. Jesus as an observant Jew would not only not have drunk fermented wine on the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth can take what he could not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine—at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Lady's Opinion.

Mrs. Geo. Gilbert, Bryan, Ohio, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio: I commenced on the fifth bottle of your PERUNA this morning, and should just as soon think of doing without my meals as without my medicine. I have been doctoring for about four years, and kept getting worse all the time and was just giving up in despair when I got one of your books, "The Ills of Life." I was in bed at the time. I read and re-read your book and felt like trying your medicine. My folks thought there was no use in trying anything more, I was too far gone, and might as well make up my mind to die. I told them PERUNA was the medicine I needed, and I intended to try a bottle. It proved a success in breaking the chills, and if it had not done one thing more, I would have been satisfied. But it has done more, and I feel like another person. Everybody that sees me is surprised to see me looking so well, as they all thought I was dying with consumption, and now my own folks have as much to say for the PERUNA as I. I recommend it to everybody I see. There were two of our neighbors in yesterday inquiring about the PERUNA. I gave the one my book to read; told her to bring it back, as I prized it very highly. The other got the name of the PERUNA to send to his son in Chicago. He is a telegraph operator. My disease is something similar to Mrs. Milo Ingram's, though nothing compared to being so bad. There was a lump raised on my collar bone, and it was a long time before it looked like opening. The doctor said he would have to lance it in a few days, but I thought I would attend to that myself, so I put a little fly blister on it and it opened; then I put a poultice on and then salve, and kept the salve on all the time. It got so bad and spread upon my left shoulder, and one place under my left breast. Then there were two places on my head, one near the temple and one back of my ear that was just dreadful. No tongue can tell what I suffered. My head felt so strange sometimes, I thought I was going crazy. Since I have used the PERUNA (I don't use the salve any more) my sores healed up right away. And oh, what a relief it is to get around without chilling and having to suffer with my sores. I feel like letting everybody know all about it."

John Ferguson, Gallitzin, Pa., writes: "Your PERUNA is a good medicine, and we sell lots of it. Will you please send us some more 'Ills of Life,' with a few German."

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

PENSIONS For wound, disease of other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F. St., Washington, D. C.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which Went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M
No. 1	12.27 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M
No. 11	12.25 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M
No. 6	9.29 P. M.
No. 12	7.50 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable! No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH AND MANHOOD

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, - 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous disorders, baffling the skill of physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free Indulgence, or overbrain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious females. Of these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. This is a SURE REMEDY that has CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and actual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS 806 N. Tenth St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as any where in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home. Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 1.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Edward C. Ross, vs. Amanda M. Hawkins and others.

No. 283 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the creditors of the late Wm. R. Pressman, to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of June, 1885, as on that day I will state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the trustee's hands.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
5 30 3t Auditor.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

HENRY KAMP,
FREDERICK KAMP
HENRY KAMP, Jr.
WM. ENGLEHART
ED. MARGROFF.

Accident, Md., May 5, 1885.4-3t.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 155 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Bayne Glade road at or near John A. Deiwiler's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
R. REYNOLDS,
JAMES SEABOLD.
5 9 3t

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel1-1y

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PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHE

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett Count and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

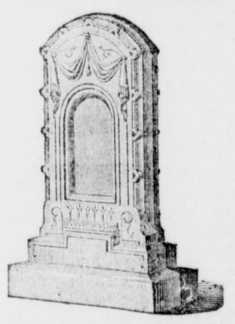
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885. NUMBER 16.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPEER'S
PORTUGAL GRAPE WINE,

—Also—

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for Females, Weakly Persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards. Its valuable,

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child may partake of it, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.

Is the juice of the Oporto Grapes, preserved in its natural, fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, thereby destroying the exciteof fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's Burgundy.

It is a dark rich medium Dry Wine used by the wealthy classes as a Table or Dinner Wine, and by physicians in cases where a dry wine instead of a sweet port is desired.

Speer's (Socialite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry.

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation from the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medicinal purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

Sold by A. G. STURGISS, and by druggists everywhere. Feb. 16'84 1y.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house, large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

may 3

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, etc. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 160 ACRES

On Deep Creek, 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

SCROFULA

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

CATARRH

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES

my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES

Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They well d in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-v1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

A TRYST WITH DEATH.

I am footsore and very weary,
But I travel to meet a friend;
The way is long and dreary,
But I know that it soon must end.

He is travelling fast like the whirlwind
And though I creep slowly on,
We are drawing nearer, nearer,
And the journey is almost done.

Through the heat of many summers,
Through many a spriggtime rain,
Through long autumns and weary winters,
I have hoped to meet him in vain.

I know that he will not fail me,
So I count every hour chime,
Every throb of my heart's beating,
That tells of the flight of Time.

On the day of my birth he plited
His kingly word to me;—
I have seen him in dreams so often,
That I know what his smile must be.

I have toiled through the sunny woodland,
Through fields that basked in the light;
And through the long paths in the forest
I crept in the dead of night.

I will not fear at his coming,
Although I must meet him alone;
He will look in my eyes so gently,
And take my hand in his own.

Like a dream all my toil will vanish,
When I lay my head on his breast;
But the journey is very weary,
And he only can give me rest.

Labor and Capital.

Extracts from an address on "The Industrial Question in the United States," delivered by Hon. S. B. Elkins before the Alumni Association of the University of Missouri. June 3, 1885.

There is no natural antagonism between capital and labor. These two forces must act together, or not at all. The antagonism is between employer and employed, and comes of error on both sides. The one seeks to get as much labor as he can for the smallest wages; the other to do the smallest amount of work for the most wages he can get. This, through the law of competition, leads to a constant war of interests, where there should be harmony. This war must cease, or it will wreck our whole industrial system and social fabric.

The ordinary remedies, such as forcing division of property, nationalization of land, socialism and communism as generally understood, furnish no relief for existing evils. If all property were equally divided among the people, and there was no change in the industrial system, those that have the most now would probably get a still larger share soon after the division. The right to property legally acquired, under the existing system, should not be disturbed. The question is to secure better distribution in the future. The time for labor to get its fair share is not after wealth has been created and distributed, but at the time of its creation. There is not and there never can be too much wealth in the world. All the wealth is needed that the ability and power of individuals and corporations can legally produce.

It is said the country is suffering from over-production. But so long as millions want more food, clothing and shelter, there is not too much production for them. There is now brought from abroad seven to eight hundred millions worth annually of products. In 1882, there was paid in round numbers, for breadstuffs, seventeen millions; for manufactured cotton goods, thirty-six millions; for eggs, two millions; for hides, five millions; for steel and iron, and articles manufactured from them, forty-nine millions; for leather and leather goods, thirteen millions; for potatoes, three millions; for wood and products of wooden manufacture, eleven millions; for wool and woolen goods, fifty-three millions. If there is over-production, why import these articles when they can be produced here?

Who shall place a limit on even the necessary wants of man? If the fifty-one thousand millions of property in the United States could be divided equally among the people, there would be less than $1,000 for each individual. All will agree that it is not enough. No country can produce beyond the wants of its people. But it may produce more of somethings than they can buy, because they produce not enough of other things. If the people of this country had to-day the ability to buy simply what they need to make them reasonably comfortable, every mill, factory and car now standing still would start to-morrow and continue work. The army of unemployed workers would find employment at once at fair wages. Whenever the people have had constant employment at fair wages, they have been contented and the country prosperous, and whenever the people have not found employment, depression in business, discontent and poverty have followed.

Some advocate free commerce and foreign markets as the true remedy. England has free, the United States restricted commerce. In England commercial depression is greater and wages are eighty-four percent lower than in the United States.

The methods which now seem to promise the best results in solving the industrial problem after knowledge becomes more general and society better prepared for their adoption, are:

1. Arbitration and conciliation.
2. Co-operation.
3. Profit sharing.

Arbitration, as a method of settling differences between nations and individuals, has already made great triumphs and secured the best results. In France and England arbitration and conciliation have made gratifying progress in adjusting differences between capitalist and laborer. The State of Pennsylvania has passed a law providing regulations to govern arbitration of disputes between employer and employed. It has already prevented some strikes and violence, and promises to do well.

Productive co-operation has made the greatest progress in France; co-operative credit and banking in Germany, and distributive co-operation in England. The British official report shows that, in 1883, there were 1,328 industrial co-operative societies, with 691,961 members, and over $45,000,000 working capital, whose sales exceed $140,000,000, and whose profits averaged 28 percent, the average of Scotch companies even reaching 55 percent. In this country, as in all the countries named, co-operation has been retarded by lack of intelligence on the part of laborers. Men without education have been unable to combine, or have lacked the ability, training and discipline to manage large or even moderate business enterprises. Educate the worker, furnish him the opportunities for training and discipline, and co-operation will be a success.

Incorporated co-operation has been suggested, as one means of uniting the interests of laborer and capitalist, with the provision that the shares may be paid for in money and in labor. There are many excellent features in this plan.

Profit sharing, based upon industrial co-partnership, seems to furnish the best means of uniting the interests of employer and employed in agricultural, manufacturing and other large business enterprises. Profit sharing is not new in this or other countries; it has been adopted in agricultural industry in portions of some of the Southern and Western States, and is growing in favor. The forces employed in transacting business and producing wealth, are labor and capital. The question is to unite these forces in a way that the interests of those controlling them shall be the same, and not hostile, as now. Constant war between employer and employed has brought great loss to both. Such war can be and ought to be superseded by their becoming partners, so that both shall have an interest in the business in hand. The interest need not be equal at first. As a basis, the capitalist should have for the use of his capital a percentage of the amount he contributes, and as against this, the laborer fair wages. Then, after paying all expenses, the profits should be divided between the capitalist on one side, and the body of laborers, according to their earnings, on the other. In addition, each worker should have the right, by leaving with the working capital of the concern such part of his earnings or shares as he may choose, to become a partner in the ownership.

But it is said, this is all theory, all sentiment; the capitalist has not in the past been found ready for any such arrangement, and will not in the future agree to it. This is a natural objection, and there are others, all difficult to meet; else the great question would not give society such concern.

There is, however, this answer. Already some capitalists in various civilized countries, partly as a matter of self-interest, and partly to do good to their fellow men, have entered into just such co-partnerships with satisfactory results. Moreover, the past and present are growing unlike. Conditions are constantly changing. New elements are entering into the question. One is, that the worker is to be armed with knowledge, which is power, and particularly the power of intelligent combination. Just as the capitalists combine to do their work efficiently, so workers will combine to settle the terms upon which their labor shall be joined to capital for production.

It is said, even now there is an association in this country, composed of peaceable, honest, law-abiding and intelligent workers, who through their chief officer can, by a word, stop in a day all the locomotives on the trunk line railroads in the country. This is the power of combination, and where is there any other power equal to it? This power exists, is increasing, and must be considered in dealing with the industrial problem.

There is another element even more irresistable. It is the power of public opinion, which is reaching the conclusion that the laws of competition, supply and demand, as applied to the wage-receiver, operate unjustly; that the worker does not now, in many cases, get a fair share of what he helps to produce; that he is in effect a partner with the capitalist, though not treated as such. It is to be further considered, that the worker, who heretofore has had little to say, is helping now, through education, to make this public opinion, which in the end must stand as the sole judge and final arbiter of what is just and fair between him and the capitalist. In view of these new conditions, and for other reasons, the capitalist should seriously consider the best plan of uniting his interest with that of the wage receiver. In admitting the principle of co-partnership, would he not make, in the way of increased profits, nearly if not all that he would be called upon to concede? The worker having a direct interest, would do more and better work. The saving, by better care of property, tools and machinery, and by diminution in the cost of superintendence, would in the aggregate afford a large return to increase the profits. With co-partnership between employer and employed, the worker would feel he was more nearly equeal to the capitalist, his pride and ambition would be stimulated to better action, and the sense of inferiority he is made to feel by having no interest in the business would largely disappear. Unity of interests would prevent strikes, and the loss of time and wages, and the destruction of property incident to them.

Mazzini said:—"Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question."

The aggressive civilization of to-day, the one that will conquer the world and supersede all others, the one that has proved the best for man, and that has lifted him up to higher plane than any other, is that built upon and shaped by the teachings of Christ. The best thought of all the best thinkers and writers upon the industrial problem have found nothing equal to the words, "love thy neighbor as thyself," "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." All correct phylosophy, all sound teaching and reasoning, conduct us unerringly to these simple truths, which combine in themselves every essential principle necessary to the solution of the industrial problem. A solution based upon these would abide, because it would be founded on simple justice between man and man.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles free at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar quarreled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. The more powerful man (at the fists at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which the other, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you—I defy you—you can't do it!"

A lamb can distinguish its mother's cry among a hundred similar sounds. It is the same with a boy, but he seldom pays the same attention to it that he does when his father speaks.—*Graphic.*

If your beard is not of a pleasing shade, remedy the defect by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SLUMBERLAND.

My little child, with yellow hair,
And eyes of April violets,
My heart is full of dim regrets
For the long journey you must go,
A little wraith in robe of snow;
To-night, alone, through storm or fair,
A pretty pilgrim, bound for where?

If I should put within your hand
A staff, and sandals on your feet,
You would not understand me, sweet;
Yet as in days of old romance,
Unknowing of their fate or chance,
The pilgrims went by God's command,—
So you will go through Slumberland.

Upon what ocean blue and deep,
Across what mountains fierce and cold,
With snow-wrapped summits, fold on fold,
Or through what valley, safe and low,
Will my wee bed-time traveler go?
While I a tender vigil keep
Over the fortunes of her sleep.

I may not follow or unbar
The unseen gates of Slumberland;
Though fast in mine her wee white hand,
I shall not know what faces bend
Beside her, or what thoughts attend
My darling going fair and far,
To worlds beyond the evening star.
—*Juliet C. Marsh, in Youth's Companion.*

STUPENDOUS SPIDERS.

Some Not Very Pretty Insects Found in the Tropics.

Tarantulas, Scorpions and Centipedes, and How They Conduct Themselves—Sand-Flies and Mosquitos—Life in the Bahamas.

With the budding out of the fresh leaves and blades there come out of their lairs the only wild beasts of the Bahamas. They are tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions. They have lain hidden somewhere or other all winter, barely showing themselves, but the first rains of spring put new life into them and they come creeping out, and turn up always where least expected. They are to the people of Nassau what tigers and lions are to the East Indians. Just shout "Look out for that scorpion!" or "There's a centipede!" if you want to see everybody jump. They are all small, but all venomous. If one of them bite you, you are sure to have trouble. The poison may not kill you, but it will give you more pain than any body cares about enduring, and it will give you "the fever," as every bodily ill is called here by the natives. If it is a centipede or a scorpion, you may accidentally pick one up in your hand; but you will not hold him long. And anybody who spends a few months in the tropics learns to treat them with the greatest respect. Without much of that fear of spiders and insects in general that some persons have, I think I should rather encounter a panther or a bear than any one of these three insects. With the big brutes, you see them coming, or know about where to expect them, and can be on your guard. But you have not much chance to guard against the tarantula, the centipede or the scorpion.

The tarantula being the largest of the three, the most hideous, and, I think, the most dreaded, he is perhaps entitled to be looked at first. He is known by almost every body in Nassua as "the ground spider," but he is the real poisonous tarantula, the same as I have met him in Arkansas, in Texas, in Mexico and in Cuba. There are more of them in Arkansas, I think, than anywhere else in the world. In a morning's walk of six or eight miles there, I have seen several, and considering the spider's deadly character and great size, that was running across them pretty fast. Here they are not so plenty, but still there are enough about in the rainy seasons to make a stranger feel rather uneasy. We have the common "house spider," too, as it is called, sometimes almost as large as the tarantula; but he is entirely harmless, and people hardly ever take the trouble to kill him. House spiders catch and eat flies and ants and other small insects and thus pay their rent. But even the house spider is not a pleasant companion in a room. The tarantula, however, will empty a room of its occupants in about as short order as a tiger would. The first one I ever saw in Nassua was when I had been at Waterloo about a month and was having the bushes cleared away from about the house. Some of the colored boys were at work in the flower garden, and one morning they made a grand dash for the front piazza. They all looked well frightened, and I asked them what was the matter.

"Groun' spider, boss," one of them replied as soon as he could catch breath enough.

We all went out to kill him armed with hoes, rakes, brooms and all the long-handled implements we could find, as well as a wagon load or so of good-sized stones. He sat among the grass and weeds, easily seen and watched on account of his intense blackness, and did not offer to move. None of the boys would go within eight or ten feet of him, because it is commonly believed that tarantulas can and do spring a long distance, being well provided with muscular and hairy legs for that purpose. I think, however, that this is a mistake. I have seen a great many of them and never yet have seen one jump or make any movement beyond a slow, crawling walk. Their legs are kept well under them when they walk, elevating them, I should think, about two inches above the ground. At any rate we all kept at a respectful distance from this fellow and pelted him with rocks. The first shot must have hurt him, for he made no effort to get away, and in a minute or two he was pounded into a jelly—a nasty, hairy, black jelly that no one would care to touch. When he was used up beyond all danger of resusciation we cut him to pieces with the hoes and threw him over the wall. He was not a very large one for a tarantula—perhaps about four inches long and three inches broad. The hairy black legs make them look more obnoxious and disgusting than they otherwise would. It is hard to tell just how large and powerful the legs are on account of the thick black hair with which they are covered. After this the boys were cautious when they disturbed any big stones in the yard, and looked carefully into any thick cluster of weeds before they disturbed it.

Opinions differ as to whether the bite of a tarantula is ever fatal. Any colored person in Nassau will tell you that his bite is sure death. I have taken some pains to make inquiries for any person who has ever known, of his own knowledge, of a fatal result from the bite of a tarantula. It is impossible to find any well-authenticated case.

The scorpion is the next gentleman to demand attention. He is very much smaller than the tarantula, much livelier, and not much handsomer. There are a thousand scorpions, I suppose, to one tarantula, and their bite is fully as bad. I must confess to having had a very vague idea about the scorpion before becoming acquainted with the tropics. I think if I had been driven to it, I should have described him as a creature with wings, black, and somewhere about the size of a humming-bird. This would have been about as inaccurate a description as can be imagined. He has no wings, he is not black, and he is nowhere near the size of even a half-grown humming-bird. There is an imaginary picture of him in all the almanacs, but it doesn't look very much like him—that sign of the zodiac. Referring to Mr. Webster to see how my experience compares with an authoritative description of him, I find that he is "a pedipalpous, pulmonary arachnidan, of the genus scorpio," and I am glad to learn, of course, that he is a pedipalpous. Anybody would be a pedipalpous who would take hold of one of them, if he could help it. But nobody ever does. We hear of snake-charmers, and lion-tamers, and tamers of wild beasts in general; but did anybody ever hear of a man fooling unnecessarily with a scorpions. A full-grown scorpion is from two to two-and-a-half inches long, and his color is a sort of ashy gray. He has eight legs, upon all of which minute hairs grow, and his tail is much longer than there is any necessity for, considering the size of his body. The tail is, in fact, only a continuation of his body, and I have included that in measuring his length. It is at the end of his tail that he carries his venomous sting, and when he curls up his body into a semi-circle, and brings that lively end of his tail to bear upon an enemy, the enemy can not drop him too soon. His body is no where as thick as a lead-pencil, but at the head it branches out into claws, or horns, or additional legs, whichever you like to call them; so that in shape he is somewhat like a tack hammer. He is shaped very much like a hammer-headed shark, only hammer-headed sharks are not familiar enough in Northern waters to serve for an illustration. He is a creature of mold and slime, like the snail. Let an old box lie on the ground, particularly in a moist place, till the bottom boards begin to decay, and your scorpion trap is ready. When you want your game lift up the box and there is your scorpion. But be careful to take hold of the box near the top, and not get your fingers in the way, for the scorpion is very rapid in his motions and he will give you a sting before you know it. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than get the tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having being killed by them in Nassua. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed upon decaying wood.

The centipede is much larger than the scorpion, and I think even more to be dreaded. He grows sometimes to be six or eight inches long, but is slim and rather flat. He, too, travels rather fast (he ought to, he has legs enough), and he scratches rather than bites, leaving an ugly mark wherever he sets in one of his numberless claws. Like the scorpion, he lives under boards or stones or at the bottom of old walls. He is made up all in joints, like the tapeworm, and each joint has either two or four legs. I never examined one closely enough to see exactly which, for even after they are all cut into bits the pieces have an unpleasant habit of wiggling themselves about. They say about them here that a centipede will not die before dark, no matter how much you cut him up; but I think that story will do to go with the yarn about snakes having the same bad habit. I have cut up a few dozens of them with hoes, here in Nassua, that I am sure died before I was through with them. When I say in Nassua I mean here at Waterloo, which is a mile and a half out of town. These insects are rarely seen in the city, and American visitors often complain that they have to go home without a sight of any of them. The centipede's poison lies in his claws. There is a bent and very sharp claw at the end of each leg which sticks into the flesh, and if he gets one of these claws into you he quickly pulls himself up upon your hand, or whatever part of you he has hold of, and sets in the rest. I have talked with people who have been poisoned by centipedes, and they describe the sensation as anything but pleasant. He has not, of course, a hundred legs, but he has a great many, and makes them all count. One gentleman in Nassau described to me a thrilling encounter he had with a centipede. On going to bed one night he put on that long white linen garment which is so comforting to the senses in a hot climate, and it did not take him long to discover that there was something in it. A moment later a centipede was fastened to his back, and the gentleman was trying to tear the linen off with as little delay as possible. The centipede by this time had given up all claim to the linen, but held on to the back for dear life. They stick very tightly, having to be almost torn off; and the gentleman had to call for help to have him pulled off. By the time assistance arrived the insect had crawled a foot or two up his victim's back, leaving a fiery red mark wherever a claw had touched. And all this time the gentleman was enjoying the sensation of having a hundred hot needles run into him. From this and some similar experiences it is quite fashionable in the tropics to shake your clothes well before putting them on. I remember a lady—a new arrival at the hotel—asking me one day whether I hung up my shoes at night to keep the insects out of them? I try to imagine a man taking the trouble to hang up his shoes before going to bed, but can't quite do it. Centipedes are more plentiful than scorpions, but not quite so likely to sting. I have seen a barefoot man step on one without being hurt, probably because the insect had no chance to turn and use its claws. They are just about on a par with scorpions as regards the effect of their poison. In some places the effect of a centipede's sting has been fatal, but it is not so here.

I wanted to end this chapter on tropical nuisances by saying something about my ancient enemy, the sand-fly, but words fail me. It is very seldom, and then only on remarkably still days, that there are any about in the winter. But during the rainy season they are exceedingly thick. No mosquito netting will keep them out, they are so small. They give no warning, like a mosquito, but proceed at once to business. You feel a sting on some part of your skin, and perhaps see there a black speck about the size of a pin's point. But he must be full of poison, for the bite swells up and itches, and you get twenty more of them, and you scratch till they're all sore and get little scabs on them, make and you look as if you had small-pox. When I get back to New York no mosquito shall ever tempt me into impatience. I'll just think of the sand-flies and be content.—*Nassau (Bahama) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE EARTH.

How This Terrestial Habitation of Ours is Growing.

Careful mathematical calculations have been made recently to ascertain the residuum left on the earth by the deposit of meteoric matter. It is known that the region along the earth's orbit abounds in meteors, and that at two points the orbit passes through streams of meteors where these little planetoids are unusually thick. These two points are encountered in August and November, when the precipitation of the little bodies marks the firmament with lines of fire. But meteors are falling to the earth all the time—in other months of the year as well as August and November—in the day time as well as at night. Very brilliant ones have been seen shooting across the sky in broad daylight, and one who observes the sky patiently and attentively any dark night may count them. A careful estimate makes the average number to be seen by a single observer in a limited quarter of the sky about twelve per hour; and another estimate makes the precipitation of meteoric matter to the earth from the whole heavens two and a half tons per hour. In rare instances the meteorite, or part of it which is a solid body, reaches the earth in an unconsumed state, but far the greater number are entirely consumed in the conflagration set up by their passage through the earth's atmosphere, and only the ashes or meteoric dust reaches the soil. But even when the meteorite is thus burned to ashes, no part of it is lost. All its original elements survive in the residuum of ashes and vapor, which, thenceforth, belong to our earth. These meteorites or planetoids are iron rocks, and if one of them as large as the St. Louis court house, in passing through our atmosphere, were entirely burned up, it would still bring as much increment to the earth as if it fell to the surface in a solid mass. The estimate of this steady and perpetual increment to our earth's weight is two and a half tons per hour, or sixty tons a day, or 21,900 tons a year, or over 2,000,000 tons every century. It would take 100 ordinary railroad freight trains, therefore, to haul the meteoric deposit which the earth gathers from the sky every year, and if this matter could be gathered into one mass and made to revolve round our planet it would make a respectable little satellite added to the earth every year. The earth is demonstrably growing in size and weight all the time. Relatively, however, the increment is small, though it appears large when considered by itself. The earth has been weighed. If anyone wants the figures, here they are: 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

It will take ages of steady precipitation of meteorites to appreciably increase this enormous mass of matter, and the estimate of it recently made has no other interest, therefore, than as an astronomical curiosity.—*St. Louis Republican.*

TOUGH TO THE LAST.

An Authentic Account of the Last Hours of Yankee Sullivan.

I was very much pleased to meet last week with Judge McGowan, one of the Argonauts who, in 1849, discovered the golden fleece, which has—to coin a term—royalized California. In the course of our conversation the Judge told me the concrete history of the tragic end of the famous prize-fighter, Yankee Sullivan.

Sullivan, whose real name was Ambrose Murray, was arrested and imprisoned. He feared that the Vigilantes would put him to death, though, as Judge McGowan tells me, his apprehensions were unfounded. The purpose of that body was to ship him back to Australia on the first clipper ship that sailed to Melbourne, it having been definitely understood that Sullivan, or Murray, was an escaped convict. The poor devil, however, was so affrighted that he took no stock in the hope of escape from the harsh business of Judge Lynch. He called eagerly from his prison windows for a priest, feeling that death was settling close around him, but was answered by jeers from the mob without. Finally, in sheer desperation, he opened the veins of his left arm with a case-knife and bled himself to death.

Yankee Sullivan was one of the finest prize-fighters in the records.—*Washington Hatchet.*

—Stage robberies have become somewhat numerous on the Pacific coast, one stage alone having been pillaged no less than four times within six months. —*Chicago Times.*

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly $5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

LATE FASHIONS.

What the Ladies of the Metropolis Assume to be the Mode.

Eton, Spanish and zouave jackets are worn by young girls in their teens.

Golden oats and wheat are sold by the head for bonnet and hat trimmings.

Red and yellow, golden brown and tan are immensely popular spring colors.

The jersey is the best bodice for lawn tennis, for it is a game that is rough on sleeves.

The Recamier coiffure requires the use of a large old-fashioned comb of tortoise shell or jewelled metal.

China crape and sailcloth canvas is an admired frequent combination in the trimming of French hats.

Red woolen lace trims admirably dark blue cloth and blue wool etamine suits for seaside and mountain wear.

More and more marked grow the differences between street and indoor frocks, morning, afternoon and evening toilets.

English mohair fabrics, plain and broche, are found in all the large retail dry goods houses in both single and double widths.

Veils of tulle and crepe lisse in every imaginable shade of color and black are finely dotted with gold, silver, steel, bronze or jet.

Even silver gray can be made loud and striking by too free use of bright steel or silver braid, tinsel, fringe, balls, embroidery, or motifs.

Morning dresses and elegant house toilets are made dressy with profuse use of ribbons in bows, flots, cascades, panels, and floating loops and ends.

The height and trimmings of hats and bonnets are as exaggerated as ever, and yet comparatively few of these exaggerated shapes are seen in the streets as yet.

The French productions of silk handkerchiefs in Oriental colors and designs, shot with gold, are utilized to an enormous extent for trimming fine hats and bonnets.

More and more golden grow bonnets, hats, scarfs, accessories of the toilet, dress trimmings, and broche stuffs of all kinds either for dresses or upholstery and house decorative effects.

Ribbons were never more in demand for decorative dress and furnishing than this spring.

The Recamier coiffure, lately introduced in Paris, bids fair to supercede the high figure 8 on the top of the head hair dressing and the catogan look in the nape of the neck.

The newest silk hosiery consists of lace-woven stockings, the foot and ankle having lengthwise clocks and embroidery up the sides in inch-wide bands, leaving a plain strip down the instep, while the calf of the leg is entirely lace-woven.

The skirt destined to summer popularity is destitute of drapery or flounces, is gathered full in the back, pleated at the sides, and plain in front, simply hemmed or has a hem and three, two, or several overlapping tucks or folds above the hem.

Salesmen in the best houses now tell ladies that sixteen yards of silk are sufficient for a dress this season instead of the twenty necessary last season, as there is so much less drapery, less looping and less flouncing and pleating than formerly.

Very rich summer black dresses are made of China crape, embroidered for the skirt, and overdresses of black lace, but the richer combination is made of satin rhadames for the skirt and underdress, while the overdress is of black llama or Chantilly lace, in the old patterns and designs.

Short visite mantles with the sleeves entirely of jet embroidery or jet net, and the body of plain velvet, satin or grenadine broche, are trimmed with jet fringes, jet macaroons and motifs. Sometimes the sleeves are of plain stuff, while the body is covered with jet bead embroidery or net.

The printed Khyber cloths sold at eighteen cents the yard are just the thing to combine with self-colored veilings at fifteen cents the yard, for lawn and garden party dresses. The beige, twine-colored, and tan woolen laces are the correct trimmings for these dresses, and cheap ribbons make them dressy and chic

Bonnet scarfs of black, blue, green, gray, beige, white, tan, and brown barege, striped or barred across at each end with various colors, in the style of a Roman scarf, with gold lines between those of color, trim many pretty bonnets, and are also used for neckwear and various toilet and decorative purposes.

The proper way to use golden grain, oats and wheat, in hat and bonnet trimming is to put from three to six heads of the grain in a panache of ostrich feathers and a bunch of gold catkins, or a gold or silk pompon, or, in place of the feathers, a close but tall bouquet of flowers, mingled with golden catkins.

The newest silk undervests for ladies have no gores set in for the bosom fullness, but this is provided for in the weaving, which shapes the garment with a soft woven seam in such a manner as to define the exact shape. Fastidious women edge the low necks and short sleeves of these vests with lace.

Flower weddings are all the rage in London. At these the bride and her bridesmaids wear dresses representing spring flowers, lilies, white roses, orange blossoms or other white flowers being the representative blossoms of the bride, while her maids wear daffodil, buttercup, jonquil, hyacinth, red or pale rose or violet-colored frocks trimmed with the flower to be personated.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Nut cake: One and a half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, two cups flour, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, whites of four eggs; bake in two layers; take whites of two eggs for the icing, using equal parts of egg and ice water; thicken with confectioner's sugar, mixing with a fork until smooth; flavor both cake and the icing with vanilla; frost one cake and cover with English walnuts; place the other cake on, frost and cover with walnuts and frost again. —*Rural Home.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

He slumbered in a quiet sleep beneath Heaven's sparkling dome,
A man without a single friend, a wretch without a home;
And there he lay, a spectacle to every passer-by—
The only roof that sheltered him, the star-bespangled sky!

Hungry and ill, he'd left the town to roam he knew not where;
Hungry and tired, he slept at last, forgetful of his care;
Forgetful of the agony he'd suffered all the day,
He slumbered now, and care and woe at last had flown away.

He dreamt that he was standing where so long ago he stood;
Again he heard the cheering of a mighty multitude;
He was receiving once again the prize his skill had won—
He heard his father blessing God for having such a son!

His fancy changed: he dreamt he stood beneath the rustling trees,
Which seemed to shake with laughter at the antics of the breeze;
A thousand flowers were 'neath his feet, rich, beautiful and rare,
As he was whispering love-tales to a maiden twice as fair.

He saw her startled attitude, he marked the rising blush,
He saw the tears of pleasure from her lovely eyelids gush,
He saw the joy and happiness she sought not to repress,
And with a thrill he heard again the softly-whispered "Yes!"

His dream was changed: Again he stood—and she was by his side,
Within the little village church to claim her as his bride;
Joy thrills his heart with happiness, his eyes with pleasure gleam,
When, hark that noise! he wakes again to find it but a dream.

The wild wind moans in sorrow and the rain begins to fall;
Where are the pictures of his dream? They've vanished one and all.
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll and rattle overhead,
And the very sky seems weeping o'er the joy forever fled!

He tries to rise, but, weak and faint, he can not stir a limb;
Before his dazzled, weakened eyes the trees begin to swim;
He hears another rattle, and another rattle still,
And now through every nerve there runs a strange and fearful thrill!

A sudden pang has twitched his heart, has robbed him of his breath;
He gasps a moment, then he falls asleep—but now in death!
The lightning struck him lying there, and severed life's last link,
And the stars alone are weeping for the victim of the drink.
—*Irish World.*

MISS CLEVELAND.

What She Has to Say Concerning the Liquor Traffic—Her Reply to Dr. Crosby on the Question of Total Abstinence.

The New York *Sun* of a recent date published a communication from Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, in reply to Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, on the question of total abstinence. Miss Cleveland commences by quoting the following from Dr. Crosby:

"I do not wonder that excellent women, whose husbands or sons have become sots, should advocate total abstinence for every one. We have heard a good woman whose boy had cut his finger nearly off with a knife wish that there were no knives in the world, and if she could have her way she would have them all destroyed forthwith. It is natural, and a woman's cry on such an occasion excites our tenderest sympathy. But who will count that an argument?"

Miss Cleveland then says:

The above paragraph from "A Calm View of Dr. Nelson," by Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in the *Evangelist* of March 17, has most pertinaciously haunted me ever since the perusal of the article last evening. That this above any other paragraph should most impress itself upon the impressible mind of one emotional woman in particular, or of woman as an emotional creature in general, will surprise no man. It is, as the doctor says, natural; and I am certain that multitudes of women besides myself are to-day smarting under these "calm" words, against the imputation of which every fiber of the woman's nature rises up in revolt.

The male animal is very fierce; the female of all genera is comparatively and in general uncombative. But the same science which tells us this tells us also that the mother, among all beasts, in defense of her young, is the fiercest of all living creatures. The lioness, under ordinary circumstances, is quite easy of conquest, but the lioness robbed of her whelps no man or beast cares to encounter. Both these phases of the female nature are undoubtedly "natural." They belong, as Bishop Butler said of certain so-called supernatural phenomena, to the natural of which there are "two causes"—the one ordinary, the other not supernatural, still less superhuman, but extraordinary. You see, Mrs. Foster, that this "mad dog" you talk about is to be put, by a calm view of the thing as it is, into the same category with cutlery. You have no more real right to "cry" about this unloosed beast because it may meet your children on their way to school and may bite one or two of them than you have to cry out against the manufacture and sale of knives because your boy cut himself once. The perfectly clear thing is, if you only had head enough to see it, that the manufacture (by fermentation, not distillation) of the mad dog (not very mad, only some mad) ought to go on, and that one mad dog (of this good kind) for every one thousand people ought to be protected by law from the bullets of hydrophobia-haters.

This calm view of the "evil," which, because of some, in fact several, cases of hydrophobia among us has come to be called by unthinking people a "mad dog," is proved by concurrent testimony of experience, science, scholarship, sound philosophy, and, above all, rightly-read Scripture, to be a good creature of God. The calmly Christian thing for you to do "on such an occasion" is not to go up and down "crying," but to stay at home and teach your little boys and your big boys how a little mad dog's bite is good for them, but a big mad dog's bite is very bad for them.

You ought—if you would only do the thing you ought, instead of the thing you like—to mix up a little wine and water for your little boys at dinner, so that they may early learn the difference between true Temperance and this miserable parody on true Temperance called "total abstinence," and may be prepared to make a manly protest against drunkenness when they shall be grown up. It is simply silly—yes, while we feel the tenderest sympathy for your sorrow, we must say it—it is silly for you to refuse to see that knives and mad dogs are equally dangerous. It is as ridiculous for you to demand that all alcohol shall be banished from the bevarages of mankind, because the fiery liquor is burning out the manhood (in more ways than by its consumption) of the world, as it would be for you to demand that all the wells should be dried up because men lose their lives by drowning.

Alcohol and water are exactly analogous, if you could but see it, you foolish woman!

Your cry is no argument; it were better you should stop your crying.

Dr. Crosby, we can not—try we ever so hard—we can not defy or deny nature. God has made us a crying genus. We can not understand how knives and mad dogs are just alike; we can not understand why a mad dog should not be killed. We can not help crying if only one to every one thousand human beings is let loose in our streets. These things are too high for us; we can not find them out. It is not our blame. It is our nature. And we dare to say that through the pure and unsophisticated nature of the human mother God's argument against any use of alcohol except as a medicine is given to the world to-day.

When the young Queen of Austria, pressed on every side by the ruthless oppression of the great Prussian King, fled trembling into Hungary, and, with her infant in her arms and her royal crown upon her head, appealed for the protection of her kingdom to her loyal subjects there, those stalwart Hungarian nobles rose in a mass, and laying their right hands upon the swords at their sides, swore in a shout whose heroic ring echoes down the years: "Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" And how they did die all the world knows. It is not for rhetorical effect, still less for the excitation of the "tenderest sympathy," that I revert to this well-known historical incident. It is that I may call attention to the argument in the cry of those men—for I suppose a man's "cry" may be counted as an "argument." I wish to beg you to notice these words "rege nostro." That expression of those Hungarian nobles, our King, Maria Theresa, instead of our Queen, Maria Theresa, has been interpreted to represent an idea in their minds to suit the mind of the interpreter. "Woman's rights" speakers have made them an acknowledgment on the part of those most masculine men that here was a woman who was more man than any one of them, or all together; more able to command them by having more that was kingly in her. Hence "pro rege nostro" rather than "pro regina nostra." Chivalrous knight errants of our day make this expression to indicate the most refined and splendid chivalry in those Hungarian nobles, as if they had said to this threatened and trembling mother, clasping the future King in her arms: "Never mind, now, you shall be just as much sovereign as if you were a King yourself. We will die to make it so: 'pro rege nostro.'"

Now, I make this expression to mean neither of these things. I believe that these strong and straightforward warriors roared out these words as the simplest usage to express their most instant and impulsive expression for all that men as patriots should die for. I believe that this crowned mother stood to them as the representative of their nationality, their rights, their honor, summing up in their person, as did the ruling sovereign of those days, their country and their country's cause. They formulated in their expression, "rege nostro," the sentiment which Louis XIV. taught in the words: "L'Etat c'est moi." They proved this, for they fought, and many of them did die; and men do not deliberately die for a beautiful, weeping woman, though they love to swear to that effect sometimes, unless there be some worthier object to be gained by their self-devotion. But whether my idea of this be fanciful or not, whether it be calm and logical, whether it be good criticism, I do not affirm—Dr. Crosby will know; but I dare affirm that the American mother, who to-day, being pressed on every side by the aggression of King Alcohol, confronts American men, the infant in her arms her only scepter, the motherhood on her brow her only crown, and cries to them for the protection of her kingdom, the home, carries in her cry an argument. And I dare affirm—for, thank God! it is a spectacle which all may witness—that stalwart warriors, pulling from their scabbards trusty swords, admit that cry to be an argument by their answering shout: "We will fight for our King." For we all have a King, even doctors. There is a majesty of right, a royalty of truth, which in manifold forms claims our allegiance and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages—the suppression, root and branch, of the liquor traffic. And in that cry He makes His argument to men.

A Chancellor's philosophy, grasping in its mighty sapience cults and sciences which we poor women can not even name, has as yet failed to apprehend that chemistry of Heaven which distills from a Christian mother's tear the first drop of that mighty gathering storm whose full and final outbreak shall sweep away for ever all refuges of lies which, sincere or insincere, bulwark the liquor traffic. "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of bondage, and their cry came up unto God: and God heard their groaning, and God remembered His covenant; and God looked upon the children of Israel and had respect unto them." ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The Recent Meeting in New York of the National Temperance Society—Interesting Annual Report.

The National Temperance Society celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, General Clinton B. Fiske presiding. A large assembly filled the Tabernacle, and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic and inspiring that the society has held for years.

Mr. J. N. Stearns, Secretary, read the annual report, of which the following is an abstract:

Much effective work has been done to promote the more thorough enforcement of restrictive and prohibitory laws. Three additional State Legislatures (Oregon, Rhode Island and Tennessee) have voted to submit Prohibitory Constitutional amendments to the people. More fully than ever before the suppression of the liquor traffic has come to be recognized as one of the foremost issues in local, State and National politics.

Nearly every Legislature in the Nation which has been in session during the year has agitated the liquor question. Bills of every variety have been presented—for constitutional prohibition, local option, local prohibition, scientific temperance, high license, prohibition, anti-treating, as well as for amendments to existing laws—almost without number. The liquor interest has been strongly represented at every capital to secure license for their business with few restrictions, and to oppose all legislation which interferes with their traffic. So far as heard from no adverse legislation has been consummated. The United States Senate again passed the bill to provide for a National Commission of Inquiry concerning the alcoholic liquor traffic. The House of Representatives passed a bill increasing the liquor-license fees in the District of Columbia. The distillers and whisky speculators secured from the late Secretary of the Treasury a ruling in their special interest, the practical effect of which was to extend the bonded whisky period for seven months—an extension which the previous Secretary of the Treasury and Congress had declined to authorize. To evade the payment of the already overdue revenue tax, whisky has to some extent been withdrawn and shipped to foreign ports, and returned and placed on the market as imported whisky. The present Secretary of the Treasury has thwarted this speculative scheme by directing that the customs officials shall turn over to the Internal Revenue officers all such re-imported whisky for the collection of the internal-revenue tax. Thus in various ways the liquor question, in its national aspect, assumes steadily increasing prominence and importance.

During the year the receipts from memberships and donations have been $6,095.81; legacies, $1,284.57; invested funds, $1,516.67, making a total of $8,897.05. The total missionary work of the society has been over $12,000.

During the past year there have been published 132 new publications, six of which have been bound volumes for Sabbath-school libraries, 16 pamphlets and 110 tracts, lesson leaves and miscellaneous publications.

William D. Porter, Esq., treasurer, reported the entire receipts of the year to be $60,218.14; total expenses, $60,289.77. Cash on hand May 1, 1885, $36.64.

Effective addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. T. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and Daniel Dorchester, of Massachusetts, and Rev. C. H. Mead, of Hornellsville, N. Y., special missionary of the society among the freedmen of the South. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

Resolved, That we earnestly urge all Temperance organizations throughout our own country and in other lands to unite in the month of September next in celebrations to fitly commemorate the completion of the first century of the Temperance reform, as inaugurated by the pioneer labors and the historic essay by Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia: "An Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind," first published in 1785.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, T. L. Cuyler, D. D., New York; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, J. N. Stearns; Treasurer, William D. Porter.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PUSSY AND SPARROW.

Long, long ago, one summer day—I think
twas in the month of May—
A pussy cat beneath a tree walked back and
forward mewsingly.
Around about, the flowers fair exhaled their
hearts upon the air;
Above her head, and all about, the glad birds
"shook their carols out."
The sunshine's glow, the shadow's grace,
made that same spot a pleasant place,
As back and forth beneath the tree that pussy
cat walked mewsingly.

But not for any flower that grew, nor yet for
any breeze that blew,
Nor yet for grace of sun or shade, or music
that the glad birds made,
Did that same cat beneath the tree walk back
and forward mewsingly.
Her heart, as back and forth she went, raged
with a sly age discontent.
"These birds," she said, "I do declare, their
songs are more than I can bear;
Each wretched little singing sinner would
make some cat a splendid dinner.
Now, there is one, so sleek and plump! Just
see the creature hop and jump!
If I could get within my clutch that bird, or
any other such,
I'd show," these were her very words, "the
proper use to make of birds."
Thus said that pussy cat as she walked back
and forth beneath that tree.

She watched, with eager, hungry eyes; when
lo! within her reach, there flies
A sparrow. Ah! the bird was rash! A little
spring, a little flash
Of wings that spread too late, alas! And so,
you see, it came to pass
The pretty bird, as quick as thought, within
the old cat's claws was caught.
"My chances," thought the reckless sparrow,
"are certainly extremely narrow.
And yet, I'll do the best I can; no more than
that can bird or man."
So, as the cat tried to begin her long-delayed,
long wished-for dinner,
The sparrow cried: "Dear Madam Cat, you
surely have forgotten that
Every one should wash his face, or hers, just
as may be the case,
Before he eats (or she). I've heard, upon my
honor as a bird,
This is a rule that, far and wide, no high-
toned circle sets aside.
The very manner of one's feeding is *such* a
test of one's good breeding.
And you, dear, lovely Madam, are too ele-
gant, I know, by far,
For e'en a moment to forget the smallest
claim of etiquette."

The pussy cat, alas!—but she had her own
share of vanity;
And, in all courtesy refined, she did not wish
to be behind—
She said, quite to herself: "If that's the rule,
I'll be to future cats
A bright example. I will be a model for pos-
terity."
So she prepared, with not a doubt, this new
resolve to carry out.
She laid the bird which, be it said, was look-
ing less alive than dead,
Down in a fitly chosen place, while she pre-
pared to wash her face.
O, foolish cat! O, wily bird! Was ever such
deception heard?
Quick as the flight of any arrow, away went
that deceitful sparrow,
While 'neath that spreading tree there sat a
most dejected looking cat.

Then back and forth beneath the tree again
she wandered mewsingly.
"That rule," she said, "is too absurd. 'Twill
never work 'twixt cat and bird."
Waving a disappointed paw, she said again:
"I'll make a law
That shall not such a chasm set 'twixt appe-
tite and etiquette.
That shall not leave my hapless kind a prey to
every guileful mind.
So now I publish this decree, that all the cats
that yet shall be,
Of all degrees and times and places, shall eat
their bird, then wash their faces.
Thus is the cruel law reversed of dinner last
and manners first."
Thus spoke that cat as 'neath the tree she
wandered most dejectedly.
And this since then has been the law; and
every cat you ever saw
Adds to the maxim, firm and fast, of dinner
first and manners last.
And if you read with half an eye, of course
you see the reason why.
—*Carlotta Perry, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESSIE'S STORY.

What She Thought About Her Dreadfully Bad Brother.

Little Jessie came and leaned her head against her mother's shoulder.

"Archie's a very bad boy, mamma."

"Is he, dear? I'm sorry."

"Yes, mamma, a *dreadfully* bad boy! He—"

"Wait a few minutes, pet, until I finish this, and then I'll hear about it."

Jessie waited and watched as the pen quickly traveled over the page, wondering if she herself should ever be able to make the little letters which were such a trial to her every day at the kindergarten. And thinking she could make almost as good capital M's as mamma, but feeling quite sure she never could make such nicely-shaped B's. And proud to find that she could tell "and," and "to," and "be," and that she knew a comma and a period.

"It's very easy to write stories when you know how to make all the letters, isn't it, mamma?"

Mamma smiled as she wiped her pen.

"Does it seem so?" she asked.

"Why, yes, mamma. You just write and write and write, as fast, and the first thing you know, it is a beautiful little story, and you read it to me."

"Suppose you write one, Jessie."

"But I can't make half the little letters, and I never know which way to turn my capital E's, and my F's and T's always look just like each other."

"But I will write it for you. You need only to tell me what to say."

"Oh, that will be nice, mamma—only I'm afraid you'll get tired before I'm done. Now I'll begin:

"'Once there was a little girl, and she had curly hair and brown eyes and a pink gingham frock and—and—her mamma'—what is it you do for me when I am very, very good, mamma?"

"Kiss you and hug you and call you my little sunshine?"

"No, I don't mean that. When I'm so good that you let me have a little tea-party with Bessie Gay, or buy me some gum-drops. You in—in—"

"I indulge you, do you mean?"

"Yes, that's it. 'Her mamma was a very indulging char—character'—there has to be some big words in a story, you know!"

"Go on, Jessie."

"'—And she would have been a very happy little girl if she hadn't had a brother, and he was a very, *very*, VERY bad boy, indeed, and he took her doll's fly bar for a fish net, and pinched her kitty's tail, and drove her away up in the apple-tree, and—and the little girl'—how long is the story, mamma?"

"Only so long."

"Is that all? Well—'and the little girl'—I don't think it is so very easy to write stories, mamma."

"Go on, dear."

"'And the little girl'—I wonder where Archie is?"

Jessie changed uneasily from one foot to the other. "'And the little girl'"—she looked out of the window. "I'm sure Archie will be wanting to play with me, mamma."

"You'd better run out then, dear."

"And couldn't you finish the story? I think it's *dreadfully* hard to write stories."

"Have you finished the story, mamma?" asked Jessie at tea-time.

"Not yet, but I will very soon, and will read it to you when you go to bed."

After Jessie had said her prayers, her mamma read:

"'And the little girl went out and looked for her brother, but could not find him. She waited and waited, and hunted about, wondering where he could be, and feeling very lonely and forlorn without him.

"'At length some of the neighbors came running by in great fright, and told her mamma that some little boys had been playing in the woods, and two of them had fallen into a deep hole in the creek.

"'The little girl did not know that her brother had asked mamma to let him go to the woods for a bunch of wild flowers for his little sister. Mamma told her to stay in the garden while she herself ran across the meadow toward the woods.

"'Then for a dreadful half hour, which she will never forget, the little girl waited, not knowing whether she had any little brother or not, trying to fancy how it would seem never again to hear his merry voice, or to see his bright face. Even his teasing seemed only a trifle now, only a little fun, which she might easily have laughed at, or borne patiently, instead of fretting and complaining about it.

"'Halloo, Jessie! Look!' There at last was the dear boy running toward her, with his hands full of beautiful wild flowers—pink and purple and blue and white.

"'I got them all for you!' he cried. 'And Johnny and Bert fell into the water, and 'most got drowned, but they're out now.'

"'What a delightful play they had that afternoon! Mamma listened, as they laughed and sang and ran about, and with a great thanksgiving in her heart, wondered if the little girl would ever think again that she would be very happy if it were not for her brother!'"

"O, mamma!" said Jessie, with tears in her eyes; "your part of the story is the best. What should I do for a brother if Archie had been drowned? I don't believe I shall ever be angry with him again. Do let me run and kiss him before I go to sleep."—*Sidney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.*

TRUSTWORTHY.

The Boy Who Scorned to Cheat a Railroad Company.

"Here, Ellis," said Deacon Cary to a lad of fifteen, as he stepped from the morning train. "Here is a good round-trip ticket that will carry you to Springfield and back without costing you a cent. Take it, and run up and spend Sunday with your mother. It will save you a round two dollars, and that will buy you a new jacket, which I dare say, you need."

The boy took the ticket from the outstretched hand, and looked it over with a glad smile lighting up his face.

"It is all right," continued the deacon, "and good until it is used, you see. I made my trip upon it, and the careless conductor failed to call for it either way. Keep it, and use it," he said, as the boy offered him the bit of pasteboard. "You are welcome to it, and your mother will be glad to see you, I am sure."

"But you have used this ticket already, Mr. Cary," urged Ellis.

"It's not my lookout if the conductor fails to attend to his duty. The ticket is my property yet, and I make a present of it to you," the deacon replied, a little impatiently.

Ellis Conway looked at the card in his hand, and thought of his poor, sick mother, and of all the delicacies the extra two dollars would buy for her comfort, and he was sorely tempted to take the next train to Springfield; but the next moment his better self had triumphed, and tearing the ticket into small bits, he deliberately cast them into the fire, saying as he did so: "The temptation is removed now. If I had used it, the railroad company would not have been much poorer, but I would, for I would have lost my self-respect, and I can not afford to be on bad terms with myself."

Deacon Cary muttered something about over-righteousness, but a few months later, when in need of a trustworthy clerk, Ellis was the first one he invited to fill the vacancy. He explained to his partner: "A boy who scorns to cheat a railroad company will be perfectly trustworthy among piles of money."—*Belle V. Chisholm, in S. S. Times.*

WHERE BARBERS WAX FAT.

People Whose Religion Compels Them to Patronize the Knights of the Razor.

The barber trade is one of the most important in Persia. The Koran makes it honorable for a man to wear a beard, but commands the shaving of the head. There are two great sects among those who accept the Mohammedan faith, the Sheas and the Sunnees. The latter are all Turks and they shave the whole crown excepting a tuft in the center by which the archangel may draw them out of the grave.

But the Persians are Sheas, and they shave the center of the head, from the forehead to the neck, leaving a long curl on each side. It is curious to see even little boys with their heads thus polished. The Persians consider it a great disgrace to lose their side curls. As they all wear turbans, or black, conical caps of Astrakhan lambskin, no one would suspect the head to be shaved until the cap is taken off. Then, indeed, the appearance of the head is exceedingly grotesque. It is evident that the care of the hair is a very important question in Persia. But this is not all.

One rarely sees a gray beard or gray locks in Teheran. Even the most venerable men have dark or red hair. The reason is because all, from the highest to the lowest, dye their hair. Even the tails and manes of the horses are sometimes tinged with henna. Those of the royal stables are dyed a beautiful rose color. The use of red for curtains, awnings and umbrellas is forbidden. It is a color reserved in such cases for the palace and the King alone.—*Cor. London News.*

—New Orleans was founded by a company of French adventurers in 1743.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—"No whispering allowed," is one of the rules conspicuously posted up in the school-room at the deaf mute institution, Salem, Ore.

—So high-priced have been peaches for the past two seasons that five hundred new peach orchards have been set out in Delaware within a year.

—An authority on the subject says that a dog show is called a "bench show" because the cage kennels in which dogs are exhibited are located on benches.

—The oldest book in the Congressional Library is said to be "The Olive Leaf," by one Hauser, of Georgia, a tune book concocted "for the glory of God and the good of mankind."

—A recent report on the subject states that machinery intended for the Indian market should be simple in construction and such that if any part be broken it can be mended in any blacksmith shop.

—The new kind of paper on which the New Orleans *Picayune* is printed is called bagasse, the crushed refuse of the stalks of the sugar cane. The paper is fine and soft, with almost a silk-like surface.

—Thirteen State Bureaus of Statistics of Labor are now in existence. The oldest, that of Massachusetts, was established in 1869, Mr. Wright, now at the head of the National Bureau, being still its chief. The Bureau of Pennsylvania, next in age, was established in 1872, Joel B. McCamant being its chief. —*Boston Journal.*

—The Secretary of the London Swimming Club makes the following suggestion: "To bathe before retiring to rest, after the heat and bustle of the day, would be a sure means of inducing sleep—the happy, peaceful sleep of a child that would be an antidote to most of the ills that flesh is heir to, not forgetting lunacy, which is induced by want of sleep.

—Compulsory education works well when it can be enforced. In a Missouri court some time ago an illiterate prisoner was sentenced to jail until he would learn to write; another was sentenced until he could teach the former the art. In less than a month both men were discharged, the one who could not write before being able to write a fair hand.—*St. Louis Post.*

—Rowell is the only one of the famous pedestrians who is rich. He is worth $80,000 and never speculates. Of himself O'Leary said recently: "Six years ago I had $150,000. I began to dabble in stocks, and as a result dropped my bundle, but I never played a card for money in my life or bucked the tiger. I have walked since July 14, 1874, 75,000 miles in matches and exhibitions in this country, England, Ireland and Australia."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The light of the sun is estimated to equal in quantity 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles, the light's intensity at the sun's surface being 190,000 times that of candle flame, 5,300 times that of metal in a Bessemer converter, 141 times that of a calcium light, or 314 that of an electric are. The temperature, according Rosetti, is about 18,000 Fahr. The mechanical equivalent of the solar rdiation, continuously acting, is nearly 10,000 horse-power per square foot of solar surface.

—Living creatures in water seem to have a vegetable origin. Examine pure lake-water or spring-water with a microscope and no life is visible; but put flowers or any vegetable substance in the water and in forty-eight hours the water will swarm with life. Water thus is revealed as the hatching medium for many forms of life. Many beautiful grassplots in cities are ruined by excessive watering. The water hatches out millions of eggs which the dry sun would have killed.—*Chicago Current.*

—A tramp who called at a farm house to ask for a cold bite was almost paralyzed at being welcomed with smiles and kind words and having a fine repast laid out for him. In explanation the woman said that he reminded her of her long-lost cousin. At the next house the tramp at once announced that he was the woman's long-lost brother, but in place of smiles and mince pie the woman seized the broomstick and went for him, saying: "Slide out, you villain! They were all girls in our family!"—*Texas Siftings.*

BURNING A CHURCH.

How it May be Done Cheaply and Expeditiously.

This art has been practiced with eminent success. We have had two very complete examples in the neighborhood of Boston within the last few years, and we burn one church and a half per week, sometimes two, in the United States. This art is very simple. Inside of a stone or brick exterior sham, construct a timber church with a joisted floor, sheathed overhead in the cellar so as to create a certain number of wooden cells, each one connecting with a hollow space between the outer stone sham and the inner wooden structure, built of light timber and fastened to the stone walls by cross-braces of sawed wood, very numerous. Connect these interspaces in the vertical walls not only with the cellular door, but also with a large cavity in the roof between the inch boards of the roof and the false ceiling of the interior wooden structure; then set a furnace of an approved pattern, with a metal air-box near the furnace, but connecting with a wooden air-box in the hollow floor. On the Friday of a very cold week, when "Old Prob" says that "Saturday will be warm," light a very hot fire in the furnace. By Saturday night or Sunday morning the pressure of the cold air of the early part of the week, which had accumulated inside the church, will have circulated *downward* through the furnace, and will have forced the hot air through the wooden air-box in the hollow door to a sufficient extent to set it on fire; the fire will be carried through the wooden cells in the hollow walls to the hollow spaces in the roof in about five minutes, and the first alarm will be given by some one who sees the smoke issuing from the peak of the roof. The whole of the interior structure being protected from water by the stone or brick sham, the destruction of the church will be very certain. This is a customary and very successful method. *Edward Atkinson, in Boston Advertiser.*

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Statistics Showing the Decline of this Peculiar Native Production.

To the casual observer it might appear that American humor was in as flourishing condition as ever; that, notwithstanding the heavy drafts which it has sustained during the last decade, the supply was still abundant, not to say inexhaustible.

But such, alas! is not the fact, as can be conclusively shown by the presentation of statistics carefully prepared, at considerable expense, and which will be given in detail farther on.

The most serious evidence of the decline in our National humor is shown in the paucity of fresh subjects; there having been in the first four months of 1885 but eleven new subjects used in the construction of newspaporial wit, against forty-seven in the corresponding four months of last year; and while several topics which were once under constant treatment have sunk into desuetude and are now no more heard than if they had never been, it is also true that scores of other favorite marks for the shafts of the funny men have shown a gradual falling off in paragraphic favor.

The stove-pipe joke is a notable instance of the former class just alluded to, the class which has utterly disappeared. This mirth-excitant, which in the year 1875 reached the marvelous proportions of 2,764 paragraphs per month, or 33,168 during the entire year, had fallen off in 1884 to 95 per month, or 389 during the first four months of the year, while for the corresponding period of 1885 but 17 cases have been recorded, an average of only 4¼ per month.

A similar, though not so excessive, falling off is shown by many other old stand-bys; notably, the mother-in-law, the cake of soap on the stairs, the oldest Mason, and so forth. But we have the figures handy. Let us consult them.

During the first third of 1884 the mother-in-law formed the subject of 4,987 paragraphs or articles, whereas the corresponding term of the present year can boast of but 215, and 214 of these are essentially repetitions. Goat and the circus poster, 1884, 3,864; 1885, 24. Oldest Mason, 1884, 841; 1885, 53. And here are several more, the first figure indicating the number of times a joke was utilized from January to April, both inclusive, in 1884, and the second figure referring to the number of appearances during the first four months of the present year:

Messenger boy, 4,231, 4,299; oyster, 1774, 797; dude, 5,649, 34; hair in the butter, 1,423, 6 (which, by the way, is six times too many); big hat at the theatre, 1,262, 48; game of poker, 1,812, 135; whisky drinking, 4,831, 3,560; boarding-house hash, 3,112, 124; strong butter, 2,076, 111 (oleomargarine not included); Chicago girl's over-nutrition of pedal extremities, 3,125, 2,008; cake of soap on stairs, 488, 21; coal-hole cover, 976, 43; banana skin, 816, 27; editor and poet, 3,265, 2,003; green apples, 4, 1 (not in season); iceman, 4,981, 2,605; plumber, 9,871, 6,432; picnic, 401, 30 (rush usually comes later); Niagara hackman, 776, 614; bent pin, 7,671, 2,454; umbrella, 7,841, 2,432; watermelon (out of season), 148, 125.

In almost every instance it will be seen that there has been great disparity in the present year's figures as compared with those of the year preceding. The messenger boy, it is true, has very nearly held his own, and no excessively marked falling off is noticed in whisky drinking or the Chicago girl's feet. The wonderful divergence which is shown in the figures relating to the dude is to be explained by the fact that he was a novelty in the paragraphic field last year; but, thank heaven, he is a short-lived creature, as our statistics show, and haply after another year he shall be heard of no more forever.

Jokes on love-making, matrimony, millinery, twins, divorce and kindred accidents, inseparable from one's earthly pilgrimage, hold their time-honored places. They always have been and always will be, world without end; therefore it has not been thought worth while to collect data regarding them. And for other but equally cogent reasons, no notice has been taken of alleged witticisms on deaths by drowning or other adventitious means. Neither has any account been made of poronomasia. Punning is not joking, and a new pun is well-nigh an impossibility.

From our statistics, then, it will be seen that there has been a marked decline in almost every department of American humor; and we have by no means exhausted the evidence which we have at hand. We have only given a few samples of a very large invoice, which we might draw upon almost without limit.

But in this general decline it is pleasant to know that there is one subject at least which has come forward to partially make up for what has been lost. Need we say we refer to the roller skate? During the first four months of 1884 the roller skate was the foundation of but three paragraps; during the corresponding period of 1885 it has furnished the *raison d'etre* of 17,864 witticisms of different lengths and of various quality. Therefore, providing there shall be no increase in the monthly returns (and the probabilites all point in an opposite direction) there will be, during the entire year, 214,368 mirthful allusions to the skating rink set before the readers of American newspapers.

Finally, then, while deploring the decline of American humor in general, let us thank Heaven and take courage, in view of the marvelous possibilities presented by the roller skates, and let us all pray that this last bulwark of our Nation's wit may forever withstand the wear and tear of time and the strain of constant and continual use.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A young man became involved in a difficulty, and in an evil moment accepted a challenge. At the railroad station he said anxiously to the ticket agent: "Did a couple of gentlemen buy tickets for R—— within a short time?" "Yes, sir," said the agent. "They went to the lunch-counter and ordered gunpowder tea and rare roast beef, with plenty of blood gravy, and then bought two tickets to R—— and return." "And return! By thunder!" gasped the young man to his second. "I guess I'd better apologize."—*N. Y. Sun.*

SELF-DEFENSE.

When and How a Man Can Slay Another and Have the Law on His Side.

"Now that the Wepler case is at an end," said a well-known judge to a reporter one day recently, "it would be interesting to show what constitutes the right of self-defense as laid down in the law books. The right of self-defense is founded on the law of nature, and is not superseded by the laws of society. It is a right which every one brings into society, and retains in society, except so far as the laws of society have curtailed it. Every man has a right to defend himself against an attack threatening him with death or serious bodily harm, and his innocence will be presumed until his guilt is established beyond a reasonable doubt. The right is based on necessity, and arises where one manifestly intends and endeavors, by violence or surprise, to commit a known felony on the person, habitation or property of another. It is a defense against a present unlawful attack; as where an assault is made with a deadly weapon, or where one is assaulted in his habitation, or where a forcible felony is attempted. The law of self-defense does not require one, whose life has been threatened, to seek the protection of the law; nor is he obliged first to call on the authorities. The omission to seek protection from the authorities does not deprive him of the protection of the law, or of his rights of self-defense.

"The right of self-defense is not limited to the actual danger threatened. The danger of death or great bodily harm must be either real, or be honestly believed at the time to be imminent and on sufficient grounds. A reasonable apprehension of danger is sufficient; and a reasonable ground for belief that there is a design to destroy life, to rob, or commit a felony; a reasonable and well-grounded belief, a belief arising from appearances that the danger is actual and imminent. Guilt must depend on the circumstances as they appeared to him. Apparent danger is a mixed question of law and fact. A man is justified in acting for his defense according to the circumstances as they appear to him.

"The law of self-defense does not require one whose life has been threatened to leave his house or to secrete himself to avoid his foe. When a person without fault—in a place where he has a right to be—is violently assailed, he may, without retreating, repel force by force, in the reasonable exercise of his right of self-defense. He is not obliged to retreat or go to the wall from an assailant armed with a deadly weapon, and if he is driven to the wall so that he must be killed or sustain great bodily harm, and, therefore, kills his assailant, it is excusable homicide. He is not obliged to retreat, but may pursue until he is out of danger, and may kill to get out of danger; but when the attack is not felonious the rule of law is different.

"A man is not required to do everything in his power to avoid the necessity of slaying his assailant. Where there is no escape, after retreating as far as possible, killing will be justifiable, so where retreat is impossible or perilous, or would increase the danger, or where further retreat is prevented by some impediment, or was as far as the fierceness of the assault permitted. But if the assaulted party is in fault, he is bound to retreat as far as he can safely do so; he is required to decline the combat in good faith, and if he uses all the means in his power to escape, even killing in self-defense is lawful. But if a man seeks to bring on a difficulty and slays his adversary he can not avail himself of the plea of self-defense. That a party has been struck gives him no right to retaliate by an assault.

"An act done from necessity raises no presumption of a criminal intent; but the necessity must be actual, imminent, and apparent, with no other probable or possible means of escape. It must be great, and must arise from imminent peril to life or limb. Men, when threatened with danger, must determine the necessity of resorting to self-defense, and they will not be held responsible for a mistake in the extent of the actual danger, nor be subject to the peril of making that guilty, if appearances prove false, which would be innocent if they proved true. There must be at least an apparent necessity, an actual necessity, or a reasonable belief of such necessity, to ward off some impending harm. Necessity is a defense when the act charged was done to avoid irreparable evil, from which there was no other adequate means of escape, and the remedy was not disproportionate to the threatened evil; and the necessity must not have been created by the fault of him who pleads it, nor be occasioned by him, nor be the result of his own culpability, nor be rashly rushed into; and in cases of assault or intrusion by strangers no more force than is necessary must be used in repelling the assault.

"The right of self-defense does not include the right of retribution. A party assaulted is justified in using such force as is necessary to repel an assailant, but no more, and if unnecessary force is used he becomes the assailant. The degree of force must not exceed the bounds of defense and prevention, and this depends on the circumstances of each case, and the condition of both parties may be considered. A party in possession of property may use force sufficient to protect it. Whether a man is justified in employing in the first instance such means of resistance as will produce death depends on the circumstances and the nature of the attack, and he may not always use a deadly weapon, and it is still further wrong if it is a concealed weapon. But if the taking of life is necessary it will be excusable. It is always excusable when in defense of life, yet it requires a great disparity of size and strength and a very violent attack to excuse the taking of life. A party may use whatever force is necessary to avert the apparent danger, although it may afterward appear that the gun was not loaded, and that there was no real danger."—*Louisville Commercial.*

—According to an exchange dry powdered salt will keep moths out of a carpet. The salt should be sprinkled freely over the carpet, particularly along the edges, then sweep thoroughly. This should be done about once a month in moth time, and there will be no trouble from the destructive insect.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The smallest salary a pastor in the Presbyterian Church of Australia is permitted to receive is $1,500.

—If compelled to choose between the two, always prefer a good teacher to a fine school-house. — *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—An uncommon form of strike is the quitting of pastoral work by the lower clergy of Bulgaria. They refuse to hold church services, baptise, or solemnize marriages and burials. Their grievance is the very worldy one of a reduction of wages, which are paid them by the State.

—The rectors and prominent laymen connected with several of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in New York have inaugurated a mission work fashioned after the recent London Mission, which is designed to put the churches in more thorough sympathy with the working people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Speaking of our "Home Heathen" the *Christian Union* says: "The population has been growing, and the church accommodations have been diminishing. In the city of New York, in 1840, one church to every 1,800; in 1880, one church to every 2,400. In the city of Chicago, in 1840, one church to every 747; in 1880, one church to every 2,000. These figures show that the darkness is gaining on the daylight in these two great cities. This is also true in Cincinnati and St. Louis."

—The Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church held at Alexandria, Va., reports total number of members, 15,149, being an increase of 224; received 1,571, an increase of 377; parsonages, 61; churches, 230; value of church property, $794,398; church indebtedness, $28,107, or $3,363 less than last year. Number of Sunday-schools, 194; teachers and scholars, 17,974; volumes in library, 29,250; conversions in Sabbath-schools, 763, a gain of 321 over last year.

—The London School Board, by a vote of thirty-one to four, adopted a resolution providing that teachers should not require home-study of pupils who are in a delicate state of health or whose parents object thereto. Several steps have recently been taken by the English educational authorities toward making the school-life of children less arduous. Such expressions of public opinion as have been obtained indicate a general disposition on the part of parents in favor of less hours and less work for the children.

—A minister well known by name throughout the land, who has one of the best equipped houses of worship, was showing a friend, not long since, through its various rooms, when they came to the kitchen, which was connected by a speaking tube to the pastor's study. On the wall was printed in large letters: "The Lord will provide," while in smaller letters on the same wall near the mouthpiece of the tube was the direction: "Blow and wait for an answer." The visitor naturally asked if the two inscriptions had any particular connection with one another; and it is hardly necessary to say that a change was soon made in the lettering. —*Congregationalist.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An Arcola woman set a speckled hen on a dried-apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched fourteen night-mares with blue ribbons on their tails. —*Newman Independent.*

—A young lady writes: "How should a young man kiss me?" If that young lady possesses as little beauty as she does sense she will in all probability remain ignorant till death.—*Boston Post.*

—Inquiring youngster: "Uncle, why do the hippopotamuses always have their mouths open in the show-bills?" Uncle (with malicious equivoke): "To take in the public, my boy; now go and play."—*Exchange.*

—"What's the matter?" called a mother, turning to her little boy, who "set up" a howl. "What are you crying about?" "I want something." "What do you want?" "I have forgot what it is, an' that's what makes me cry."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A "Perfect Bore."—

Now doth the little dudelet
Unto his tailor strut,
And order suit of "corkscrew"
Of the very latest cut;
And there is no material
Could suit his nature more,
The slim ethereal creature
Is such a "perfect bore."
—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Whew!" exclaimed Crimsonbeak, surprised on entering his sleeping-apartment to find his wife waiting for him the other morning at two o'clock, "those stairs almost take my breath away." "Well, I wish they would," replied his displeased wife, catching the odor of the club-man's evening beverage.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Children have funny ways of expressing themselves. Johnnie, who was born and raised in the city, went up to Portsmouth, a nice little town on the Ohio, not long ago, and when he came home he had much to tell. "By the way, Johnnie," asked his father, "is Portsmouth as big as Cincinnati?" "Well, no, papa, I guess not. That is, there ain't nearly so many houses, but there's ever so much more world."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"When your father and your mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's answer. Parents will do well to consider the truth there is in this reply. The parent who is too much engaged, or too selfish, to look after the training of his child, need not be surprised to see the child come to serious harm.—*Toledo Blade.*

Familiar With the Tools.

Chicago Editor—"I very much fear, madam, that I can not give you a place on our staff. We have never employed lady writers."

Fair Applicant—"But I am sure I can give satisfaction. I will not require any assistance except to sharpen my lead pencil."

Chicago Editor—"Well, as to that we seldom use any pencils. All our articles are——"

Fair Applicant—"Oh, then it is all right, I used to be a tailoress, and am an adept with the shears."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885.

People may doubt or disbelieve what we say, but they will believe what we do.

In this week's issue of our paper we publish the levy list for 1885. This is a matter in which every tax payer is interested and which furnishes matter for reflection and thought for all who are interested in or concerned about the management of county affairs. The present board of county commissioners is the first in the history of Garrett county in which the majority were Democratic, and it will be well for the calm and dispassionate reader to remember that the present board was elected on the idea that retrenchment and reform were necessary. We take it for granted, too, that the people have not forgotten the many promises of reform made by the Democrats of this county, and by the present board of commissioners particularly and especially. Now that the last levy of the present board has been made and its administration practically ended, the people can examine the two levies made by the present commissioners and see whether their promises have been made good or not. We suppose the commissioners will claim that they have made a material reduction in the taxes. That the present levy is less than the levy of last year we grant, but when we add the two levies made by this board we find they aggregate $2.90, or an average of $1.45 per year. This is the highest tax rate for any two years in the history of the county. The highest aggregate for any two years under a majority of Republican commissioners was $2.55, and of the only two years where we had a full Republican board $2.13½. The highest tax rate in any year under a majority of Republicans is less than the present levy, which is the lowest under a majority of Democrats. When we undertake to account for the high rate under the present board we do not find that it levied more money for public schools and county roads than is usually levied. Whilst it is a notable fact that the estimate for jurors and State witnesses is far below the needs of the county, and before the next May Term is over the next board of commissioners will have to borrow $800 or $1,000, and perhaps more, to meet a deficiency in this particular. With past experience to guide them it seems to us a stupid piece of folly to levy so far below the required sum for this purpose.

Pursuing the same line the basis of taxation has been increased, we are told, something over $140,000. This if we are not sadly mistaken, is merely an increase *upon paper*, without any substantial increase in fact, and will return to be provided for by the next board in the shape of insolvencies.

We do not propose to make any comments upon this matter now. We content ourself with a simple statement of facts and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. The matters to which we have refered are all of record and can be easily verified if anybody has a doubt in the premises.

Comparatively few people understand propagating fish or have any definite idea of the profit to be derived therefrom. There is no better place anywhere for cultivating carp than in the vicinity of Oakland, and when we consider the small cost attending the construction of a proper pond as compared with the enormous profits of such an enterprise, it is a matter of surprise that some of our people do not make an effort in this direction. Mr. Edwin H. Reynolds, of Cecil county, has a small carp pond from which he sold last year $223.00 worth of fish and his stock is much larger now than it was before he made the sale. He feeds the fish on canned corn, and says it is much more profitable than feeding the corn to hogs. The experiment is worth a trial.

In some parts of Northern New York the farmers are getting on slowly with the season's work on account of a disease among their horses. The vets attribute the malady to the sudden change to warm weather from a long, hard winter—a kind of spring fever.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, June 8.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: The past week shows an increased depression in general trade. The stoppage of the iron mills at the best can not fail to act as a further drag of trade. The volume of merchandise moved is not large. The demand for fall goods is below anticipations, and in transportation circles freight rates are lower than ever, From Chicago to New York 10 cents per 100 pounds for grain represents a loss. Lake freights are as low as ever before, and yet tonnage and cars lie idle. The demand for produce does not exist eyen at the very low cost of delivery, The banks at Eastern and Western centres continue to accumulate funds. Interest rates at the interior are lower than ever before, and in still other ways there are evidences of accumulating idle commercial machinery.

The dry goods market is noticeably dull, and jobbers do not expect any improvement during the month. At Boston the volume of dry goods staple lines which has been disposed of during the past season is said to be of fair proportions, but there is much complaint as to prices realized. The inference is made that the discounts to the trade exceed the rates commonly reported. The corn crop in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys has all been planted. The Michigan wheat crop promises to equal the heaviest yield in that State. The spring wheat crop is progressing finely, and is up six or eight inches, with favoring conditions. The Pacific coast wheat crop now promises to be about 12,000,000 bushels short of 1884. There is no reported improvement in the prospect for wheat in Illinois, Indiana or Ohio.

BOSTON, June 6,—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool trade says: The market is in its usual between season condition of dullness, when the country becomes almost of greater importance than the city. Prices remain here with no quotable change, but any pressure to sell would necessarily have to be accompanied by concessions, Holders are, however, firm, as they can day by day see more clearly that their supplies cannot be replaced by fresh purchases in the country, except at an advance upon the present selling prices. Old wool, too, has always a preference over new, but selections are of course now much broken, the best wools having generally all been sold earlier in the season. New wools upon the market will bring as much this week as last. Some new Ohio fleece has been received, and some little combing and delaine is included in the sales of "unclassified" at 33a35 c. We hear of no sales of X and XX, but a fair price would be 30a33c. Fat sheep's wool continues to arrive and is selling at 18a20c. for fine and 22a24c. for medium clothing and combing.

Villages Swallowed Up.

CALCUTTA, June 8.—Dispatches continue to be received here about the earthquake in the vale of Cashmere. Whole villages have been destroyed. Dubgood, Janalapar and Ivan have disappeared entirely, having been completely engulfed in the awful convulsions.

The fort at Gurais and the granaries in many parts of the Vale have been swallowed up. A large supply of rice and a considerable amount of money have been distributed throughout the Vale of Cashmere to relieve the distress of the people. It is estimated that over 200 persons were killed.

Wonders in Telegraphy.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—An exceedingly interesting exhibition of an entirely new system of telegraphy, that bids fair to at least measurably revolutionize telegraphic and telephonic service, was given here to-day. There were present by invitation a number of New York and Philadelphia capitalists, electricians and representatives of the press. The tests were highly successful. The most marvelous thing about the contrivance is the fact that a single ordinary telegraphic wire conveys the electric current and operates the receiving machine. In appearance the sending machine is very much like an ordinary type-writer. The instrument has forty-two keys—the letters of the alphabet, the numerals and a few punctuation marks—and every letter or sign struck by the sending apparatus was instantly shown both upon that instrument and the receiver. Pressure upon any key caused a certain number of magnetic impulses to pass through the line. The number of these impulses differs for each letter, and they bring corresponding letters on the type wheel of the receiving instrument into such a position as to make the impression on a piece of paper. Any person who can read can transmit and receive messages through it as correctly as could the most experienced expert using the Morse instrument. It is as rapid as it is accurate, and all messages by it being automatically printed, both at the point of transmission and that of reception, they can be received with safety and reliability in the absence, as well as in the presence, of the recipient. The recording of messages at both points precludes all questions of errors in transmission. It cannot be read by sound, and is consequently the only method for preserving privacy in electrial communications. It is at once a stock indicator, telephone and type-printing telegraph. The inventor was Mr. George M. Hathaway, but Mr. Linville has done much to make the contrivance practical. The company controlling this system, which is known as the Hathaway-Linville, has already sold at large sums territorial rights for Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, Missouri and Mexico, and is in negotiation for other large territory. A company in London has contracted to pay $1,250,000 for the right of Great Britain upon delivery of two working commercial instruments in London. Over five thousand machines are now ordered. The parent company is not selling stock.

The Age of Steel.

Steel threatens to displace iron for nearly all the multitudinous purposes to which the latter is now applied. New processes have been invented for its manufacture, following the grand idea of Bessemer, the inventor of the process of producing cast-steel directly from pig-iron as the latter leaves the furnace in which it has been reduced from the original ore, and now it can be produced as cheaply as malleable iron. By some of the most recent improved processes, pig-iron can be converted into a goop quality of steel at a cost of only $3 to $4 per ton. Steel is far more valuable than malleable iron on account of its much greater strength—a steel rod being able to stand as great a strain as a rod of malleable iron of five times its diameter, and also because of the greater durability of steel.

The greater value of steel for use as compared with iron, and the cheapness with which it can be produced, has begun a revolution in the great iron mills of the country. The manufacturers are introducing such changes in their plants as will allow them to produce steel instead of malleable iron. Iron rails for railways are being abandoned as fast as they wear out, and they are being replaced by steel. The latter material is taking the place of iron in the construction of vessels, steam boilers, and in fact for all the uses to which the latter metal can be put. The Chicago *Journal* gives the following instances of changes from an iron to a steel plant in several large iron works:

In Wheeling, W. Va., seven nail factories will be so altered as to manufacture steel instead of iron nails. In the Calumet Iron and Steel Works such machinery is to be added as may be required for rolling steel to be made up into nails, the steel nails heretofore produced at these works having been made of rolled steel purchased elsewhere for the purpose. Similar changes are being made, or have been made, at large establishments in the East and West. It is reported that the North Chicago mills will receive the necessary changes of machinery for making steel beams, channels and other heavy building materials heretofore constituted of iron.

"The colored people have nearly 1,000,000 children in school; publish over eighty newspapers; furnish nearly 16,000 school teachers; about 15,000 students in the high schools and colleges; about 2,000,000 members in the Methodist and Baptist churches; own 680,000 acres of land in Georgia alone, and over 5,000,000 in the whole South; the increase in the production of cotton since emancipation has been 1,000,000 bales per year, or one-third more than that raised when working under the lash; and had deposited in the fraudulent Freedmen's Bank, $56,000,000; besides, colored men have engineered and nearly completed a railroad in North Carolina, and they are assessed $91,000,000 of taxable property."—*Pro. W. H. Crogman, (colored,) Clark University.*

It is evident that the President is meeting with the same sort of embarrassment in his efforts to be good that interfered with the pious desires of the citizen of Arkansas who said to the minister: "I guess I'll have to give it up; every time I think I've got my religion solid, somethin' turns up that jest makes me cuss, and I can't help it."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).*

Judging the policy of the administration by its appointments to office, voting or speaking for the Republican party was "offensive partizanship," but services in the Rebellion and seeking to destroy the government was partizanship of the right stamp neither offensive nor discreditable and deserving honorable recognition.—*Frederick Examiner.*

ANNUAL LEVY, 1885.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1885, *Levied by the County Commissioners, at June Session,* 1885.

ROAD LEVY.

District No.			
"	"	2—Selbysport	700 00
"	"	3—Grantsville	700 00
"	"	4—Bloomington	550 00
"	"	5—Accident	700 00
"	"	6—Sang Run	550 00
"	"	7—Oakland	800 00
"	"	8—Ryans Glade	600 00
"	"	9—Johnson's	130 00
"	"	10—Deer Park	300 00
"	"	11—Elbow	300 00
Total			$5,780 00

NATIONAL ROAD.

National road for 1886	$400 00
Simon Caton, for 1885	75 00
James Carey, " "	70 00
T. W. Frost, " "	60 00
C. Schramm, " "	75 00
Wm. Tressler, " "	60 00
Nicholas Platter for 1885	60 00
Total	$800 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

H. G. Davis, road at Deer Park	$ 15 00
Joseph Warnick, road	25 00
Jacob Stuck, road, use Alex. Poland	20 00
Edward Deal, Barnes road, use D. H. Loar	75 00
Wm. Ross, of H. Gregg Mill road	15 00
Geo. W. Wilt, road	50 00
John Brenneman, Bender road	159 97
Franklin Suter, road	50 23
Josiah Wolf, road	26 94
F. McRobie, use A. Wilson, road	75 00
Norman Jacobs, road	20 00
John M. Tichnell, road	50 00
David Wilson, Burk road	30 00
J. H. Gregg, Gregg road	125 00
Casper Schramm, roads	15 00
David H. Friend, road	10 00
Samuel Beachy, Stanton road	200 00
Henry Shank, Swanton road	20 00
Isaac H. Kooken, Rhodes Hill road	15 00
John Sanders, Jr, White road	50 00
Dorsey Ashby, Ashby road	15 00
Parker Ashby, west end Browning road	15 00
Henry Spoerlin, Church road	10 00
Adam Garinger, Accident road	4 50
Charles Leese, National road	15 00
C. A. Dodge, road	8 69
Newton Guard, Mill road	10 00
William L. Rawlings, Bloomington road	5 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Sang Run road	45 00
Total	$1,175 33

ROAD EXPENSES.

Wm. H. H. Friend, surveyor, one day	$ 5 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	15 00
John L. Fitzwater, examiner	6 00
Wm. Sharpless, "	6 00
Cyrus W. Peters, chain carrier, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
James Rowan, chain carrier	2 00
Francis McRoble, axman, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor and examiner	15 00
John M. Titchnell, examiner	2 00
Joshua Titchnell, axman	2 00
A. J. Warnick, chain carrier	2 00
" Titchnell "	2 00
A. C. Mason, surveyor	10 00
J. Z. Browning, examiner	2 00
A. Freeland "	2 00
J. R. Browning, chain carrier	2 00
J. D. Friend, "	2 00
John Edmunds, axman	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	10 00
T. W Castell, examiner	4 00
Theo. Beckman, "	4 00
Henry Lee, "	4 00
Miller Junkins, chain carrier	2 00
Emanuel Custer, "	5 00
Geo. Stuck, chain carrier, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
John Kesler, chain carrier	2 00
C. H. Stuck, axman, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	8 00
Wm. White, examiner	2 00
Wm. Grove, "	2 00
N. Barnard, "	2 00
J. W. Smith, chain carrier	2 00
J. A. Delawder "	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	5 00
G. W. Wilson, "	10 00
Daniel Conneway, examiner	4 00
Joseph Irons, "	4 00
Henry Shafer, "	4 00
Wm. Coneway, axman	4 00
Margaret Kennedy, damages	50 00
A. C Hamill, surveyor	3 00
Total	$243 00

BRIDGES.

King Iron Bridge Co. balance for iron bridge at Elkins	$ 442 00
Canton, Ohio, Co., iron bridge over Yough river	1,800 00
Jos. W. Cogley, abutments for same, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland	412 00
E. M. Friend, Friends bridge	150 58
Kalita Michael, Mill run bridge	35 00
Daniel Yommer, bridges	40 00
Wm. McCabe, Buffalo bridge	25 00
Michael Custer, Hoover bridge	50 00
A. J. Lancaster, Savage bridge	26 24
John Wilhelm, Wilhelm bridge	84 97
White, Gleeson & Co., iron for Wilhelm bridge	49 01
J. A. Michael & Co., lumber for bridges	41 49
P. M. Stemple, lumber for bridges	3 75
J. W. Shillingburg, making fill to bridge	3 00
J. T. Mitchell, locating bridge	2 00
Rudolph Beckman, Deep Creek bridge	25 00
John H Friend and Samuel Faulkner Buffalo bridge	20 00
Hoyes run bridge	40 00
Gregg bridge	200 00
George Shartzer, Bald hill run bridge	50 00
Total	$3,600 04

PENSIONS.

George Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker,	$ 12 00
Mathias Bowser, support Elijah Johnson	12 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	25 00
W. S. H. Friend, " John Schroyer,	25 00
Otho Speelman, " J. M. Davis,	15 00
J. Guard, " Ruth King,	15 00
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau, use John Shartzer	20 00
Rudolph Beckman, support, M. Grobst	20 00
Wm. Ryland, support Ralvin Uppole,	25 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	20 00
J. S. Broadwater, support D. A. Durst,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Samuel Bosley, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Etta Shafer and child	5 00
J. H. Wilson, support Mary Friend and family	30 00
Alex. Lower, support Etta Shafer and child	15 00
Felty Bros, support Etta Shafer & child	10 00
J. A. Grant, support Rebecca Sagers,	5 00
W. P. Totten, support Margaret Nair,	10 00
Geo. D. Frantz, support Mariah Wable	10 00
J. Guard, support Ruth King,	10 00
Ralph T. Browning, support Caroline Cole	15 00
Isaac H. Thorpe, support Susan Beale,	50 00
Aaron Wilhelm, support F. B. Stokes,	25 00
P. T. Garthright, support Windsor Dimmitt,	25 00
Kate Sisler, support Harriet A. Uppole	10 00
Frederick Vansickle, support self,	25 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whorrel	15 00
C. A. Mullen, support Z. Manter and family	25 00
Eli Stanton, support Michael Foy,	15 00
Jonas Tice, support Mary Durst,	20 00
I. M. Umbel, support Isaac Rodeaver,	15 00
Caroline Frazee, support Ruth King,	52 00
Geo. Bittinger, support Mrs. W. Spiker	20 00
Henry Winterberg, support Mrs Henry Durst,	20 00
Andrew Deitrick, support Margaret Deitrick,	52 00
Saml. Fike, support Nancy Vansickle	40 00
Nathah Browning, support Jane Lewis	10 00
Isabelle McKinzie, support William Switzer,	15 00
Wm Ryland, support John Deitrick,	10 00
Elizabeth Jenkins, support Rachel Friend's children,	20 00
Saml. Faulkner, support Jno Schroyer	10 00
Mrs. J. M. McHugh, support self and children,	20 00
V. Kahl, support Beckey Knox,	4 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	30 03
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau,	28 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	15 00
W. S. Pew, support George Wood,	25 00
A. F. Getty, support William Hoover,	20 00
M. Bowser, support Henry Hair,	15 00
Rudolph Beckman, support Mary Brobst,	20 00
Mary Lish, support Louisa Lish,	15 00
C. T. West, support Harry Upperman,	15 00
W. M. Thayer, support Mary Lipscomb	20 00
D. H. Loar, support Caroline Cole,	13 00
Total	$1,053 00

FOX AND WILD CAT CERTIFICATES.

C. A. Murphy,	3 foxes,			$ 3 00
Daniel Wilson,		3 cats,		6 00
A. J. Rodes,	1	"		1 00
Chas. H. Johnson,	1	"		1 00
Jas. M. McKinzie,	3	"		3 00
Gilbert B Warnick,	2	"		2 00
Michael Nathan,	4	"		4 00
S. P. Specht,	6	"		6 00
J. S. Broadwater	4	"		4 00
Daniel E Beckman,	3	"		3 00
Isaac M. Umbel,	10	"		10 00
James Weir,	6	"		6 00
Jonas Frazee,	7	"		7 00
William Ryland,	4	"		4 00
H. C. Shaw,	4	"	1 "	6 00
A. Wass & Son,	10	"	3 "	16 00
C. T. West,	8	"	2 "	12 00
P. T. Garthright,	2	"	1 "	4 00
C. W. Friend,	4	"		4 00
J. W. Abernathy,	1	"		1 00
Isaac T. Frazee,	1	"		1 00
Wm. H. Chapman,	1	"		1 00
Peter Nathan,	1	"		1 00
David Warnick,	1	"		1 00
Walter Warnick,	1	"		1 00
A. Mullen,			1 "	2 00
S. D. Hummel,	4	"		4 00
W. S. Pew,	3	"	2 "	7 00
Townshend & Son,	11	"	2 "	15 00
C. J. Otto,			1 "	2 00
J. E. Gnagey,	27	"	1 "	29 00
G. W. Merrill,	2	"		2 00
G. W. Legge,	13	"		13 00
James H Wilson,			1 "	2 00
D. H. Laar,	5	"		5 00
W. P. Totten,	3	"		3 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro	4	"		4 00
Peter W. Connell,	1	"	1 "	3 00
Thompson Lower,	1	"		1 00
Jacob Becket,	3	"		3 00
Lafayette Friend,	1	"		1 00
John Brenneman,	2	"		2 00
J. Sines,			1 "	2 00
Wm. R. Drane,	3	"		3 00
John W. Biggs,	1	"		1 00
O. H. Fazenbaker,			1 "	2 00
H. W. Hessen,	1	"		1 00
John Shartzer,	17	"		17 00
John Warnick,	1	"		1 00
W. H. Tower,	6	"		6 00
S. M. Friend,	3	"		3 00
M. Bowser,	18	"	4 "	26 00
Thos. Harvey,	2	"		2 00
G. W. Wilson,	2	"		2 00
Total				$272 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

R. J. West, return judge	$ 8 72
Otho Pugh, judge	4 00
Henry Shank, judge	4 00
Truman West, clerk	4 00
Geo. Kitzmiller, clerk, use D. E. Offutt	4 00
C. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jonas Wass, return judge	10 16
Wm. A. Coddington, judge	4 00
Lucien Frazee, judge	4 00
Geo. M. Steele, clerk	4 00
A. J. Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent, use Jonas Frazee	5 00

District No. 3,

Gregory Bevans, return judge	9 92
Francis Spicer, judge	4 00
John Bancord, judge	4 00
Jacob Fresh, clerk	4 00
A. J. Bevans, clerk	4 0
Mrs. Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Wm. L. Rawlings return judge	9 76
Wm. O. McGorwin, judge	4 00
Patrick Carey, judge	4 00
Wm. Mullin, clerk	4 00
Henry C. Newbery, clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Geo. Schlosnagle, return judge	9 60
Nelson McGettigan, judge	4 00
A. C. DeWitt, judge	4 00
Horace R. DeWitt, clerk	4 00
Henry Kale, clerk	4 00
Geo. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Christian Selders, return judge	8 56
Jacob Pysell, judge	4 00
Levi Echard, judge	4 00
Geo. D. Browning, clerk, use S. M. Friend	4 00
Joseph F. Frantz, clerk	4 00
" " " house rent	5 00

District No. 7

Geo. F. Loughridge, return judge, use John Shartzer	6 00
E. D. Kepner, judge	4 00
Stephen Browning judge	4 00
H. A. Ison, clerk	4 00
Patrick Hamill, Jr., clerk, use John Shartzer	4 00

District No. 8.

Francis Martin, return judge	8 40
James W. White, judge	4 00
Robert Lee, judge	4 00
George W. Ward, clerk	4 00
Gunvora J. Lee, clerk	4 00
Sophronia Grimes, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Bazil Anderson, return judge	11 68
Henry Blocher, judge	4 00
Adam Rosenbarger, judge	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Robert J. Head, return judge	8 20
J. S. Laughlin, judge	4 00
E. W. Kelso, judge	4 00
Benjamin Thrasher, clerk	4 00
W. S. Lantz, clerk	4 00
Samuel J. Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

Jesse Robinson, return judge	11 12
W. W. Broadwater, judge	4 00
Jas. T. Poland, judge	4 00
F. T. Wilhelm, clerk	4 00
Nelson J. Robeson, clerk	4 00
Jos. Warnick, of W., house rent	5 00
Total	$328 16

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A. B. Gonder	$ 84 15
Henry Winterberg	8 00
W. W. Griffith	18 39
M. M. Fazenbaker	5 35
Levi C. Pike	13 35
R B Jamison, use W. P. Totten	4 20
Wm McRobie	3 60
A. J. Warnick, use E. Margroff	12 00
E. F. Droege	22 10
Total	$171 65

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Richard Fairall	$ 2 45
C. H. Liston	23 6.
Geo. A. Wegman, deputy	22 40
Valentine Kahl	15 20
Isaac H. Kooken, deputy	2 70
E. B. Crim	12 75
Jonn Shillingburg	11 65
George Marley	25 80
A. J. Lancaster	1 50
J. W. Cropp	1 10
Total	$126 72

REGISTRARS.

H. O. Hamill, use Edward Hoye	$ 52 00
R. E. Friend	56 00
Isaiah Fuller, use W. R. Getty	56 00
G. T. Michael,	45 00
S. H. Ryland	56 00
N. C. Browning,	52 00
A. J. Harne, use D. E. Offutt,	52 00
William F. Deakens,	52 00
George L. Layman, use W. R. Getty	56 00
P. M. Stemple,	48 00
J. C. Chaney, use D. E. Offutt,	56 00
Total	$581 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland hospital 5 patients to Dec. 31, 1885	$822 50
Montevue hospital 1 patient to July 1, 1885	150 00
Total	$972 50

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of Bonds,	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds,	420 00
Total	$1,420 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For redemption of Bonds,	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds,	1,020 00
Total,	$2,020 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The County School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools,	$8,000 00

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, 77 recognizances	$ 256 66
Same 34 misdemeanors,	113 33
Same 5 felonies,	50 00
J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, trial fees approved by court	460 00
B. A. Richmond, State's Attorney for Allegany Co., trial of Lewis Shatzer,	40 00
Peddicord & Thayer 8 misdemeanors,	26 66
Same 1 felony	10 00
G. S. Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
G. S. Hamill & R. T. Semmes, 1 felony, use R. T. Semmes	10 00
Veitch & Townshend, attorney in civil cases	90 00
Total,	$1,063 31

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W. H. Tower fees, use E. Z. Tower	$ 100 00
Same balance	956 40
Same estimate to pay expenses of Sept Court, 1885, and May Court, 1886	2,200 00
W. H. Tower May Court, 1885, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	500 00
Total	$3,756 40

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$300 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

M. R. Hamill, use 3d National Bank Cumberland	$150 00
Same, use G. S. Hamill	293 85
Same, balance	812 63
Total	$1358 48

REMOVED CASE.

County Commissioners of Allegany county, costs in case of State vs. Lewis Shartzer	$661 80

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Andrew Mullen	$130 00
Geo. E. Bishoff	122 00
Wright Thayer, use Eli McMillen	40 47
Same, use Edward Hoye	70 00
Same, balance	27 03
G. W. Merrill, clerk	400 00
Total	$789 50

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

John B. Fay, printing per contract	$400 00
Same, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st, 1886	200 00
James A. Hayden, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st, 1886	200 00
Total	$800 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. H. Hagans auditing Guard's account, 1879	32 00
W. H. Tower, auditing Guard's account, 1879	32,00
E. J. Fringer painting jail, use D. E. Offutt	50 00
Sheaffiel Lodge No. 122, I. O. O. F., for grave lot	3 00
R. White, janitor, use Second National Bank Cumberland	25 00
Same use W. P. Totten	50 00
Same balance	75 00
J. W. Cropp, jail warden, use Second National Bank, Cumberland	30 00
Same balance	298 00
Dr. A. F. Speicher professional services to paupers	15 00
D. E. Offutt, goods furnished jail	8 85
Dr. B. T. Keller professional services to paupers and prisoners	45 50
W. P. Totten, coal and goods for court house and jail	106 05
G. A. Shirer, stoves, &c., for jail	17 93
J. F. Browning, coffin and fuderal expenses for pauper	10 00
Peter Keefer, coffin and funeral expenses for pauper	10 00
Dr. A. S. Fichtner, professional services to paupers	10 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro, 14 foxes 1 wild cat,	16 00
Jasper Guard, insolvent taxes 1878 and 1879	12 42
Daniel T. Thayer, 1 load kindling wood, use P. T. Garthright	3 50
George Scnlossnagle, removing trees out of road	1 25
Glades Hotel, boarding jurors May, '85	19 50
M. R. Hamill use G. W. Griffith, balance on account	18 16
John Shartzer, goods for jail	11 73
A. G. Sturgiss, medicine for inmates of jail	54 85
Dr. J. Lee McComas, professional services to inmates in jail	50 00
John Harned, making survey and plat in case of Lewis Shartzer	15 00
F. Evans, assisting in case of Lewis Shartzer	3 00
P. H. Echard, fees for holding inquest,	6 44
Wm. Coddington, taxes paid in error in 1882, 1883 and 1884	5 10
J. T. Mitchell, services rendered on assessments	50 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whirrel	10 00
Dr. D. T. E. Casteel, post mortem, use Wm. Casteel	5 00
F. Mertens, Coupons 1878	150 00
" " " 1879	150 00
F. Mertens, interest on bonds for 1878 and 1879	252 00
E. Margroff, insolvent taxes	435 20
R. T. Browning, collector, 112 assessments	56 00
Wm. Broderick, making fence along county road in consideration of damages	39 00
Silas Walters 1 coffin	5 00
Burgess of Oakland	2 00 00
J. M. Davis, Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Wm. F. Enlow, Legislative road	10 00
T. J. Ballston, use A. S. Sell, roads	14 34
Total,	$2,515 32

Contingent Fund	$3,641 46

COLLECTORS' COMMISSIONS.

R. T. Browning commission on county taxes	$2,199 45
R. T. Browning commission on State taxes	352 03
Total,	$2,551 48

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5 780 00
National Road	800 00
Road Appropriations	1,175 33
Road Expenses	243 00
Bridges	3,600 00
Pensions	1,053 00
Fox and wild cat certificates	272 00
Election expenses	328 16
Magistrates' fees	171 65
Constables' fees	126 72
Registrars	581 00
Hospitals	972 50
Court house fund	1,420 00
Garrett county school debt	2,020 00
Public schools	8,000 00
Attorneys' fees	1,063 31
Clerk's office	3,706 40
Orphans' court	300 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,356 48
Removed case	661 80
Commissioners office	789 50
Printing and publishing	800 00
Miscellaneous	2,515 32
Contingent and	3,641 46
Collectors' commissions	2,551 48
Total	$43,989 15

Total assessment	$3,910,147 00
At $1.12½ on each $100	$ 43,989 15

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on each $100 assessable property, which, added to the $1.12½ for county purposes, makes the sum of $1.31¼ on each $100 of assessable property in Garrett county for the year 1885.

Basis for State tax	$3,754,991 00
At 18¾	$ 7,040 60

G. W. MERRILL,
Clerk to Commissioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

—Toys and fancy goods at Cheap John's.

—The Glades Hotel has already a number of summer guests.

—General Paine, of Washington, has rented the "Oaks" for the season.

—Soda water tickets good for 12 glasses 40 cents, at Cheap John's.

—The new depot building here will be ready for occupancy next week.

—The family of Maj. N. S. Hill occupy the large Perry cottage near Oakland.

—There will be a pic-nic held at Swanton, on Saturday, July 4th. All are invited to come.

—Birch and ginger beer 3 bottles for 10 cents, or 35 cents per dozen, at Cheap John's. Pop same price.

—We had light frosts here Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, but there was no peaceptible damage to vegetation.

—Mr. P. Hamill returned home last week from Knoxville, Tenn., where he had been attending school during the past winter.

—Mr. Wm. D. Nydegger has purchased a handsome soda fountain, and can now supply the thirsty with the purest and coldest soda water.

—Married, at the residence of Frank Nethkin, on the 7th inst., by Rev. Wm. E. George, George W. Smith and Mary E. Durst, both of this county.

—Bring in your buggies and wagons and have them repainted. Shop over Naylor & Richardson's wagon shop, Z. F. MALONE.
6 6 4t. Carriage Painter.

—Attention is called to the card of Dr. Casteel. The Doctor is a graduate of one of the foremost medical colleges in the United States, and is a young man well and favorably known in this community.

—Mr. James Lakin will occupy his new room on Railroad street next week, with a much larger stock than heretofore. His old customers and the public generally are cordially invited to call and inspect his stock.

—Mr. John Sincell has now on hand, in his new building near the depot, a full line of confectionas, fruits, nuts, tobaccos, &c. He is also conducting an ice cream parlor, where customers may be supplied either by the plate or in any quantity.

—There will be another pic-nic at McHenry near the Celebrated Boiling Spring, on July 4th, 1885. All wishing first-class amusement are cordially invited to attend. Refreshments will be on the ground. By order of committee.

—Died, at his residence near Frederick City, Md., May 30th, 1885, Wm. H. Howard, aged about 45 years. Deceased was the last male representative of that branch of this noted family. He was a brother of Mrs. Col. Veitch, of Oakland, who attended his funeral.

—Children's Day service will be held in the M. E. Church, in Oakland on next Sunday, at 10:30 A. M. The church will be appropriately decorated and among the varied exercises addresses will be deliver by Miss Adelaid Sherman, and perhaps by Miss Jennie Smith. A similar service will be held at the Park at 3 P. M. All are invited to attend.

—There are at least four persons, (not druggists), in Oakland who are suspected of selling liquor in violation of law. If there be any foundation for the suspicion refered to, a word of warning may not be out of place. There is a well grounded determination on the part of the people of Oakland who aided in securing the passage of the local option law to see that it is enforced and to secure the conviction and punishment of those who willfully violate its provisions.

—It seems to us that such a plain provision of law as that which requires the corporation authorities to make a statement of the receipt and disbursements and of the financial condtion of the corporation, ought to be complied with. Can it be that the Burgess and Commissioners regard themselves as the masters of the people instead of public servants? We hardly think so, and yet it does look as if there is a disposition on the part of some of the members to substitute their will for the law, in the premises. We are told that some of the members are urging that this statement be made and that all obstructed streets and alleys be opened. We hope there are enough lawabiding citizens in the board to see that the law is enforced. It has been asserted by some tax payers that claims against the corporation have been bought up at a heavy discount and that the corporation is heavily in debt. Let us have a full, fair and impartial statement.

—There will be special re-opening and communion services at the Forks Lutheran church, on next Lord's day morning, (June 14,) at 10 o'clock. Rev. J. J. Young, of Richmond, Indiana, former pastor here, will be present to preach, both on Saturday evening and at the re-opening. All who may desire to come, are kindly invited to attend these services.

J. B. SHOUP.
Pastor.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter will visit Accident, Md., June 23d, and remain a few days. Persons wishing work done should call early and make arrangements, as his time is limited.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Stove Wood for Sale.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish and deliver to the residents of Oakland, dry stove wood, cut ready for use, at a reasonable price. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

6 6 3t. WM. CASTEEL.

Public Sale of Hay Rakes.

Wishing to close out my entire lot of Hay Rakes, I will sell to the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1885, in front of my furniture room, Oakland, Md., eleven hay rakes, all in good condition, and all guaranteed to do good work. These rakes will be sold without reserve. Terms will be made known on day of sale. Will sell at private sale at any time.

5 30 3t JOHN SHARTZER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of April:

Edward A. Irvin and wife to A. C. Hopkins, conveys one undivided one sixtht part or interest in and to a tract of land called "The Park." The first part of the "Rights of Man" and the "Pink of Alleghany" containing for the whole 998 acres; $3,159.

Adrian Glotfelty and wife to Jonas Hostedler, conveys military lots 3238, 3237, 4059 and 3061; $3,000.

Josiah Beeghley and wife to Albert Mosser, conveys a part of a tract of land called "Accident," containing 98 acres and 147 perches; $2,000

Lafayette T. Friend and wife to Elizabeth Friend, conveys part of a tract of land called "Deer Park" containing 10 acres; $1.

Elizabeth Friend and husband to Lafayette T. Friend, conveys parts of military lots 1133 and 1135, containing 52 acres; $120.

Catharine A. and Sarah A. Augustine to Matthias Frazee, conveys a tract of land on Frazee's ridge, containing 98¾ acres, also a tract called "Simkins Discovery" containing 10 acres, and also part of a tract being a vacancy, containing 15 acres; $3,000.

Matthias Frazee and wife to Lott Frazee, conveys part of military lot 2860, containing 41 acres more or less, also military lots 2937 and 2838, containing 100 acres; $2,000.

Ernest W. Cecil and wife to E. D. McClenahan, conveys military lot No. 1289; $525.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to A. J. Roads, conveys two pieces of a tract of land called "Republic" containing 59 acres; $180.

Geo. Schlossnagle to Mary Schlossnagle, conveys part of a tract of land called "Fike's Venture," containing 120 acres, excepting 80 acres heretofore sold to Catharine Gies, and 31 acres and 132 perches sold to Michael Harden.

Joseph Buckel to James W. Beeghley, conveys 53¾ acres, $690.

Mahlon Glotfelty and wife to Fannie E. Callis, conveys a piece of land called "The Prize," containing 50 acres; $345.

Robert M. Porter to George T. Porter, conveys military lots 923 and 925; $25.

Joseph B. Davis and wife to John M. Davis, conveys lot in Oakland; $1.000

S. L. Townshend and wife to Eleanor J. Davis, conveys their interest in and to a piece of land near Oakland containing 20 acres; $50 and other considerations.

Valentine Kahl and wife to Elizabeth Kahl, conveys part of military lot 3343, containing 12 acres; $155.

Daniel Harshberger to H. Zehner, conveys part of a tract called "Hard Struggle," containing 149½ acres; $1,000.

Elias Weitzell and wife to George W. Blocher, conveys military lots 685 and 779; $300.

Samuel Johnson and others to Peter Donius, conveys military lot No. 511, excepting certain timber therefrom, and minerals underlying the same; $250.

Samuel Johnson and others to Wm. Brown, conveys military lot No. 581, excepting certain saw timber therefrom; $350.

Thomas Wilburn to Sarah E. Wilburn, conveys military lot No. 1834; $250.

Nathaniel Slicer and wife to James H. Bevans, conveys a tract of land adjoining the town of Grantsville, called "Cornucopia," containing 116½ acres, excepting 13 acres sold to Henry Winterberg, 2 acres sold to Samuel Ringler, and a piece for a cemetery: $5,000.

John Markley and wife to Elijah Meyers and Isaac Turney, conveys by way of correction their undivided one-third interest in and to military lots 2872, 2873 and 2874; $1, and other considerations.

H. G. Davis and wife and others to Thomas Skipper, conveys 102¾ acres of land, reserving all suitable saw timber; $511,25.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to George S. Lee, conveys part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing 50 acres; $650.

Jacob Pysell and wife to Truman Pysell, conveys a piece of land containing 178 acres more or less, excepting therefrom a piece heretofore sold and conveyed to Elizabeth Alexander by Truman West and wife; $5,500.

James A. Fullerton and wife to John C. Bardall, conveys lot No. 73 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $525.

C. F. Glotfelty and wife and others to Adrian Glotfelty, conveys one piece of land called "Piney Bottom," and another piece called "Bucks Dale," containing for both pieces 464 acres; $5,000.

Brison Welch and wife to John Spoerline, conveys a piece of land containing 50 acres; $750.

Deer Park.

Deer Park is rapidly adding to the number of residents, Mr. T. Harrison Garrett and family arrived last Sunday.

Mr. J. W. Williams' family will be here to-morrow. Mr. Williams was here last Saturday to determine the site of his cottage, and work has commenced on it.

Mr. G. W. Haulenbecks family came last week from Baltimore to spend the summer at the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. R. J. Head.

Miss May Davis came from Piedmont on Tuesday, to her mother's summer residence. Mrs. W. R. Davis will return on Saturday with her other daughters, Misses Mattie and Katie Davis, after attending commencement exercises at Poolsville, Md., where Miss Katie will graduate on the 12th.

Master Joe Davis is the centre of attraction to the boys in town, as the owner and driver of a pair of goats, in a little wagon.

Mrs. H. G. Davis came Monday, having just recovered from a long illness.

Mr. Bugher, of Cincinuati, will occupy the cottage in which Gen. Beale resided last summer. His family will be here about the 20th inst.

The Civil engineers of the country will hold their convention in Deer Park this summer, commencing about the 25th. About 500 are expected.

The Band of Hope met last Saturday evening. The house was crowded, and much interest manifested. A vacancy in the programme committee caused by the resignation of Mrs. C. H. Tillson, was filled by the election of Miss Katie Davis.

Miss Ellen Hoye returned last Saturday from her visit to Alexandria.

Mr. E. F. Droege has just returned from a visit to Baltimore.

Harry, a little son of Mr. R. J. Head, fell from a fence one day last week, and dislocated some bones in his arm and shoulder. He was attended by Dr. Laughlin and is now doing nicely.

Mr. J. H. Rafter, agent for Chase & Co's Nurseries in Geneva, N. Y., is making a very successful canvass of our district for the sale of fruit trees and shrubbery.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:
Baltimore, Md.—H. F. Killen, B. Friel, A. Bowersock, Jr., R. L. Simpson, Geo. C. J. Fleck.
Washington, D. C.—Mrs. T. M. Potts, J. J. McConnell.
Boston, Mass.—A. Lindquist.
U. S. N.—Lieut. Comdr. Thomas Perry.
Fetterman, W. V.—Jas. E. Steele, A. W. Myers, Geo. M. Miller, C. L. White.
Piedmont, W. Va—N. R. Smoot Lander Kline, E. J. Fredlock, A. Fredlock.
Blaine, W. Va.—J. H. Rafter.
Mountain Lake Park—E. C. Gibson. ***

Mountain Lake Park.

A cold wave struck us last (Monday) evening from the northwest, which will slightly check the rapid growth of vegetation. A slight frost was reported near here, but nothing appears to be injured here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hank are here for a few days to recover health and strength.

Posting signs any where in the Park is a direct violation of one of the rules. Parties desiring to advertise here will leave their handbills at the cottages and not post them up.

No stock will be allowed to run at large on the grounds, either day or night.

The addition to the Sharps and Richardson cottages are completed.

Rev. J. M. Davis is having his building weather-boarded.

The frame of G. A. Shirer's building is now up ready for the weather-boarding.

Work was commenced this morning on Mr. M. E. Howe's cottage.

Mr. D. M. Dickson is again at his place with Mr. Garthright.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner is here furnishing his cottage. J. A. E.

Special Attention.

In the various departments of our business we endeavor to meet the popular demand for new goods and low prices. We have a large variety in ladies' and children's hats and bonnets, both trimmed and untrimmed. We also have a complete line of trimmings, flowers, feathers, plumes and pompons, silver and gilt laces, ribbon scarfs and other novelties. Good assortment of ladies' cotton, lisle thread, silk and kid gloves, all colors and latest styles. Satin and silk coaching parasols, of latest styles and lowest prices. Our shoes are from the best manufacturers. We guarantee every pair as represented and as low as the same quality can be bought anywhere. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store.

Guides for Ghosts.

The Chinese hill tribes believe that man has only three souls, and these are most satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position at the ancestral board, and the third roams about unrestrained in the spirit world, and not necessarily upon earth. Many of the women are fond, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or—by dint of prayers and supplications—the departed soul of an old and experienced person, as a guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss its way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolians sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese, however, have a more humane idea. They believe that, since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the world of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the underworld would furnish him with a little devil to act the part of a guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears' claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks, with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Karenns, the dead renew as "plu-ph in the world of Pju, under sovereignty of the great King Kootay, or Theedo, the occupations which they had followed while as yet mortals upon earth—a curious hint at the caste system of the Hindoos, which has no place with the Karenns while they are alive.

A Yankee, who never told a lie, used to relate this: He was standing one day beside a frog-pond, and saw a large garter-snake make an attempt on an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his shakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this performance till nothing was left of either of them.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]
MONDAY, June 8, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¼@6c. that generally rated first quality 5@5¾ cts; medium or good fair quality 4½@5 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3½@4½ cts; extreme range of prices 3½@6 cts; most of the sales were from 5@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 853 head, against 1,140 last week and 1,579 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 645 head, against 840 last week, and 923 head the corresponding week of last year.

The market generally reported as stronger than last week. A few dealers reported a slight advance, but, considering the generally improved quality of the offerings over those of last week, the market may be reported as "strong as last week's values"—an advance of a shade possibly being established for the medium and common grades. Prices 3½@6c. with few at the first figure, and a fair number at the latter price. Most sales 5@5¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The offerings scarcely equal in quality those of last week, for, though some of the dealers report their receipts as equally as good in grade as their offerings last week, numbers report a falling off in that regard. Prices are quoted fully up to last week's figures, and range from 5 to 6c. with a few extra a shade higher; most sales from 5¾ to 6c. Same time last year 6½@7¾c.—a few extra only at the latter figure.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a slight increase in the numbers of the receipts over last week's offerings, with the quality generally as it was then. Owing to a fair outside demand and the wants of our home dealers, trade was fairly active in all the yards, and the best stock was generally sold out at an early hour. We quote sheep at 2@4¾c., few selling at either extreme; lambs 5@8 gross. Same time last year sold at 3@5¼c., and lambs at 5@6¾ gross.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR MOTTO,
Short Profits and Quick Sales!

—:o:—

Give us a call and be convinced that you can save money by buying your

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Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 9th, 1885.

All persons intending to teach in Garrett county the coming scholastic year are hereby respectfully urged to attend the County Normal to be held at Accident, commencing July 23, 1885. This institution is regarded as of such importance that no one intending to teach should fail to attend.

By order,
6 13 tf. C. B. LUDWIG, Examiner.

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES!

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 9th, 1885.

List of School Trustees appointed by the School Board at its last meeting, held June 9th, 1885, for 1885—1886.

Election District No. II, School 2, E. M. Friend, Geo. W. Dunham, retained H. Collins.

Election District No. III, School 2, Sol. Yoder, *vice* H. B. Fuller; School 3, Amos Butler, Christian Gingrich, A. Bonig.

Election District No. IV, Scho. 1 4, M. M. Fazenbaker, *vice* M. Dorld.

Election District No. VII, School 7, W. H. Moon, *vice* Geo. P. White; School 10 Aaron Welton, Ami Rodeheaver, John M. Browning.

Deer Park School, Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Jos. Lashorn.

Election District No. X, School 6, J. T. Harvey, D. R. Harvey, retained David Wilson.

Election District No. XI, School 1, Jarvis Custer, Wm. H. Warnick, B. Frank Green.

Fort Pendleton School, Riley Murphy, Perry Lee, retained T. J. Moorland.

Excepting these changes the old trustees were retained.

By order
C. B. LUDWIG,
6 13 2t Secretary Board.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. T. E. CASTEEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office next door to Nydegger's Drug Store, on Railroad street. Night calls at Villa Casteel. All calls answered promptly, day or night. June 14, '85.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
OAKLAND, MD.,
are now prepared to do both
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,
and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.
GALLERY ON PENNINGTON
NEAR MAIN STREET,
and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the
CELEBRATED
RUMSEY & Co's
PUMPS!
and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump up to first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be
SET UP AND STARTED
Free of Charge,
where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

EGLON, W. VA., June 1, 1885.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Julius Scherr and George Giessman, under firm name of Julius Scherr & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, George Giessman retiring.

JULIUS SCHERR,
GEORGE GIESSMAN.

Having taken entire charge of the Mercantile Business of the late firm of Julius Scherr & Co., at Eglon, W. Va., I will continue to do business at the old stand and shall be pleased to serve my many friends and old customers. I will at all times pay full market price for produce, and guarantee to sell goods at the very lowest prices.

All accounts and notes due the late firms of A. C. Scherr & Co., and Julius Scherr & Co., must be settled as speedily as possible, either by cash or produce, or by note.

To the cash buyer and prompt payer I will say: Call and examine my stock and see prices before purchasing elsewhere. It will be to your interest to buy your goods from me, believing that a "nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling." Quick sales, prompt payments and small profits.

Very Respectfully Yours,
JULIUS SCHERR.

N. B.—Mr. M. C. Feather will remain with the new firm, and will be pleased to have his many friends call. 6 6 3t.

Estate of Daniel Fichtner, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Preston county, West Va., hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL FICHTNER,

late of Preston county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of June, 1885.

NOTLEY B. BROWNING,
6 6 3t. Administrator.

J. LEE HARNE,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Rags! Rags! Rags!
D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS
and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished. For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE
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STANDARD BONE MANURES
ALSO
HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

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BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL
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PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address
BAUGH & SONS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BALTIMORE, MD. or NORFOLK, VA.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHERE IS CONRAD?"

An Incident of the Recent Brooklyn Calamity.

"You will tell me where is Conrad?" said an old man, bent and gray,
While the flames were wildly dancing and the walls were giving way.

"I haf heard some ones was buried underneath the ruins fell:
He was in de topmost story—ach, mein Gott! I love him well!

"I will tell you how you knew him: he had full and laughing eye,
And his face was smooth and smiling—and he was too young to die.

"Hair he had, like clouds at sunset, when anoder day is done;
And I luf him—how I luf him! and he is mine only son.

"Say, Policeman, tell me truly that this young man you did see;
And I all each money gif you, such as I could bring with me.

"Tell me that he anxious acted—that he hunted far and long—
Like as children would be calling for their fader, in a throng.

"Or he wounded was? pray tell me; in the hospital to lie?—
I will just now hasten to him, and I not will let him die!

"Tell me—oh, you must not told me—dead you haf my Conrad see?
Yes, it seems 'bout the und dhat—I did long a soldier be.

"Only—Death, [illegible] ar him when we hear the bull's not fe[illegible]
But to haf my boy and[illegible]ed this[illegible]s way is a rather different thing.

"Only—that his poor old mudder—she waits home all full of fear.
And I can not there be going, till I take good news from here!

"Young he was when we did bring him from the Rhine land here to be;
I did lif for her and Conrad—she did lif for him and me.

"Other ones we bring not with us; Gott, He say: 'These more be mine;'
And we left them all a-sleeping 'mong the vineyards of the Rhine.

"He haf not a cross word gif us—he haf love us, every day;
And if he to-night comes home not, 'tis the first night he's away.

"Let me to that fire, Policeman! I care what for walls or brand?
May be he in there be living—reaching for his father's hand!

"Let me there, I say, Policeman! I haf work there to be done!
Let go me, or I will strike you! Is it that you haf no son?"

* * * * * * *

Still the flames were like a furnace, and the walls were crashing loud,
And the old man, held in safety, fainted 'mid the trembling crowd.

And the mother watched and wondered, with her great eyes scarcely wet;
And, half-dazed amid her sorrow, waits for Conrad even yet.

—*Will Carleton, in N. Y. Graphic.*

AN OCCULT SCIENCE.

Story of the Most Eventful Year of My Life.

It was dear old Aunt Judith who first instigated me to attempt an account of one year of my life, which, though it contained more uncertainty, more thought and more unhappiness than any other, is nevertheless that for which I have always been most thankful, and to which I am fondest of looking back.

I was engaged to Ernest Crofts, and had been so for six months. We were to be married in the summer, by which time Ernest assured my father that he would have a sufficient competency upon which to marry. I then thought I was very fond of him; probably in a way I was. I admired him; he was better-looking, and had a more distinguished air than any one in the village. Even young Walter Fardyce, who was articled to old Mr. Welsh, fell into the background on occasions when Ernest came down for a day or two; and it was not without pride that I noticed the unmistakable looks of admiration cast upon him as he walked up the aisle of the church on Sunday, and reflected that it was just to see *me* that he had torn himself away from the many attractions of London, and come to spend his Sunday in quiet Stokebourne. Ernest was "in the city." He had to sit in an office a great part of the day; but he assured me that his work was very different from what it had been. He was in a much better position than formerly: held a responsible and trusted post, and had the management of considerable sums of money.

That was about all that I knew of him. My father had made all necessary inquiries when we were first engaged, and my duty was not so much to inquire how he obtained his income, as to study the way in which I was to manage it best.

There was considerable excitement in the village that winter. Old Dr. Williams had died at Christmas, and everybody was naturally much exercised about his successor. We had heard vague rumors concerning Dr. Browne, who, it was stated, had made all necessary arrangements about the purchase of the practice. It was quite certain that a stranger had been down to see old Mrs. Williams, and Walter Fardyce had put on a very knowing and mysterious look when questioned about him. From all accounts Dr. Browne was a wonderful man; had been abroad a great deal. Some said in India, others were sure it was California, and deaf old Miss Sedgewick, who somehow or other always managed to hear most things, assured me it was Egypt. Walter Fardyce committed himself to the statement that he was leaving a good practice in London, in order to obtain greater leisure for his scientific studies than was possible in the metropolis. I wondered at this, for, from all I had heard from Ernest, it seemed to to me that no place could be so desirable for a residence as London. In comparison with it Stokebourne was a mere desert.

I remember well the first time I spoke to Dr. Browne. There was a party at the Welshes', and Earnest was present. He had certainly made a great favor of it, for he hated these "rustic festivities," as he was pleased to call them, but supposed it would be as well to accept sometimes. Besides, I had begged him to come.

I suppose the Stokebourne parties were very dull; Ernest said so; but I had never been to any others, and felt that I was no competent judge. There was a bagatelle board in the hall at Mr. Welsh's, and some of the younger guests generally amused themselves there. Ernest despised it, but that was no wonder, for in London he was in the habit of playing billiards. In the drawing-room four of the elders played whist, and a round game of cards was organized at the large table. In addition to this there was a piano in the room, and one after another, everybody with the least pretensions to musical ability, was called upon to do his or her little utmost for the entertainment of the assembly. I never quite saw why, for nobody listened, and with the exception of the whist players, who undoubtedly hated the music, everybody talked.

Dr. Browne arrive late. He had been called out to a patient and detained longer then he had expected to be, and there was quite a flutter when he made his appearance. I had just been singing, with Ernest to turn over for me, and we were standing in the hall watching the balls running round the end of the board, instead of going into the nine hole as the player wished. The doctor was not handsome, certainly. I glanced at Ernest as I made this mental comment, and the sight of his features strengthened my opinion. But handsome or not, I felt sure that not even my lover could have been more self-possessed on entering the room, or made his apologies to Mrs. Welsh in better turned sentences.

The game of bagatelle came to an end. Dr. Browne expressed his willingness to do anything that was desired of him, and I soon found that I was to play on one side with Ernest, against Annie Welsh and the new-comer. Was he young or old? That was a question difficult to decide. I had heard Miss Sedgewick speak of him as "our young doctor," but that was probably in comparison with Dr. Williams, who had died at the age of seventy. Walter Fardyce jocularly spoke of him as "old Browne," and I could see that his forehead was wrinkled and that he was slightly bald. He did not talk much at first, but seemed to be noticing everything around him with an amused smile on his face. There was, however, one thing that struck me, and that was that whenever Ernest placed his hand on the edge of the board, or on the back of a chair, he always gazed at it intently, and then slightly frowned, as if dissatisfied with something. I had always thought Ernest's hands rather nice; they were whiter and softer than most men's. I heard Dr. Browne ask Annie Welsh who he was, and soon after we went in to supper, changing partners at Annie's suggestion.

I wore mittens. The doctor observed it, and soon I became aware that he was endeavoring to make me remove them. He suggested that the knife and fork might injure them; also that the room was hot, and that I should be more comfortable without them. This troubled me; I preferred to keep my mittens on, and found myself hiding my hands in my lap as much as I could. He managed to get Ernest to pass him a good many things, and scrutinized his hands carefully as he did so. I was glad when supper was over and I escaped to the drawing-room. The doctor's earnest investigations oppressed me. But there was no getting very far away from him; he followed me, and I saw his face light up as he noticed the piano.

"You sing, Miss Fox, I am sure," he said. "Will you not give us the pleasure?"

"I have brought only two songs," I stammered, "and I have already sung them."

"I don't believe any one will notice if you repeat one; please do."

"I would much ——" But here Mr. Welsh came up to say that they were getting up a game of "person and thing;" would we play? I consented only too readily, and the doctor was baffled once more.

Of course, as was unavoidable in Stokebourne, there was always a superabundance of ladies at parties, but this fact was never openly admitted. The subject was scrupulously avoided, and on occasions when "person and thing" was the game selected, it was carried out quite as though there had been an equal supply of both sexes. Gentleman and lady always went out together, and when every gentleman had had his turn, some one suggested that the amusement should be changed. Preference was always given to the older ladies or more honored guests, so I was not at all surprised to find myself passed over. To be sure, I should have liked to have gone out with Ernest, but there was always a sort of innate modesty in Stokebourne with regard to engaged couples, and I had feared a tete-a-tete with the doctor.

Ernest yawned all the way home and pronounced himself fearfully bored. In dutiful sympathy I also tried to imagine myself so, but couldn't. I kept thinking of Dr. Browne's expressive face, and wondering what was passing through his mind. Ernest's thoughts were evidently much on the same track.

"And the worst of all, Trixy," he muttered, "was that confounded doctor, with his sharp eyes forever taking stock of your paws. Can't make it out. His are nothing to boast of."

The winter wore on. I had a great many letters from Ernest and wrote a great many to him. He was getting on splendidly, he said, and wrote enthusiastically about next summer.

My father was fond of scientific subjects, and had struck up quite a friendship with the new doctor, who would often come over to our house in the evening and have a chat and a smoke. I rarely saw him unless I happened to come across him as he passed in or out; he sat in the study with my father. One evening, however, I had to go in about the weekly tradesmen's books, and found the doctor there. I had not known he was in the house, or perhaps should not have ventured near the study.

"Sit down, Trixy, said my father. "Dr. Browne has been telling me most interesting facts with regard to electricity; I'm sure you would like to hear them also."

I obeyed, and soon forgot my dread of the man in listening to his grave, sweet voice as he simply explained many things hitherto unknown to me. There was a fascination about him. I watched the large, firm mouth, deep-set eyes, and short projecting nose, and could not find the face so plain as I had imagined it. He rambled on and on; I sank down into the recesses of the arm-chair before the fire listening with all my ears and hardly able to take my eyes off him. Electricity gave way to other subjects, all equally interesting, and all equally well understood by the doctor, it would appear.

"They are curiously superstitious and yet intelligent people," he said of the Egyptians. "I have picked up many strange things from them. Do you know anything of palmistry, Mr. Fox?"

My father shook his head and I felt myself getting hot.

"Many people know a little," he continued. "There are certain points connected with character to which common credence is given. It is generally admitted that there are hands whom no one should trust."

He dropped his voice and his eye-lids as he spoke, but I felt that he was looking at me, and I hid my own hands hurriedly under my apron.

My father rose and went to the bookcase and took down a packet of pamphlets.

"There's something about it in one of these," he said. "I've had it for years."

"There are a great many systems," resumed the Doctor. "They vary much in the details, but in the main I believe them to be the same."

My father stretched out his hand towards him smiling.

"Can you tell me anything about that?" he asked.

"It's rather old and worn for character," replied Dr. Browne, "and you surely have no need of a gipsy. At your age, one would say your fortune was made."

"Come, Trixy," exclaimed my father, "let us hear the sage expound. Put out your hands."

"Miss Fox will suit my purpose to perfection," said the Doctor, bowing with mock gallantry. "It is the privilege of an old bachelor, I believe, to interest himself in the future welfare of young people about to take an important step in life. At any rate, it is a special fad of mine. The sympathy of hands—you understand, Mr. Fox?"

My father did not understand; he was totally ignorant of the subject.

"I fancy few people would agree with me," continued Doctor Browne, but I firmly believe that a wider knowledge of the matter would be of a practical utility. At the same time, ignorance of these signs saves the dread of approaching unhappiness; for there always must be a want of sympathy between people when there exists an utter dissimilarity in the fundamental formation of their hands. It is my hobby," turning towards me with a grave smile. "I fear I annoyed Mr. Crofts the first time we met. It was indiscreet, I admit; but you were the only engaged people present, were you not?"

He stretched out his hand to receive mine for inspection. I drew back.

"Nonsense!" said my father; and I was obliged to obey.

Dr. Browne took my hand. His was a firm, strong hand, rather fleshy; a somewhat clumsy hand to look at, though the large fingers were lissom enough. He noticed a few things about mine; then suddenly, with a start, let it drop, rose and walked towards the book-case.

"It's rather an ordinary hand," he stammered; "there isn't much to say. And it's getting late, I think; I must be off. Good night." He took his hat and was gone.

I was terribly troubled that night. The only conclusion I could arrive at was that the *false* hand he spoke of was mine; that he had suspected it from the beginning, and was now convinced of it. I could get no rest; I was miserable. Towards morning I sneaked down to the study, and seizing the packet of pamphlets, flew upstairs again.

But I could make nothing of the matter. I studied my hand carefully, according to the instructions given, but found nothing that should have caused the Doctor to start. My failure made me more wretched still.

Several days passed without my seeing Dr. Browne. I was glad, for I somewhat resented what I imagined to be his unfair judgment. But one dull afternoon as I entered our back gate and was proceeding across the garden, I ran against him leaving the house. I attempted to pass on with a bow and an exchange of "good evenings," but he detained me.

"Miss Fox," he said, "I frightened you the other night; let me explain myself."

"It's of no consequence," I replied. "Smooth down the fact as much as you will, you have nevertheless tacitly admitted the existence of an odious characteristic in me."

"You mistake," he cried; "I feared it. The untrustworthy hand does not belong to *you*; never could with those fingers."

"Then to whom?" I asked.

"We did not allot it to any one, if I remember rightly. I brought it forward as an example." But I thought he seemed embarrassed as he spoke.

"Then what is there in mine that you would not tell?" I demanded. "Surely I may know."

He paused.

"There was the absence of something I feared to find, and the presence of something I hoped for, yet hardly dared hope for, and the finding of which I now fear."

I shuddered as he took my hand in his and gazed very earnestly into my face. I could not meet those grave, almost sad, penetrating eyes. Then he sighed and turned away.

"It's all rubbish, your palmistry," I cried, as nervous tears started to my eyes. "I looked about my hand in a book, and found nothing to fear."

"You are probably right," he rejoined. "You do well not to be superstitious."

Ernest was very busy at this time, and did not get away from the city so frequently as formerly. It was spring now and with its beautiful promise of joyful summer, I felt cheered, for did I not imagine that my happiness was approaching with it?

Dr. Browne came and went; we were good friends, we spoke when we met, but carefully avoided the subject of hands. I used to wish he would not look at me so intently; it almost frightened me; and yet the better I knew him, the less there seemed in him to fear. His kindness and gentleness had gained him the hearts of all his patients, and there was something about him that seemed to impress one with the certainty of his great sincerity and trustworthiness.

It was May; Ernest and I were to be married towards the end of June. I had been receiving daily letters from him all the winter and now two days had passed and I heard nothing. I was anxious, yet would not allow myself to be so; he was specially busy that was all; and there was another delivery at eleven o'clock. I sat in the drawing-room, looking along the road, till I saw the postman appear. He was walking on the opposite side till he approached our house, when I saw him cross and make straight for our gate. His hand was raised to open it, I was jumping up to run to the door, when a man dashed along the street and prevented him, a few words were exchanged—and the postman passed on. The man was Dr. Browne.

I was petrified.

"Wretch," I muttered between my teeth, "who now has proved himself the owner of the false hand!"

I paced the room in a fever of indecision, then began to review the state of things and decide upon a plan of action. A maid disturbed me thus occupied; my father had sent for me in his study. I went down. He was walking about the room, an unusual thing with him, and I could see he was agitated.

"Well, Trixy," he began, with an assumed smile, "I have something to say to you. I was just thinking you have not seen Aunt Judith lately; I hear she is not well; now what do you say to paying her a visit of a week or two?"

"Papa," I cried, "what do you mean? I am so busy preparing. You forget *it* is to come off in five weeks."

He walked away towards the other side of the room. "No, child," he continued, with a forced laugh. "You can not imagine I have forgotten that; but you see, it is just on that account that I want you to go; married women are not free to go visiting. Come, my dear, sewing will progress all the better with good Aunt Judith to help. Be prepared to start at three o'clock, and I will drive you to the junction. Don't bother about the house; you'd better not go out—I think perhaps it may rain," he feebly added. "Now then, off with you!"

He kissed me and I knew that there was nothing left but to obey. I have very good ears, and I am certain that I heard my father speaking to the servant as I went up the stairs; he was telling her to admit no one till I was gone.

Aunt Judith was my mother's sister, and lived in a bijou residence at Denmark Hill. She always has been and still is my ideal of an old lady. She received me warmly and I thought almost unnecessarily kindly, fussing about me a good deal and looking at me most sadly. The evening was chilly; we sat together in the pretty drawing-room with its wealth of knick-knacks and I felt as though I must do something to occupy myself.

"Where is the paper," Aunt Judith? I asked. "I haven't seen it to-day."

"Never mind the paper," said Aunt Judith, looking anxious; "it is upstairs. Take Harper's; you don't see it at Stokebourne."

"No, Aunt Judith," I exclaimed. "Why am I not to see the paper, and why have I been hustled off here in this unceremonious manner? What does it all mean? There is something that is being kept from me." For it suddenly flashed upon me that for some reason or other the postman had not been allowed to leave the paper as usual by the eleven o'clock delivery.

Aunt Judith came and put her arms round me.

"My dear," she whispered, "I hoped to wait till to-morrow. Your father sent you here because he had no courage; it always was John's way," she added.

I soon learnt all about it. Ernest had disappeared and there were considerable discrepancies discovered between the cash in hand and the cash that should be accounted for. The books had been tampered with to no small extent, and the fraud had been going on for some time. Hints were dropped about fast companions and too much billiard playing.

Aunt Judith glossed over these crimes to the best of her ability, still clinging to the hope that there might be some mistake, and I stayed on and stayed on with her, going about like one in a hopeless dream. I felt thankful to my father for sending me away; I could not have borne to have seen the home faces around me in my sorrow.

The summer passed—a dreary summer to me. Aunt Judith took me to Folkestone for a month, and while we were there we heard that Ernest was reported to have been seen in America. He had run away and there was no longer any hope of his righting himself in England.

In September I returned to Stokebourne. My father met me at the station, and that evening Dr. Browne came to see me. He was very kind and gentle, and smiled when I thanked him for having prevented my first learning the bare facts from the newspaper.

"That was an act of common charity, Miss Fox, and so many months ago as to be almost forgotten."

"Not by me," I replied.

We saw a good deal of him that autumn and winter, and I heard from Miss Sedgewick wonderful accounts of his endeavors to find Ernest, and if possible save him from further disaster. It was comforting to have him in the study in the evenings. I got into the way of joining him and my father there, and listening to their talk, which was always enjoyable. I liked to feel myself in the presence of such a strong, noble nature.

He came one night and my father was out. He entered the drawing-room where I was seated.

"Do you know I have been in Stokebourne a year?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it very well."

"You did not like me when I first came."

"I did not know you; that was the reason."

He lifted my hand. "May I explain now? you know I could not that afternoon in the garden."

I looked up into his honest face, and he smiled.

"Do not despise me for my belief, but these signs I have never known to fail."

He turned my hand palm upwards, and placed his own in the same position beside it.

"Now do you see anything exactly similar?"

"I can not say I do," I replied, laughing; his strong hand appeared so different to my poor little weak one.

"Nevertheless it is there," and he pointed out two little lines, one on his hand and one on mine, which were certainly identical.

"But doesn't everybody have them?" I asked.

"Certainly not. May I explain their significance?"

I nodded.

"When these two lines so minutely identical are found, one on the hand of a man, and the other on that of a woman, these two hands will surely be joined and their owners be no more parted."

"But—but," I stammered, "the book said nothing about that."

"No; it is an Egyptian superstition. I believe no other European knows of it, but it rarely, if ever, deceives. Tell me now, Beatrice, that it shall not on this occasion let our hands remain always together."

He took my hand in his, and drew me towards him; and I felt that it must be so; that all my happiness depended on the fulfillment of that ancient superstition.

"My dear," he whispered, "you understand now why I so dreaded your marriage with Mr. Crofts, and why the discovery of what I have shown you caused me such mingled hope and fear. Those soft white hands of his! they forced themselves upon my attention from the first. I had never before met with so mean a type clothed in so fair an exterior. And he in such close connection with *you!* Ah, Beatrice, I was not then, as I now feel myself to be, a man greatly to be envied.—*Argosy.*

SMALL FARMS.

The Difficulty That Lies in the Way of Profitable Culture.

The greatest difficulty experienced in making the farm pay is that too much land is cultivated. This experience came to the writer one year ago when, by the mistake of a hired man, a heap of manure intended for a five-acre field was all spread over two acres, and the three acres was left untouched. The field was to be planted to sweet corn for market. The yield of the two acres was better than would have been expected over the whole five, and this was, no doubt, in consequence of the excellent cultivation given to keep down the abundant growth of weeds. The three acres was fertilized with artificial manure, and yielded a fair crop, which was so much gain. Moreover, the two acres produced a heavy crop of millet after the sweet corn was harvested, which was so much more gain. Every year the writer is more and more assured that the farmer who would have the courage to work only half his land, and put on it the manure and labor he would have put upon the whole of it, would find his enterprise well rewarded. It may be some encouragement for those farmers who are worrying over the problem of how to make a living on one hundred acres of land to know that a farmer who is a well-known writer upon dairying, and who lives near Rochester, N. Y., makes a sufficient living from five acres.

His little farm is mostly in fruit—apples and raspberries. He raises corn and potatoes, and keeps one cow wholly by soiling and a flock of forty hens. The fowls bring him in more than $90, which indicates the ease with which he produces over $600 clear profit from his little farm well tilled. It is as great a credit to this gentleman—for he is both a gentleman and a scholar—that this moderate living matches his well-earned competence, and that his own hands alone support himself and his family in comfort and the luxury of satisfied desire and a healthful and happy old age. We can not refrain from adding that this exemplary gentleman and farmer is Prof. L. B. Arnold, the acknowledged standard authority upon dairy matters in America and a thorough scientific scholar and student.—*N. Y. Times.*

Thin Woolens.

The fancy for dresses of woolen stuffs has resulted in the production of sheer thin wool fabrics suitable for midsummer dresses, and these will be worn at all hours of the day during the coming season. Thirty different weavings of white wool alone are shown in these thin materials that imitate canvas, grenadine, bison cloth, serge and bourette, some with tufted surfaces, others with wide twills, and many that are partly plain and partly striped. The white canvas or twilled wools with wide bourette stripes of color, dull green, red, brown, or Chelsea blue in the porcelain shades, are used for skirts that may be either plain or partly pleated. These are very effective with the drapery of pure white, and the white basque, completed by a narrow vest, high collar, and cuffs of the striped goods. There are also many ecru, tan, gray and porcelain wools of this kind, and these dresses have nothing added to their weight in the way of trimming. Such a dress is to be worn at any hour of the day in Newport or Saratoga, while for evening dresses they are wool gauzes and crape wools of exquisite qualities. The intermediate dress for the seaside resorts is of white or ecru bison cloth, or else flannelette for the basque and drapery, while a single deep fall of wool lace forms the lower skirt. Fashionable tailors use silk cords instead of gilt, silver or mohair braid for trimming summer woolen dresses.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOSTON GIRLS.

Prattle at the Symphony—A Diversity of Information.

Two genuine Boston girls, near whom the writer sat the other night at a symphony concert, knew the special style of every man in the orchestra, from the leader, Listeman, to dear, departed Lichtenberg of happy memory; they could tell if the oboe fell a sixteenth part of a half tone from the pitch, or if the farthest kettledrum was snared an infinitesimal atom too tightly. When the andantino of a Tscalkowsky concerto was fainting away in a strain of delicious sweetness that you or I would as soon think of analyzing as an echo from Paradise, it reminded one of "that staccato study of Rubenstein;" when the andante con fuoco began it recalled to the other something of Brahms. They discussed the relative merits of the Lang school and the rival clique with a discriminating justice that would not have shamed Solomon; they gossipped in German and translated the French song on the programme; they spoke of one woman's back hair as "a study" and another woman's bonnet as "a daisy"—so that they were human after all. They knew the genealogy of every one in the hall, which is another essentially Boston accomplishment; and I found out in the pauses for intermission and breath that they hammered brasswork, wrote essays, painted in oils, read Wagner's music at sight, went to the theater every other evening, kept up an intimate acquaintance with 500 friends, and had their own ideas on the subject of housekeeping. And yet, I give you my word of honor, they looked as pretty and artless and as quiet as if they had not two thoughts in their two heads; and, although they whispered a great deal, they managed to do it without disturbing any one but myself, who rather enjoyed it. You think, perhaps, that I have been sketching an isolated type? My dear friend, my style is as plenty as peas on the Fourth of July. It is you who have been imposed upon by a false semblance, a poor imitation, a base fraud upon the genuine Boston girl.—*Boston Cor. San Francisco Call.*

BUSINESS EXPENSES.

Steady Increase in the Ordinary Expenses of Business Since the War.

A well-informed merchant of Boston recently said to a representative of a Boston newspaper that he had been looking back over his accounts and was surprised to find that since the close of the war there had been a steady increase in the ordinary expenses of carrying on business. That this increase of business expenses extends beyond the merchant to the manufacturer and most other kinds of business is a fact patent to most employers. Mere office work costs a great deal more now than it did in 1865; more clerks are needed, and, on the whole, each of these receives higher pay. Assistance is required in the receiving and delivering departments to an extent and of a character that would not have been dreamed of two decades ago. Then there are a variety of incidental expenses that now enter into the computation. There are telephone charges, printing, the expense of solicitors, the whole making up an amount sufficiently large to eat up all that would have been considered fair profits a quarter of a century ago. It is probable that the experience in different trades varies, and yet we fancy that in most lines of business statements somewhat similar to the above might be made. The tendency, all the time going on to lessen the hours of service, both in offices and workshops, of itself makes the cost of business proportionately higher. Competition is sharper than it was ten or twenty years ago, and prices are so much reduced in most commodities which enter into the necessities of a household, that mechanics, clerks and others are enabled to live much better now than it was possible for them to do ten or twenty years ago, when their wages were less and the cost of living is greater.—*Scientific American.*

"A Foine Play."

A newly-landed Irishman enjoyed his first attendance at a theater shortly after his arrival in this country. The play was of the blood-and-thunder kind, and therefore particularly adapted to the pugnacious fancy of the Hibernian. In the first act occurred a thunder storm with all the stage accessories. This pleased him much. In the second there was an encounter between two regiments of supers armed with muskets. Again his Celtic blood grew warm. In the third act was represented a first-class free fight, and he fairly shouted with joy. Just as the curtain went up on the fourth act the boiler in the cellar of the theater exploded and threw the Irishman into the middle of the next street. He gathered himself up, smoothed out the dents in his skull and went back to the ruins of the theater. There he found the ticket-taker overlooking the wreck and thus accosted him:

"Begorra, sor, but that was a foine play. Av you plaze, what are yez goin' to play next?"—*Buffalo Express.*

A Texas Chesterfield.

Jim Vandyke, who lives on Onion Creek, tied his pony to a fence railing on Austin Avenue. The owner of the premises came up to him and said:

"You bow-legged, freckle-faced fraud, if you don't untie that horse I'll fan the air with your ungainly carcass."

"You must excuse me, sir, responded Vandyke, "but I am a stranger and did not know there would be any objection."

"You addle-pated outcast, don't you suppose I know that you are a stranger, you loathsome ass. That's why I talk politely to you, you goggle-eyed idiot. That's why I don't talk rough to you, you son of a gun. If you lived here in town I'd give you a piece of my mind. I'd talk plain to you, you bet I would."—*Texas Siftings.*

—If you have no grass runs for the chicks, sow lettuce, oats and whatever else will grow quickly. Both old hens and chicks will appreciate the kindness and thrive under it.—*Troy Times.*

HYPOCHONDRIA.

A Peculiar Condition of the Human Subject Closely Allied to Insanity.

An unreasonable anxiety as to health is the principal characteristic of what is known as "the vapors," "the spleen" or "the hypo"—the latter being an abbreviation of the ancient name which is given above. This term literally signifies "under the cartilage," and refers to the uneasy feeling located in the region of the stomach, just below the cartilage which is attached to the end of the breast-bone. It is also applied to the parts under the cartilages of the ribs at each side, which cover the liver on the right and the spleen on the left. A diseased concentration of the attention upon sensations, and thus an exaggeration of these feelings, results finally in a distemper of the imagination to such a degree that slight bodily ailments become of greater importance than the gravest of real diseases. This fact is sometimes well understood by the sufferer. Thus the poet Cowper, who was a confirmed hypochondriac, writing to a friend who had recently recovered from a severe disease, says: "Your illness has indeed been a sad one, causing, no doubt, great distress to yourself and considerable anxiety to your relations and friends; but, oh! what are your bodily sufferings, acute as they undoubtedly were, to the unceasing mental torture I suffer from a fever of the mind?"

Camerarius records that the great Melancthon was much troubled with hypochondria, and believed that it was common to all men whenever grievous trouble, passion or discontent assails them too continuously. He therefore held "it a most necessary and profitable study for every man to know the accidents of it, and a dangerous thing to be ignorant." The renowned author of the Augsbury Confession was undoubtedly right, for every one at the present day, at one time or another, has unduly concentrated his attention upon some trivial sensation, and thought himself the victim of incurable disease without reasonable foundation in fact for the idea.

The poet Burns describes his own condition in the following characteristic words: "I have been for some time pining under secret wretchedness. The pang of disappointment, the sting of pride and some wandering state of remorse settle on my life like vultures, when my attention is not called away by the claims of society or the vagaries of music. Even in the hour of social mirth, my gayety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of an executioner. My constitution was blasted, *ab origine*, with a deep, incurable taint of melancholy that poisons my existence." It seems that, from early life, his digestion was disordered, he suffered from frequent headaches, and the action of the heart was very irregular—all of which were aggravated by his irregular life. Edgar A. Poe was subject to much the same physical symptoms, but they showed their influence more by depression of spirits than by attention to imaginary diseases of the bodily frame, characteristic of hypochondria. Instances might be cited in considerable numbers to show how much of our best literature has been produced while the authors were the prey to mental disease of some sort, hypochondria particularly.

Hypochondria, in many of its phases, must not be confounded with insanity. At the same time, many cases of madness first show themselves as hypochondria, and all their symptoms are stamped with the original motives of exaggerated attention to bodily sensations. So long as these ideas do not interfere with the conduct or social relations, the case is one of hypochondria, pure and simple. When, however, absurd actions arise, such as those attributed to the late Lord Dudley, there is undeniable insanity. It is difficult to draw the line where the one ends and the other begins, as in every case of mental disturbance. Many a man "for the sake of life neglects the very causes for which life was granted" (Juvenal) without becoming insane.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

Woman's Rank and How It is Maintained —Freedom From Divorce.

Early betrothals have never been as general in Japan as in other Eastern countries, and they are now decreasing yearly. Marriages are arranged by the respective parents, assisted by a man and his wife (mutual friends of the families) as an intermediary. Contrary to the usual notion on this subject, the wishes of the young people are generally consulted. The statement sometimes made that the wife in Japan is a mere chattel to be lightly acquired or disposed of, is absolutely false. Divorces among the better classes are scarcely more frequent or more frequently sought for than in many parts of our own country. Our tricky divorce lawyer would starve in Japan. If a divorce is demanded the matter must be laid before the families of the couple, with the intermediary spoken of as arbitrators, and neither the man nor the woman can be released from the marriage vow without their concurrence. As divorce must result in the sending of the wife back to the father for support, separations, except for a grave and sufficient reason, are not easily obtained. The position of a wife, and especially of a mother in Japan, is all that a true woman can desire. It is not the custom, except on special occasions, for women to mingle socially with men who are not of their own family by blood or marriage. This restriction is not imposed by the legal lord alone, it is a part of the family organization and by the family imposed for the promotion of morality and good order in society. Nothing can exceed the beauty and harmony of the Japanese home. Disrespect and disobedience to parents are rare, and we have often been compelled to contrast the family discipline of Japan with that of our own, much to our mortification.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Nine persons out of ten would say that the actual color of gold and silver was yellow and white. Let these nine persons try to match these colors, and they will be astonished to find that drab silk matches gold, and grey silver.—*Chicago Journal.*

RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

The Ceremonies Which Attend the Burial of the Dead in the Dominions of the Czar.

We learn, from Khol's work on St. Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown-up unmarried girls sky-blue, while older females are indulged with a violet color. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while among the rich the whole way from the habitation to the church is strewed with the same. Mr. Khol says:

"The coffin is carried to the church uncovered, that the acquaintances who may happen to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles.

"All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are they in their devotions that they do not replace their hats until the cavalcade has disappeared from sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Russians as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state and the priests, clad in black and white and holding in their hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they judge necessary for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'saws' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the passport.

"Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *kulja*, and generally consists of rice cooked with honey, formed into a kind of pudding. This is strewed with raisins by way of ornament, and on the top lies a cross of the same fruit. The wealthy, instead of raisins, use small pieces of sugar.

"After this a mass, in Russian ecclesiastical language, Panichide, is chanted by the priests. During this the relations take the last farewell of the departed, all kiss his hand, and amongst the lower orders the most doleful and eloquent addresses succeed. If the deceased be a married man, the widow gives way to the most moving and poetical expressions of sorrow. Wringing her hands and staring all the while at the face of the corpse, as if he were still alive, she cries now louder, now more gently:—

"'*Golubotschik moi, Drushotschick.* Alas! my little dove, my little friend, why hast thou deserted me? Did I not prepare everything at home for thee with love, that thou must thus spurn thy wife? Woe is me! How fresh and well didst thou sit with me and thy children only six weeks ago, and playedst with thy little son Feodor, who is three years old; and now thou art dead and still, and answerest not a word to thy wife and weeping children! My little friend, my husband, lord, awake! awake!'

"Amidst this lamentation without end the lid of the coffin is closed, and the procession moves on to the burial-ground.—*Youth's Companion.*

EVENED IT UP.

How a Dog Owner Managed to Help Out an Indifferent Beast.

They have a fighting dog in a saloon on Michigan Avenue. They not only keep him to fight any dog in the State for spot cash, but he furnishes a heap of fun to hangers on by the way he picks up such canines as happen to drop inside at the heels of their masters. It is a poor week when he doesn't cripple three or four, and he has killed several outright. The other day a roughly dressed man, carrying a whip in his hand and looking like a callous-handed son of toil, entered the place and called for beer. He was followed by a broken-hearted dog of respectable size, and as soon as the loafers caught sight of the canine there was much winking and chuckling.

"Better send that dog out," suggested one.

"Is it agin the rules of the house?"

"No, but he'll get chewed up."

"I don't see anything likely to do it, though he ain't no fighter."

"There's a dog in the back room which can snake him out in ten ticks of the clock,' said the bartender.

"Wall, I dunno. P'raps he might and p'raps he might'ent. William Henry allus kinder manages to squeak along somehow."

"Would you have any objection to my bringing in my purp?"

"N-o, I guess not, though I never encourage dog-fighting.

The saloon fighter from the head waters of fighting creek was untied and ushered in. William Henry was half asleep in the center of the room, and the first thing he knew he was rolled over and over, and something had hold of him by the throat. It was a fleeting grip, however. The fighing dog seemed to get hold of something to discourage him and he let go and began sneezing and coughing. Then it was William Henry's turn and he sailed in. In three minutes' time he had run the fighter out doors and across the street and would have killed him in the gutter if pedestrians had not interfered.

"Say, stranger, how was it done?" asked the bartender as he picked up the remains to carry them in.

"Well, William Henry hain't no great fighter, as I told you before, and to kinder help him out I used about a pound of snuff around the vital parts. It's awful good for fleas and it sorter evens up a put-up thing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Not many years have passed away since roller skating was the fashionable amusement of the hour in large cities and watering places both in England and Ireland. Rinks sprang up here and there with a mushroom growth, and after a short lapse faded as rapidly away. Dublin affords ample evidence of the fall of this artificial imitation of skating.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Many-hued birds sold by a street peddler in Marietta, Ga., the other day, were beautiful and changed ownership readily. A purchaser of one of these birds placed one of its bright tinted feathers in some hot water and the paint came off.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Old feather beds are improved by putting them upon a clean grass plot during a heavy shower, permitting them to be thoroughly wet through and then dried and beaten with light rods. It freshens the feathers.—*Boston Budget.*

—Cheap Rice Pudding: One and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of rice, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, put in a two-quart basin, and fill the basin with good, rich milk, put in a slow oven and bake two hours. Stir two or three times. Please try it.—*Exchange.*

—It would pay all farmers, who have any considerable number of cattle to winter, to get a small engine or horse power, and cut up all the good corn stalks in short pieces, half an inch or less in length, as this will induce the animals to eat it all up clean instead of rejecting the large stalks.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—An ounce of nitrate of soda dissolved in four gallons of water is said to be a good stimulant for bulbs. It should be applied twice a week after the flower spikes show themselves. A pint of soot, tied up in a cloth, and immersed in the same quantity of water, is also an excellent and safe stimulant.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—An Eastern housekeeper says the best way to destroy moths is to take dry powdered salt and sprinkle it all over the carpet, particularly along the edges; then sweep it thoroughly. Repeat this about once a month in moth time, and you will have no trouble from that destructive insect. The salt may also be sprinkled on any wooden furniture and brushed off with a whisp broom. It is perfectly harmless and will help to cleanse and preserve the color of the wood.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The cause of fowls picking their feathers is generally want of exercise. And when once they get at it, it is almost impossible to stop it until spring opens and they can have their liberty. But you can check it by giving mangle wurtzels, raw potatoes, cabbage, apples and steamed rowen hay. A sheep's pluck hung up in the house is a good thing—anything to keep them busy; and, if this don't stop it, turn in a lot of hens' feathers and give them all they want.—*Albany Journal.*

THE BEAN.

Discovery of a New Enemy to This Esculent.

The conflict which is in constant operation between man and the creeping things of the earth is so equally balanced that there is some doubt as to which will conquer. No sooner does man find some effectual remedy to check the ravages of one insect than another makes its appearance to devour vegetation and that has been supposed to be proof against the whole insect tribe. We look back to our boyhood days and call to mind the luscious currants that grew almost spontaneously, with no enemy to molest them, and hanging in large clusters on the bushes until September. How little did we then suspect that some creeping worm would come and destroy every green leaf before the currants could grow, and thus leave the half green fruit to bake in the sun. And the potato fields of our boyhood, how green and luxuriant they kept until the cool nights of autumn came; how little did we dream of the sickening odor of the rot which comes in a night and lays low the tops and makes the tubers a disgusting mass of corruption. But no sooner did we get familiar with this new disease, than came a disgusting slug to strip every leaf from the stalks before the blast was ready to destroy them. Thus one thing after another has been laid low by some new enemy, and is only saved by persistent efforts directed by the sharpened wits of man. But one product of the garden has been spared from destructive insects, and has been gathered untarnished from insect pollution; it has been looked upon as a product so clean and so good that every New England Christian is expected to have his stomach filled with it before he goes to listen to the Sabbath sermon. Who has ever suspected that a little insignificant enemy to our own Boston bean would suddenly make his appearance to destroy the purity and the good qualities of an article so necessary to mark the weekly culinary calendar.

This new enemy appears in the shape of a very small worm that works in the bean, evidently during the autumn, and passes the winter in the bean to come out in the spring like the pea bug. It does not appear quite as large as the pea bug, but makes up in numbers what it lacks in size, four or five sometimes being found in a single small bean. If this enemy should spread as other similar enemies do it would not only be a serious drawback on the production of the bean, but it would be a death blow to the bean pot, for our New England baked beans would be among the things of the past. What are we to do about this new enemy, will any one tell us?—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Misses' Hats and Caps.

There are three or four favorite hats and caps for misses that are repeated in all colors of smooth, rough, or mixed braids. The most popular round hat has a high, narrow crown, with the brim turned up closely in the front and sides, and narrower still behind. The brim is faced with velvet, and there is a bunch of standing loops in front, made of wide gauze ribbon or of a canvas scarf, or else velvet ribbon is used as if tying a bunch of flowers there. The second favorite shape is a peaked brim of small size, worn very far forward on the head, and trimmed with a wreath of daisies or rose-buds or buttercups, or else with thickly clustered loops of ribbon forming a band around the crown. Another trimming for these pointed bonnets is an elongated rosette made of canvas ribbons or of gauze ribbons that have one edge scalloped. The English turban, of straw, with rosettes or wings in front, and the Tam o' Shanter cap, also of straw, with a velvet bow and quills, are suitable for young misses.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SISTERS of Notre Dame, Govanstown, Md., say Red Star Cough Cure is beneficial.

A DOCTOR'S patients must put their tongues out and a doctor's wife must keep her tongue in.—*Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

I Had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

THE way to make an overcoat last is to make the undercoat first.—*Lynn Union.*

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.
'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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IF THAT was a very conscientious humorist who broke off an engagement because his girl had chestnut hair.—*The Hatchet.*

DESERVING OF CONFIDENCE.—There is no article which so richly deserves the confidence of the public as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. *Sold only in boxes.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

"IT is terrible to see what revenge these plumbers show," he said, as he laid down the paper he had been reading. "Yes, it is," she replied. "What special circumstance do you refer to now?" "A Philadelphia knight of the solder has just poisoned a dado at the Zoological Garden because the bird had a larger bill than he did."—*The Judge.*

"IF I can not have the fat of the land I can take a little lean," said a tramp, as he rested his shoulder against a lamp-post.

THE latest mathematical (?) problem sent to the State University is the following: "If the earth's orbit about the sun is 2,500,000,000 miles what would be the hypothenuse of a right-angle triangle inscribed within a circle circumscribed by a hexagon?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"GREAT Cæsar!" exclaimed the tramp, as he leaped over the fence. "Great seizer!" observed the farmer, as he watched the dog returning with a sample of the tramp's trousers.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE home stretch—Roping an old-fashioned bedstead.

AN Irishman, while sleeping by the side of a negro, had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabbers, they've woke up the wrong man."—*N. Y. Mail.*

A CHICAGO girl never gets her foot caught in a railway-frog. When the frog sees her coming it gets out of the way. It doesn't want to be mashed.—*Boston Courier.*

"WHERE does Mr. Jenkins live, and how old are you, my dear?" he asked of the pretty attendant at the apartment hotel—and demurely looking into the pockets of her apron she answered: "Suite 16, sir." *N. Y. Graphic.*

"AN Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times every day." Doctors are fond of giving disagreeable doses, we know.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.

ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

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PHILIP VAN TASEL, Newark, N. Y., suffered for many years from dyspepsia and malassimilation of food, and reports that he derived greater benefit from Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best, than from any other medicine he ever used. His daughter also used it with success when every other known remedy failed.

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W. K. SAGE, of St. Johns, Mich., was completely prostrated by the hardships endured during the late war. He returned home a wreck both in mind and body. For twenty years he simply existed, half the time more dead than alive until he was restored to health by Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best. He advises all old vets to try it. Write to him at St. Johns, Mich.

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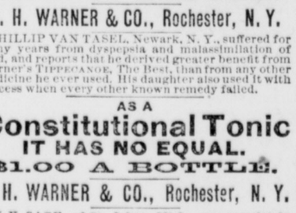

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Says that when a customer asks for THE BEST Spring Medicine he confidently recommends

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

From E. S. Russell, Druggist, Nashua, N. H.

I have been in the drug and prescription business in Nashua over forty years, and am the oldest druggist here. I was the first to introduce your valuable medicines in this city. I believe in them. Ayer's Sarsaparilla I take pleasure in recommending to my customers, well knowing it to give satisfaction. In all my experience, as a druggist, I have yet to hear the first complaint against it.

From F. & E. Bailey & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Having sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla since it was first placed upon the market, we can say, after an experience covering a quarter of a century, that we have yet to learn of a case where it has failed to give satisfaction. Its merits are fully established.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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—AND—

WITHOUT PRICE!

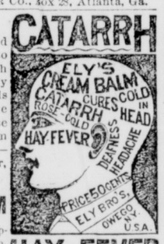
We have just issued a most wonderful and valuable new book, which treats of diseases "peculiar to the female sex," and have spared neither pains nor money to make it worthy the perusal and confidence of the women all over our land. Every mother, wife, sister and daughter is deeply, *vitally* interested in this great work, and should send for it without delay. It will be sent to any address in the word **Free of Cost!** Read it carefully, study it well, and you will glean information that may prove more valuble than all the wealth of the Rothschilds—more precious than all the gems of Europe's royalty. *It may save your life!*

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

HAY-FEVER.

My brother Myron and myself were both cured, to all appearance, of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August. Up to this date, Dec. 28, neither have had any return of these troubles. Ely's Cream Balm was the medicine used.—GABRIEL FERRIS, Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

RIDGE'S FOOD

One special feature of Ridge's Food, in contradistinction to others, is its neutral action upon the bowels. For this reason, it is specially adapted to those seasons when bowel troubles are so frequent. Remember Ridge's Food is an old and *tried* preparation, having been in use for thirty years in England and America. It is a perfectly safe and nourishing diet for all conditions.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd. only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.

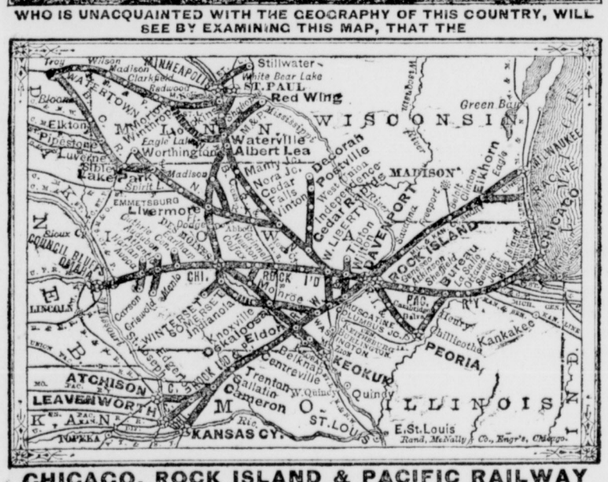
Lovely Complexion attained from Descriptive Pamphlet 2c. Palmetto! PALMETTO CO., 761 3rd Av., New York.

AGENTS C. A. DODGE & CO., Chicago, Ill. WANTED

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points W est, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.

E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

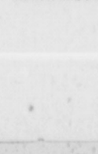
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 20 pages, Illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

$75 a month (salary or commission) to agents for THE WORLD'S WONDERS. Write for full particulars. Hist. Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.



R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Inflammation, Asthma, Influenza, Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. **Price 50 cents.** Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—**Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent** in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, **$1.00** per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

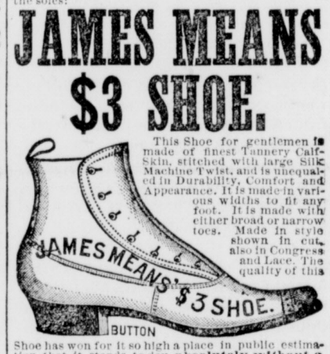
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., **No. 32 Warren Street, New York,** for "False and True."

Caution! Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the **original** Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. **You can not be sure** of getting the **genuine** article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:

JAMES MEANS $3 SHOE.



This Shoe for gentlemen is made of finest Tannery Calf-Skin, stitched with large Silk Machine Twist, and is unequaled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. It is made in various widths to fit any foot. It is made with either broad or narrow toes. Made in style shown in cut, also in Congress and Lace. The quality of this Shoe has won for it so high a place in public estimation that it stands to-day **absolutely without a rival.** Wherever you live, this Shoe is within your reach; ask your dealer for it, and if he can not supply you with a good fit, send your address on postal card to JAMES MEANS & CO., **21 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.**

Variety the Spice of Life.

There is variety in the letters received by Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, testifying to the cures effected by her Vegetable Compound and the great relief afforded to thousands of women in all sections. Mrs. C——, of Toronto, says: "I have taken three bottles with very gratifying results." Mrs. Stephen B——, of Shellington, Quebec, says: "I am now using the fourth bottle and have derived great benefit already." Sarah C——, of Eugene City, Oregon, says: "It is the best medicine for the female sex I have ever found." Mrs. C——, of Santa Fe, says: "Your Compound has done me a great deal of good." Mrs. H. S. D——, of Portland, Me., says: "It has done for me all it claimed to and I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering as I have done." Mrs. D. H. E——, of Lexington, Va., says: "I have taken one bottle and I assure you I feel a great deal better, I feel *strong as ever* and I've never felt a pain in my back since the second dose."

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, **in order to raise funds for its completion,** have prepared a miniature Statue *six inches in height*—the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at **One Dollar Each.**

This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a *perfect fac-simile* of the model furnished by the artist.

The Statuette in same metal, *twelve inches high*, at **Five Dollars Each,** delivered.

The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee.* Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
(American Committee of the Statue of Liberty),
33 Merger Street, New York.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; **Officers'** pay from commissions; **Deserters** relieved; **Pensions** and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TELL THE TRUTH! Worship of the **Golden Calf,** and Prohibition and Bible, by Uncle Tim. The most spicy book of the times. Price, 25 cts., 5 for $1. BUXTON & SKINNER STATIONERY CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

Frederick the Great.

It is related of an illustrious Russian general, that when a boy he lived for some time at the court of Frederick the Great, when the following incident occured:

After the death of his father, his mother had many a hard struggle to support herself. This fact was well known to her son, whose greatest ambition at this time was to be able to provide comforts for her by his own exertions.

To his sorrow, he soon found that it was quite impossible to save any money for that purpose out of his small allowance. He did not despair, however, but assiduously set himself to watch his opportunity.

At last an idea flashed through his mind. It was a recognized custom that one of the pages should sit up all night, in a room adjoining the king's sleeping apartment, to be ready at any moment to obey a summons, should the king require his services.

Fritz discovered that to some of the pages this duty was both burdensome and disagreeable, and that to provide a substitute they would gladly give a certain sum of money. Fritz offered to take upon himself the night-watch for any one who might be willing to pay him rather than accept the duty when their turn came around.

The offer was acceded to by several, and the money thus earned was regularly sent by Fritz to his mother.

One night, the king could not sleep, and determined at last to call the page in attendance to read aloud to him. He called; but there was no response. At length he rose and walked into the ante-chamber, to look if there really was no page on duty.

Here he found a page, indeed, sitting at his post, but sound asleep. Slipping quietly forward to the table at which the boy was sitting, the king's eyes fell upon a letter which Fritz had been writing to his mother when overpowered by sleep. The king read the following lines:

MY DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER,—This is the third night that I have taken watch-duty for a comrade. I can scarcely hold out any longer; but I rejoice greatly that I have again earned ten thalers for you which I send in this letter

With a heart deeply touched by this proof of tender filial affection, the king went softly back to his room, took out two rolls of ducats from a drawer, and returned to the sleeping page, into whose side pockets he gently slid the rolls of money. Then betaking himself again to bed, the king considerately left exhausted nature to restore itself.

Fritz at last awoke with a start, to find that he must have slept several hours; and, when finding his pockets heavy, he thrust his hands in and pulled out the precious rolls of money, he conjectured at once what had happened.

Fear made him tremble, for it was a heinous offence to be caught asleep at his post, but in spite of the fear and shame he experienced, he could not but rejoice, for now he had ample means to assist his mother for a long time to come: and he hoped that the king, who, in the goodness of his heart, had put the ducats into his pockets, would pardon his grievous fault.

In the morning he seized the very first opportunity to approach the king, acknowledge the great dereliction of duty of which he had been guilty, and humble beg for pardon.

One hurried glance at his monarch's benevolent countenance was enough, for there he read not only forgiveness but approval; the kind eyes bent upon him melted him to tenderness, and it was with a faltering voice he now gave expression to his heartfelt gratitude and thanks for the munificent gift his majesty had bestowed upon him.

The king did not attempt to conceal the high admiration he felt for the filial love which had promoted Fritz to such noble, self-denying exertions. He made a few kindly inquiries regarding his mother's circumstances, assured him of his entire sympathy, and promised that from that day it would be his endeavor to promote the interests and pave the way to advancement of such a faithful, loving son.

And Frederick the Great was as good as his word. Step by step, as years rolled on, Fritz rose from one position of honor to another, and as a brave and skillful general he served his beloved king faithfully and well even to old age.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"Are you going for business or pleasure?" said a gentleman to his friend about to depart for Paris. "For pleasure." "Does your wife accompany you?" "I told you I was going for pleasure."—*Boston Post.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other blood medicine.

Bill Nye on the Comet.

The comet is a kind of astronomical parody on the planet. Comets look some like planets but they are thinner and do not hurt so hard when they hit anybody as a planet does. The comet was so called because it had hair on it, I believe, but late years the blad-headed comet is giving just as good satisfaction everywhere.

The characteristic features of the comet are: A nucleus, a nubulous light or coma, and usually a luminous train or tail worn high. Sometimes several tails are observed on one comet, but this occurs only in flush times.

When I was young I used to think I would like to be a comet in the sky, up above the world so high, with nothing to do but loaf around and play with the little new laid planets and have a good time, but now I can see where I was wrong. Comets also have their troubles, their perinelions, their hyperbolas and their parabolas. A little over 300 years ago Tycho Brahe discovered that comets were extraneous to our atmosphere, and since then times have improved. I can see that trade is steadier and potatoes run less to tops than they did before.

Soon after that they discovered that comets all had more or less periodicity. Nobody knows how they got it. All the astronomers had been watching them day and night and didn't know when they were exposed but there was no time to talk and argue over the question. There were two or three hundred comets all down with it at once. It was an exciting time.

Comets sometimes live to a great age. This shows that the night air is not so injurious to the health as many people would have us believe. The great comet of 1680 is supposed to have been the one that was noticed about the time of Cæsar's death, 44 B. C., and still when it appeared in Newton's time, seventeen hundred years after its first grand farewell tour, Ike said that it was very well preserved indeed and seemed to have retained all its faculties in good shape.

Astronomers say that the tails of all comets are turned from the sun. I do not know why they do this, whether it is etiquette among them or just a mere habit.

A late writer on astronomy said that the substance of the nebulosity and the tail is of almost inconceivable tenuity. He said this and then death came to his relief.

Another writer says of the comet and its tail that "the curvature of the latter and the acceleration of the periodic time in the case of Encke's comet indicate their being affected by a resisting medium which has never been observed to have the slightest influence on the planetary periods."

I do not fully agree with the eminent authority, though he may be right. Much fear has been the result of the comet's appearance ever since the world begun, and it is as good a thing to worry about as anything I know of. If we could get close to a comet without frightening it away, we would find that we could walk through it any where as we could through the glare of a torchlight procession. We should so live that we will not be ashamed to look a comet in the eye, however. Let us pay up our newspaper subscription and lead such lives that when the comet strikes we will all be ready.

Some worry a good deal about the chances for a big comet to plow into the sun some dark rainy night, and thus bust up the whole universe. I wish that was all I had to worry about, If any responsible man will agree to pay my taxes and funeral expenses, I will agree to do his worrying about the comet's crashing in to the bosom of the sun and knocking its daylights out.—*Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press.*

Imaginary Ailments.

Some years ago a story was current of a women who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed, "Why, I declare it has done me good already." The doctor humored her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the Philadelphia *Medical News*, a hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood, but capped with metal so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

When a young man tries for three minutes in church to brush a sunbeam off his new coat under the impression that it is a streak of dust, and then looks up and sees a pretty girl laughing at him, he kind of loses the thread of the sermon temporarily as it were.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Wonder.

A MAN WHO SUFFERED MENTAL AND PHYSICAL AGONY EIGHT YEARS PROCLAIMS HIS HAPPINESS.

Mental agony is dreadful, but when that and physical ailment combine, it is simply terrible. Such was the condition of Geo. W. Frampton, of Huntingdon, W. Va., for eight years. He was a sufferer of necroses—that is, the leg bone at the ankle was inflamed and mortified, which caused running sores. He says: "Pieces of bone the size of a silver three cent piece came out of the sores on my leg. The discharge from the sores was almost continual, and I was unable to walk. For eight years I have been doctoring. I had been under the treatment of a physician at Newport, Ky., for a year; another at Burlington, O., attended me for three years, and a doctor here at Huntingdon worked with me for a long time. None of them did me any good, and they all finally said my case was hopeless. A few months ago I commenced trying PERUNA, and now I am well. I can walk as good as anybody, and have perfect use of my limbs."

Mr. Alf. Lusk, Wooster, Ohio, writes: "DR. HARTMAN, Columbus, O. I have been a great sufferer from that dreaded disease, chronic catarrh of the stomach. I have thoroughly tried your MANALIN, and it has done me more good ten-fold than all the doctors' prescriptions, and I have used legions of them.

Mr. Edgar Harte, Smeltzer P. O., Elk county, Pa., writes: "I have bought several bottles of your PERUNA, and find it to be of great benefit. I also gave it to some of my friends; they experienced the same result."

Mr. L. R. Wollen, 45 and 47 Ross street, Pittsburgh, Pa, writes: "I am taking PERUNA with good results, and can highly recommend it to all. I have applied at the different drug stores for one of your books. They claim they have none on hand at present. Please do me the favor to send me one."

W. W. Russell, druggist, Canonsburg, Pa., writes: I handle your medicine, PERUNA. I have sold immense quantities of it, and consider it a staple article. I have a great many customers who think there is no medicine like it for a tonic or for building up the system. I recommend it as a safe and reliable remedy."

Calista Fisher, Malvern, Ohio, writes: "I take pleasure in recommending the use of PERUNA and MANALIN to any one afflicted with any form of lung or bronchial trouble. I have been for some time afflicted with a very troublesome cough, but a few bottles of PERUNA entirely cured me."

Estate of Naaman L. Shank, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NAAMAN L. SHANK,

late of Garrett Co, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of June 1885.

SARAH E. SHANK,
6 6 3t Administratrix.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 17 F. St., Washington, D. C.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,
from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,
Garden and Flower Seeds,
Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address
H. WEBER,
P. O Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,
5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.
3 21 tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5		7.19 A. M
No. 1		12.27 P. M
No. 3		11.12 P. M
No. 11		12.25 A. M
No. 33		4.35 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.41 A. M.
No. 4		3.56 P. M.
No. 6		9.33 P. M.
No. 14		5.50 P. M.
No. 34		9.45 A. M.
Way		10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY ORGANIC WEAKNESS Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, brought on by the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these ills and troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Edward C. Ross, vs. Amanda M. Hawkins and others.

No. 283 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the creditors of the late Wm. R. Fressinan, to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 2d day of June, 1885, as on that day I will state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the trustee's hands.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
5 30 3t Auditor.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 27 2m Garrett county, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable route to the Oakland and Ryans Glade road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
5 9 3t JAMES SEABOLD.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

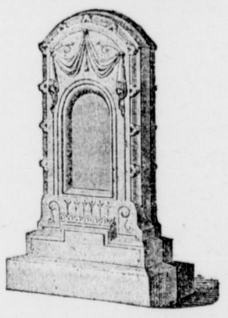
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.
Three Courses of Lectures.
Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Sillie, Da Costa Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.
Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
—DEALERS IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885. NUMBER 17.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c., and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

jm 3 G. L. BOSLEY, Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2500.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 160 ACRES

On Deep Creek, 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from unpleasant, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain of success, that its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-yl

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ASPIRING.

I.

Must the forms divinely fairest
Perish here to live no more?
Must the heart's rich wealth and rarest
Find beyond this earth no shore
Where life's tangled web is woven
On the fields of fadeless bliss,
Where they'll tread God's peerless heaven
That no stainless soul shall miss?

II.

Must the years that fancies brighten
Brighten but to pass away?
Must the raven hairs that whiten
Guide the fingers of decay?
Must the joys of earth all teeming
With its sunshine and its shade,
Be the transient things and seeming—
Seeming only born to fade?

III.

For the sweetest voice at morning
May be stilled ere close of day,
And the fairest blossom blooming
Soon must cast its bloom away;
And the dream of life's first dreaming
Rich in hope and tender years,
With its rosy tints and gleaming
End in sorrow and in tears.

IV.

What is life without aspiring?
What is age without its youth?
What is rest without the tiring?
What is fancy without truth?
What is man without the dreaming
That divinest dream of all—
That life's flowers that fade in seeming
Bloom where shadows never fall?

V.

For a voice comes with the morning
And a light at eventide,
Life a prophecy and warning
From across the other side;
And life's flowers that bloomed beside us
Seem to bloom beyond decay
When the mists that now divide us
Are transformed to endless day.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

LOCUSTS.

THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND RAVAGES IN THE EAST.

From our earliest years we have all been familiar with Eastern tales in which the locust figures as the destroying angel; the overwhelming invading army which advances with irresistible might, with a sound "like the noise of chariots on the mountains—like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble." Onward they march in dense columns, ravaging whole provinces, as in the days when the Hebrew prophet described their withering advance. "A fire that devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, nothing shall escape them."

As in those days of old, the Syrian locusts "ran upon the wall, climbed upon the houses, and entered at the windows like a thief," so, in later days, travellers in Northern Africa have witnessed locust swarms which they compare to clouds of dense smoke, darkening the sun so that its brightest rays could cast no shadow, and which, alighting on some green crop, have devoured every blade in the field, and, marching onwards, have climbed trees, walls and houses, seeking what they might devour, and sometimes consuming the very bark of trees and shrubs.

Nor has Europe been exempt. From time to time the great army of locusts has appeared in one country or another in such appalling force as to render the visitation a historical calamity. Such was the plague of locusts which appeared to Russia in the year 1650, and thence overspread Poland and Lithuania in multitudes so incalculable that the damage sustained by these countries was beyond reckoning; the surface of the country seemed as if covered with a black cloth; the very trees bent beneath their weight; and when at length the locusts had lived their little span, the earth was in many places covered to the depth of four feet with their corpses. Even in the south of France, rewards are occasionally offered for the collection of locusts' eggs, while the live insects are caught wholesale by collecting them in sacks for destruction.

Happily their foes are many. Frogs lizards and serpents, owls, eagles, buzzards, bustards, hawks, ravens, desert-larks, wheat-ears and other carnivorous and insectivorous birds do their best to diminish the locusts, but with small results. In Smyrna and other parts of Asia Minor the russet-starling seems possessed with an insatiable desire to kill locusts, not for food, but for sheer sport. It goes on killing till its beak becomes so clogged with locust juice that it has to fly to the nearest water to wash, and then returns to the fray with renewed vigor. Another deadly foe is the grub of the bee-by, (*Bombylide*), which feeds on the locusts' eggs; and there is also a parasite which attacks the living insect.

Lady Anne Blunt tells us how in Northern Arabia she rode through flocks of ravens and buzzards sitting on the ground gorged with locusts. The camels munched them up with their provender. Her greyhounds ran snapping after them all day long, eating as many as they could catch; and, on examing the stomach of a hyena shot by her husband, it was found to be full of locusts and gazelle. She says the Bedouins often give them to their horses, and at the time of her visit to Arabia many tribes had no food whatever but locusts and camel's milk.

Lady Anne mentions them as being a regular portion of the day's provision in camp. When first she tasted them, in December, she pronounced them fairly good, but by February she had decided that they were an excellent article of diet, the red locusts being better eating than the green ones. She was uncertain whether the red are the females and the green the males, or whether all were at first green, and became red as they advanced in age. It seems probable, however, that she is describing two distinct varieties, known in Cyprus as the large green *Vrouchos* and the still larger light brown *Scarnos*. Their flavor is more like that of green wheat than of either fish or flesh, and in the daily rations they were considered in a measure to take the place of vegetables. After trying various methods of cooking it was voted that they were best when plain boiled; their long legs were then pulled off, and they were held by the wings, dipped into salt, and so eaten with much relish. They are large, handsome insects, very like grasshoppers, but three inches in length, or four inches measuring from the head to the toe of the closed wings. The best time to catch them is in the morning, when they are half-benumbed by the chill of night, and their wings are damp with dew, so that they cannot fly. Then they lie thickly clustered under every bush that can afford them shelter, and can easily be captured and shovelled into baskets. But when the sun has warmed the earth and dried their wings, they are all on the alert, and spring away at the approach of the hunter, who nevertheless can often strike them down with sticks as they fly. On December 31 Lady Anne records that the previous night had been so cold that all the locusts were dead, and the small birds of the desert were holding high festival.

I myself have seen considerable numbers of locusts winging their flight across the Red Sea, from Arabia towards Egypt. Many fell on the deck of the vessel in which I was sailing. At another time, when crossing the Himalayas, overlooking the valley of the Sutledge, I remarked a tremulous appearance in the atmosphere, as of a mirage. On further investigation, I ascertained that this strange quivering was produced by the glancing of light on the myriad wings of a great swarm of locusts, which were passing over the valley like a cloud. But those glimpses of the locust hosts were as nothing compared with the vast flights described by my brother Roualeyn, (R. Gordon Cumming,) in the interior of South Africa. He was standing in the middle of an immense plain when he first noticed their approach. On they came, like a snowstorm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. He stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which he stood became densely covered with them. Far as the eye could reach—east, west, north, south—they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by.

Not long afterwards he fell in with another swarm. He was marching through a heavy sandy country of boundless level plains, covered with rank yellow grass, varied with detached clumps of thorny mimosas. He came upon a swarm of locusts which had alighted to rest for the night on the grass and bushes. They lay so thick that they covered the large bushes, just as a swarm of young bees covers the branch on which it pitches. He could easily have collected enough to fill all his large wagons, the piercing cold of night, with white hoar frost, having rendered them unable to take wing until the sun should restore their powers.

He met a party of natives carrying heavy burdens of them on their backs, and his hungry dogs made a fine feast of those they captured for themselves. Having some difficulty at that time in procuring sufficient food for all his dogs, this locust swarm proved a most valuable addition to the larder. He took a large blanket and spread it under a bush, the branches of which were bent to the ground with the mass of locusts which covered it, and having shaken the bush, there fell on to the blanket more locusts than he could possibly carry. These he roasted for himself, his servants and his dogs. He found that they were highly prized by the natives of South Africa, as affording fattening and wholesome food to man, birds and all sorts of beasts—cows and horses, lions, jackals, hyenas, antelopes, elephants, etc., devour them.

The following morning, soon after sunrise, he looked back, and saw the locusts stretched to the west in vast clouds resembling smoke, but soon afterwards the wind, veering round, brought them back towards him, and they flew over his head, actually darkening the sun for a considerable period.

Equally wonderful is the account of a locust invasion of Syria, as related by Dr. William Thompson. He tells how, in the early spring, a flying squadron—the pioneers of the vast army—passed over the land, leaving it thickly sown with their eggs, lying in little masses, cemented together, scattered all over fields, plain and desert ground. This done, these harbingers of woe vanished; but within a couple of months the very dust seemed to awaken to life and to creep. Soon these infinitesimal moving atoms developed into minute grasshoppers, who began their destructive existence, all moving forward in one general direction, a creeping, jumping mass of living particles.

Dr. Thomson describes his first glimpse of this phenomenon. He was riding near Fuliyeh, when it struck him that the side of a hill had a peculiar appearance. Riding up to it, to his amazement the whole surface became agitated, and began to roll downwards. His horse was so frightened that he had to dismount. Then he perceived that this animated dust was composed of minute locusts, so young that they could not even jump; but in their infantile alarm they rolled over and over, producing an effect like the movement of fluid mortar.

On another occasion he rode through a district where the work of extirpation was going on. It was near the Plain of Acre, and a swarm of locusts had overrun the whole region. The Governor of Kabul had summoned every man, woman and child in the neighborhood to lend their aid in the common cause. The foe had not yet grown their wings, and being unable to fly, were compelled to run in whatever direction they were driven. So the people formed, a vast circle, beating the bushes and shouting, in order to frighten the insect host and drive them towards an isolated hill covered with dry grass. Soon the hill became black with the countless myriads which thronged it. Then the grass was set on fire in different places, and the flames, fanned by a strong breeze, soon spread over the whole hill, filling the air with an overpowering smell of roast locust. The same operation was performed at many different points in the neighborhood with very excellent results.

Some years later Dr. Tomson made a still more intimate acquaintance with these gentle destroyers. He was lying at 'Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, when an alarm was raised that incalculable swarms of young locusts were marching up the valley towards the village. The inhabitants turned out to endeavor, if possible, to turn aside their line of march. This they soon found to be altogether futile. The whole face of the mountain was black with the closely serried ranks, which advanced steadily like a well-disciplined army. There were at the wingless stage, and of the size of average grasshoppers. Nothing checked their steady onward progress. Trenches were dug, fires were kindled, thousands were slain. Still fresh hordes pressed on in bewildering multitudes. Right up the mountain they advanced, scaling rocks and walls, hedges and ditches, the corpses of the slain only serving as bridges to facilitate the progress of the new-comers. Even when the foremost ranks reached the palace of the Emir they did not turn aside to avoid its walls, but climbed straight up and went over the other side. Thus they scaled every house in the town, always going straight ahead, regardless of all obstacles. If it be true that "straightforward makes the best runner" in life, we might, perchance, find worse examples than the locusts. Hoping at least to be able to protect his own little garden, Dr. Tomson hired a number of laborers to keep up fires, and to remain on watch, beating the locusts off the walls with branches of trees. For some hours this struggle was kept up, but as the irresistible army continued to advance in ever-increasing multitude, they gave up the effort in despair, and surrendered to the conquerors.—*C. F. Gordon Cumming, in Nineteenth Century.*

The Republican.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE DRUID'S SACRIFICE.

A thousand years, perhaps, ago, when Britain's mountains rose
There never yet had trod the feet of fierce invading foes,
When Cymric chieftains led their bands in freedom through the vales,
And Cymric bards their triumphs sang among the hills of Wales;
When village harpers tuned their lyres with joy that seldom ceased,
Where all were happy and content, while flocks and herds increased.

There came a messenger in haste, who served the Druid priests,
To bid the people all attend the greatest of their feasts,
Then gathered they from near and far to Mona's sacred isle,
Where lived the Oracles beyond dark Menai's deep defile,
And where the mystic circles built of sacred Cromlech stones
Had witnessed many a sacrifice, heard many a victim's groans.

So when the day at last appeared, in thousands gathered 'round,
Behold the multitude arrayed upon the hallowed ground;
Three pillared rings of mighty stones around the altars swept,
While leaf-crowned priests with watchful care the fires upon them kept;
Far out beyond the mountains rose, with cloud-capped summits free,
And like a chanting choir was heard the anthem of the sea.

Then came the oak-crowned Druid priests, with slow and solemn tread,
A white-veiled maiden with her guards before them slowly led,
While harps and reeds, with silver tongues, in sweetly solemn trills,
Brought echoes of the death-song back in answers from the hills,
With garments white as drifted snow and slow majestic stride,
The patriarch of the Druid chiefs was praying at her side.

Then, as each watcher, stilled and hushed, bent with uncovered head,
The patriarch, with reverent voice, the sacred mandate read,
Which told that she, their maiden choice, was beautiful of face,
From every blemish free and clear, and filled with every grace;
All this reported by those priests, the fire-selected three,
Who watched their victim since the maid was rescued from the sea.

Then came the moment when her form was lifted from the ground;
Her feet and forehead swift and safe upon the altar bound;
Close-veiled and gagged in dumb despair upon her bier she lay,
As priests intoned their solemn chants and people kneeled to pray.
Then as a priest with rapid hand her garments tore apart,
The patriarch turned and plunged the sword of Merlin through her heart.

There, as they watched with bated breath the fated maiden die,
The patriarch priest first turned and looked into her glazing eye;
Then, as his form shook like a reed, his features pale as snow,
He fell upon the bleeding form, and with a shriek of woe,
Cried out: "O, God, whom I have served, say this can not be truth,
That this is not the daughter who was stolen in her youth!"

Then, raining kisses on the face, so pallid now and fair,
The while her blood encrimsoned deep his robe and flowing hair,
He called her "Winifred" once more, and kneeling softly there,
Bent down his head upon her breast as if in silent prayer;
The Druids spoke unto their chief, in accents sad and wild,
But he, their patriarch, was dead as she his only child.

They buried them with solemn rites, beside the moaning deep,
There where the waves which brought her home their restless vigils keep,
And many a solemn chant was sung by white-robed Druid priests,
And many a sacred offering made at festivals and feasts.
Long since have passed away those feasts, the Druids and their rites,
The Cymric dynasties and power, the worshipers and knights;
But still against that rock-bound coast the restless ocean moans,
While still unshaken stand the gray and ancient Cromlech stones,
And still the Cymrii by their fires on winter eves beguile
Their children with this legend old of Mona's sacred isle.

—*J. Edgar Jones, in Boston Post.*

JANE CARY'S OUTING.

A Mysterious Dispensation of Providence.

"You'll have to cut your cloth very savingly, Miss Cary, if you calculate to get a good full dress out of eight yards of cashmere!"

"I know it, Mrs. Barker, but I've planned it all, and I can have it made up in this style by using a sham skirt." Miss Cary took up "The Bazar" and pointed to a figure on the pattern plate.

"I was quite a while deciding whether I'd have a basque or a polonaise, and then I was bothered to know whether I'd better have the skirt box-pleated or side-pleated, but I finally settled on this pattern."

"It will be very tasty, too," replied the neighbor, "and those pleats will be worn for a while longer, I think, though the city boarders had some of their dresses made that way last summer."

While Mrs. Barker was speaking she kept rubbing her fingers over the piece of black cashmere which was lying on top of Miss Cary's sewing machine.

"I call that a pretty good piece, for the price, don't you, Mrs. Barker?" Miss Cary asked, as she took one end of the goods in her hands and held it up to the window. "You see it has a blue-black shade, and the filling is beaten up thick and firm."

"It is an excellent piece, if I am any judge; but when are you going to start, Miss Cary?"

"I hope to get off next week, while work is slack. Next month, you know, I'll be driven, for the spring sewing will come in then."

"You'll miss your daughter, Mrs. Cary," said the neighbor, turning to address the mother, who sat in an old-fashioned rocking chair by the stove.

"Yes, but Amandy Wells is coming to stay with me, and I'm glad enough to have Jane go. She's been a trying to get out to her brother Jacob's for ten years, but every time she's made up her mind to go something has happened to keep her home. Last spring I had malary, and wasn't fit to do anything about the house for three months, and the spring before Sam was under the weather and home here for quite a spell. When Jane laid her plans that fall to go, John had his bad luck, and she thought 'twas more her duty to stay and keep her money to help his folks with."

The old lady took up her knitting work and began to pick up some stitches she had dropped.

"The truth is," she continued, "Jane hain't never been nowhere. Always stayed right here and worked and tugged and took care of me."

"If there is any one who deserves an outing it's your Jane," said Mrs. Barker. "Everybody is glad she is going."

"Yes, Jane's earned a vacation, and a good long one, too," the mother replied. "But folks don't always get what they earn in this world, I've found out. Luck always does seem to go agin some folks."

"Don't talk that way, mother," the daughter replied, as she pinned a pattern on to the piece of black cashmere and traced out its dimensions with her scissors. "Don't you believe people's paths are marked out for them?"

"Well, sometimes I do. Jane, and then again I don't. But we can't none of us understand the Lord's dealings with us.

"'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

"It's time my dinner was going," Mrs. Barker said, glancing up at the face of the tall clock which stood in one corner of the room. "I'll try to run in and see you again before you go, Miss Cary."

After the neighbor went out Jane Cary pinned the different pieces belonging to the chosen pattern on to the long piece of black cashmere. She turned them around and upside down, all sorts of ways, to save the cloth. She was well used to such planning. She had worked at dress-making for nearly twenty years. She had had a great many small patterns of goods to deal with, and many customers, who knew she would make their small patterns go farther then they could themselves. A new dress was quite an event in Jane Cary's life. She was just calculating in her own mind how long it was since she had had one, when her mother said:

"Come to think of it, Jane, you haint had a new dress for over six years. You turned your black alpaca and made it over three times. It looks real good and will do to wear to save this one for a long spell, yet. And that brown merino you had dyed two years ago—that looks a'most like new. I declare its wonderful how nice they dye things nowadays. We used to have our own dye-pots and color our dresses ourselves when I was a girl, but we didn't get 'em to look as nice as the dyers do now."

While the mother was talking, the dress-maker's scissors were busy cutting out the different portions of the new garment. Jane Cary was going to have an outing, and an outing in Jane Cary's life was as great an event as a new dress. The money to pay the traveling expenses was hidden away in their great-grandmother's blue sugar bowl on the top shelf of the china closet. The same amount had been deposited there for the same purpose a number of times before, but as Jane told her mother, "The unexpected exigencies of the times had occasioned a rush upon the 'Blue Bank' and the deposits had to be drawn out." But now the financial outlook seemed to be a favorable one.

"I won't make Jacob's folks ashamed of me," she thought, as she pinned the pieces together. "If I can't go to see folks and make a good appearance, I'll stay at home. When you visit your relations you want them to feel like showing you off." The little dress-maker laid down her scissors, as she thought how proudly Jacob and his wife would say: "This is my sister, Miss Cary, from the East!"

By Saturday night the dress was finished and the new trunk was packed, for Jane Cary was going to start on the early train Monday morning. There was no settled minister at that time in the New England village, but the services were held regularly every Sunday in the church.

When Jane Cary heard the bells ringing that particular Sunday morning, it seemed to her as if they had never sounded more sweetly. She entered the church, just as the choir arose to sing the morning anthem. She was dressed in her new suit, and all eyes were turned toward her as she walked down the aisle. Everybody knew that Jane Cary was going West the next morning to visit her brother Jacob. She was a great favorite in the village and her friends were so glad that she was going to have an outing.

Deacon Brown read a sermon in a slow, drawling tone, and Jane Cary wondered why he should have selected such a dull, prosy one. She could not get sufficiently interested in it to keep her mind off from the prospective journey. She kept wondering whether she would get into the night train when she changed cars at Grand City, and whether her trunk would have to be rechecked. And then she remembered that she had neglected putting an extra pocket inside her dress to carry her money in. Vividly before her mind's eye came the placard she had seen in the picture of the large depot, and the words printed in capital letters: "BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS."

When the service was ended, Jane Cary felt conscience smitten to think that she had allowed so many things to distract her mind in the house of the Lord. She began to imagine the possibilities of the train running off the track.

In the evening when she sat with her mother, hearing the messages that were to be given to Jacob's folks, there was a knock at the door. It was the boy from the telegraph office. He handed Jane Cary a dispatch, and as she took it in her hand she trembled violently. It was the first telegram she had ever received. She opened it and read:

"I broke my leg yesterday. Come at once.
SAM CARY."

She paid the boy the money to be collected for the message, and calming herself as best she could, she went back to the sitting-room.

"I'm not going to Jacob's, after all, mother," she said, quietly.

"Not going to Jacob's! What on earth has happened now?"

"Sam has broken his leg, mother, and has telegraphed me to go immediately to Deerfield."

"Broken his leg!" his mother exclaimed. "Well, I never did see such an unlucky fellow as Sam is! It's the strangest thing I ever heerd tell of, just as you was already to start, too! What are you going to do about it, Jane?"

"Make another run on the 'Blue Bank,' of course, and go to Deerfield to-morrow morning, and bring Sam home as soon as I can. Our expenses will be too heavy if we keep him there."

"It's too bad, Jane, too bad. You were awfully set on going to Jacob's this time, wan't you?"

"I've learned not to be disappointed at anything, mother," she replied, calmly.

Before she went to sleep she wrote in her diary: "Delays teach patience and care teaches faith, and press of business makes us look out for minutes to give to God, and disappointment is a special message to summon our thoughts to heaven. If, when they all come, we would seek not to run away from them, but to learn God's lesson in them, we should soon leave off calling them trying."

The next morning the villagers were standing in the store, the postoffice and in the street, telling each other that Sam Cary had broken his leg, and his sister Jane wasn't going West after all. An old farmer, who heard the news as he was going into the postoffice for his mail, said:

"Pity it hadn't been Sam Cary's head. He isn't worth nothing to nobody. He's so lazy that he wont do a good day's work once in a year. It's amazing strange that such critters are allowed to live in the world to hinder and torment other folks, when there are so many that it seems as if you couldn't spare, nohow, are taken out of it. It beats my theology, now, I tell you."

"I'm sorry for Jane," said the postmaster, as he handed the farmer's mail through the delivery window. "She's had a very hard time, and she is always so patient and cheerful. I expect she helped her brother John get his start again."

Meanwhile Jane Cary had started on her way to Deerfield, three stations beyond. She had unpacked her trunk the night before, folded up the new black cashmere dress, and pinned it carefully in a clean linen towel, and laid it in the bottom bureau drawer.

"I'm glad to see you, Jane; I knew you'd come," Sam said, as his sister came into the room where he was lying. "I've had bad luck again. It beats all how I done it. You know I was working for Captain Higgins, at the south end of the town. Well, me and him couldn't agree, nohow. He's dead set on getting his help up at five o'clock in the morning, and I won't do that for any live man. I went on the mountain chopping, but its hard work, chopping is, and I never had no strength in my arms, you know. I was just going to throw up my job when a tree fell on me, and here I be."

Jane Cary only said, "I am so sorry, Sam."

There was nothing else to be said. She had advised and expostulated with Sam all of his life. She felt that her efforts heretofore had been in vain, and that words in Sam's case would only be wasted.

Dr. Crawford, the surgeon, watched her as she quietly moved about doing such things as were necessary for her injured brother's comfort. There are some people, and Jane Cary was one of them, whose high qualities enable them to meet the contingencies of life calmly, and who have a clear vision as to the best methods of dealing with them. As the sister planned the removal of the patient that afternoon, and talked over the probabilities and possibilities of his case, the surgeon could not help contrasting her strength of character with that of the weak, vaccillating brother.

"One of the women whom Emerson speaks of, who do not need to lean, but to clasp hands in the journey of life," was the mental encomium he passed upon Jane Cary, as she stood before him.

"Would it be convenient for you to superintend my brother's removal in person, Dr. Crawford?" she asked.

"I can arrange to do so, if you desire it, Miss Cary," he replied.

"I think it best if you can do so without interfering with your duty toward your other patients," was her rejoinder.

Sam Cary bore the journey well, better than Dr. Crawford anticipated, but he had sustained a compound fracture, and it was going to be a long pull, the surgeon said.

Days and weeks went on. The sewing machine's click, click, click, was heard from early morn until late at night, but the little woman who was its motive power, worked with a will and a thankful heart.

"In every mysterious dispensation of providence there was always great mercy," she said, and the unexpected early arrival of some of the city boarders had brought her so much business that the money necessary to tide Sam over his misfortune was already provided for. Meanwhile the patient sister waited on the brother, whose nature could not see anything sacrificial about her devotion. He was even very exacting and irritable at times, but this was borne with patience and in quietude by the high-minded, noble woman who cared for him.

Dr. Crawford came often and was very attentive to his patient. Jane wished he would not make quite so many visits; she dreaded the heavy bills that must be presented in the future. It was for this that the sewing machine kept up its tireless round of wheel. Sometimes Sam groaned because of its monotonous tones and wished Jane would move it to a remote corner of the house, or put her customers off until his nerves were stronger.

Dr. Crawford was a bachelor. He had just passed his forty-fifth birthday. He had not married because of that grave amid the clump of pines in the cemetery of his native village. Twenty years before a lovely girl had been laid away to rest there, and the light of his life had been buried in that grave. But now, another woman had crossed his path, a woman who could clasp hands with him during the rest of his journey, a woman whom he could love and cherish as his own.

Sam had begun to get around on the crutches Dr. Crawford had brought him, and the surgeon said one evening as he bade him good-bye:

"It will not be necessary for me to come here again professionally, Sam. You'll be all right in a few days more."

"I thank you very much, Dr. Crawford," Jane Cary said, as she followed him to the door. "You have been very attentive to my brother. I would like my bill. I think I can settle it to-night."

"I am sure you can, Miss Cary, but I don't know as you will when you find what my terms are."

"I expect you have a large bill against me," she replied. "You have been very faithful to my brother's case," and she took out her pocketbook and placed her finger on the clasp.

"Not any of that sort of payment," he said, placing his large, strong hand over Jane's small, white one. "Not that, Jane. Your love is the compensation I want."

The color came to the face of the little woman as she stood in the doorway.

"What do you mean, Dr. Crawford?"

"Just what I say. I want you, you, Jane Cary, for my wedded wife, for better for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, 'till death us do part."

"Who'd a thought, Jane, when you was making that new cashmere, that you was sewing on your wedding journey dress," said the mother, a week afterwards, when the trunk had been reopened, and Jane Cary was getting ready to go to Jacob's on her wedding tour. "Nobody knows what's before 'em, nobody. It's the Lord's doings, of course, but it's marvelous in our eyes."—*Susan Teal Perry, in Chicago Interior.*

EATING.

The Mode of Satisfying the Appetite in Different Countries.

With regard to the mode of eating, we English as a people certainly stand highest; and frequent as our intercourse with Continental nations now is, the latter still often express surprise at what they call the "elegant" way of eating peculiar to the English. Much as we have borrowed from our neighbors *d'outre manche*, none of us would surely care to imitate the Frenchman swathed in his napkin—or, rather, young tablecloth—voraciously devouring each course as it makes its appearance, and winding up by vigorously cleaning his plate with a piece of bread, and afterward swallowing the latter as a *bonne bouche*. Nor can we, alas! say anything more flattering for their neighbors, the Germans. I recollect once dining with one of the ladies-in-waiting at a German court in her own private rooms. I naturally began eating my dinner in the way I had always been accustomed to do—that is to say, cutting my meat, and carrying the piece to my mouth on my fork with the left hand. My friend, on the contrary, as is usual among German and French people, cut her meat into small pieces, then laid down her knife, and, taking her fork in her right hand, rapidly made the morsels disappear. We had been thus engaged for about five minutes, when she suddenly turned to me with a good-natured smile saying:

"Pray don't take so much trouble to eat with your left hand. It would be a different matter if her Royal Highness were here. I have to eat with my left hand when in her presence, but it is very troublesome."

I could not help laughing as I replied that I did not know how to eat in any other way. Strange to say, that very Royal Highness, although considering it the right thing to use her fork with her left hand, I subsequently saw demolishing with extreme zest a large roll which she plunged whole into a cup of hot coffee, and carried streaming to her mouth, biting off a huge piece of it, and repeating this process until the roll had entirely vanished.—*London Graphic.*

CALVES.

How They May Be Fed With Skimmed Milk at a Profit.

The calf can not be put in condition for sale in as short a time upon skimmed as upon new milk, but the time can be shortened by skillful feeding. Some of the errors most prevalent are: First, feeding the milk cold; second, feeding too much at a time; third, in feeding only twice per day; fourth, in feeding the skimmed milk alone. The young calf is not prepared to take cold milk into the stomach and warm it up. When the calf is taken from its dam and fed artificially, care should be taken to imitate its natural diet as near as it can conveniently be done. The milk should always be warm, and, as the cream has to be taken off very closely, this should be partially replaced by a spoonful of boiled flaxseed. The oil in this seed is easily digested, and practically replaces the cream to a certain extent. This flaxseed may be obtained in all the dairy districts, and costs but a trifle for each calf. It must be fed in small quantity, and it will keep the calf's stomach in a healthy condition. The calf should be fed three times per day at least, and the feeder must have his eyes open, and feed the calf but a small amount at a time. Underfeeding is better than overfeeding. If the calf appears to require more, increase the food very gradually. Close observation by the feeder is very important. We know some calf feeders who regularly make their calves worth eight dollars at seven to eight weeks old. They estimate the skimmed milk at one dollar per week for each calf. And a skillful feeder, on this plan, will have his calves about as uniform as if they sucked their dams. Skimmed milk will bring an important return when properly managed.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—D. H. Moffatt, who is President of the First National Bank of Denver, an institution whose deposits are over $3,000,000, was approached by Ferdinand Ward about a year ago with a request for a loan based on promise of enormous profits. Mr. Moffat, in speaking of it the other day, said: "Ward wanted $100,000, and said he could make for me $50,000 on it in sixty days. I told him I didn't know why he should be so good to me; that I had never done anything for him. I guess he understood me, for he went off. I never took any stock in the fellow. He was too white-livered. I never tie up to a man when I can see through his ears, as I could through Wards."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Pencil marks are made indelible by washing them with well-skimmed milk diluted with an equal quantity of water.—*Boston Budget.*

CROWDED TOWNS.

Serious Questions That are Pressing for Solution.

It is easy to understand why towns and cities are becoming overrun with an extra number of laborers, mechanics, tramps and idlers. At the price of farm produce farmers can not pay as high wages as are offered laborers or clerks in the towns. The young man in the country who is toiling ten or twelve hours per day, and out of the reach of saloons, billiard halls and other places of evening amusement, is not content to work for twenty dollars per month, when he learns that some of his young acquaintances are clerking in town for fifty or sixty dollars per month, with all the advantages of city life. He is uneasy and disappointed with farm life, and rashly breaks loose from home and friends and goes to the town. He probably fails in getting employment, and goes to the next town, or to some large city, where he thinks he has better opportunities of employment. He has but little money, which is soon gone. He has to abandon respectable boarding-houses and respectable company. He is thrown among the worst characters, who are shrewd and plausible in schemes for making or getting money easier than work on a farm, or even by clerking. The consequences are honest young men are frequently led astray, first apparently in honest enterprises, then by those of more doubtful propriety, until he is a tramp or a criminal. In this way the ranks of the idle and vicious are constantly recruited, and the towns are full of them, which the police are not able to detect or subdue.

The cities are already, in all departments of industry, over supplied with help. Chances to obtain lucrative or large salaries are scarce, and constant employment for the common laborer is almost impossible to be had. Public improvements do not employ half the force they did three to five years ago. The depressed price of farm produce will not justify paying higher wages or employing more hands on the farms. The reduction of the tariff two years ago to the amount of about $10,000,000 takes that amount yearly from the laborers, artisans, mechanics and manufacturers of this country and gives it to that class in Europe. These things are creating uneasiness, restlessness, and idleness. And idleness is the parent of vice and crime. It is a difficult problem in political economy to solve.

Crowding to towns for higher wages, abandoning the frugal and honest industry of the farm, is rapidly recruiting the army of idle men who will become desperate in sentiments and actions, and thinking "the world owes them a living," whether they make an honest effort to earn it, they will imbibe the communistic principle, and make war on capital and economic industry. These are serious questions to be solved in the future.—*Iowa State Register.*

A SUCCESS.

One School of Journalism That Is Unqualifiedly Successful.

One of the schools of journalism has become a great success. During a number of years many attempts to teach the art of journalism were made, but the results were so far from being satisfactory that with one exception they have all been failures. This one college, realizing the impracticability of the curriculum previously adopted, threw it aside, employed a man who had, during many years, been engaged in active newspaper work, and introduced a course of study, the achievements of which have proved that journalism can be taught in colleges. The following is a report of the exercises through which a graduating class was conducted:

"What is a law student?"

"A rising young lawyer."

"What is a medical student?"

"A promising young doctor."

"What is a young member of the Legislature?"

"A silvery-tongued orator."

"If a man should marry an ugly woman, how would you write up the affair?"

"I should speak of the beautiful and accomplished bride."

"How would you speak of a loafer?"

"I should refer to him as our enterprising fellow townsman."

"What is a drummer?"

"The handsome and popular So and So."

"In writing up the commencement exercises of the female college what would you say?"

"I would say that the beautiful young girls, soon to become ornaments of society, were charming in their feathery array!"

"If a countryman were to bring you a lot of hard apples what would you say?"

"Our farmer friend, Colonel So and So, honored us with a call yesterday. Aside from giving us the pleasure of his own genial self, he laid upon our table a collection of the most choice apples we have ever seen. Come again, Colonel, when you have longer to stay."

"Correct. How would you speak of a little girl?"

"Would call her a fairy."

"What would you say of a boy?"

"Would speak of his bright, intelligent face."

"What would you say of the man who keeps a few bolts of calico?"

"I would speak of him as one of the most successful merchants in the State."

Yes, this school of journalism is a success. It defines the true position of the local newspaper. It makes the business so clear that the student, though a fool, need not err therein. It attempts no revolution; makes no mistakes.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—What is most needed at this moment in Tenessee is a unanimous support by the press of the tangible and solid projects that are afloat for the benefit of the people, such as immigration, the opening of mines, and the establishment of manufactories and workshops. The material progress of the State should have the support and countenance of every man in it, and everything that looks like the fomenting of political malice, hate and discontent should be frowned down. Let us have peace and with it prosperity.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.*

A PARISIAN SWINDLE.

How a Confectioner and Tailor Were Defrauded.

Act I.—A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's shop in Paris, and says to the polite proprietor:

"I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order. Do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready at that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say, ten francs."

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your ten francs."

Act II.—About two hours later a gentleman, irreproachably dressed, goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry cook's, and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well; I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to let one of your young men come over with me to get it."

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend Mr. Puff."

Act III.—To confectioner enter irreproachably dressed gentleman, now wearing an overcoat, and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with the respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Mr. Puff, I've called round for that one hundred and fifty, you promised to have ready for me at 12:30."

"You shall have them in five minutes."

"Very well, I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman one hundred and twenty-five of the one hundred and fifty. I will return and get the remaining twenty-five myself in a few moments."

"With pleasure, sir."

Act IV.—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream tarts, and a bill for balance thereon 21f. 25c. One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably dressed gentleman with a new overcoat.—*Paris Figaro.*

"READ LESS; THINK MORE."

An Opinion by a Lawyer Which was as Valuable as Any for Which He Received a Fee.

The late Charles O'Conor, perhaps the most profound lawyer New York City has produced, gave a piece of advice to a young man which is valuable as any legal opinion for which the distinguished lawyer ever received a fee. A lad wrote to him, giving a long list of books which he had already gone through, and asking advice as to a course of reading. Mr. O'Conor replied that "he had not only not read, but had not known even by name one-half of the books his correspondent appeared to have read. He would not, therefore, undertake to advise him what to read, but he could safely advise him to read less, and think more." This anecdote comes from a recent number of the *Century.*

The advice was not, however, original with Mr. O'Conor. In the Philadelphia *Ledger* some time since an older authority was quoted to the same purport. Probably the same sound wisdom could be traced back to the time of the invention of printing. "Read less (of trash) and think more" has a pithiness which makes the advice all the more easy to keep in mind. And following it would enable the "temperate" reader not only to think, but to remember more of what he reads. Remembering more would give a practical value to the ideas acquired and the facts obtained. Perhaps Mr. O'Conor's opinion on reading is to be qualified a little by his practice. It seems that his reading was very much confined to the purposes of his profession. No doubt this limit increased his wonderful efficiency in his legal pursuits. But it would be a great abridgement of mental freedom to restrict the reader to his specialty and forbid excursions outside of that. The mind is enlarged by a variety of topics, and there is scarcely any subject, however foreign to a thinking person's daily life, from which he may not derive some advantage. There is nothing in the way of learning which stands so much alone that it can not be illustrated by other and indeed apparently dissimilar matters. Still the caution holds good—to most readers—"read less and think more."—*Scientific American.*

CARPETS.

An Interesting Scrap of Carpet History.

In 1755 English Axminsters were first made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet, and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as an inviolable truth: During 1730 and 1735 John Broom traveled through Tournay and Brussels studying the stitch which was then known as Brussels stitch. In Brussels, particularly, weavers were at the time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near Mount Skipet, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom, 1749. They operated in absolute secrecy, but in time their modus operandi was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workman labored night and day, and it being known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window and, night after night, from his perilous perch outside, he studied the operations of the mechanism within, until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom. Then a second firm and several others soon came into the field, and in 1753 Kidderminster was doing considerable in the way of Brussels. To-day there is hardly anything else but Brussels made in Kidderminster.—*Philadelphia Carpet Trade Journal.*

—The Secretary of the London Swimming Club submits the theory that salt water is a cure for lunacy.

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE CURSE OF RUM.

Who Can Tell It?

Could oceans, rivers, seas and lakes,
And all the names that water takes,
Beneath the expanded sky,
Be turned to ink of blackest hue,
With every drop of morning dew
With every shrub and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see
Made pens to write withal;
Were every man in every clime
A scribe to use those pens;
Were each Methuselah in age,
And every moment wrote a page—
A book as large could we suppose
As this whole earthly ball—
All would be tired and die,
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be writ within, without,
The ink be drained quite dry,

To write the curse of rum: O, then
Angels would fail as well as men—
Archangels e'en would fail—
And till eternity should cease
A long eternity they'd spend,
Nor then have told the tale.
—*Christian at Work.*

"BACK TO THE FOLD."

A Thrilling Scene in One of Francis Murphy's Meetings.

"Don't sign it, Fisher, I tell you don't put your hand to that pen."

"Be a man, Fisher, and follow the promptings of your own conscience. In the name of your good Creator, I say, sign that pledge."

The above exchange of opinions took place last evening at the Murphy Temperance meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Liberty street, amid the most intense excitement. Mr. Murphy had been making a most earnest appeal to young men to join the Temperance cause. Three young men sat in the rear end of the church a little under the influence of liquor. Mr. Murphy personally appealed to them to walk up to the table and sign. "I haven't courage, I'm too full," shouted one. This encouraged the energetic Temperance worker and he went to the trio. After much persuasion one of them walked to the table with him. The young man's name was J. C. Fisher. He was a bright, well-educated and well-dressed young man.

His appearance at once gave the audience the idea that there was something out of the common connected with him. He stood at the table, but refused to take hold of the pen. He stood as if riveted to the spot in the deepest state of abstraction.

In response to the pleadings of Mr. Murphy and other friends he rushed out his hand to take up the pen, when up reached his companion, a barber, named Mike Brannon, and accosted him with the injunction with which this report opens. Fisher at once threw down the pen, but still seemed chained to the table. The choir sang, women prayed and men exhorted and the young man stood as motionless as a statue. His face gave evidence of internal mental conflict of the severest kind. His past life and the probable result of the action he was so strongly urged to take seemed to be passing through his mind in panoramic order. Again he essayed to take up the pen, but failed. Four more times he repeated ineffectual attempts. Shouts of encouragement echoed from all parts of the building. Fisher's friend Brannon still prevailed on him to wait "until to-morrow night."

He was willing to do this, but Mr. Murphy kept him at the table. He again lapsed into melancholy thought, and again took the pen in hand, only to throw it down. "No, not to-night, to-morrow night," he said, with tearful eyes.

"My young friend Fisher, you'll break my heart if you don't sign to-night," said Mr. Murphy. The excitement among the audience was now at its wildest pitch. Some great conflict was going on in the young man's mind. Every one present except Brannon was shouting: "Sign, sign!"

Finally he dashed a tear from his eye, took the pen, wrote his name on a pledge and took a blue ribbon. The shouts of praise were deafening. Mr. Murphy at once knelt down with the young man and prayed fervently. At Mr. Murphy's request Mr. Fisher made a few remarks. He labored under much excitement as he said:

"Friends, you don't know my case, and I can't to-night fully explain it to you. My heart is too full and the time too unseasonable for me to talk much. There are many here who know me, but I hope none will think unkindly of me. Until two years ago I was a good and earnest Christian minister. I had a good Christian home in the East and received an excellent education. In 1879 I graduated in the Morgan Park school of divinity, and was called to San Francisco in 1880. I did not go there, but I accepted a call to Bunker Hill Church, Boston. I resigned that pastorate two years since and came to Pittsburgh. I have gone from bad to worse. I have lost everything and am only a very young man. I have signed the pledge and mean to keep it for life. I hope you will all pray for Mike Brannon."

The meeting was resolved into a "love-feast," and various members related briefly their experience. Among others was William White. He stated how he had almost cut a policeman to pieces, and escaped from the "pen." Also, how he had nearly killed a "'Squire" near Washington, D. C., for which he received cruel imprisonment. Mr. Murphy made some short and effective addresses, and Mrs. Duffy sang some pathetic solos. Mike Brannon and Fisher met after the meeting, but the latter refused to go with his companion and accepted the invitation of some Temperance friends. During the evening Mr. Murphy stated that some friends had secured two little rooms for White, who, with his wife and family, again had a home.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

REFUSING TO DRINK WINE.

Faithful to His Principles—General Washington and a Conscientious Officer.

In these days no well-bred person shows surprise when any one refuses wine. It is only the vulgar and unrefined who significantly lift their eyebrows or make sneering remarks because a comrade shows his temperance principles. Perhaps this has always been true. At any rate, the following, clipped from the *Little Christian*, shows that Washington was as gentlemanly as he was great.

Toward the close of the Revolutionary War an officer in the army had occasion to transact some business with General Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving he received an invitation to dine with the General, and, accepting, found himself in company with many distinguished guests, among whom he preserved a modest demeanor, taking but little part in the conversation. Before the close of the dinner General Washington, calling him by name, requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"Will you have the goodness to excuse me, General?" replied the officer. "I have made it a rule never to drink wine."

All eyes were instantly upon the young officer, with surprise and indignation—mayhap a few with approval. That a person should be so unsocial and so mean as to never drink wine was too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and when offered to him by Washington himself, was intolerable.

Washington at once saw the feeling of his guests, and promptly addressed them: "Gentlemen," said he, "our friend is right; I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclinations; and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in social intercourse with me. I honor my friend for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which could never do any of us harm if we adopted it."—*Christian at Work.*

DIED TO ESCAPE DISGRACE.

The Pathetic Story of Bella Arrell's Suicidal Shot—Ruined by a Love of Drink—A Life of Industry and Promise Marred by One Bad Habit.

A sad Temperance lecture was presented yesterday in the death of Bella Arrell, a young woman who had become addicted to drink, and who feared the exposure it would eventually lead to. The habit was begun with a physician's prescription. The patient suffered with neuralgic pains in the head and depressed spirits, caused by close application to work. She found relief, at least temporary, through the alcoholic stimulant, and continued the use of it until the habit grew upon her. Several times she resolutely abandoned the practice, only to return to the fatal cup again. None of her friends or members of her family were aware of her weakness. Her habits were as regular as clock-work. She arose early in the morning, went to her business promptly, transacted her duties for the day, and returned to her lodgings, No. 241 East Twenty-Fourth street, in the evening. She led a most exemplary life, with the exception of this one failing.

Bella Arrell entered the hair-dressing establishment of John Dougall, No. 348 Sixth avenue, fourteen years ago, as an errand-girl. She was bright, intelligent and modest, and worked hard to advance herself. It was not long before she understood the business and was promoted to the superintendency of the place. She reached the store every morning at eight o'clock and remained until eight in the evening. On Sunday she passed the day with her mother and three sisters at Arlington, N. J. In the house where she boarded for over seven years the family knew little of her history. She was very reticent and kept most of the time by herself.

Some time ago Miss Arrell complained of pains in the head both to the female clerks in the store and to her landlady, Mrs. Scott. The latter after that noticed signs of liquor on her lodger, but as Miss Arrell had always conducted herself properly the landlady did not like to offend her by mentioning that fact. Following that Miss Arrell several times came home in the evening intoxicated. Mrs. Scott made up her mind to reprove the young woman for her conduct, but each morning the lodger carefully avoided a meeting, evidently feeling ashamed of the occurrences of the previous night.

About three months since she ceased drinking, and Mrs. Scott, who was perhaps the only one acquainted with the young woman's weakness, began to hope she had abandoned the habit altogether. There was no complaint after that of sickness. Miss Arrell's health seemed to improve, and she appeared to be in much better spirits. But this reform was of short duration, for she was brought home on Monday night by two of the girls in the store in a condition that Mrs. Scott declared to be "deplorable." The lodger was assisted to her room, while the girls explained to Mrs. Scott that Miss Arrell had been taken suddenly ill while at work, and complained of dreadful pains in the head, and Mr. Dougall, who had been in Tremont all day, returned at six o'clock, and at once insisted on her returning home with them.

Yesterday morning when Miss Arrell awoke she sent for Mrs. Scott and said she felt very weak. She asked that a messenger be sent to a drug store for a bottle of brandy. Mrs. Scott secured the necessary stimulant, and the lodger partook rather generously of the liquor, after which she went to Mr. Dougall's store.

About two hours later she entered a back room used by the employes as a cloak-room, and, taking a revolver from a shelf, shot herself in the abdomen. The report of the pistol alarmed the other girls, who ran into the room to find the body of their superintendent stretched upon the floor. Life had not left the body, but she died in a few minutes after her removal to the New York Hospital.

No one was more surprised at the tragic death of the young woman than the proprietor of the establishment. The pistol she used belonged to him, and had been purchased twenty years ago to protect his place from burglars. He had been robbed shortly before that. The revolver he placed on the shelf twenty years ago, and had never touched the weapon since. He felt greatly aggrieved over the sad ending of his assistant, whose services, he said, were indispensable to him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

OUT of 200 women taken to the Massachusetts Reformatory by drink 128 began their downward career with beer, 37 with whisky, 20 with wine, 8 with gin—91 at the homes of acquaintances and 64 in saloons.

FASHION NOTES.

The Peculiar Feminine Vanities in Vogue in the Metropolis.

All shades of green are in favor.

Skirts are no longer made narrow at the top.

Fancy mock jewels are more worn than ever.

Waistcoats, real or simulated, are very narrow.

It is fashionable nowadays to be unfashionable.

Byzantine models are sought for in fancy jewelry.

Mantelets and short visites are equally fashionable at the moment.

Brocaded stufis grow more and more in vogue as the season advances.

Braids, galloons and strings of big beads are the favorite dress trimmings.

Skirts, tunics and polonaises are all made with pleats or gathers at the waist line.

Two fabrics are generally used in the small mantelets and visites now so much worn.

Fan-formed bows of etamine canvas or scarfs of gold-shot stuffs trim most hats and bonnets.

Peasant waists, with lacings in front over full white muslin waistcoats, are worn by little girls under seven.

Long traveling dust cloaks of mohair and pongee will be the favorite overalls of lady tourists this summer.

Polonaises remain in vogue in spite of all the efforts to introduce more fanciful novelties in the form of basques and tunics.

Wooden, glass, porcelain and lead, or imitation lead, beads of large size are the latest novelties in dress trimmings sent out from Paris.

Simple muslin dresses have a V-tucked piece back and front on the full waists and full gathered skirts, falling below the belt at the waist line.

Corsets and petticoats, at the present, combine to set off the slenderness of the waist to the greatest advantage by exaggerating the size of the hip.

Mantelets are smaller than ever, and have very high shoulders and such shortness of sleeves that they are little more than shoulder capes with long tabs in front.

Chantilly, the most beautiful of all black laces, is fashionable for scarfs, mantelets, fichus, and tunics or polonaises to be worn over silk dresses, black or colored.

European and American manufacturers of dress fabrics are learning the value of gold introduced in small quantities in broche and all fancy stuffs, whether of silk, wool, linen, cosmos, or cotton.

Among new fancy materials are found bengalines, glace mohairs, crape veilings, brocaded and grain de poudre etamines, and silks embroidered in broderie de Persane, in which a small quantity of gold is introduced.

The use of jute (cosmos) in textiles intended for upholstery and house drapery is creating a revolution in this class of manufactured good. Thus jute velours fabrics are more attractive than silk or wool, as durable or more so, and far less costly.

Long country walks, garden and lawn parties, and seaside rambles will soon be the order of the day, and for these pretty and suitable suits and toilets are in course of preparation in all the large and small dress and millinery stores all over the city.

The height to which hats and bonnets have attained is astounding. Every week new shapes are brought out, and Excelsior seems to be the motto of the manufacturers and milliners; for, no matter how high the crowns, the trimmings tower still higher.

The pouf at the back of the skirt is going out of fashion, but slowly. It is retained on dressy silk and etamine costumes, but for light, and especially wash fabrics, it is discarded entirely, the skirts of such frocks being simply gathered or pleated round the waist and falling loose over the steel wired tournure.

An exquisite toilet for a visit of ceremony is made by combining pearl gray faille with printed chally, the ground color of which must be of the shade of the silk and the figures in Oriental colors and designs, the trimmings gray lace and gray silk fringes, and loops of pearl gray and nasturtium red ribbon, the combined colors of the printed chally producing the ruddy effect of the nasturtium shades.—*N. Y. Sun*

APRONS.

Garments for Mistress and Maid—How They Are Made.

Very pretty aprons are made of a square of linen scrim, a hem of about two inches in width, and above that alternate places where the threads are drawn out about a fourth of an inch and left plain for the same distance. Into the open spaces the narrowest ribbon is run in and out of every three or four threads. The ribbons are of contrasting colors, and the border thus formed is unique. One apron made in this way has rainbow colors in the border. Another way is to hem the scrim both ends; in one hem run a pink satin ribbon to full it on and to serve for strings. Hemstitch the other hem and embroider a spray of pink flowers on one side. Turn the other corner over on the right side of the material and fasten with a bow of pink and dark green ribbons. These have a very dashy little look, and are especially pretty for young ladies. A very good apron for a maid is a clothespin apron made of two pieces of ticking the same size; these are fastened together in a band for the waist, the lower corners are rounded; in the upper piece of ticking make two round holes large enough to admit the hands, bind or stitch firmly around the edge. This is convenient for hanging out or taking in clothes, and the pins can be kept in it and be always ready for use. A very neat little apron can be made of the plaided crash or glass toweling. Work the alternate squares in two rows with red crewel stars; this makes a border, and if wash crewel is used the apron is very durable, and will retain its beauty after being laundered.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—At Ash Ford, a station on the Atlantic & Pacific Railway, in Northern Arizona, the water supply is brought by rail a distance of sixty miles and sold for fifty cents per barrel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—On the principle that everybody should be taught a trade, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria, is learning to make jewelry in a Tyrolese workshop.

—The theory has been started that since the usefulness of whales has largely diminished through the discovery of mineral oils for illuminating purposes, the animals might be domesticated and employed for towing ships.—*Norristown Herald.*

—We fail to see in the new extradition treaty between the United States and Italy any provision for the immediate return of organ grinders who, having broken loose from their native lair, threaten to devastate, destroy and lay waste the nervous systems of the hardly oppressed people of these United States.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An old jug with a war record is in the possession of Mr. Tharpe, a gentleman residing near Montezuma, Ga. The jug was captured by him at the first battle of Manassas, and, as it was filled with fine brandy, no doubt left by some Union officer, the gentleman appreciated its contents and carried the vessel through the remainder of the war.

—Whether or not one could catch a ball thrown from the top of Washington Monument led the catcher of a local base ball club to make a similar trial recently from the top of the water-works standpipe in Erie, Pa. The height was 248 feet, and upon the seventh attempt the deed was accomplished, but the catcher declared the sphere weighed a ton. The difficulty is not in the ball veering to either side, but in its accelerated velocity.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The dominion of the Czar of all the Russias comprises one-seventh part of the land surface of the earth, or one-twentieth part of its whole area. More than one hundred million people call the Czar father, and are under his absolute government. A child is born in Russia on an average every eight seconds throughout the year, and a death occurs every eleven seconds. The population will double in about sixty years at the present rate of increase.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A daring landlord in Berlin has introduced paper plates. Bread and butter, cakes and similar articles were served in a pretty papier mache plate, having a border in relief, and resembling porcelain. The landlord liked them because they were so cheap they could be thrown away after once using, waiters liked them for their lightness and because they were neither to be washed nor broken, and guests were delighted to take them away as souvenirs.

—"Life is full of compensations," says the Boston *Transcript*. "A backward April puts off the hateful spring cleaning." So it does; but if April was so backward that the spring cleaning could not commence until the first of September, the fall house-cleaning would follow in a couple of weeks. A woman is not going to be chiseled out of her spring house-cleaning, no matter how many months backward the season may be.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In speaking of minor ailments connected with digestion, Dr. Lander Brunton said recently that headaches were usually dependent either upon the presence of decayed teeth or of some irregularity in the eyes, more especially in the difference of focal lengths between the two. As persons who were subject to headaches in their youth grew older, bilious headache was very apt to be replaced by giddiness, and this change came when people needed spectacles.—*Boston Herald.*

—A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says the idea that fortunes are to be made in Florida without sweat of the brow is the fiction of land speculators. An orange grove in Florida is not worth a cent more than an apple orchard in New England until its owner has put into it years of hard work, much money and much impatient waiting. He thinks it could be demonstrated that a good apple-orchard pays a larger interest than the best orange grove in Florida.

The "Atlantic" Editor and the Bicycle.

Trowbridge is one of a great many professional men hereabouts who are trying to renew their muscular fibres by exercise on the modern wheel. Younger and more active men prefer the greater celerity of the bicycle and enjoy the flavor of danger that goes with the uncertain poise of two wheels. Some of our clergymen, those of the more liberal persuasions, suffer no loss of dignity in bestriding the spirited steed whose only fault is an occasional kick-up behind, and young lawyers and doctors are thickly sprinkled among the riders who may be met any pleasant day on the sandpapered roads about Boston. Mr. Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, tells, with much gusto, of his attempt to conquer the bicycle, and of the amazing eccentricities that the beast displayed at his attempted mounting. The *Atlantic* editor is a brave, though modest, young man, and the father of twins; but no man knows that he ever made a second attempt on the bicycle. He is one of the few who have given up beaten on the first trial—*Boston Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.*

How the Czar is Influenced.

The following little story illustrates the way in which the action of the Czar is controlled by those immediately about him. A gentleman who had been definitely promised a large sum of money by the Emperor waited in vain for the imperial signature that would enable him to draw it. At last he offered a subordinate a large bribe, and quickly got his due. The latter explained how it was done: "We have," he said, "always a great number of things to present for the Emperor's examination. And we know beforehand what he will be pleased to read and what will be unpleasant. Now, all depends on the order in which a petition such as yours is placed. If before it we put four or five things which will be unpleasant to the Emperor, arriving at your petition he will be in a bad humor, and will refuse it. If, on the contrary, we put before it one after another five things that will be agreeable to him to read, on reaching your petition he will be put in good humor, and will grant it at once."—"*Stepniak.*"

By the Forelock.

"So you are a doctor, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Regular graduate?"

"Yes."

"Old school?"

"Yes."

"Have you got a stomach-pump?"

"Of course."

"Used to pumping folks out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Telephone in your house?"

"Yes—No. 52,265—ring nine times."

"Very well, sir. My wife is always threatening to take poison. She'll probably do it some day. I'll telephone you. Come and pump her out. All bills paid on sight in spot-cash. Good-bye, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PROF. CHAS. P. WILLIAMS, Ph. D., of Philadelphia, states that there is neither morphia, opium nor minerals in Red Star Cough Cure.

MOTTO for crazy quilt manufacturers: "Blessed are the piece-makers."—*N. Y. Herald.*

AS A CURE FOR SORE THROAT AND COUGHS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain their good reputation. *Sold only in boxes.*

CRANBERRIES will cure dyspepsia. That's sour opinion.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A GIRL gets into a narrow glove by slight of hand.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

WANTED: Cement to mend the boy who burst into tears.

A Book Free: on the Liver, its Diseases and Cure. Dr. Sanford, 231 Broadway, New York.

HOURS of idleness—Sparking days.—*Merchant Traveler.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A MAGAZINE writer says the Indians are increasing in number. This must be an error. Not nearly so many Indians are standing in front of cigar stores to-day as there were twenty-five years ago. The girl of the period and base-ball players have crowded them out.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact that the Western cyclone is frequently charged with shop-lifting.—*Burlington Free Press.*

HOWEVER strong may be the bonds of matrimony, they are often broken by a club—the club the husband belongs to.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE difference between a play-bill and a landlord is, one is often stuck on a bill board and the other on a board bill.

"JOHNNY, it would be a good thing for you to remember in life that we never get anything in this world unless we ask for it." "Yes, we do, pa!" answered Johnny, promptly; "I got a licking in school today, and you can bet I didn't ask for it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"THERE are some things man can not do," remarks a philosopher. This is true, especially if his wife happens to say so.—*Boston Post.*

SLIPPERS are now manufactured entirely of paper, yet the small boy must not prematurely rejoice thereat.—*Lowell Citizen.*

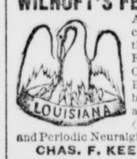
A BROOKLYN girl says she prefers Prospect Park to Central Park because both the young men and the scenery are more natural.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A "CHIN-REST" is much in favor with violinists. So excellent a device should not be confined to any particular profession or calling.—*Roxbury Advocate.*

"THAT girl is made of money!" cried Johnson, pointing to a passing millionaire heiress. "She looks like a maid of forty," answered Simmons.—*Chicago Tribune.*

COULD stealing a man's pocket-book be called a purse-nal attack?

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC



A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS C. A. DODGE & CO., Chicago, Ill. **WANTED**

RIDGE'S FOOD

Statistics show that the mortality among children is far greater in the summer months than at any other season. Health and perfect action of the bowels are assured by the use of Ridge's Food. It is neutral in its action, is readily taken by the little ones, occasions no tax upon the digestive organs, and is assimilated when the stomach rejects all else.

METAL POISON.

I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into sores on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Mercury administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless invalid. I took two dozen bottles of Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S. PETER E. LOVE,
Jan. 9, 1885. Augusta, Ga.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure.
Feb. 28, 1885. M. D. WILSON, Gainesville, Ga.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

More Than Thanks.

Fort Madison, Iowa. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "I am glad to inform you that I have tried one bottle of your Vegetable Compound and have found great relief. *I more than thank you* for your kind advice. I have never felt so well as I do now since I had these troubles." Yours Resp'y, Mrs. W. C. A——. The above is a sample of the many letters received by Mrs. Pinkham expressing gratitude for the benefit derived from her Vegetable Compound. Another letter, from Kaufman, Texas, says: "Your Compound has done me more good than all the doctors ever did, for which I thank you with all my heart." Your friend, Anna B——.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '85. Pronounced *strongest glue known.* Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass. FREE

TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS TO SQ. INCH

PILES ITCHING PILES. Symptoms—Moisture, Intense Itching, most at night. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT sure cure

It is EQUALLY EFFICACIOUS in CURING ALL **SKIN DISEASES** such as Pimples, Blotches, Rash, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, no matter how obstinate or long standing. Box, by mail, 50c. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa. Sold by Druggists

HALE & KILBURN'S FAMOUS FOLDING **BEDS** Stand Pre-eminent the world over. Greatest Variety. Richest Designs. BEST Adjusted. Most Simple. Neat. Cheap. Luxurious. Also EXTENSIVE MAKERS of the FINEST FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

RESERVOIR DESK WASHSTANDS. No Pumps. No Fever Gas. No Toilet Set. | ODORLESS COMMODES Air-tight Joint. Best ever made.

Nos. 18 & 50 N. 6th St. PHILA. and No. 706 Broadway, N. YORK.

Send for Catalogue, and kindly mention this paper

R. U. AWARE THAT **Lorillard's Climax Plug** bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings**, and that Lorillard's **Snuffs**, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters.** Sample outfit **free.** Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars. COLEMAN & PALMS.

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 80 pages. Illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

SEND 2 cent stamp for N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS and premium list. Greatest offer of Best and Cheapest Reading Matter ever made. Or send 50c for NEWS from now to Jan. 1, 1886. 25 Park Row, New York.

TELL THE TRUTH! Worship of the Golden Calf, and Prohibition and Bible, by Uncle Tim. The most spicy book of the times. Price, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. BUXTON & SKINNER STATIONERY CO., St. Louis, Mo

CLOCKS Big Money for Agents. Send for Catalogue and terms. Erie Clock Co., Erie, Pa. **CLOCKS**

Young Men If you want to become Telegraph Operators, and be guaranteed employment, address P. W. REAM, Ada, O.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

Lovely Complexion attained from Descriptive Pamphlet 2c. **Palmetto!** PALMETTO CO., 761 3rd Av., New York.

A. N. K.—C. 1034

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

If You Telephone

For the doctor, and find he is out of town, just ask your druggist to send you a bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It will relieve all those tired feelings, and prevent serious illness.

MRS. M. M. LEWIS, *A street, near Powell, Lowell, Mass.:* I suffered from Headache, Indigestion, and Debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I have taken less than two bottles, and now feel strong and well as ever.

MRS. S. EMBOSY, *11 Newton Place, Holyoke, Mass.:* For more than two years I have suffered constantly from Headache and Indigestion. A little over a month ago a friend urged me to try a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did try it, and before I had finished the second bottle, my headache disappeared, my appetite returned, my food digested properly, and my health was completely restored.

MRS. S. FISKE, *Chelsea, Mass.:* I have been troubled with severe Headaches, for years, but since taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla have not had an attack.

Copyrighted.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

e copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 10 lines-0 cents per square for each additional inser ion. Special contracts for advertising longer han three months

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

The *Democrat* finds fault with an editorial published by us sometime ago with regard to the appointment of Bailiff. That small journal of small circulation, says we "deliberately perverted the truth in regard to certain facts attending the election of a town bailiff." Now the assertions of the REPUBLICAN or *Democrat* are not proof upon the question at issue, but we beg to remind the *Democrat* that the proof can be had from the records and from the officials who were present when the election refered to took place. We stand ready to prove our assertions. We dare the *Democrat* to try to prove its assertions. The proof will convict either the REPUBLICAN or the *Democrat* of being a deliberate perverter of the truth. We dare the *Democrat* to the proof on this point.

In our editorial of week before last, in defence of the business interest of our town, we made no offensive personal attack upon the *Democrat* or its editor, on the contrary, we made an open, straightforward, truthful and manly defence of a class of business men who had been attacked by an unknown individual, (who had not the manhood or courage to sign his name to his article,) backed by the influence of the *Democrat*. In making this defence we knew full well that the merchants we were defending were a small minority in this community, and we knew just as well that the attack was prompted by the idea that the correspondent had the majority on his side. With the large majority (as he supposed) at his back, he saw proper to make the attack through an anonymous communication, which is regarded by all decent people as the most cowardly and detestable mode of attack known to modern journalism. Then the *Democrat* undertakes to gull the people into believing that this unwarantable attack, made in such an illegitimate manner, was prompted by a desire on its part to subserve the public interest. Seeing his blunder too late to remedy it the editor tries to divert attention from his conspicuous failure, by making his attack upon us, and whining about personalities. It is the old story of the thief crying "stop thief." We are perfectly willing to leave to the public to decide whether the course of the REPUBLICAN or *Democrat* has been commendable in this particular piece of business.

The *Democrat* pretends that it does not care for the "opinions or expressions of the REPUBLICAN," because, it says, "they are entitled to no respectable weight." If the *Democrat* is honest in this, why does it whine and yelp like a whipped hound every time the REPUBLICAN applies the lash, even mildly?

Again, we beg to inform the *Democrat*, and all others concerned, that the editor whose name "illuminates the editorial page" of this paper, is alone responsible for its editorial sentiments and utterances. Whatever we have to say we say editorially so there may be no doubt as to who is responsible for our utterances. We do not attack our readers and subscribers or others over a fictitious signature, nor do we call upon others to do so through our columns. We endeavor to discharge our duty to the public and to our patrons at all times, but we do so in our own way, and according to our own judgement, and not according to the wishes or desires of any self-constituted regulator of other men's affairs. In this course we shall continue, although, the whole pack "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" included, should continue to yelp at our heels.

We feel that, perhaps, we owe our readers an apology for taking up so much of our space with a reply to some untruthful assertions and insinuations contained in the *Democrat* of last week. There are two grave objections to making a reply of this kind. One is, that it takes up a great deal of our space, with matter which in the main does not interest the public. The other and greater is, that it gives a paper of small circulation, like the *Democrat*, an amount of advertising which it would not be likely to get in any other way.

In future, unless we have reason to change our present intention, we will only reply editorially to such matters as we deem of public importance.

The Common Ground.

The Philadelphia *Press* of the 11th inst., contains the following interesting article on all men who believe that there should be a fair vote and an honest count at every ballot-box in the land. It says:

"There is one purpose which all wings of the Republican party desire to accomplish, no matter what differences may have divided them in the past. This is the necessity of establishing fair and honest elections in every state in the Union. Until this object is attained, the people cannot give an impartial verdict upon any question of governmental policy, and consequently until it is settled, and settled rightly, all other issues must wait.

The leading place which this topic occupies in the speeches of prominent Republicans, and the interest which its discussion invariably excites, show how strong a hold it has taken upon the public mind. The injustice done to the Northern voter by the frauds and intimidation practised in the states of the South is too palpable to escape the attention of any intelligent man in the nation. That it will be permitted to continue is a libel upon their sense of right and justice.

At present a minority of voters in the Southern States, aided by intimidation and combined with a minority in the Northern States, controls the presidency, with all its vast powers, and the lower House of Congress. The representation granted the South for its colored population, who are not allowed to vote, gave Cleveland his majority in the Electoral College and the Democratic party its majority in the House of Representatives. And so, by exercising the colored man's right of suffrage as well as his own, the white man in the South can exert double or treble the influence a Northern voter can in shaping the laws and directing the policy of the general Government.

To right this wrong and place every voter in the land upon an equal footing is the object towards which the Republican party has rigidly set its face. The indignation excited by the recent appointment to a Government position of an abettor and endorser of political murder in Mississippi was one evidence only of the people's determination that they will no longer submit tamely to this gross injustice. One of the most influential of the Mugwump papers announces emphatically that upon this question it is unreservedly with the Republicans. A few white livered renegades may chatter that this is reviving the bloody shirt and thrashing over the old straws, as the rosewater patriots of 1861 were anxious chiefly to have the rebellion crushed by "constitutional" methods only. But now, as twenty-four years ago, the Republican party plants its banner upon the rock of justice and summons to its ranks all men who believe that there should be a fair vote and an honest count at every ballot-box in the land."

Good Reasons for Resigning.

Col. John E, Bryant, Republican, has been succeeded as United States' marshal of Georgia, by J. W. Nelms, Democrat, thus explains his resignation: "I saw that the Democratic newspapers of the State, voicing the wishes of the Democratic masses of Georgia, demanded my removal from office. It had been my determination, from the time that I knew of the result of the last election, to resign in December next, because I was unwilling to serve under a Democratic administration. I believe that the administration should have in the principal offices men who are in sympathy with the policy of the administaation. It is well-known that I am a Republican. I fought on that side during the war, and for twenty years since the war. I believe it would be dishenorable for me holding a position under the Democratic administration to publicly express opinions in opposition to those of the administration. I am unwilling to remain silent for four years, the length of my term of office. Therefore I decided to resign."

It is reported in New York that Gen. Grant has written a letter, addressed to the press of the country, of which this is a rough draft: "Gentlemen of the Press: It is with regret, not entirely unmixed with pleasure, that I apologise to you all for the trouble and expense which my *untimely* recovery has entailed upon you all. I am assured upon reliable authority, that most, if not all of you, have already in type lengthy obituary notices, written in anticipation of my Providentially-averted demise. It is not every person who is vouchsafed the grim satisfaction of reading his own obituary, therefore, gentlemen, I shall feel glad if one and all will send me the proof-sheets of the articles in question. The reason I ask it is this: Errors and discrepancies always are apt to creep into such articles, and I should only be too happy to devote the remainder of my life in correcting them, in order when the time actually arrives the public may have a true account.

Yours, etc.,

U. S. GRANT.

P. S.—I shall deal altogether with correcting errors in facts and not interfere with any sentiments you thought fit to express,"—*San Francisco News Letter*.

Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and do not be pursuaded to take any other. Sold by all druggists.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, June 13.—*Bradstreet's Journal*, in its commercial summary, says: "The generally unfavorable conditions affecting trade reported by *Bradstreet's* last week continue unpleasantly prominent. The volume of merchandise moving, so far as data concerning it are obtainable, is light as compared with like periods in preceding years. The accumulation of surplus funds at leading business centers east and west shows no signs of the beginning of a permanent check. The dry goods market presents no encouraging feature. At Boston trade is dull with commission houses and only fair with jobbers. Prices in some lines are unsettled. The $3,500,000 to $4,000,000 sales of flannels at New York this week were unsatisfactory as to prices, sharp cuts in price being a prime inducement to buyers. The enforced idleness among the iron mills in the west has resulted in a somewhat better feeling in merchant iron at various points, though no large sales are reported.

There has been some slight gain in the Philadelphia pig iron market, but none of these reported improvements have been noteworthy except by contrast with previous dullness. Akron, Ohio, pig iron is reaching out into the Hudson River valley and into New England in consequence of favoring railway freights, and Southern pig iron continues to come northeast, though as reported in reduced quantities since the advance of 50 cents per ton in freight rates. The production of Eastern and Western pig iron has declined 2,800 tons per week since May 1.

The condition of the anthracite coal trade is less gratifying, the competition between carrying companies being so intense as to result in the invasion of the Philadelphia market by Delaware and Hudson coal, which sold below the market. The movement of grocery stples has been restricted, with sugar easier and coffee lower.

BOSTON, June 13.—The *Advertiser*, in its weekly review of the wool market says:

The market presents few new features, and we can make but few changes in quotations. The tone is fairly steady, and sales would have been larger had not manufacturers been interested in the large auction sales of flannels and had awaited the result before purchasing. There has not been, however, much holding back on this account, for manufacturers are now stocking up ahead of their wants and are buying only as their orders compel them to. New wools are not selling freely, and transactions, with the exception of Texas and California, are mostly in old wool. The market is, perhaps, a shade easier for lots of X fleeces, but XX is firm. There have been larger sales of Michigan. Some little Texas has been sold above 23c, one lot at 24c, and another at 25c, but these are for fancy lots and do not make a market quotation. New Texas can be sold on a basis of 55a57½c per scoured pound, but above that manufacturers are not paying in a general way.

CONNELLSVILLE, June 13.—The Keystone *Courier* says: The iron strike has as yet had no effect upon the coke trade. Shipments continue at about 530 cars daily and the prospects are even a shade brighter than they were two weeks ago though a continuance of the strike must eventually depress trade.

The Political Situation in Three Acts.

Act I.—Removal, because of alleged offensive Republican partisanship.

Act II.—Appointed because of well-known active Democratic partisanship.

Act III.—Civil Service Reform knocked out in the first round.

Afterpiece—Awaiting the action of the Senate.

BALTIMORE, MD., June 15.—Henry A. Myers was found guilty in criminal court to-day of beating his wife, Sophie, and her father, Philip Marzi. Judge Stewart, in view of the brutal character of the assault on the wife, sentenced him to receive 20 lashes, to pay a fine of $10 and to be imprisoned for one year. This is the first instance in which a white man was sentenced to the lash.

While General Grant was President, he put Mrs. A. L. Long in charge of the postoffice at Charlottsville, Va. She has held the position ever since, and has just been re-appointed by President Cleveland. There is, by the way, a peculiar interest attached to this lady. While being a daughter of that stout-hearted Union soldier, Gen, E. V. Sumner, her husband was Gen. Lee's Chief of Artillery. He is still living but is blind, and she is the sole support of him and their three children. She is described as "a model official a lovely and cultured woman."

Those who can command themselves command others.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1885.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1885, *Levied by the County Commissioners, at June Session*, 1885.

ROAD LEVY.

District No.	1—Swanton	$ 450 00
" "	2—Selbysport	700 00
" "	3—Grantsville	700 00
" "	4—Bloomington	550 00
" "	5—Accident	700 00
" "	6—Sang Run	550 00
" "	7—Oakland	800 00
" "	8—Ryans Glade	600 00
" "	9—Johnson's	130 00
" "	10—Deer Park	300 00
" "	11—Elbow	300 00
Total		$5,780 00

NATIONAL ROAD.

National road for 1886	$400 00
Simon Caton, for 1885	75 00
James Carey, " "	70 00
T. W. Frost, " "	60 00
C. Schramm, " "	75 00
Wm. Tressler, " "	60 00
Nicholas Platter for 1885	60 00
Total	$800 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

H G. Davis, road at Deer Park	$ 15 00
Joseph Warnick, road	25 00
Jacob Stuck, road, use Alex, Poland	20 00
Edward Deal, Barnes road, use D. H. Loar	75 00
Wm. Ross, of H. Gregg Mill road	15 00
Geo. W. Wilt, road	50 00
John Brenneman, Bender road	159 97
Franklin Suter, road	50 00
Josiah Wolf, road	26 94
F. McRobie, use A. Wilson, road	75 00
Norman Jacobs, road	20 00
John M. Tichnell, road	50 00
Daniel Wilson, Burk road	30 00
J. H. Gregg, Gregg road	125 00
Casper Schramm, roads	15 00
David H. Friend, road	10 00
Samuel Beachy, Stanton road	200 00
Henry Shank, Swanton road	20 00
Isaac H. Kooken, Rhodes Hill road	15 00
John Sanders, Jr. White road	50 00
Dorsey Ashby, Ashby road	15 00
Parker Ashby, west end Browning road	15 00
Henry Spoerlin, Church road	10 00
Adam Garinger, Accident road	4 50
Charles Leese, National road	15 00
C. A. Dodge, road	8 00
Newton Guard, Mill road	10 00
William L. Rawlings, Bloomington road	5 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Sang Run road	45 00
Total	$1,175 33

ROAD EXPENSES.

Wm. H. H. Friend, surveyor, one day	$ 5 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	15 00
John L. Fitzwater, examiner	6 00
Wm. Sharpless, "	6 00
Cyrus W. Peters, chain carrier, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
James Rowan, chain carrier	2 00
Francis McRobie, axman, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor and examiner	15 00
John M. Titchnell, examiner	2 00
Joshua Titchnell, axman	2 00
A. J. Warnick, chain carrier	2 00
—— Titchnell " "	2 00
A. C. Mason, surveyor	10 00
J. Z. Browning, examiner	2 00
A. Freeland "	2 00
J. R. Browning, chain carrier	2 00
J. D. Friend, "	2 00
John Edmunds, axman	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	10 00
T. W. Castell, examiner	4 00
Theo. Beckman, "	4 00
Henry Lee, "	4 00
Miller Junkins, chain carrier	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	20 00
Otho Speelman, examiner	5 00
Emanuel Custer, "	5 00
Geo. Stuck, chain carrier, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
John Kesler, chain carrier	2 00
C. B. Stuck, axman, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	8 00
Wm. White, examiner	2 00
Wm. Grove, "	2 00
N. Barnard, "	2 00
J. W. Smith, chain carrier	2 00
J. A. Delawder "	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	5 00
G. W. Wilson, "	10 00
Daniel Conneway, examiner	4 00
Joseph Irons, "	4 00
Henry Shafer, "	4 00
Wm. Coneway, axman	4 00
Margaret Kennedy, damages	50 00
A. C Hamill, surveyor	3 00
Total	$243 00

BRIDGES.

King Iron Bridge Co. balance for iron bridge at Elkins	$ 442 00
Canton, Ohio, Co., iron bridge over Yough river	1,800 00
Jos. W. Cogley, abutments for same, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland	412 00
E. M. Friend, Friends bridge	150 58
Kalita Michael, Mill run bridge	35 00
Daniel Yommer, bridges	40 00
Wm. McCabe, Buffalo bridge	25 00
Michael Custer, Hoover bridge	50 00
A. J. Lancaster, Savage bridge	26 24
John Wilhelm, Wilhelm bridge	84 97
White, Gleeson & Co., iron for Wilhelm bridge	49 01
J. A. Michael & Co., lumber for bridges	41 49
P. M. Stemple, lumber for bridges	3 75
J. W. Shillingburg, making fill to bridge	3 00
J. T. Mitchell, locating bridge	2 00
Rudolph Beckmah, Deep Creek bridge	25 00
John H Friend and Samuel Faulkner Buffalo bridge	20 00
Hoyes run bridge	40 00
Gregg bridge	300 00
George Shartzer, Bald hill run bridge	50 00
Total	$3,600 01

PENSIONS.

George Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker,	$ 12 00
Mathias Bowser, support Elijah Johnson	12 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	25 00
W. H. H. Friend, " John Schroyer,	25 00
Otho Speelman, " J. M. Davis,	15 00
J. Guard, " Ruth King,	15 00
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau, use John Shartzer	20 00
Rudolph Beckman, support, M. Brobst	20 00
Wm. Ryland, support Calvin Uppole,	25 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	20 00
J. S. Broadwater, support D. A. Durst,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Samuel Bosley, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Etta Shafer and child	5 00
J. H. Wilson, support Mary Friend and family	30 00
Alex. Lower, support Etta Shafer and child	15 00
Felty Bros. support Etta Shafer & child	10 00
J. A. Grant, support Rebecca Sagers,	5 00
W. P. Totten, support Margaret Nair,	10 00
Geo. D. Frantz, support Mariah Wable	10 00
J. Guard, support Ruth King,	10 00
Ralph T. Browning, support Caroline Cole	15 00
Isaac H. Thorpe, support Susan Beale,	50 00
Aaron Wilhelm, support F. B. Stokes,	25 00
P. T. Garthright, support Windsor Dimmitt,	25 00
Kate Sisler, support Harriet A. Uppole	10 00
Frederick Vansickle, support self,	25 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whorrel	15 00
C. A. Mullen, support Z. Manier and family	25 00
Eli Stanton, support Michael Foy,	15 00
Jonas Tice, support Mary Durst,	20 00
I. M. Umbel, support Isaac Rodeaver,	15 00
Caroline Frazee, support Ruth King,	52 00
Geo. Bittinger, support Mrs. W. Spiker	20 00
Henry Winterberg, support Mrs Henry Durst,	20 00
Andrew Deitrick, support Margaret Deitrick,	52 00
Saml. Fike, support Nancy Vansickle	40 00
Nathah Browning, support Jane Lewis	10 00
Isabelle McKinzie, support William Switzer,	15 00
Wm Ryland, support John Deitrick,	10 00
Elizabeth Jenkins, support Rachel Friend's children,	20 00
Saml. Faulkner, support Jno Schroyer	10 00
Mrs. J. M. McHugh, support self and children,	20 00
V. Kahl, support Beckey Knox,	4 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	30 00
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau,	28 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	15 00
W. S. Pew, support George Wood,	25 00
A. F. Getty, support William Hoover,	20 00
M. Bowser, support Henry Hair,	15 00
Rudolph Beckman, support Mary Brobst,	20 00
Mary Lish, support Louisa Lish,	15 00
C. T. West, support Harry Upperman,	15 00
W. M. Thayer, support Mary Lipscomb	20 00
D. H. Loar, support Caroline Cole,	13 00
Total	$1,053 00

FOX AND WILD CAT CERTIFICATES.

C. A. Murphy,	3 foxes,		$ 3 00
Daniel Wilson,		3 cats,	6 00
A. J. Rodes,	1	"	1 00
Chas. H. Johnson,	1	"	1 00
Jas. M. McKinzie,	3	"	3 00
Gilbert B Warnick,	2	"	2 00
Michael Nathan,	4	"	4 00
S. P. Specht,	6	"	6 00
J. S. Broadwater	4	"	4 00
Daniel E Beckman,	3	"	3 00
Isaac M. Umbel,	10	"	10 00
James Weir,	6	"	6 00
Jonas Frazee,	7	"	7 00
William Ryland,	4	"	4 00
H. C. Shaw,	4	" 1 "	6 00
A. Wass & Son,	10	" 3 "	16 00
C. T. West,	8	" 2 "	12 00
P. T. Garthright,	2	" 1 "	4 00
C. W. Friend,	4	"	4 00
J. W. Abernathy,	1	"	1 00
Isaac T. Frazee,	1	"	1 00
Wm. H. Chapman,	1	"	1 00
Peter Nathan,	1	"	1 00
David Warnick,	1	"	1 00
Walter Warnick,	1	"	1 00
A. Mullen,		1 "	2 00
S. D. Hummel,	4	"	4 00
W. S. Pew,	3	" 2 "	7 00
Townshend & Son,	11	" 2 "	15 00
C. J. Otto,		1 "	2 00
J. E. Gnagey,	27	" 1 "	29 00
G. W. Merrill,	2	"	2 00
G. W. Legge,	13	"	13 00
James H Wilson,		1 "	2 00
D. H. Loar,	5	"	5 00
W. P. Totten,	3	"	3 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro	4	"	4 00
Peter W. Connell,	1	" 1 "	3 00
Thompson Lower,	1	"	1 00
Jacob Becket,	3	"	3 00
Lafayette Friend,	1	"	1 00
John Brenneman,	2	"	2 00
John Sines,		1 "	2 00
Wm. R. Drane,	3	"	3 00
John W. Biggs,	1	"	1 00
O. H. Fazenbaker,		1 "	2 00
H. W. Hessen,	1	"	1 00
John Shartzer,	17	"	17 00
John Warnick,	1	"	1 00
W. H. Tower,	6	"	6 00
S. M. Friend,	3	"	3 00
M. Bowser,	18	" 4 "	26 00
Thos. Harvey,	2	"	2 00
G. W. Wilson,	2	"	2 00
Total			$272 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

R. J. West, return judge	$ 8 72
Otho Paugh, judge	4 00
Henry Shank, judge	4 00
Truman West, clerk	4 00
Geo. Kitzmiller, clerk, use D. E. Offutt	4 00
C. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jonas Wass, return judge	10 16
Wm. A. Coddington, judge	4 00
Lucien Frazee, judge	4 00
Geo. M. Steele, clerk	4 00
A. J. Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent, use Jonas Frazee	5 00

District No. 3.

Gregory Bevans, return judge	9 92
Francis Spicer, judge	4 00
John Bancord, judge	4 00
Jacob Fresh, clerk	4 00
A. J. Bevans, clerk	4 00
Mrs. Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Wm. L. Rawlings return judge	9 76
Wm. O. McGorwin, judge	4 00
Patrick Carey, judge	4 00
Wm. Mullin, clerk	4 00
Henry C. Newbery, clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Geo. Schlosnagle, return judge	9 60
Nelson McGettigan, judge	4 00
A. C. DeWitt, judge	4 00
Horace R. DeWitt, clerk	4 00
Henry Kale, clerk	4 00
Geo. F. Engiehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Christian Selders, return judge	8 56
Jacob Pysell, judge	4 00
Levi Echard, judge	4 00
Geo. D. Browning, clerk, use S. M. Friend	4 00
Josegh F. Frantz, clerk	4 00
" " " house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Geo. F. Loughridge, return judge, use John Shartzer	6 00
E. D. Kepner, judge	4 00
Stephen Browning judge	4 00
H. A. Ison, clerk	4 00
Patrick Hamill, Jr., clerk, use John Shartzer	4 00

District No. 8.

Francis Martin, return judge	8 40
James W. White, judge	4 00
Robert Lee, judge	4 00
George W. Ward, clerk	4 00
Guavora J. Lee, clerk	4 00
Sophronia Grimes, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Bazil Anderson, return judge	11 68
Henry Blocher, judge	4 00
Adam Rosenbarger, judge	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Robert J. Head, return judge	8 24
J. S. Laughlin, judge	4 00
E. W. Kelso, judge	4 00
Benjamin Thrasher, clerk	4 00
W. S. Lantz, clerk	4 00
Samuel J. Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

Jesse Robinson, return judge	11 12
W. W. Broadwater, judge	4 00
Jas. T. Pollard, judge	4 00
F. T. Wilhelm, clerk	4 00
Nelson J. Robeson, clerk	4 00
Jos. Warnick, of W., house rent	5 00
Total	$328 16

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A. B. Gonder	$ 84 15
Henry Winterberg	8 00
W. W. Griffith	18 30
M. M. Fazenbaker	5 35
Levi C. Fike	13 35
R. B. Jamison, use W. P. Totten	4 80
Wm. McRobie	3 60
A. J. Warnick, use E. Margroff	12 00
E. F. Droege	22 10
Total	$171 65

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Richard Fairall	$ 2 45
C. H. Liston	23 67
Geo. A. Wegman, deputy	22 40
Valentine Kahl	15 20
Isaac H. Kooken, deputy	2 70
E. B. Crim	12 75
Jonn Shillingburg	11 15
George Marley	25 80
A. J. Lancaster	1 50
J. W. Cropp	9 10
Total	$126 72

REGISTRARS.

H. O. Hamill, use Edward Hoye	$ 52 00
R. E. Friend	56 00
Isaiah Fuller, use W. R. Getty,	56 00
G. T. Michael,	45 00
S. H. Ryland	56 00
N. C. Browning	52 00
A. J. Harne, use D. E. Offutt,	52 00
William F. Deakens,	52 00
George L. Layman, use W. R. Getty,	56 00
P. M. Stemple,	48 00
J. C. Chaney, use D. E. Offutt,	56 00
Total,	$581 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland hospital 5 patients to Dec. 31, 1885	$822 50
Montevue hospital 1 patient to July 1, 1885	150 00
Total,	$972 50

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of Bonds,	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds,	420 00
Total,	$1,420 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For redemption of Bonds,	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds,	1,020 00
Total,	$2,020 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The County School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools,	$8,000 00

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, 77 recognizances	$ 256 66
Same 34 misdemeanors,	113 33
Same 5 felonies,	50 00
J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, trial fees approved by court	460 00
B. A. Richmond, State's Attorney for Allegany Co., trial of Lewis Shatzer,	40 00
Peddicord & Thayer 8 misdemeanors,	26 66
Same 1 felony	10 00
G. S. Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
G. S. Hamill & R. T. Semmes, 1 felony, use R. T. Semmes	10 00
Veitch & Townshend, attorney in civil cases	90 00
Total,	$1,063 31

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W. H. Tower fees, use E. Z. Tower	$ 100 00
Same balance	966 40
Same estimate to pay expenses of Sept Court, 1885, and May Court, 1886,	2,200 00
W. H. Tower May Court, 1885, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	500 00
Total	$3,766 40

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$300 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

M. R. Hamill, use 3d National Bank Cumberland	$150 00
Same, use G. S. Hamill	263 85
Same, balance	912 63
Total	$1356 48

REMOVED CASE.

County Commissioners of Allegany county, costs in case of State vs. Lewis Shartzer	$661 80

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Andrew Mullen	$130 00
Geo. E. Bishoff	122 00
Wright Thayer, use Eli McMillen	40 47
Same, use Edward Hoye	70 00
Same, balance	27 03
G. W. Merrill, clerk	400 00
Total	$789 50

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

John B. Fay, printing per contract	$400 00
Same, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st, 1886	200 00
James A. Hayden, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st, 1886	200 00
Total	$800 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. H. Hagans auditing Guard's account, 1879	32 00
W. H. Tower, auditing Guard's account, 1879	32,00
E. J. Fringer painting jail, use D. E. Offutt	53 50
Shealtiel Lodge No. 122, I. O. O. F., for grave lot	3 00
R. White, janitor, use Second National Bank Cumberland	25 00
Same use W. P. Totten	50 00
Same balance	75 00
J. W. Cropp, jail warden, use Second National Bank, Cumberland,	30 00
Same balance	298 00
Dr. A. F. Speicher professional services to paupers	15 00
D. E. Offutt, goods furnished jail	8 85
Dr. B. T. Keller professional services to paupers and prisoners	45 50
W. P. Totten, coal and goods for court house and jail	166 05
G. A. Shirer, stoves, &c., for jail	17 93
J. F. Browning, coffin and fuderal expenses for pauper	10 00
Peter Keefer, coffin and funeral expenses for pauper	10 00
Dr. A. S. Fichtner, professional services to paupers	10 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro, 14 foxes 1 wild cat	16 00
Jasper Guard, insolvent taxes 1878 and 1879	12 42
Daniel T. Thayer, 1 load kindling wood, use P. T. Garthright	3 50
George Schlossnagle, removing trees out of road	1 25
Glades Hotel, boarding jurors May, '85	19 50
M. R. Hamill use G. W. Griffith, balance on account	18 16
John Shartzer, goods for jail	11 73
A. G. Sturgiss, medicine for inmates of jail	54 85
Dr. J. Lee McComas, professional services to inmates of jail	50 00
John Harned, making survey and plat in case of Lewis Shartzer	15 00
F. Evans, assisting in case of Lewis Shartzer	3 00
P. H. Echard, fees for holding inquest,	6 44
Wm. Coddington, taxes paid in error in 1882, 1883 and 1884	5 10
J. T. Mitchell, services rendered on assessments	50 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whirrel	10 00
Dr. D. T. E. Casteel, post mortem, use Wm. Casteel	5 00
F. Mertens, Coupons 1878	150 00
" " " 1879	150 00
F. Mertens, interest on bonds for 1878 and 1879	252 00
E. Margroff, insolvent taxes	435 20
R. T. Browning, collector, 112 assessments	56 00
Wm. Broderick, making fence along county road in consideration of damages	39 00
Silas Walters 1 coffin	5 00
Burgess of Oakland	200 00
J. M. Davis, Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Wm. F. Enlow, Legislative road	10 00
T. J. Rallston, use A. S. Sell, roads	14 34
Total,	$2,515 32
Contingent Fund	$3,641 46

COLLECTORS' COMMISSIONS.

R. T. Browning commission on county taxes	$2,199 45
R. T. Browning commission on State taxes	352 03
Total,	$2,551 48

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5,780 00
National Road	800 00
Road Appropriations	1,175 33
Road Expenses	243 00
Bridges	3,600 04
Pensions	1,053 00
Fox and wild cat certificates	272 00
Election expenses	328 16
Magistrates' fees	171 65
Constables' fees	126 72
Registrars	581 00
Hopitals	972 50
Court house fund	1,420 00
Garrett county school debt	2,020 00
Public schools	8,000 00
Attorneys' fees	1,063 31
Clerk's office	3,766 40
Orphans' court	300 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,356 48
Removed case	661 80
Commissioners office	789 50
Printing and publishing	800 00
Miscellaneous	2,515 32
Contingent fund	3,641 46
Collectors' commissions	2,551 48
Total	$43,989 15
Total assessment	$3,910,147 00
At $1.12½ on each $100	$ 43,989 15

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on each $100 assessable property, which, added to the $1.12½ for county purposes, makes the sum of $1.31¼ on each $100 of assessable property in Garrett county for the year 1885.

Basis for State tax	$3,754,091 60
At 18¾	$ 7,040 60

G. W. MERRILL,
Clerk to Commissioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

—A. No. 1 butter at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Wanted, 1,000 pounds rags, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Wanted, 1,000 dozen eggs at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Dr. Goldsborough and family occupy their cottage on Oak street.

—The locusts have not made their appearance in this neighborhood.

—Just think of it, 16 pounds of sugar for $1, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—I. W. T. H. & L. P. M. which means I will try Harne & Lawton's pearl meal,

—Persons wishing strawberries to put up for the winter should leave their orders at once at Weber's.

—The tax rate in Allegany county, for state and county purposes for 1885, is $1.03 on the $100.

—R. B. P. F. C., which means rock bottom prices for cash, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Maj. Hill's cottage has been placed in communication with the Oakland depot by a telephone line.

—Father O'Sullivan, who was for a time stationed at Oakland, has been appointed Bishop of Mobile, Alabama.

—If you want a hay rake for $15 call on John Shartzer. If it don't give satisfaction bring it back and your money will be refunded.

—The American Society of Civil Engineers will hold its annual convention at Deer Park, June 26, 27, 28 and 29.

—Died, at her home in Grantsville, Md., June 10th, 1885, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Julia Kurtz, aged 68 years, 2 months and 9 days.

—Died, near Salisbury, at Engle's Mill, June 10th, 1885, Wm. Sherman, son of John J. and Sarah Engle, aged 1 year, 10 months and 30 days.

—John Shartzer has just received a car load of bone dust, dissyoled bone, phosphate and calvert guano, which will be sold on reasonable terms.

—Married, on the morning of the 16th inst, near the Forks Lutheran church, by Rev. J. B. Shoup, Andrew J. Oester to Lucinda Brenneman.

—Bring in your buggies and wagons and have them repainted. Shop over Naylor & Richardson's wagon shop, Z. F. MALONE,
6 6 4t. Carriage Painter.

—The Lutheran congregation will have their church remodeled by June 28th, at which time there will be a re-opening service. The pastor in charge will have several other ministers to assist him on the occasion.

—There will be another pic-nic at McHenry near the Celebrated Boiling Spring, on July 4th, 1885. All wishing first-class amusement are cordially invited to attend. Refreshments will be on the ground. By order of committee.

—The improvements and additions to the Kepner house on the corner of of Alder and Fourth streets are now completed, and the property presents a handsome appearance. The carpenter work was done under the superintendence of Mr. John A. Wolf.

—The Meyersrale (Pa.) *Commercial* has been changed from a weekly to a semi-weekly journal. The days of publication are Monday and Thursday. The size has been enlarged from forty-eight to fifty-six columns, thus giving eight more columns of matter. The *Commercial* is fully up to the measure of a first class journal in every respect, and should receive the support it deserves.

—Associate Judge Henry W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, will deliver the address of welcome at the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association, which begins at Deer Park on the 7th of July next, and Mr. P. A. Witmer, of Hagerstown, will respond. The sessions will be continued on the 8th and 9th and an exceedingly interesting and instructive programme has been arranged for by the Executive Committee of the Association.

—A number of carp were caught with hook and line in the "Dead Pond," near Oakland this week. Four, weighing between 3 and 4 pounds each were caught by Mr. Theo. F. Combs. Messrs. Thos. R. White and Wm. Coddington were also successful in taking a number. The bait used was bread, a mixture of dough and cotton, fresh meat and vegetables. Mr. Combs also caught a 17-pound turtle of the "snapper" species.

—At a meeting of the Board of Health Tuesday evening of last week, the following named gentlemen were appointed as members to act in conjunction with the Board throughout the county: Dist. No. 1, C. M. Miller, and C. T. West; No. 2, R. E. Friend and H. M. Frazee; No. 3, Drs. Getty and Bevans; No. 4, Dr. Kemp add W. A. Brydon; No. 5, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty and J. E. Gnagey; No. 6, D. H. Friend and Nathan C. Browning; No. 8, Dr. Dunham, W. F. Deakins and J. W. Mason; No. 9, Sam'l. Johnson and G. T. Layman; No. 10, Mr. Laughlin and E. C. Tilson; No. 11, John F. Robeson and John Wilhelm. Those for No. 7 had already been announced.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

OAKLAND, MD., June 15, 1885.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please call the attention of the Board of Health to the fact that dead carcasses are being hauled out to the east end of town and left unburied. This is not only annoying to the citizens of this end of town, but it is likely to produce disease. All dead carcasses should be buried or burned.

J. A. W.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter will visit Accident, Md., June 23d, and remain a few days. Persons wishing work done should call early and make arrangements, as his time is limited.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Stove Wood for Sale.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish and deliver to the residents of Oakland, dry stove wood, cut ready for use, at a reasonable price. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

6 6 3t. WM. CASTEEL.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Looking for a Summer Camp Ground.

Capt. Goddard, Lieut. Roberts, Sergt. Johnson and Corporal White, of the Washington Light Infantry, arrived at Oakland Saturday. They were here to select a point suitable for the annual summer encampment of the command. The committee were met here by Col. Wardwell and Lieut. Browning, who accompanied them to Deer Park. The members of the committee will report in favor of Deer Park, and the command will probably encamp there in July or August. The command numbers about 400.

Mountain Lake Park.

There have arrived since I wrote last week, Mr. Gilbert's family, of Piedmont, Mr. Burnes, of Pittsburg, Rev. C. P. Masden's family, of St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. H. C. Sharp, of New Philadelphia, Ohio. Dr. and Mrs. Frysinger were here from Saturday until Monday, on their way to Kansas, where the Dr. conducts an assembly. He will return in time to take part in ours in August.

Prof. J. White, from the W. Va. University at Morgantown, is now occupying the Baumgardner cottage.

Children's day was observed here in a very pleasant and profitable way. We used most of the regular programme prepared for this occasion, and in addition to this we had very interesting addresses from Rev. M. W. Rider, Dr. Frysinger, Miss Sherman and Mr. Oliver, and a reading by Miss Mollie Garthright and Mrs. F. L. Sperry. Several of the people of Oakland were present and kindly assisted us in the singing.

We held our first meeting in the new hall last Thursday night, and used the Auditorium on Sunday for the first time this season.

Accident.

Plenty good rains.

Crops all doing well, wheat excepted.

Rain every Sunday for seven weeks, they say.

Rev. J. J. Young is here on a visit. He has preached to large audiences.

Mr. John E. Gnagey and family are visiting friends in Grantsville and vicinity.

It is expected that one of the largest Normals ever held in Garrett will be held here commencing July 23d.

Miss E. C. Butler, of Washington, will commence a music class soon.

The prospect for fruit was never much better.

Dr. A. F. Speicher and wife, of Salisbury, Pa., were here on a visit last week.

Mr. Jonas Tice, who had his eye injured last winter, has visited Baltimore to consult Prof. Chisholm and the Faculty in charge of the Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. It was deemed best to remove the injured eye which was done by Prof. Chisholm.

Quite a number of our people attended the communion services held at the Forks church. Services by Revs. Shoup and J. J. Young, former pastor here.

New barns and houses are still going up. The shingle and lumber business is good.

We have been accused of being the means indirectly of people being assessed for new buildings. It has been intimated that the tax collector scans the locals to see who are building. In the future that much news must be left out, we presume. Quite a number of Western folks take THE REPUBLICAN for the purpose of keeping run of events in their old home in Garrett. But people are very sensitive and there are so many limitations, this, that and the other being objected to by people who are always ready to imagine that their own particular toes are being pinched, when nothing of the kind would be thought of, that the simplest and easiest way would be to let the "let-alone-system" have a trial.

An Indignation Meeting.

Our quiet little neighboring town of Romney, W. Va., was yesterday treated to a genuine sensation. It appears that the office of Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue there has been held for years by a Republican named Harry Worden. Mr. McGraw, the newly appointed Democratic Collector of Internal Revenue for the West Virginia district, re-appointed Mr. Worden to the position he held under the Republican Collector. As a number of Democrats were after the office, which it is understood pays $1,000 a year, this action of the new Collector was not received with a great amount of enthusiasm; in fact, it was received with something bordering on disgust. The dissatisfaction began in mutterings deep, but soon became open, public and decided. It culminated yesterday morning in a meeting at which several speeches were made, expressive of the indignation which filled the bosoms of the faithful. After the meeting came the real fun. This consisted of cutting down the majestic Cleveland and Hendricks pole which graced the center of the town. This was done, amid considerable excitement, although, so far as reported, everybody was in a good humor. After the pole had been disposed of, the "clean sweep" broom which had surmounted it was carefully packed up and sent by express to ex-Governor Jackson, of West Virginia, one enthusiastic individual paying the freight upon it. Whether the proceedings we have described will have the effect of causing Mr. McGraw to remove Mr. Worden and replace him with a good Democrat remains to be seen.—*Cumb. News, June 12th.*

CUMBERLAND, Md., June 16,—Hand-bills are being circulated in Romney calling for another meeting of Democrats there on next Saturday, to protest against the appointment of Republicans by Collector McGraw. The circular is signed "Many Democrats."

A clerk of one of Boston's courts tells a very good story of a somewhat flighty lawyer who was once trying a case in which there was great scarcity in witnesses, and the evidence was about all circumstantial. Finally the lawyer got excited and exclaimed: "Why, Judge, the angel Gabriel came to me last night and said this man is innocent." The Judge happened to be writing, did not even look up, but said, in the most matter-of-fact way, "Let him be subpœned."—*Boston Globe.*

A Big Carp Nursery.

Mr. J. W. Wood, who owns a pleasant place about three wiles from Greenville, S. C., where he has established an extensive nursery for carp, began in 1880 with two hundred fish a few days old, and, by an accident, lost all but eighty-four of them. Now he has seven ponds filled with fish, numbering probably 200,000, after having sold several hundred dollars' worth for breeding purposes. His original fish now weigh from twelve to fourteen pounds apiece, and are valued at from $25 to $50 a pair. The ponds are divided into "spawning" and "market" ponds, and are ingeniously arranged so as to be kept full of fresh water and have the requirements of the carp at the varied stages and ages of their lives met. One of the ponds is really a wonderful sight. At the clapping of hands on the shore the water there becomes fairly thick with thousands of fish, who crowd and leap over each other and press to the bank in an almost solid mass to be fed. They readily eat from the hand, and can be stroked by those who know them and their peculiarities like so many kittens. He has facilities for supplying a practically unlimited demand, and will be able to send probably from 30,000 to 50,000 pounds of fish to market during each year. The carp begins to breed at two years old, and the number to be raised is limited only by the room to be found for them.

Lewis Mehrling, resident in Frederick, while walking in Mt. Olivet Cemetery recently, picked up a locust and was stung on the thumb, presumably by a digger wasp, although he thinks it was by the locust. The sensation was similar to that produced by a slight prick of a pin, and the matter was quickly forgotten. About 4 o'clock Monday morning, however, he was awakened by an intense pain in his arm, which, with the shoulder, was very much swollen and discolored. Everything appeared dark, he says, before his eyes. He immediately called for assistance, and was advised to bathe his arm freely with whisky, and also to take a considerable quantity of the liquor internally, which he did. Since then the stiffness and swelling have become very much reduced, but even yet his thumb presents a greenish appearance. When it was suggested that he had been stung by a digger wasp Mr. Mehrling insisted that such was not the case, inasmuch as he had distinctly noted the movements of the locust. The egg depositor of the female cicada (17-year locust) somewhat resembles the weapon of the hornet. With it she makes slits in the twigs which are as clean cut as though with the point of a lancet. The question is raised if the female locust may not poison the human flesh with this instrument.

Bill Nye on His Birthplace.

A man ought not to criticise his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house. There is the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what might be termed a casual meeting took place that has, under the alchemy of restless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

There, on that spot, with no inheritence but a predisposition to prematnre baldness and a bitter hatred to rum, with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit.—*Boston Globe.*

War Statistics.

From official records of the war department, based on losses given, and the total number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the war, it appears that:

Out of every sixty-five men, one man was killed in action.

Out of every fifty-six men, one man died of wounds received in action.

Out of every thirteen men, one man died of disease.

Out of every nine men, one man died while in service.

Out of every fifteen men, one man was captured or reported missing.

Out of every ten men, one man was wounded in action.

Out of every seven men captured, one died while in captivity.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

What you are doing for love you can do no longer for mere gain. The higher motive drives out the lower.

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, June 15, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5½@6c. that generally rated first quality 4¾@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 4¼@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@4½ cts; extreme range of prices 3@6 cts; most of the sales were from 4½@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 801 head, against 853 last week and 1,143 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 613 head, against 645 last week, and 950 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade at the opening to-day in the yards showed some little improvement as to activity, but it did not continue very long. Some few of the dealers report their prices as a shade better than they found them last Monday; but the ruling opinion was that they were off a slight fraction compared with the prices they realized then. There were some few fatter tops—mostly Chicago stillers—than last week, but more medium and common cattle than they were then. Prices ranged from 3c. to 6c., with but few at or near the former figure, with most sales from 4½ to 5¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a fair increase in the number of receipts over last week's offerings, and, taken altogether, some improvement in quality. Trade is only fair, no activity prevailing in any of the yards. Prices range from 5 to 6c. few sales ranging lower than 5½c. with most sales 5½@6c. Same time last year 6½@7⅛c., and extra a shade higher.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a fair increase of a few hundred in the receipts over last week's record, but no material improvement in the quality of the offerings, as compared with the receipts then. Trade is fair in most of the yards, as there was some little outside demand, and butchers were buying a trifle more freely. Prices ranged from 2 to 5½c., few selling under 3c., most sales 4@4¼c.; lambs 5@7⅛c., but few at the latter. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@5⅜c., and lambs at 5@8, few over 7.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily back to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

6 20 tf J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose; especially for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

THOS. W. CROSS,
JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
FRANCIS R. NETHKIN,
6 20 3t. THOMAS A. NETHKIN.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a court of Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jonas E. Gnagey, et. al. are complainants, and Mary Otto and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder

ON MONDAY,

THE 13TH DAY OF JULY, 1885,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, in front of the Hotel now kept by Jos. Blocher.

1st. All that part of a tract of land called

"SPRING FIELD,"

containing 46¾ acres of land, which is more particularly described in a deed from John Warnick and wife to John Swauger, dated 12th August, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 308, &c., Allegany county records. This piece of land is improved by a Grist and Saw Mill, a large Dwelling House and other outbuildings, and is commonly known as the

"SWAUGER MILL PPOPERTY,"

and situated about seven miles south of Grantsville, and is one of the most valuable "Mill Seats" in the county.

2d. All that part of a tract of land called "SWANTON," containing 30¾ acres, which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger, dated the 3d September, 1873, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 184, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

3rd. Also all that other certain tract of land adjoining the aforesaid parcels of land, containing the quantity of 21½ acres of land more or less, and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger dated the 3rd day of July, 1876, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 779, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said two last mentioned tracts are well timbered and partly improved.

All of said different parcels of land will be sold separately, or together, whichever will realize the most money.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance to be paid in two equal annual installments, in one and two years from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee, or all the purchase money may be paid on the day of sale at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
6 20 4t. Trustee.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. T. E. CASTEEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office next door to Nydegger's Drug Store, on Railroad street. Night calls at Villa Casteel. All calls answered promptly, day or night. June 13, '85.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

EGLON, W. VA., June 1, 1885.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Julius Scherr and George Giessman, under firm name of Julius Scherr & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, George Giessman retiring.

JULIUS SCHERR,
GEORGE GIESSMAN.

Having taken entire charge of the Mercantile Business of the late firm of Julius Scherr & Co., at Eglon, W. Va., I will continue to do business at the old stand and shall be pleased to serve my many friends and old customers. I will at all times pay full market price for produce, and guarantee to sell goods at the very lowest prices.

All accounts and notes due the late firms of A. C. Scherr & Co., and Julius Scherr & Co., must be settled as speedily as possible, either by cash or produce, or by note.

To the cash buyer and prompt payer I will say: Call and examine my stock and see prices before purchasing elsewhere. It will be to your interest to buy your goods from me, believing that a "nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling." Quick sales, prompt payments and small profits.

Very Respectfully Yours,
JULIUS SCHERR.

N. B.—Mr. M. C. Feather will remain with the new firm, and will be pleased to have his many friends call. 6 6 3t.

Estate of Daniel Fichtner, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Preston county, West Va., hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL FICHTNER,

late of Preston county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of June, 1885.

NOTLEY B. BROWNING,
6 6 3t. Administrator.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

OUR MOTTO,

Short Profits an Quick Sales!

—o:—

Give us a call and be convinced that you can save money by buying your

GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Chocolates, Macaroni, Oat Meal, Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Dried Peaches, Dried Lima Beans, Soup Beans, Hominy, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Canned Tomatoes, Peaches, Lima Beans, String Beans, Pumpkins, Green Peas, Blackberries, Salmon, Oysters, Sardines, Chow Chow, Flour, Hams, Shoulders, Side Meat. Try our X X X Sodas, Use Frank Siddall's, Cottage and Ivory Soaps.

Fresh Candies, Cakes and Crackers, always on hand.

Rock bottom prices for the CASH at

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 9th, 1885.

All persons intending to teach in Garrett county the coming scholastic year are hereby respectfully urged to attend the County Normal to be held at Accident, commencing July 20, 1885. This institution is regarded as of such importance that no one intending to teach should fail to attend.

By order,
C. B. LUDWIG,
6 13 tf. Examiner.

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES!

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 9th, 1885.

List of School Trustees appointed by the School Board at its last meeting, held June 9th, 1885, for 1885—1886.

Election District No. II, School 2, E. M. Friend, Geo. W. Dunham, retained H. Collins.

Election District No. III, School 2, Sol. Yoder, *vice* H. B. Fuller; School 3, Amos Butler, Christian Gingrich, A. Bonig.

Election District No. IV, School 4, M. M. Fazenbaker, *vice* M. Dorid.

Election District No. VII, School 7, W. H. Moon, *vice* Geo. P. White; School 10 Aaron Welton, Ami Rodeheaver, John M. Browning.

Deer Park School, Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Jos. Lashorn.

Election District No. X, School 6, J. T. Harvey, D. R. Harvey, retained David Wilson.

Election District No. XI, School 1, Jarvis Custer, Wm. H. Warnick, B. Frank Green.

Fort Pendleton School, Riley Murphy, Perry Lee, retained T. J. Moorland.

Excepting these changes the old trustees were retained.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
6 13 2t Secretary Board.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE JUNE CRICKET.

In the Madison Square Park.

Tented in the short green grass,
While the moon shone in the sky
A cricket, close to those who pass,
Uttered the old familiar cry.

Little heeded he the noise
Of the crowded city street,
But blew his flute with strident voice
Unmindful of the tramp of feet.

Hundreds briskly hurry by,
Listless to the song they pass;
No policeman stops his cry,
Or orders him: "Keep off the grass!"

I who note the steady tune
That he with such relish plays,
Wonder how this note of June
Came to take the city ways.

Far from native haunts withdrawn,
He sings the old song at my feet—
The prelude of a country lawn
Salutes the curious city street.

Rustic scenes are not at hand;
No rippling rivulet wanders near:
Hard it is to understand
This voice in such an atmosphere.

Brave little cricket, pipe away;
Let your blitheness melt in song!
'Tis the cheeriest roundelay;
I shall thank you for it long.

Torn from spring-time, robbed of June,
Shut up to the city street,
Much I thank you for your tune
Uttered from this strange retreat.

—*Joel Benton, in Harper's Magazine.*

TALISMANS AND CHARMS.

How Popular Superstition is Kept Alive Everywhere.

Empiricism and Quackery—Faith in Metal Rings and Other Senseless Charms—Influence of Imagination Over Disease.

Perhaps no class of superstitions exhibits human credulity and weakness in a broader light than that connected with the history of medicine and surgery. Until within a comparatively recent period the medical practice of many a civilized country was little else than a tissue of superstitious beliefs and speculative conceits, and such even at the present day is the character of the healing art in many parts of the world. Like other general features in the history of mankind, these beliefs are founded upon certain principles in our nature—erring through that ignorance which progressive experience and reason are destined to dissipate. Man naturally seeks to avoid disease from the pain which it creates, and the consequent fear of death urges him to grasp at any proffered remedy. His own anxiety, increased by that of his friends, makes him prone to believe, and credulity is a weakness ever ready to be practiced upon by the selfish and designing. Thus quackery and empiricism originate. There is, however, another cause of the superstitions in medicine equally general with that already mentioned, namely, the unknown origin of many of the maladies which assail us. The causes of external injuries are seen and known; those of internal or constitutional disease are obscure. In rude ages such afflictions are regarded as judgments and the work of malignant spirits; hence charms, incantations and divinations are the curative means resorted to. If the patient die it is his fate; if he survive (whether from the disease having run its course or from the force of imagination acting upon his bodily system), the charm is considered efficacious, and what is said to have cured one it is but reasonable to apply to thousands. Thus it is that empiricism and superstition get established and retain the hold even long after science has taught us to laugh at their absurdity. It may, therefore, be curious to collect a few details respecting past medical practice and its still surviving superstitions.

One of the earliest and most prevalent of these beliefs was that which attributed medical virtues to rings made of certain metals and fabricated after a certain fashion. Von Helmont, who wrote in the latter part of the Seventeenth century, affirmed that he was possessed of a metal, of which if a ring were made and worn, not only the pain attendant upon hemorrhoids would cease, but that in twenty-four hours, whether internal or external, they would vanish altogether. This faith in metal rings is still far from being extinct even in this country. Some years ago a young man in Plainfield, N. J., of about twenty-three years of age, evidently in a bad state of health, went to a silversmith's shop, wishing the proprietor of the establishment to make him a strong ring out of several pieces of silver which he brought with him. By questioning him a little the silversmith ascertained that he had been long subject to fits; that nothing which he had hitherto tried had afforded him any relief, and that he had been advised by a neighbor to try a charm which she had known had been efficacious in several instances. The charm was that he must beg seven different pieces of silver from seven different persons; that a strong ring must be made containing a part of each of the pieces; that the person who made it must have no other reward for his labor than the pieces which were left after the ring had been made; that he must wear the ring upon the forefinger of the right hand, and that he might then have no further fear of recurrence of fits. The young man also said that the physician who attended him had signified his assent to the trial. The silversmith asked him if he could really bring himself to think that it could be of any service to him. He replied that, when he thought of it reasonably, he must confess he did not see how it could; but that, as he had been so tormented with the fits, and as everything that he had tried had been of no service, he was willing to try anything, for drowning men catch at straws. The silversmith forthwith undertook to make him the ring, but on condition that he would call after he had worn it for a while to let him know if it had been the means of conquering his mortal enemy or not. In about three months afterward the young man was passing the shop when the silversmith called him in. He told him that perhaps he (the silversmith) might doubt what he stated, but that, nevertheless, it was perfectly true that from the time of putting on the ring until then he had never once had a fit, though before that time he had had three or four a week, and that he was rapidly recovering his health. The silversmith was greatly amused with this confession, for the ring which he made did not contain a particle of the silver which had been brought to him. The ring was made by the silversmith himself from the shank of an old silver spoon, and yet the patient assured himself that he was cured.

Upon reflecting upon this remarkable superstition one must evidently arrive at the conclusion that the whole cause of the cure was a strong effort of the imagination. The young man forced himself to believe in the potency of the charm, and in doing so exerted an influence over the nervous energy which produced the desired result. May not this species of confidence account for many alleged cures from the use of charms? Sometimes a superstition accommodates itself to a change in the the public mind, and thus endures long after its original form has ceased to be regarded. It is by no means uncommon to meet with educated people who wear rings composed of zinc and copper, which are supposed to have a favorable effect in rheumatic affections, merely because plates of these metals with a fluid between them are employed to form a galvanic circle.

Talismans, or the doctrine of signatures, had their origin from a belief, says a French writer, that medical substances bore upon their external surfaces the properties or virtues they possessed impressed upon them by planetary influence. The connection of the properties of substances with their color is also an opinion of great antiquity; white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot—cold and hot qualities were therefore attributed to medicines so colored. This opinion led to serious errors in practice. Red flowers were given for disorders of the sanguiferous system, yellow ones for those of the biliary secretion, etc. We find that in small-pox red bed coverings were employed with the view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. The bed furniture and hangings were very commonly of a red color—red substances were to be looked upon by the patient. Burnt purple, pomegranate seed, mulberries or other red ingredients were dissolved in their drink. In short, as Avicenna contended that red bodies moved the blood, everything of red color was employed in these cases. John of Gadderden, physician to Edward II., directs his patients to be wrapped up in scarlet dresses, and he says that "when the son of the renowned King of England (Edward II.) lay sick of the small-pox, I took care that everything around the bed should be of a red color; which succeeded so completely that the prince was restored to perfect health without the vestige of a pustule remaining." Wraxall, in his "Memoirs," says that the Emperor Francis I., when infected with the small-pox, was rolled up in a scarlet cloth by order of his physician as late as 1765, when he died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was held to be efficacious in the removal of glandular swellings. Amulets in earlier times were borne alike by rich and poor, and even in our own day are not wholly discarded—showing how firmly superstition lays hold of the enlightened mind. The elder tree, to the history of which many superstitions belong, forms a charm for a variety of diseases, but has been especially employed in epilepsy.

During the severe visitation of the plague in London amulets composed of arsenic were very commonly worn over the region of the heart, upon the principle that one poison would drive out or prevent the entry of another. Quills of quicksilver were commonly worn about the neck as a preservative against the plague. The powder of toad was employed in a similar way. Pope Adrian is reported never to have been without it. The ingredients forming his amulet were dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smarag and tragacanth. Charms were equally prevalent with talismans and amulets, and in rural districts the belief in their efficacy is far from being extinguished.

The possibility of transplanting or transferring the ague was once commonly entertained. It is usual with many persons in Germany who are affected with ague to visit at dead of night the nearest crossroad five different times, and there bury a new laid egg. The visit is paid about an hour before the cold fit is expected; and they are persuaded that with the egg they shall bury the ague. If the experiment fails (and the agitation it occasions may often render it successful,) they attribute it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them on the way. In the course of the walk, and in the performance of the rite, they observe the strictest silence, taking care not to speak to any one whom they may happen to meet. By breaking a salted cake of bran, and giving it to a dog when the fit comes on, the malady has been supposed to be transferred from the patient to the animal.

Fish charms have been met with among many nations. The fish called the bullhead is used by some of the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Again, if suspended horizontally and carefully balanced by a single thread, while allowed some freedom of motion, the fish is credited with the power of indicating, by the direction of the head, the point of the compass from which the wind will blow.

That these charms are totally useless, and can produce no effect on the disease for the cure of which they are administered, must be evident to every educated mind. In the nature of things, such cases are impossible, unless, be it always remembered, the malady is of a nervous character, and one over which the imagination is capable of exercising some control. The power which the mind exerts over the body is too well known to be for one moment discredited, and certain diseases may yield to this influence, when the patient's imagination is sufficiently excited by belief in the potency of the talisman applied. Numberless instances of this kind of influence are on record; that given by Dr. Paris in his "Pharmacologia" is perhaps the most strikingly illustrative. As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered Dr. Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis. A patient was selected for the trial. Previous to the administration of the gas the doctor inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed from the representation of the physician, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer under his tongue than he concluded the *talisman* was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence throughout the whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost; Dr. Beddoes desired his patient to renew his visits on the following day, when the same ceremony was performed and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during the period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used. Cures effected by the imposition of royal hands, by stroking, by mesmerism and the like, are proofs of the same principle, a principle of which the judicious physician may sometimes avail himself for his patient's sake, but which he will never exercise as an instrument for his own aggrandizement. Advertising, therefore, to the numerous phases which superstition in past ages has assumed, there is none which exhibits the human understanding in a more degraded light than that connected with the cure of bodily infirmities. Few if any of these cures had a show of reason to recommend them to the cultivated mind; and even these few were so clouded with mummery and jargon that one is apt to treat them with ridicule, believing that more virtue was ascribed to the mode of administration than to the potency of the article prescribed. Nor did these superstitions exert the sway over the vulgar mind alone; the rich and great were equally under their influence, and indulged in them all the more that their circumstances afforded them the means. It was left for the progress of science to dissipate these errors, and though the simple and uninformed, in remote districts, may still cling to some of these beliefs, and quacks and empirics be ever ready to impose on their credulity, as a nation we are now happily on the path to more rational and effective modes of procedure.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

AMERICAN WORKMEN.

How a Connecticut Manufacturer Succeeded with Imported Cutlers.

About four years ago Colonel Frary, President of the Bridgeport Cutlery Company, while on a tour through Europe, visited many of the cutlery establishments in Germany, Hamburg and England. The manufacture of razors being in a primitive state in this country, he decided that he could do no better than to bring over some of the workmen to the United States. The workmen in Sheffield, England, were as a rule, members of the trades' unions, and Colonel Frary had considerable difficulty in engaging the men whom he wanted. A few months later he had the satisfaction of seeing forty of them with their families sailing for this country, accompanied by the secretary of the trade union. In Germany and Hamburg he engaged sixty men, and at once shipped them and their families to this country. Separate rooms were fitted up for the newly-arrived razor-makers in the shops at Bridgeport, the Germans being in one part of the works and the English in another.

Colonel Frary said: "I had a great deal of trouble with my men at first. I did not have nearly as much trouble with the Germans as with the English. The latter demanded a separate workroom apart from all the other workmen in the factory. If one of the men in my employ wanted to enter the room while they were at work, they would throw down their tools and would not resume their labors until the visitor had closed the door behind him. I was the only man in the entire shop whom they would let into the room without stopping work. A peculiar feature about them was that they would not work after twelve o'clock noon on Saturdays. Whatever money was left after buying the week's supply the men would go on a spree with until the last cent was spent, which was usually about Tuesday morning. American workmen are the best in the world."—*New Haven News.*

The Ant and the Lion.

The Ant having heard that the Lion had killed a Hunter and picked his Bones, set out and journeyed through the Forest until she met the King of Beasts. After stating what she had heard the Ant continued:

"It fills me with Sadness and Sorrow to know that of you. I shall proceed to make your Future conduct my Special Mission."

At the Desire of the Ant the Lion accompanied her Home. The young Ants annoyed him and he killed them by the score. The Beetles, who were Friends of the Ants, came on a visit to be snapped up. Wishing to see how the Ant Hill was constructed, the Lion in one moment made a wreck of the Labor of Weeks. Finally, when the Philanthropic Ant had several times Narrowly escaped with her Life she felt to exclaim:

"Begone with you back to your Haunts! As a Wicked Lion you may now and then Slay a Hunter, but as a Reformed Beast you will certainly be the Death of this Whole Colony."

MORAL:

The Tramp who is taken in for the Night causes more anxiety than the Dozen sleeping in the fence-corners.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—On a recent trial a cedar log twenty feet long was taken to a California match-factory and in exactly thirty minutes was sawed, split, glued, dipped in sulphur, labeled and the matches boxed ready for shipment.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—It is proposed to utilize the Yellowstone Park for the preservation of the bison, which is now very nearly extinct. *San Francisco Call.*

WEDDINGS.

How They Were Conducted in Olden Times.

Joining the right hands in the wedding ceremony was customary in Assyria and Persia, and the bridal veil was worn in Greece and Rome. The Bible does not mention wedding rings, but it describes the giving of them as pledges of honor and affection. Pharaoh gave Joseph a ring when he set him over the land of Egypt, and the prodigal was given a ring upon his return to his father. Legends relate that Joseph espoused Mary with a ring in which was set an amethyst, and of course this precious relic was found (by a miracle) and performed many wonderful cures, for the benefit of mankind and the treasury of the church.

The young Roman sent the maiden his family had selected to become his wife a ring in token of his fidelity. Gold was the usual material, but in the time of Pliny, iron rings set with adamant were used to denote the durability of the contract. As now, this ring was worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. It was not always plain, but often bore a device, as a key to denote the authority and responsibility of a wife in her husband's house.

The diamond was much esteemed as a wedding ring in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for that gem was believed to have a mysterious power of maintaining happiness between husband and wife. Silver rings, inlaid with Niello, were also used.

Gemmed rings were in fashion forty or fifty years ago. Two and sometimes three or four delicate rings were hinged or linked together, and bore upon the top when closed clasped hands or a heart, emblem of love and fidelity. Mottoes or posies were engraved on the inside of these rings. The prettiest one I ever saw read, "Endless and pure be our love." The Anglo-Saxons used these gemmed rings, and they in turn borrowed them of the French. I for one would like to know from whom the French borrowed them, but history is silent on this point.

The wedding ring has been worn upon the thumb, and upon the right hand. But the women of all nations have been as busy as bees, and with spinning and weaving to occupy their fingers, it is easy to see why even a princess should put her prized wedding ring upon the hand and finger which would keep it the safest. The fancy that a vein or nerve runs directly from the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart, is very ancient, and no doubt helped to make it the bearer of the wedding ring, and there was in the early days of the church a curious custom of recognizing the Trinity, by placing the ring on the first finger or thumb for the Father, on the second finger for the Son, and on the third finger for the Holy Ghost. Then it was placed upon the fourth finger, from which loving and superstitious wives never remove it.

Scholars are fond of telling us that the wedding ring meant the subjection of the wife, and the placing it upon the left hand meant more subjection. But in the past the subjection of women has needed no sign to emphasize it. It was an accepted and expected fact, and was perhaps a condition of safety.

In the middle ages the wedding ring was blessed or hallowed by the officiating priest, and the form used seems to me very beautiful: "Hallow, Thou, Lord, this ring, which we bless in Thy holy name, that whatsoever woman shalt wear it may stand fast in Thy peace, and continue in Thy will, and live, and grow, and wax old in Thy love, and be multiplied with length of days. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The service of the Church of England compels the use of a ring, and an odd story is told of two paupers who, too poor to buy a ring, were securely married by means of a curtain ring, supplied by a sympathetic clerk. Two rings are used in modern Greece. A gold one for the bridegroom and a silver one for the bride. The inferior metal marks the inferiority of the wife, say the antiquarians again, but it seems to me rather a survival of the old worship of the sun and the moon. The ring fell under the displeasure of the Puritans, as did all signs and symbols used by Rome, and during the Commonwealth they tried to abolish it with Christmas and Easter observances, but the descendants of those Puritans wear engagement or betrothal rings, if not a wedding ring.

When a marriage between patrician families was celebrated in ancient Rome, a loaf of bread, made of wheat and barley, was solemnly tasted by the bride and bridegroom before the priest of Jove and ten Roman citizens as witnesses. Children of marriages in which this ceremony was observed were entitled to certain privileges and offices, for this was the highest and most sacred rite of marriage. Dainty and sweet as it is, the bride-cake is the modern representative of that wheat and barley bread. Whence the Romans derived the custom is not known, but it came no doubt from Asia. Dreaming upon wedding cake is an old English custom.

In Greece the bride rode to her husband's house in a litter, seated between the bridegroom and his friend—the best man. In Rome two boys led the bride, but his attendant was a married woman whose duty it was to lead the newly married pair to the altar of the family gods. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led by a matron and followed by a company of young girls, who were called the bridesmaids. From them the custom has descended to us. *Demorest's Monthly.*

—A Pittsburgh writer makes the assertion that in fifty years, or perhaps in half that time, coal will not be carried from the mines to its place of destination in bulk, but only its actual heat energy will be transported, and that by wire, a process which, he says, can be accomplished by converting the coal into heat, the heat into motion and the motion into electricity; a storage battery in Cincinnati would take it up as fast as generated at the mines, and from this battery it could be taken and converted back into motion and heat, or changed into light.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The last war between Russia and England was concluded just twenty-nine years ago.

TRADE DOLLARS.

How Thousands of Them Are Bought Up, Sent to China and Melted.

"Trade dollars are still offered, though not in such quantities as they were at first," said a member of the banking firm of William G. Hopper & Co. on Saturday. "During the past thirty days I should suppose that somewhere in the neighborhood of 200,000 trade dollars have been shipped from Philadelphia to New York, and from there it is a fair presumption that they go to China. To-day we purchased twelve or thirteen hundred dollars, and within a week we got 5,000 in one lot, but the general tenders are in small amounts and come very largely from the country. The price given is eighty-five cents if the coin be in good condition."

"I am positive that no trade dollars are held in Philadelphia by speculators," said Mr. Stevenson, of Sailer & Stevenson. "Since Philadelphia brokers began buying this repudiated coin after the adjournment of Congress in March, I presume that the shipments to New York must aggregate close on to half a million dollars. We have purchased lately, and are still taking all that is offered, but rarely receive at present any large amounts in single lots. At one time, I suppose, Philadelphia and immediate vicinity had 2,000,000 of these dollars, and a great deal of this is yet held here. Most of it, however, is in the possession of those who believe that Congress will eventually redeem it, and, as they are so situated as to be able to hold without inconvenience, they prefer to do so instead of selling at fifteen cents discount. We send our purchases to New York, whence they go to London, and thence to China. Here, I understand, the most of it is melted up and reissued."

At William G. Huey & Co.'s similar information was given. "So large have been the China shipments," said one of the firm, "that if Congress does redeem the trade dollar it will find but few of them on the market. We are purchasing all that is offered us, and every day we receive various amounts, ranging from $100 up. The offerings are not very large at present. Most of the holdings now are in the hands of the wealthy, who believe in their eventual redemption, and do not care to sacrifice the face value."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MAKING BOOKS.

An Expert's Opinions of the Prevailing English Method.

A great mistake with English authors is the use of the commonplace book, in which extracts from the works of others are alphabetically arranged to be used again. In my opinion we read too many books. What we want is to come in contact with life. There are those who make books from books and those who make books from what they see. There are books which are only the successors of other books, and these are simply old works done up as new. According to my ideas a book should only be written when one has something to say. Don't go to your commonplace sheets and collect together a number of extracts and dish them up in book form. Go to the window and look upon nature. Then let us hear your own ideas about it. Many people imagine they have ideas when they are merely impregnated with those of others which they have read. It is a great mistake. The greater part of the novelists of to-day never portray real life. They have certain stereotypes for heroes, certain models for heroines, certain pictures for scenery. Pshaw! it is sickening. Shakespeare was great not because he wrote "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello," but because he came in contact with existence. All his characters are living. Their fidelity to life is simply astonishing. The same can be said of Balzac. Shakespeare and Balzac are great manufacturers of beings.—*Daudet, in New York Times.*

Vagaries of the Insane.

A lunatic at the Morris Plains Asylum was mute for five years. Even the physicians thought he had lost the power of speech. One day he caught two of his fingers in a washing machine and they were horribly mangled. To the astonishment of everybody who heard him, he exclaimed: "By the great and jumping Moses, a devil is better than an inventor." That was three years ago, and he has not spoken since. Another patient, a boy in the same institution, is a lightning calculator. The most intricate problems are solved by him in the fractions of a minute. The boy believes that his head is filled with little blocks with figures upon them, and that they instantly fall into different positions and work out the problems. He thinks his brain, in fact, is a multiplication table. His insanity seems pardonable, for only a few sane men can compete with him as a mathematician.—*Morristown Jerseyman.*

Sanitary Item.

Dr. Blister had only been in Austin a few days when a plainly dressed man called on him.

"I hear, doctor, that you are going to settle in our city?"

"Yes, I am going to identify myself with the place and help build it up. I feel a deep interest in the future prosperity of Austin."

"I am glad to hear it. I think we can work into each other's hands much to our mutual interest. I feel a deep interest in the place myself."

"Are you the proprietor of a drug store?"

"O, no; I am only a poor grave digger."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A gift of $107,000 worth of property has been made to the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland by Mrs. Laura Axtell, sister of the late Levi Kerr, in compliance with a wish expressed by him before his death. The property includes 300 acres about five miles from Cleveland and large lots in the manufacturing districts of that city. The Case School of Applied Science was founded by Mr. Case, and Mr. Kerr's gift is for the purpose of establishing a professorship of mathematics.—*Chicago Journal.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Eight hundred thousand colored children were taught in the Methodist schools last year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The centednial anniversary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Massachusetts was celebrated recently.

—A "Museum of Religions" is, it is stated, to be established in Paris. As the title suggests, this museum will contain all the articles used by various nations in the observance of their religious rites.

—Linear drawing has been introduced, by recent enactment, into all the elementary schools of England. The theory is that a knowledge of this kind of drawing is useful in almost every kind of trade or handicraft.

—The Theological Seminary in San Francisco has done a good work in its early years. It has sent more than fifty graduates into the field, and the majority of these are now at work on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Seventy-nine per cent. of the soldiers in the Russian army are unable to read or write. This is supposed to indicate the proportion of illiterates in the population of the Empire. The Czar, who is jealous of his despotic privileges, is opposed to free schools.—*Current.*

—Superintendent Bennett, of Piqua, O., has been investigating the extent to which tobacco is used in the schools of that place. He finds that in two grades of seventy-three boys from twelve to fifteen years old, thirty-one habitually smoked cigarettes, and only seven could say they never had smoked. Of ninety-six boys from ten to twelve there were sixty-eight smokers, and in the A B C class many had begun the practice.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The Year Book of Boston University gives the present number of students in all departments as 620. Last year it was 610, two years ago 555, three years ago 505. There has thus been a steady and healthy growth for four years. Of the present total no less than 223 have already received literary, scientific or professional degrees. One hundred and one Bachelors of Arts are candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

—Rev. Sydney Smith was once asked by a friend for a reserved seat in St. Paul's. This was the witty canon's reply: "To go to St. Paul's is certain death. The thermometer is several degrees below zero. My sentences are frozen as they come out of my mouth, and are thawed in the course of the summer, making strange noises and unexpected assertions in various parts of the church; but, if you are tired of a world which is not tired of you, and you are determined to go to St. Paul's, it becomes my duty to facilitate the desperate scheme. Present the enclosed card to any of the vergers, and you will be well placed."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A baby born during a terrible storm was named Cyclonia. Its father says the appellation is a misnomer; a cyclone doesn't howl every night.

—In these hard times, when borrowing is so difficult, we'd like to know whether distance keeps up its time honored habit of lending enchantment to the view.—*Exchange.*

—Talk about proficiency in skating. It is really wonderful what the skaters achieve. The Chicago girl, however, is said to have displayed the most wonderful feet yet seen on skates.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What is the safest way to transfer bees?" asks a correspondent. Our experience teaches us that the safest way is to stand off as far as possible and let the bees transfer themselves.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Customer—"I can't pay you to-day. You see the shoemaker has just been here, and—" Tailor—"Yes; I met him on my way up, and he said you'd put him off because you'd got to pay the tailor to-day. So here's your bill, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Adulterations in Limburger cheese have been discovered." The flavor of that delicacy has long led us to suspect that something was the matter with the Bismarckian food. We thought maybe it was not pulled until it was over-ripe; but if it is adulterated, that explains it.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Embarrassed Young Man (trying hard to say something)—"I think, Miss Belleairs, that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before." Miss Belleairs—"It is possible, but I do not remember it." E. Y. M.—"Was it not at Mount Desert?" Miss B.—"I have never been there." E. Y. M.—"Neither have I."—*Life.*

—"I believe I've lost my wits," said a worried husband to his wife. "Indeed? I didn't know you had any to lose," she answered, sarcastically. "O, yes, dear, I had some once." "Well, I never observed them." "No, love, I lost them just before I met you." He didn't want to say it, but she drove him to it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"See here," said a citizen of St. Louis to the proprietor of a bookstore, "you'll have to take the book back. I asked you to give me a volume of poetry to put on the parlor table, but every durned word in this book is straight prose." "Why, man alive, that was written by Shakespeare." "I don't care who writ it, it's prose; I've looked it all through. For instance, here's a specimen:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attendin' ears!

Do you call that poetry, rhymin' ears with night? You can take it back. I don't want it."—*N. Y. Times.*

—"Music hath charms to soothe," and our latter day homes would indeed be incomplete without the piano, the culture of the voice and all that tends to bring the soul *en rapport* with the harmony of the great masters. So it happens that the Shuttles family endure the "hum ti tum" of practice hours that they may enjoy the completed sonata of the evening, when there are callers. "Job, my dear," said Mrs. Shuttle, "don't go down town this evening. Stay, and listen to Selina's new nocturne in G minor. It's perfectly lovely." "Which reminds me," said the practical Job, "I've got to go down town and pay Signor de Poundhecingero six sonatas in X and a nocturne in V. That's what takes the poetry out of music, my dear."—*Hartford Post.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LONG SERMON.

O the sun is bright and the day is fair,
And the sweet breeze wanders everywhere,
And the sweet birds sing as they lightly fly,
And I wish we could join them, Madge and I

We are bidden to listen, and so we do,
Shut up in the narrow and stuffy pew;
Behaving just as well as we can
We look over there at the preacher-man.

We can't understand, though we take such pains;
All sense seems gone from our little brains;
So we just sit quiet as best we may,
And wait till the long hour wears away.

My poor little sister tried to keep
Her blue eyes wide, but she fell asleep.
'Tis so close and stupid and dull and warm,
And I hold her safe in my tired arm.

O how can he have so much to say,
The preacher-man, such a lovely day,
And what in the world he is talking about
We do not know and we can't find out.
—*Wide Awake.*

THE CRIPPLED HEN.

How Her Large Family of Chickens Were Provided for.

Bobby came in one morning crying. Mamma said: "Where have you been, Bobby, and what *is* the matter?"

"Old Speckle has—boo-hoo! boo-hoo! —freezen her foots off!"

"*Frozen*, Bobby, not *freezen*. And *feet*, not *foots*. But what do you mean, and how could old Speckle freeze her feet off?"

"I forgot to shut her in the hen-house last night, and she roosted up in the apple-tree, and this morning both her feet are gone."

Mamma began to look grave, and taking Bobby by the hand, went down stairs to the kitchen, where Bridget told the story over again.

"Och! 'Ave ye plaze, mum, the crayther sot up in the tree all the cold night through, and when she came down this mornin', sure she left her feet behind her!"

So it was only too true that Old Speckle, Bobby's pet hen, who had reared two broods of beautiful chickens already, had had her feet frozen off through careless Bobby forgetting to shut her into her nice warm house at night.

At first, papa said she must be killed right away, and put out of her pain. But on going out to look at her, she seemed not to be in pain at all, and to be getting on nicely without any feet.

She hobbled about on her funny slim black legs, looking so like an old soldier just home from the war that they all laughed, except Bobby, and he cried for shame.

So papa said Old Speckle should be allowed to live without her feet, and I can tell you there never was a hen better taken of after that.

Bobby fed her himself every day, and shut her up every night in a warm box half-filled with hay, where she cuddled down in one corner and went to sleep, for you see, she could not roost any more after she lost her feet.

But when the spring came, Bobby again ran in to mamma with another piece of news, his bright little face almost as bright as the sunshine outside.

"Mamma, Old Speckle is setting! She's goin' to hatch out some little chickens! Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Mamma thought for a moment, and then said: "You must drive her off the nest, Bobby. The poor old thing is too lame ever to get about with a brood of chickens. Besides, how could she scratch for them?"

Bobby's face fell. He was very fond of the soft, downy little balls, and he felt badly that Old Speckle could not have her family. Suddenly his face brightened again.

"Mamma, why couldn't *I* scratch for the chickens?"

The picture of Bobby going about all day followed by a large family of little yellow chickens was too much for mamma, and she laughed very heartily, much to Bobby's disgust.

But Old Speckle was not to be made to believe that she was not able to be as good a mother as ever. The more Bobby drove her off from the eggs, the more she went back and sat on them again, until at last papa said:

"Let the poor old thing have her chickens and see what she will do with them."

Bobby was very glad of this, for Whitey and Susan and Mrs. Brown had all refused to have families, and he did long for some little chickens!

So the days flew by, and at last the little yellow things pecked and pecked their way out of their shells, and Bobby counted fourteen of them.

"What a family for poor Old Speckle!" said mamma. "And how will she ever manage to take care of them?"

One she did not take care of, for before he had been two hours out of his shell he climbed up the side of an old tomato-can that stood in the hen-yard half-filled with water, and tumbling in, was drowned to pay for his curiosity.

But as there were thirteen left, I really do not think Old Speckle ever missed him.

And now Bobby watched very carefully to see how this good mother was going to take care of her children. And he saw something so funny that he came flying in at last with his red cheeks redder than ever, and his eyes big with the excitement of what he had to tell, crying out:

"Quick, mamma! Quick papa! Run to the window and see Old Speck!"

There she was, hopping along on her two brown sticks of legs, followed by her thirteen chickens, and by her side walked the stately Miss Brown, who every few minutes stopped and scratched up a nice little breakfast for her friend's young family, while the poor old mother-hen clucked at them to teach them how to pick up the bugs and worms.

"Yes," shouted Bobby," and I *saw* her ask Mrs. Brown to go with her and scratch! She went up just as *close* to her, and whispered with her head right up to Mrs. Brown's. I s'pose she was tellin' her how much she'd pay her to go and scratch for her little chickens!"

"A nursery-governess!" laughed papa.

As I did not know the hen-language as well as Bobby does, I can't tell you whether this was true or not, but I do know that until Old Speckle's children were big enough to take care of themselves, Mrs. Brown went with her friend every morning, and did the scratching for the little folks' breakfast.—*Gene H. Underwood, in Youth's Companion.*

MONKEYS.

Some Short Stories Illustrating Their Propensity for, and Delight in, Mischief.

A monkey's chief delight is in mischief, and it does seem as if a spice of cruelty in the mischief makes it have a greater relish for Jocko. Captivity makes most animals lose their spirits, but the monkey, unless he is sick, is always ready to play some prank.

Nothing seems to give a monkey quite as much pleasure as copying after his human master, and many are the funny stories told in consequence. Sometimes poor Jocko's fun turns out badly for himself, but as a rule he may be trusted to come off free from harm.

The monkey that stole his master's razor and tried to shave himself was unlucky enough to slice off a piece of his cheek. That was bad, certainly, but it is doubtful if he suffered any more than the monkey that saw his master bathe his forehead with cologne for headache, and tried to imitate him. Instead of cologne, however, the poor fellow got hold of a bottle of ammonia, and slopped that on his head. Ah! how he did chatter and dance about when the stinging stuff reached his eyes and nose! You may be sure that monkey never touched a bottle again.

Jocko has such a serious air when he is planning his mischief that unless one is always on the lookout he will accomplish it. A story is told of a monkey that took the greatest delight in watching the nurse wash his master's baby. The family was divided as to whether he enjoyed Miss Mabel's shrieks or the performance as a whole. One day the question was settled.

The family was at dinner down-stairs, when there came a terrible wail from Kittie, and another and another, till one of the boys jumped up and ran to the nursery, where the noise came from. There was Master Jocko copying, as well as he could, the actions of nurse with little Mabel. Only Jocko's baby was poor Kittie, who was wailing, spitting and scratching with all her might. No doubt Jocko looked upon the resistance as quite in order, for Mabel never could be washed without many protests.

Those people were fortunate in that the monkey did not insist upon trying his experiments with the real baby instead of the kitten, as once did happen. In this case the monkey, which was a large one, snatched the baby from its cradle, and, when pursued, climbed to the house-top, and there, to the anguish of the baby's parents, dandled and played with the little thing with great glee. It was only after great trouble that the baby was rescued.

We are used to seeing monkeys kept only as pets or as curiosities; but in Africa or Asia they are sometimes trained to serve their masters in many ways. They are so given to mischief, however, that they can never be very trusty servants.

An example of this is shown in the story told of a baboon which had been left in charge of the kitchen while his master went off for awhile. On the stove was a pot in which a chicken was being boiled. The baboon sat very quietly for some time, but at last his curiosity got the better of him and he lifted the lid from the pot.

Well, you can guess the rest. The chicken smelled good, so he smelled again; then he took a little taste; then he took another taste; and behold! when Sir Baboon had finished tasting there were only some bones left.

When he had eaten the chicken up it seemed to occur to the baboon that his master might be angry when he looked into the empty pot. What to do to avoid the certain punishment that was in store for him was the greedy fellow's great concern now. He sat in the doorway looking very much cast down, when suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he hurried quickly but stealthily to a field, not far away, where a number of crows were feeding. He drew as near to the birds as he could without frightening them, and then, hiding his head, remained as motionless as a log of wood. In a little while the incautious crows approached so close to him that he was able by a quick movement to capture one of them. In a second he had wrung the crow's neck and was on his way home again. Once there, and seeing no sign of his master, he triumphantly tossed his crow, all unplucked, into the pot, and then sat down, quite satisfied that his theft would never be discovered. No doubt it was always a mystery to that baboon how his master discovered that the crow in the pot was not the chicken he had left there.—*John R. Coryell, in Harper's Young People.*

Elementary Education.

Taxpayers in London have begun to complain of the cost of public education, and a controversy has arisen as to the best means of securing a reduction of the charges. It is shown that teachers were paid last year nearly twice as much per child as ten years ago, and many believe this expenditure excessive. The cost is much less in the provincial cities, and it has not been shown in justification of the difference that a higher standard obtains in London. *St. James' Gazette* remarks in the connection that elementary education has proved immensely more expensive than either the advocates or opponents of the compulsory system believed when that system received the sanction of Parliament.—*Current.*

—A French engineer has conceived an idea for enabling vessels upon the high seas to communicate with the shore by means of the existing submarine cables. He proposes that these cables shall be supplied at convenient intervals with short branches, the free ends of which shall be buoyed in such manner that passing vessels, provided with the necessary batteries and with a key by which to obtain access to the wires, may telegraph home.

—An Ohio skating rink has gone into the hands of a receiver, and the New York *Sun* sees in it a sign of the decadence of the great craze.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If an egg is added to the batter for flour griddle-cakes they will be surprisingly improved, and brown nicely.—*Boston Budget.*

—Bathe a sprain with arnica diluted with water, and bandage with soft flannel moistened with the same. A sprained wrist thus treated will grow well and strong in a few days.—*Exchange.*

—A correspondent wants to know what to do for an unruly cow. Cut off her eye winkers close. This may not be a "sure plan," but I have known cows to be entirely stopped by this method. When the winkers grow, cut again.—*The Rural New Yorker.*

—Ginger Cookies: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening, two-thirds cup of water, one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to roll. Bake in a quick oven.—*The Household.*

—The secret of stiff shirts and collars is to have the starch worked in thoroughly while hot. Use a little kerosene in the hot starch, and just before ironing wring through hot water which keeps the cold starch from sticking. Use white wax to polish the irons.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Cheap Mountain Pound Cake: To one egg and four ounces of butter well beaten together, add a teaspoonful of pepper, pint of molasses, teaspoonful salaratus, dissolved in a teacup of cream and milk, and flour enough to make a batter; set it where quite warm to rise, and when perfectly light bake moderately.—*Boston Globe.*

—Milk Soup: Four large potatoes, two onions, two ounces of butter, one pint of milk, three tablespoons of tapioca, salt and pepper to taste; boil the vegetables slowly with two quarts of water several hours, then strain through the colander and add the milk and tapioca; boil slowly and stir constantly for about fifteen minutes, then serve.—*Household.*

—If you wish to have potatoes mealy do not let them stop boiling for an instant, and when they are done pour the water off and let them steam for ten or twelve minutes over the fire. In the spring of the year it is better to boil the potatoes in two waters, pouring off the first as soon as it comes to boil, and then cover the potatoes a second time with cold water, adding a little salt.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Buttermilk Muffins: These have but to be tried to become a standing breakfast dish. Beat hard two eggs into a quart of buttermilk; stir in flour to make a thick batter, about a quart, and lastly a teaspoonful of salt and the same of soda. Bake in a hot oven in well-greased tins. Muffins of all kinds should only be cut just around the edge, then pulled open with the fingers.—*The Caterer.*

—Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying this remedy.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PLANTS.

The Sanitary Value of these Household Adornments.

It was only a few years ago that plants and flowers were considered very injurious to health, when cultivated in our living rooms, particularly at the winter season, when windows and doors are kept closed.

To such an extent did this absurd idea prevail, that many a flower lover banished them from their windows altogether; and the sick "shut in" ones were not allowed one green twig or bright blossom to tide them over the dreariness of winter, because, it was said, they sapped their life blood. That proportionately, as the plants grew and flourished, the sick ones drooped and faded. These foolish ideas were not promulgated by an ignorant class of people, but by those deemed most wise in their day and generation; hence their words were accepted as words of wisdom and heeded accordingly.

Those old chimeras of the brain have given place to a more rational view of the uses and value of plants when grown in living rooms, for they are now cultivated more extensively than ever. It seems to me a libel on the wisdom of the Creator, to think that He has decked this earth with beauty and fragrance, given us the senses to enjoy them, and then so constructed the flowers that they shall prove a curse, instead of a blessing. But let me quote a little from a magazine of note that lies open before me:

"Recent investigations have proved that plants in rooms have great sanitary value. Dr. Andrews, from tests made at Christ Hospital, Philadelphia, has shown that plants in sleeping or sick rooms perform two functions, namely, that of generation of ozone and exhalation of vapor, by which the atmosphere of the room is kept in a healthful condition of humidity. It is stated that in two rooms, alike in all respects save that one contained some flowers and the other none, the one containing the flowers was cooler by one and one-half degrees than the other. The ozone thus generated by budding and blossoming plants has been found to have great value, in that it purifies the air, ridding it of disease-breeding germs and of vapors of decomposition.

"It has also been recently stated that Prof. Mantogazza, of Pavia, Italy, has discovered that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope and the like all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays. So powerful is this great atmospheric purifier that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which infests them by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation.—*Portland Transcript.*

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine *for yourself*, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment, of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatments of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of *every* malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Recognizing the fact that no great institution dedicated exclusively to the treatment of chronic diseases, would meet the needs of the afflicted of our land, without the most perfect, complete and extensive provision for the most improved treatment of **diseases of the air-passages** and lungs, such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** we have made this branch of our institution one of the leading Departments. We have every kind of useful instrument for examining the organs involved, such as rhinoscopes, laryngoscopes, stethoscopes, spirometers, etc., etc., as well as all of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizations, pulverizations, inhalations, and all other forms of approved medicinal applications.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz.: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Tape-worms, and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected, in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a prominent branch, or specialty, of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete but concise work on the nature and curability of these maladies, we have published a large illustrated treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine, and kindred affections may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved marvelous success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. It includes numerous testimonials from well-known people. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps. Send for it at once.

STRICTURE.

STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in postage stamps, for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

So alarmingly prevalent are those chronic diseases peculiar to females, and so famous have our institutions become for their cure that we were long ago obliged to create a special department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of these cases. The physicians and surgeons in this Department have made these delicate diseases their sole study.

Hundreds are brought to our institutions from far distant States on beds, and they go home well and strong. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Every important case (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, composed of skilled specialists. Our Department and rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are so arranged as to be very private, and free from the annoyances so common in other institutions. Send ten cents in postage stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates.

PILE TUMORS.

PILES, FISTULA IN ANO, and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel, are largely treated, and with marvelous success, by specialists, who give their whole time to the study and treatment of this class of affections. We never fail to cure pile tumors, however large. When the patient can come here for treatment, **we will guarantee a cure.**

RUPTURE.

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected and thoroughly tested in our institutions, by which in from six to fifteen days radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of piles are effected without causing any severe suffering. Send ten cents in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Piles.

Hernia (Breach), or **Rupture,** no matter of how long standing, of what size, or what the age of the patient may be (if not under four years), is **speedily and radically cured in every case undertaken by our specialists, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain, and without danger.**

THROW AWAY TRUSSES, and **NOT SAFE.**

There is no longer any need of wearing clumsy, awkward, chafing, old trusses, which, at best, give only partial relief, which never cure, but often inflict injury and induce inflammation and strangulation, from which thousands annually die.

There is no safety in depending upon any kind of truss, though, no doubt, every man who has suffered the agonies of a strangulated hernia, and died, thought himself safe. Both the rupture and the truss keep up a mental strain and induce nervous debility and various organic weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

CURES GUARANTEED in every case undertaken. Can any sufferer ask for greater inducements than these?

Notwithstanding the great number of ruptures treated in the three years past, many of them of immense size and of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case to which this perfected system of treatment has been thoroughly applied, has been perfectly cured. Only a few days residence at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical institute is necessary.

Abundant references, by permission of those whom we have cured, will be furnished to any one wishing to call upon or write them.

An illustrated treatise on Rupture sent to any address upon receipt af ten cents.

DELICATE DISEASES.

Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced medical men.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY, We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man intent on doing good, and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there are probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We fully agree with the celebrated Dr. Bartholow, who says, "I think it a reproach to our profession that this subject has been permitted, in a measure by our own indifference, to pass into the hands of unscrupulous pretenders. Because the subject is disagreeable, competent physicians are loath to be concerned with it. The same unnecessary fastidiousness causes the treatment of this malady to be avoided in private practice."

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Although we have, in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry or of consultation should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Chinese Printing Office.

A visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that is interesting. Moveable types are in use in San Francisco Chinese newspaper offices. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithographic press. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the character is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing office has never been struck by lightning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows the work of the establishment to be done by the press man. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend on his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American institution. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In one instance on Washington street a barber shop is run in the same department with the editorial room, and, in all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job of washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.—*Exchange.*

A Modern Solomon.

A rich old citizen of Bergoma had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence four hundred crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment.

When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprised that no proof could be brought against him positively denied that he had ever received it. After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the Duke, who would find some method of doing him justice.

Alessandro accordingly ordered both parties before him, and after learning the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying, "Is it possible, then, friend, that you could have lent your money when no one was present?"

"There was no one indeed," replied the creditor, "I counted out the money on a post."

"Go, bring the post this instant," said the Duke, "and I will make it confess the truth."

The creditor, though astonished at receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the Duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the meantime the Duke employed himself in transacting the affairs of his other suitors, till at length, turning towards the borrower, "this man," says he, "stays a long time with his post."

"It is so heavy sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it."

Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterward, carelessly exclaimed, "What kind of men are they that lend their money without evidence? Was there no one present but the post."

"No, indeed, sir," replied the knave.

"The post is a good witnes then," said the Duke, "and it shall make you pay the man his money."—*Bow Bells.*

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

A Change of Mind.

"There is a certain man in this town whom I'm going to lick until he won't be out of bed for six months after, and I want to know what it will cost me?"

So said a man who entered a Griswold street law office yesterday, and it was plain to be seen that his dander was way up.

"Let's see?" mused the lawyer. "I'll defend you for $10. If you lick him in a first-class manner your fine will be about $25. Then there will be a few dollars costs, say enough to make the whole thing foot up $40. I think that I can safely promise that it won't cost you over that."

"Forty dollars! Forty dollars for licking a man! Why, I can't go that!"

"Well, pull his nose, then. The last case I had of that sort the fine was only $15. That will reduce the gross sum to thirty."

"I want to tear him all to pieces, but I can't afford to pay like that for the fun. How much would it cost to spit on him?"

"Well, that's an assault, you know, but the fine might not be over ten dollars I guess $25 would see you through.

"Lands! how I do want to crush that man! Suppose I knock his hat off?"

"Well, about $20 would cover that."

"I can hardly hold myself, but $20 is pretty steep. Can't I call him a liar?"

"Oh, yes. I think $15 would cover that."

"Well, I'll see about it. I'm either going to call him a liar or else tell everybody that he is no gentleman, or else give him an awful pounding. I'll see you again."

"My fee is $5," observed the lawyer.

"What for?"

"For my advice."

The pulverizer glared at him for half a minute, and then laid down a "V," and started slowly out with the remark:

"I'm going straight to that man and beg his pardon, and tell him that I'm the biggest fool in Detroit! Thank Heaven that you didn't get but one claw on me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Immortality--Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo shortly before his death, gave expression to his sense of immortality in the following words: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind ally; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

Why Men Don't Marry.

The reluctance of young men to marry is rapidly taking the shape of one of the most perplexing social problems of our time. In sections where the women out-number the men by about ten per cent., the situation presents many difficulties. But the disinclination of young men to marry seems to be in the nature of a contagious epidemic. It is spreading all over the country except in agricultural regions, where people hold fast to old fashioned ways. The trouble is, too many of our young men are determined to marry rich women, or to accumulate wealth themselves before entering into the wedded state. This state of affairs is unhappy and demoralizing. It is difficult to point out a remedy for this growing evil.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Everybody admires beautiful hair, and every one may possess it, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the Bloody Ground.

TOLLESBORO, KY.

DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.—I keep the largest stock of medicines of any store in Lewis county, with the exception of a drug store at Vanceburg, our county seat, and am selling a great deal of your PERUNA and MANALIN. It is giving the best satisfaction of any medicine that I ever handled. In one case the constable for the precinct, has been very sick and low spirited for a long time. For several years he has tried all the doctors here, and we have some good ones, and they did him no good. After much persuasion I sold him two bottles of PERUNA and MANALIN. He took half of the medicine. I could see a great change in him, and now he is as sound a man apparently as there is in this vicinity, and he says he is entirely well. He is a number one man and is highly respected. He is satisfied that your medicine saved his life, after all the doctors and all medicines had failed. Being unacquainted with you, I refer you to John Shillito & Co., Altor, Pinckard & Co., and other business houses of Cincinnati.

R. L. GILLESPIE, P. M.

Messrs. Adamson & Shipley, of Waynesburg, Pa., write: "Please send us some "Ills of Life" immediately. We are having a big run on your medicine, PERUNA. Instead of dying out, like most medicines, in course of time, it seems to be growing in favor. We sell lots of it. Please send the books soon."

Messrs. Wirthorn & Urban, of Allegheny City, Pa., write: "Having a large sale for your PERUNA and MANALIN, we have also many calls for your book, "Ills of Life." Please send us a supply of them, German and English, and oblige."

S. Wolf & Son, Wilmot, O., write: "Gentlemen: We handle your goods, and they give good satisfaction."

A. G. Sellards, Grenup, Ky., says: "Gentlemen: I am handling your medicines, and having a good trade on them."

J. C. Saunders, Martinsburg, W Va., writes: "Gentlemen: Your PERUNA sells fast and gives good satisfaction here. We sell more PERUNA than any other preparation we handle."

W. Bauer, St. Mary's, Pa., writes: "My son is still improving in health. Your PERUNA is just the thing for him."

H. L. Day & Co, New Vienna, Ohio, write: "S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.—Gentlemen: Your PERUNA sells as well as any medicine with us. Quite a number have told us that PERUNA is the best thing they ever used."

Estate of Naaman L. Shank, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NAAMAN L. SHANK,

late of Garrett Co, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of June 1885.

SARAH E. SHANK,
6 6 3t Administratrix.

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,
from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

JH. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,
5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON
NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's

PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED

Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M
No. 1	12.27 P. M
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.50 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	8.50 P. M.
No. 6	9.38 P. M.
No. 12	5.50 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.45 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VEGETABLE PILLS

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER 30 YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $1.00
Two Months, - 1.50
Three Months, 2.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., 19 TO CHEMISTS
SOLE P. OWNERS, 66 & 68 PARK PL., N.Y.

RUPTURED PEOPLE Call on or address Elastic Trusses.
WE CURE RUPTURE RADICAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Edward C. Ross, vs. Amanda M. Hawkins and others.

No. 283 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the creditors of the late Wm. R. Pressman, to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of June, 1885, as on that day I will state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the trustee's hands.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
5 30 3t Auditor.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bowley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 5 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at or near the residence of Mrs. Seabold, and running by the most practicable point to the Oakland and Bayard Glade road at or near John A. Delawder's residence.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
R. REYNOLDS,
5 9 3t JAMES SEABOLD.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia,** or **Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4-'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

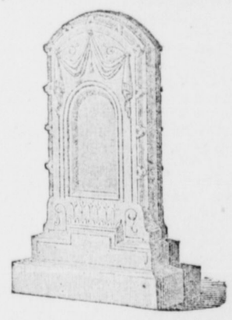
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Da Costa Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known. Call for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shaffzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885. NUMBER 18.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

NO. 12.

A FINE LARGE FARM OF 169 ACRES

On Deep Creek. 75 acres in grass. Will be sold cheap. A rare chance for a good investment.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and ACUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

WHITE MAGIC AND ARAB ROBBERS.

"Now, professor, your baggage is all in the boat, and whenever you're ready I am."

So spoke the captain of the Austrian Lloyd steamer (which had just anchored before the Syrian port of Jaffa) to a big, light-haired, yellow-bearded man in enormous green spectacles, from behind which a pair of large blue eyes looked out very kindly and pleasantly.

Both the captain and his passengers seemed to treat the spectacled man with great respect, as well they might, for he was no less a personage than the famous German professor, Herr Julius Altenstein, who had just come out to the Holy Land for the first time, in order to dig up a few more "antiques" for the Berlin Museum.

As every Eastern traveller knows, it is no joke to get ashore at Jaffa, which is merely an open roadstead, with a dangerous reef right across its upon which the waves break so furiously that it is often impossible to land at all. Hence the captain thought it best to take the professor ashore in his own boat.

But just as Herr Altenstein was stepping toward the gangway, a gaunt, ragged, wild-looking figure started up right in his path, crying, in a queer jumble of Italian, French, and German:

"Signor! signer! Fine music box! You buy him, me sell very sheap."

The professor, annoyed at being stopped, was going to push past; but the poor Italian's hungry, woe-begone face touched his warm German heart, and he felt in his pocket for some small change, though without any idea of buying the musical-box.

"Fine box, signor," repeated the Italian, seeing that he had made some impression. "Play German song fine. *Ecco lo!* (see).

He touched the spring as spoke, and instantly the musical-box struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein."

This was too much for the patriotic professor, who hastily dropped a handful of silver into the Italian's extended palm, and, thrusting the box into his pocket, plumped into the boat like a scared elephant.

Herr Altenstein was half way to land before he had done examining his new purchase, which was a queer-looking affair enough. The spring being quite hidden, and the box itself completely coated with "grits" (like the rough side of a match-box), it looked at first like a lump of sandstone. But its tone was so clear and sweet that the professor thought he had made a very good bargain; and so, indeed, he had, though in a way of which he little dreamed just then.

That very night our hero and his dragoman rode across the Plain of Sharon (the ripe corn upon which came up to his saddlebow) and through the hills of Abu-Gosh, up to Jerusalem.

Here he stayed just long enough to get the necessary "papers" from the Turkish pacha (governor), and then trotted off again along the steep, narrow path that winds through the tremendous precipices between Jersualem and the Plain of Jericho.

Within two days of his landing our energetic professor had got over the Jordan, and was right in among the blue hills of Moab, where his work lay.

It is easy enough to get workmen in Palestine when you have a pacha's order in your pocket, and easier still when you pay your men well, instead of making them work for nothing, like the pacha himself. Herr Altenstein did not take long to muster a gang of tough, wiry, bare-limbed Arabs, able and willing to labor from sunrise till sunset on the hottest day in summer, provided they got enough *piastres* (five-cent pieces) to make it worth their while.

The Arabs, however, although quite satisfied with the wages paid for their work, were sorely puzzled by the work itself. When they first saw Altenstein begin digging and grubbing among the stones and dirt, they naturally thought that the Feringhi Hakim (European doctor), as they called him, must be on the track of some of those "buried treasures" about which the Syrian Arabs tell so many strange tales. But when no treasure appeared, and they found the professor raking together broken bits of stone and rusty scraps of old iron, they settled in their own minds that he was an enchanter, who needed these seemingly worthless things in order to frame a magic spell by which the buried money was to be discovered. From that day he became a very mysterious and wonderful person in their eyes, and his strange doings—which grew stranger still every time they were told—were the talk of the whole country round.

But it unluckily happened that among the many who heard and wondered at these stories were a gang of Arab robbers, who haunted the neighboring mountains; and it struck these gentlemen that it would be no bad plan to get hold of this wonder-working European, force him to unearth some of the hidden money for them, and so make themselves rich for life.

One hot afternoon the professor had wandered to a considerable distance from the camp in search of a new spot to dig for relics. He was sitting in the shade of a bowlder, thinking over all he had done, and all that he meant to do, when suddenly there came gliding out from between two great rocks right in front of him six or seven tall, wild-eyed, fierce-looking Arabs in soiled white turbans and ragged blue frocks, every man with a gun on his shoulder and a huge knife in his tattered crimson sash.

Herr Altenstein knew at the first glance who these grim-looking fellows were, and what they wanted. But he had not lived for years in the East without knowing how to deal with Arabs. He never stirred from his place, but only turned his head slowly round, and looked full at them through his great green spectacles, without uttering a word.

Now, a story had got abroad about these spectacles, as about everything else belonging to the "enchanter." It was said that he had killed a tiger, and put on its eyes over his own, by which means he could find his way in the dark, and see things which were to be seen by no one else. So when the superstitious robbers saw the glare of these terrible "double eyes" turned full upon them, they began to lose heart at once, to hang back as if the professor had been a loaded cannon.

Then Altenstein rose slowly to his full height, and cried in Arabic:

"Who are ye who dare to disturb me on my own ground?"

The robbers looked scared, for an Eastern brigand is always inclined to be afraid of any man who does not seem afraid of him. But their chief thought of the buried money, and plucked up courage.

"Art thou the Western enchanter?" asked he.

"I am," said the professor, sternly, "and I know well why ye are come. You wish to seize me, and make me bring gold out of the earth for you; but I fear you not."

The brigands eyed each other in dismay. Who was this man, who could read their thoughts, and who thus defied them all, single-handed? But scared though they were, they would not give up their hopes of plunder so easily.

"Feringhi," said the chief, "the Wise Man hath said, 'Words are but dried leaves, deeds are fruit.' What proof can'st thou give us that thou art an enchanter?"

"Can the sons of the Arabs call forth music out of the stone?" asked Altenstein.

"No, nor can'st thou, either," answered the robber.

"I *can*," replied the professor, solemnly, "and thou thyself shalt see it. Behold!"

So saying, he wound up his musical box under cover of the skirt of his loose robe, and then, feigning to pick up a stone, he placed the box (whose gritty surface made it look exactly like one) on the bowlder beside him, and called out to it:

"Give forth music!"

The first notes of "Die Wacht am Rhein" had scarcely floated on the air when they were drowned by a howl of dismay from the robbers, who turned and fled as if a lion were chasing them. One let fall his gun; another broke his head against a rock; a third fell sprawling into a ditch; a fourth upset one of his comrades and tumbled over him. Never was there a more complete "stampede," and so long as Professor Altenstein remained in that part of the country, no one ventured to molest him any more.

A well-know preacher makes the recommendation of Ayer's Pills a matter of religious duty. When people are bilious and dyspeptic, what they need is the Gospel of Health. In such cases, the best creed to swallow consists of the thirty sugar-coated articles in a pill-box.

Time once passed never returns; the moment which is lost is lost forever.

Pomeroy's Proverbs.

"Brick" Pomeroy's U. S. Democrat.

Every grown person who is afraid to die is unfit to live.

A majority of our greatest blessings come from disappointments.

The young woman who cannot willingly help her mother will never be a help to her husband.

The reason why there are so few original men is that they are afraid to let their brains have a play-spell.

The only way for a wife to reform a drunken, loaferish husband is to let the worms make him over into soil.

Many a man on his death bed wishes he had never hitched his mule to the load he has dragged along to the door of eternity.

Not one man in ten dare to express his honest opinion of the man he talks to. Not one in five tells the truth of him he is talking of.

When some christians reach the judgment seat they will wish they had run their religion through a fanning mill before they left home.

God don't care a clover leaf about what your neighbor thinks of you. The only testimony admitted in His court is what you really think of yourself.

A Healthy Profession.

"Journalism must be a healthy profession," said old Mrs. Squaggs as she laid the paper on her knee and rubbed her eyeglasses with her apron.

"What makes you think so?" said old Mr. Squaggs.

"Because I see that the writers who used to have pieces in the papers when I was a girl are still living and writing away the same as ever; they must be very old."

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Squaggs.

"Well, there is 'Veritas' for one, and 'Anon,' and 'One who Knows,' and 'Vox Populi,' and 'Justice,' and 'Pro Bono Publico,' and 'X Y Z,' and 'Taxpayer" and many others. I see some of their names ever day, and I do declare if the sight of 'em don't bring back the old school days."

Then the old lady gazed meditatively into the fire and old Mr. Squaggs went out on to the back stoop to indulge in a quiet laugh to himself.

Measures of Capacity.

The following table will be found convenient, taking inside dimensions:

A box 24 in. x 24 in. x 14. 7 in. will contain a barrel of 31½ gallons.

A box 15 in. x 14 in. x 11 in. will contain 10 gallons.

A box 8¾ in. x 7 in. x 4 in. will contain a gallon.

A box 4 in. x 4 in. x 3.6 in. will contain a quart.

A box 24 in. x 28 in. x 16 in. will contain 5 bushels.

A box 16 in. x 12 in. x 11.2 in. will contain a bushel.

A box 12 in. x 11.2 in. x 8 in. will contain a half bushel.

A box 7 in. x 6.4 in. x 12 in. will contain a peck.

A box 8.4 in. x 8 in. x 4 in. will contain a half peck, or 4 dry quarts.

A box 6 in. x 5 3-5 in., and 4 in. deep will contain a half gallon.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railway director, who is equally renowned for his ability to take or make a joke. A railway employee, whose home is in the country, applied to him for a pass to visit his family. "You are in the employ of the company?" inquired the gentleman alluded to. "Yes." "You receive your pay regularly?" "Yes." "Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer, instead of the company, would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and carry you home?" This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man promptly. "I would not expect that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should call him a very mean fellow if he would not let me ride." The employee came out three minute after with a pass good for twelve months.

Githooly hired a pony the other day to take a little exercise on. He got all the exercise he wanted; and, as he limped to the edge of the sidewalk to rest himself after taking so much exercise, a kind friend asked him: "What did you come down so quick for?" "What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THEN AND NOW.

We laughed to see the whirling snow
And hear the raging tempest blow;
We recked not of the icy blast,
Nor how the storm came wild and fast—
Our hearts had sunny weather;
Nor snow, nor hail, nor wild winds' moan,
Could chill the glow around them thrown,
For then we were together.
O, sweetest word—together!

I tread, in golden summer hours,
A pathway through a land of flowers,
Beneath the blue of peaceful skies,
With weary feet and tear-dimmed eyes;
I care no longer whether
The days be bright or dark, nor how
The lonely time goes by, for now
We walk no more together,
Ah, nevermore together.
—*Anna E. Bowser, in Current.*

CLIMBING A VOLCANO.

One of the Five Active Craters in Costa Rica.

A Graphic Description of a Perilous Adventure—A Crater Never Examined by Scientists—Incidents and Accidents.

There are five active volcanoes in Costa Rica, according to the geography; Irazu, which is 11,500 feet high; Turrialba, which is 10,350; Poas, DeBarba, and Mirravalees, which have not been measured, and several smaller ones whose craters have shown evidence of former activity, but have emitted nothing since the memory of man. To be considered active a volcano does not have to keep belching out fire and smoke all the time, for they must have vacations like the rest of us; but an extinct one is that whose crater has been permitted to fill up with debris and never shows signs of life.

Not having had the advantage of volcanic acquaintance, and being ambitious to look into the crater's mouth, I determined to explore Irazu, and in company with Mr. H. Remsen Whitehouse, Secretary of the United States Legation in Central America, I made the ascent.

It was an experience which will never be forgotten, but which one would not care to repeat. You can not go to the summit of Irazu in a railway car like Vesuvius, and no one has ever taken the trouble to build a carriage road, therefore the journey is not recommended to ladies, invalids, or timid men; and one such trip will do the most nerveful for a lifetime.

We followed up a cart road, thick with dust for a few miles, then entered the cornfields and rode through them for several hours, stopping at the cabin of a native to get corn for our horses and a cup of coffee for ourselves. This was the last house on the mountain, and leaving it we went through a pasture and struck into a forest as dense as a forest can be. There was a good moon and it lit up the tree tops with a weird and fantastic light, while the great festoons of moss which hung from the branches and almost obscured our way were almost livid where the rays of moonlight struck them. The trunks and limbs of the trees were covered with thick, yellow lichens, which were as fine as hair, and hung like the beard of a patriarch. The trees, too, were loaded with orchids, that rare plant so much prized by botanists, and sought here by collectors from all over the world. Dead trunks covered with moss that seemed almost phosphorescent arose like phantoms in our way. Huge, thorny cacti, like the candelabra of giants, were on every side, while the dense growth of underbrush made it almost impossible for the horses to push through.

Through this we kept climbing until the horses were exhausted and the moon went down. For some inscrutable reason, but really for no reason whatever, it is considered best to make the climb in the night, but we couldn't go any further, so a fire was built, the animals were unsaddled and given their supper; we swung our hammocks in the trees and wrapping ourselves in blankets lay down to pleasant dreams.

The blazing fire frightened the animals of the forest, and all around us we could hear the protests of the tiger, whose cry is like that of a child. Now and then the deeper tones of the mountain lion could be distinguished, but they were more frightened than we, for the fire was a terror to them, as it was a comfort to us, the altitude being something more than 9,000 feet and the temperature forty Farenheit. The birds chattered and gossiped, being awakened by the unusual light and disturbance in their solitude. There was little sleep for any of us, as the situation was so weird, and the noises our advent awakened so strange to our ears. At 3:30 we were to be called and continue the ascent so as to reach the top of the mountain by sunrise. We were all awake long before the time, and leaving the hammocks hanging, and stripping ourselves of every possible encumberance except overcoat and food, we were in the saddle promptly and followed the guide as he plunged into a darkness that could be cut with a knife. There is darkness and darkness, but that we encountered in that tropical forest was double-dyed. We might as well have been blindfolded in a coffin at the bottom of a grave. There was a path, a trail among the trees, but the guide couldn't follow it on horseback, so he dismounted and felt for it with his feet. They failed and he crept along on his hands and knees, and that method of locomotion being rather unsatisfactory, he lit a candle he had in his pocket and plodded along.

The path went zigzag up the mountain side, like the trail of a goat. It ran a few hundred feet on the bias at a grade of about forty-five degrees, and then reversing ran up about the same grade and distance in the other direction, presenting a series of acute angles like an enormous rail-fence. Just as Mr. Whitehouse was turning one of these corners, where the slope of the mountain side was almost perpendicular, his horse stepped upon a rotten log, which concluded to roll down the precipice, and he and his horse went too. Nobody saw this decidedly novel acrobatic adventure. It was too dark to see your hand before your face; we were creeping along, feeling our way step by step, with arms outstretched to prevent contact between the trees and our heads.

After making what may be called a cursory examination of the surroundings, Mr. Whitehouse clambered up the bank, where a council of war was held, and it was determined to postpone further operations on that line until daylight. So we sat down around a fire and discussed things until the light began to filter through the forest. Then the climb was resumed and we got out of the woods just in time to see the sun rise out of what looked like a world full of soapsuds. The mountain rose like an island in a shoreless sea of clouds, great banks of foamy vapor rolling and plunging in the wind that always rises with the dawn, as the surf does on the shoals. It was a picture one does not often see, and there are no words in my vocabulary that will convey an adequate idea of its appearance. If one could fill the world with foam like that which hovers over the foot of Niagara Falls it would look something like it.

The wind was bitter cold, and it swept over the volcano with a fierceness that penetrated our very bones, but the sun's rays were hot and piercing, and soon burned out the clouds, in which the wind assisted, and the picture turned into a scenic panorama which has few equals in the world. Below us was spread out all Costa Rica, and the surf-fringed shore of two oceans. Sky, sea and lands were one vast rainbow, mingling tints of blue and green, and and the most unpoetic eyes could not behold it without awe and wonder. Mountains seemed to hang in the air as the clouds surrounded them, long lines of unbroken forests stretched away into a mirage which seemed to show the earth inverted, the fields of sugar-cane, a brilliant, livid green, looked like strings of gigantic emeralds on the earth's bosom, while the yellow fields of corn, half harvested, resembled sand hills, rolling and weltering under the tropic sun. Here and there were clusters of houses, with white churches rising in their midst, and streams linking them together like silver bands.

Far off on the horizon, which surrounded the picture like a circular frame, it was difficult to tell where the sky and the ocean met, their colors blending imperceptibly. We would not have known the two seas were there had not the expectation of a view of both the Atlantic and the Pacific from the same point been one of the objects of the climb, this being the only spot in the world from which both oceans are visible. The guide said he could distinguish the sky from the water, but I could not, and only knew that the seas were there because the lines where the dark green forests ended and the blue began were broken and irregular.

Following the crest of a ridge of pumice stone and ashes, which had been thrown out in ages past, and were as regularly piled as if the hands of men had dumped them there, we looked down on one side into a gorge three thousand feet deep, to the foot of which a stone would roll without meeting an impediment; and on the other into a basin formed by the mountain side, and the heaps of ashes that lay in a regular winrow around it—a basin about five hundred feet deep and quarter of a mile across from the top of one bank to the top of the other. The bottom was honey-combed with craters, where it looked as if the earth had broken through in irregular circles. There were seven or eight of these craters, some of them centuries old, the last and largest having opened within the memory of living men. The older ones were black and half filled with ashes cast from those of later origin, while "the new one" as it is called—perhaps a quarter of a century old—was bottomless as far as we could see, and its walls were yellow with sulphur and white with half-burned limestone. It was dangerous to go near the edge for the banks are concave, and thin crusts of earth reach over them; but we cast huge stones over and heard them strike the sides of the crater as they went down into an abyss which man has never measured. How long they were in reaching the bottom and what they found when they got there would be interesting to know, but this volcano has never been scientifically examined, and very few people have ever been to the crater's edge.

We were glad we went while we were down there, but were sorry when we tried to go back, for the walls at the basin are loose ashes, light and flinty, and our feet sunk into them almost to the knees. It was fun coming down, sliding and leaping into the soft substance, but going up it was a task that at times seemed to be beyond endurance. The ashes were fresh and crisp, and there was no sign of vegetation for a distance of a thousand feet or more down the outside bank, against which the wind was constantly blowing, and where one would think it would lodge dust and seeds from the forests so near and so numerous. The wall of ashes arose at least 500, and in some places 600 feet, around the crater. We noticed a very marked odor of sulphur in the crater while we were there, and our guide, who crawled close to the edge, reported vapor coming from the bottom, but the rest of us could not perceive it. There were many evidences of recent discharges, however, one of the most pronounced being the presence of flakes of sulphur on the ground, which must have been deposited there since the last rainfall.

It is the prevailing theory among local amateur scientists that the five active volcanoes of Costa Rica are connected by underground passages, and are all chimneys of the same terrestrial furnace; that more than one is seldom active, but that at least one is always in a state of eruption, as an escape for gas and vapors from the subterranean fires, that it is universally the rule for earthquakes of great force to follow a suppression of activity in all of them, and a sense of relief always prevails when the discharges are heavy and frequent. But while the interruption of activity is immediately succeeded by upheavals elsewhere, earthquakes are frequently felt, though not in such force, while the volcanoes are active. This is accounted for by the fact that gas is not emitted as fast as it accumulates, and that when it gathers in quantities sufficient to reach the sparks from the subterranean fires; it explodes in the caverns and causes an oscillation of the earth above. These explanations are very plausible and generally accepted as true, although, as I have said, the phenomenon has never been studied by men of scientific reputation, who might find here an interesting and prolific field for research.—*Curtis, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Missent Letters Can be Remailed Without Additional Expense.

Two men stood near a letter-box in Broadway disputing about a sealed letter which one of them held in his hand. The letter had been posted at an office in Virginia and a carrier had delivered it at an up-town address. In the meantime the person to whom the letter was addressed had left the city. The original address had been erased and one in a distant town had been written below it.

"You will have to put another stamp on it," said the stouter of the two men to the one who held the letter.

"That's possible, but my wife told me I only needed to drop it into a box. She ought to know about such things, because she re-mails lots of letters that come to the house."

"Why didn't she look after this one then?"

"Because she wanted it sent from down town so that it would get out quicker."

"Well, if you post it without another stamp it will not go at all. Women don't know about such things."

A letter-carrier approached the box at that moment and an appeal was made to him. He glanced at the envelope and said: "That needs another stamp because it is not a city letter. If it were going to another part of the city the old stamp would carry it."

"Do you mean to say that this letter would be detained at the office for postage?"

"Well, perhaps they would send it and charge the extra postage at the other end of the line. You had better see the station agent about it."

"There," said the stout man after the carrier had walked away, "you see how much your wife knew about it."

"Come on to the station and if she is wrong I will pay for two cigars."

They went to Station A and the letter was shown to the agent there. "That's all right," was his curt comment.

"But a carrier has told me it would need another stamp because it was going out of the city again."

"The law used to be that way," the agent said, "but it has been changed, and every carrier ought to know it. Now a letter can be remailed as often as necessary within the United States to get it to the owner without extra postage. The only limit is the number of changes that can be made in addresses on the face of the envelope."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CUPPING.

An Old Art in a Modern Barber Shop—Seldom Resorted to in This Country.

A novel sight was presented in a bathroom at Phil. Balzer's yesterday afternoon, and was exhibited to a number of interested customers of the shop. An old German barber who keeps a chair in the south end was "cupping" a patient. The process had, of course, been often heard of, but never seen by any present. The man upon whom the art was being practiced was sitting in a bathtub, and attached to his skin were no less than twenty-eight small glass cups, which had been applied to all parts of his body by the doctor barber. The skin had been cut or scarified under each, and the blood was slowly oozing out into the cups. The applications were made by expelling the air from the cups by means of heat, and quickly pressing them upon the man's person. The flesh was drawn up into the cup by the pressure of the air, and the blood extracted by a sort of suction.

"Cupping" was formerly part of the profession of every barber in Germany, and from it came the sign of the red, blue and white pole, the colors being supposed to represent arterial and veinous blood, and pure health, respectively. It was approved by reputable physicians, though not when done to such an extent as in the case of yesterday. It was used mostly for local troubles, and not for wholesale blood-letting. It is now seldom done in this country, though English doctors sometimes prescribe it.—*Columbus (O.) State Journal.*

The Invention of Paper.

How, when, or by whom paper was first invented will never be known. According to Hallam, documents on paper are found as early as the tenth century, and it came into use not long after this era, and completely supplanted all other materials which were formerly employed for the purposes for which it is now used. It will be observed that the invention of paper of some kind was an absolute necessity before there could be printing, as parchment was far to expensive to use for the purpose, even were it otherwise perfectly adapted to this use. The use of paper in Western Europe dates from the time mentioned, but it was known to the Chinese long before the Christian era, and it is believed that they used the bark of various trees, the soft part of the bamboo stems, cotton and several other kinds of vegetable fibers. From the Chinese it is supposed to have spread to India, thence to Arabia, and the manufacture was introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain, but about this there is no certainty. The rice paper of the Chinese is made in the same general way as the papyrus of the ancient Egyptians, by placing in proper order layers of fibers and cementing them with sizing or glue. The first patent for paper making was taken out in England in 1665, but it was "for making blue paper, such as is used by bakers." The next, for making writing papers, was in 1675, and covered writing and printing papers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Three-fourths of the children born in Calaveras County, Col., in the past two years are girls.

HAVANA CIGARS.

How the Favorite Weeds Are Manufactured—Some Interesting Items of Information.

Mr. F. H. Meyer, formerly a cigar-maker in Havana, gives considerable interesting information concerning Havana cigars and how they are made. Mobile, although so near to Havana, is very different in her cigar-making methods, and Mr. Meyer's statements will doubtless be read with interest.

"Any person may become a manufacturer in Havana after obtaining a license from the Government. Each manufacturer has a trade mark, or as many trade-marks as he wishes, but he alone is entitled to use them. Small manufacturers have no brand or trade-mark, but work for the other manufacturers. When a brand is placed upon the market it usually goes for a very small price, but as it increases in popular favor the price rises rapidly. Immense profits are made by the owners of well-known brands. If a manufacturer of a well-known brand desires to retire he can dispose of the brand at a considerable price. Sometimes, however, he prefers to furnish a poor class of cigars at high prices until the brand falls into disrepute and no one wants the cigars.

"The manufacture is chiefly carried on in Havana, and the manufacturers are Spaniards or Creoles. The cigar-makers are of all classes, Creoles, Spaniards, colored people, and negroes. Many of the latter are slaves, but there is not much profit in their labor, as a good slave cigar-maker costs from $700 to $1,000, and he must be fed and clothed. Sometimes he is ill, of course, and at other times he runs away and his master never sees him again. As a class, the cigar-makers form the roughest and most miserable of the whole population. Their behavior is regulated by the good or the poor yield of the tobacco crop. If the yield is good and abundant, there is hardly a way to manage the men properly, as a great want of workmen is felt. If, on the other hand, the crop is poor, there are plenty of hands, and with the reduction of wages they become tractable. In flush time, the manufacturer who offers the largest advance of wages obtains the greatest number of hands. The system of making advances is also of great damage to the manufacturer, as he loses large sums in that way. The cigar-makers who can not or will not repay are thrown into prison. Sometimes so many men are thus locked up that the scarcity of hands is severely felt by the manufacturers. Another nuisance consists in having to pay off the hands three times a day, at breakfast, dinner, and night.

"The most renowned manufacturers chiefly make their cigars smaller than the standard sizes. The cigar-maker, when at work, has before him the wooden model of the cigar he is expected to make. He has also a flat piece of wood with a hole in it, through which the cigar can be drawn. In making a cigar the workman takes two or three pieces of leaf and places them flat in his left hand; he then takes as many smaller pieces as may be required, rolls them all together in the hand, and finally applies the wrapper. His chief aim is to cover the veins or place them all on one side. By success in achieving this the good operator can be recognized. The heads of the cigars are not fastened with gum or any other similar sticky substance, but simply by wheat bread. This bread the workman carries with him. The taste can hardly be noticed in the cigars. The most skillful hands use nothing at all to fasten the ends, but secure them by many twistings that wind into each other. This requires more time, however, and is chiefly practiced with fine cigars.

"The smoker would hardly enjoy his cigar if he were to see it in process of manufacture. Should you see the dirty negro working amid the uncleanliness of many of the factories, where much tobacco is lying on the ground and frequently coming in contact with the spittle and naked feet of the workmen, you would feel a strong desire to let the cigar alone.

"All persons employed in a factory smoke as much as they want. In the evening the workman takes at least six cigars home with him, and these so taken are not the worst, as you may imagine. None of them consider it stealing to take cigars or tobacco with them. Although large thefts often occur, the police do not interfere. If the proprietor makes complaint, he must not forget to mention that he does not expect to have any of the stolen goods returned, but only desires the discovery of the thief. In case he should wish to recover the goods the expense would amount to two or three times the value of them. The working hours are twelve hours a day, winter and summer. Every fifty cigars made by a workman are bound together, the finest cigars being placed on the outside, with the veins on the inside. The number of bundles depends upon how many cigars a man can make in a day. The average is 200 to 250."—*Mobile Register.*

Punishment for Crime.

Several French papers have expressed their surprise at the increase in the number of murders during the last few years, but the criminal statistics for 1884, which have just been published, afford an ample explanation of this, for they tell us that, though twenty-five persons were condemned to death, only three were executed. When it is considered that, in addition to those condemned to death, at least twice as many were found guilty of wilful murder but with "extenuating circumstances" (which makes it impossible for the Court to pass the capital sentence), it is apparent that only three out of seventy or eighty murderers were sent to the scaffold. It is a bad sign, too, that French juries are acquitting a larger proportion of prisoners; and out of 3,299 cases tried by jury last year more than 800 resulted in a verdict of acquittal. This is equivalent to a proportion of twenty-four per cent., whereas ten years ago the proportion was about seventeen per cent., and half of the total number tried at the assizes had one, or more than one, previous conviction recorded against them.—*St. James' Gazette.*

EARTHQUAKES.

A Distinguished Scientist's Opinion of the Cause of Subterranean Activities.

It has been asked of late whether the hurricanes which followed the Spanish earthquakes were not followed by those subterranean disturbances, and all-explaining electricity has been called upon to explain how earth-throes might have caused atmospheric disturbances. I know of no way in which such consequences could have followed from a displacement of the earth's crust. To me it seems far more natural to conclude that the hurricanes and earthquakes were alike produced (the hurricanes chiefly, the earthquakes partially) by the atmosperic compression which preceded the subterranean disturbances. This compression indicated a heaping of air over the disturbed region; the earth's crust yielded under this increase of pressure, combined with the action of other forces, and earthquakes followed; the compressed air swept away to regions of less pressure, and the rarefaction following led in the usual way to the indraught which precedes a cyclonic disturbance in the air.

But while the action of atmospheric pressure in helping to excite subterranean activities must not be overlooked, the varying pressure exerted by seas and oceans is a more potent disturbing factor. Atmospheric pressure is distributed in such a way that though the weight of air on any given area is continually changing, there are no sharply defined lines, at any time, which separate regions of less pressure from regions of greater pressure. It is otherwise with the sea along a shore line. Here we have the sea acting with constantly varying intensity, as its level changes, on the seaward side of the shore line, while on the landward side there are no such variations of pressure. Let us consider what this means. Take a tolerably straight shore line 500 miles in length, and suppose that along this shore line a region of ocean 100 miles broad rises through a height of three feet under the combined action of sun and moon raising a tidal wave, and favoring strong winds urging the water shoreward. Then we have 50,000 square miles of sea-water, three feet deep, added as so much dead-weight to that part of the earth's crust which underlies the seas along that shore. Each square mile contains in round numbers 3,000,000 square yards, or 27,000,000 square feet. The additional weight corresponds, then (as the added layer is three feet deep,) to 50,000 times 81,000,000 cubic feet of water, each weighing 64½ pounds, or to 116,000,000,000 tons. It is clear that the addition of so enormous a weight as this to the submerged part of the earth's crust, outside the shore line, may well produce strains too great to be resisted. It must be remembered that the very existence of a precipitous shore line (as distinguished from one where the land above water and the parts submerged form one great slope) indicates the comparative weakness of the crust along that coast. It has yielded on one side to pressure thrusting it upward above the sea-level, and on the other side to the pressure of the water forcing it down. It is true, the actual line of yielding may not coincide with the existent shore line. For the action of the sea waves may (and generally must) have altered the position of the coast from that which it occupied when first formed. But it may be taken for granted that not far from every precipitous shore line lies a line of weakness, where the crust has given way in the past, and may give way again. In this consideration undoubtedly we find a part of the explanation of the observed fact that almost all the great regions of subterranean activity on the earth lie near the sea-shore.

But while the changes of atmospheric and oceanic pressure are potent factors in the production of earthquakes, and are probably in the great number of cases their direct occasion, it is, of course, to the subterranean regions themselves that we must look for the forces at work in upheaving the crust of the earth. The forces acting from the outside are, as the pull on the trigger; the imprisoned gases and vapors generated by internal heat are as the powder by whose explosion the missile is ejected.

Yet even in considering the earth's subterranean activities we still have to look outside for a part at least of the causes of disturbance. The air perhaps may in this respect be neglected, but the water is all-important. It has been said, indeed, and probably with a nearer approach to truth than usual in the case of generalizations of the sort, "Without water there can be no volcano," and a similar rule (not quite so general) applies to earthquakes. Few probably occur, possibly none, save through the action of water in some way or other. All active volcanoes except one (in mid-Asia) are by the sea shore. Nearly all the great earthquakes recorded by history have taken place, and have apparently had their center of disturbance, near the sea.

There can be very little doubt, indeed, that the direct cause of every great subterranean disturbance is water in the form of steam—steam superheated, under great pressure, and therefore possessing much greater expansive power than steam at ordinary temperatures.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Harper's Magazine.*

Great Improvement.

Captain Jasman, who owed a bill in a neighboring town, was drawn on through the bank.

"What's this?" he asked of the collector.

"It's a draft for fifty dollars."

"The first one I ever saw. Now, they get 'em up in good shape, don't they? Well, sir, there has been a big improvement in such things since I could first remember. When I was a boy, circus bills were mere daubs of red ink, but now look at 'em."

"Are you going to pay this draft?"

"O, I don't want it. Tell that feller that I am much obliged for the kind attention he has shown me, but that I can not afford to pay so large a price for such a small piece or paper. Good-day."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The throne of Louis XIV. was sold by public auction in Paris a few days ago for 6,500 francs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A New York man advertises troches for dogs which are guaranteed to make the breath of poodles and pugs as sweet as Desdemonia's.

—Disease itself may be a blessing, for it appears that in Philadelphia "interesting cases" hire themselves out to clinical lecturers at from twenty-five cents to two dollars, according to the "instructiveness of his malady."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Germany has contributed to the world artificial cheese made of one part oleomargarine and two parts skimmed milk, mixed to the consistency of cream and subjected to the usual process of manufacturing the genuine article. The Yankee manufacturer of spurious products is not alone bad.

—A Spartansburg (S. C.) young lady advertises in the local paper for a husband. She describes herself "young and pretty, charming and witty, petite and piquante." Either there are no young men in Spartansburg or the damsel has overrated her charms.—*Chicago Times.*

—Two negroes of Wheeling, W. Va., had an affair of honor the other night and engaged in a butting duel. After fourteen rounds, in each of which their heads crashed together like rocks, they were satisfied, both being covered with blood and severely wounded.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Mr. Jacob Trungenwalt, of Philadelphia, has discovered that catfish skins may be tanned into elegant and serviceable leather. His first experiment was on a skin of a fish weighing about 160 pounds. He has now been engaged in the business for several years, and finds it very profitable.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—An old actor who has been interviewed on the subject gives it as his opinion that nobody without a good long nose ever played tragedy acceptably. However that may be, there is no question that a good long nose and a disposition to poke it into other people's business has led to a great deal of real tragedy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The best quality of charcoal is made from oak, maple, beach and chestnut. Wood will furnish, when properly charred, about twenty per cent. of charcoal. A bushel of charcoal from pine weighs about twenty-nine pounds; one from hard wood weighs thirty pounds; one hundred parts of oak make nearly twenty-three of charcoal, red pine about twenty-two, white pine twenty-three.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Professor E. C. Marshall says the French have more suspension bridges than any nation on the globe. Their engineers are putting up suspension bridges everywhere, and at least one of the structures approximates to the size of the Brooklyn bridge. So numerous are such bridges in France that it is impossible to secure an accurate list of them on this side of the water.

—A large black granite block, highly polished, was landed at Castle Garden recently. It was sent to Washington to be placed at the base of the monument. It is a gift of citizens of Wales, and was quarried at Mount Aurari. In gold letters on the face, in Welsh, is the following: "My language, my country, my people. Wales forever."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A Bath boatman saved an Italian organ-grinder from drowning Thursday. There was nothing objectionable in that, but when a long-suffering public reads the additional statement that the boatman rescued the hand-organ, too, from a watery grave, there will be no disposition in the public mind to award the boatman a medal. Bath boatmen evidently lack discrimination.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—"Some like it hot, some like it cold, some like it in the pot nine days old." Thus runs the song about peas porridge, which is not often found on a modern bill of fare. Our porridge, the much abused oatmeal, is improved, according to a scientific writer, by keeping in closed jars several days before using. It is sweetened by the formation of sugar, while the fibrous material is softened.—*Detroit Post.*

—A kiss is said to be sweet not because it contains saccharine matter, but because a man doesn't know what else to call it when he feels the effect traveling through his system on a lightning express with no stop-over check. It is safe to assume that a man who attempts to describe a kiss never had one; men who have had kisses (not smacks) don't want to talk; they just want to think and dream, and die with their boots on. So we have been told.—*Texas Paper.*

—Japanese parents are noted for their kindness to their offspring. Swearing is wholly unknown in Japan. The worst word a Japanese ever applies to a man whom he dislikes is "beast." There is, in fact, less disturbance among them than among any other people known to Americans. Their homes, no matter how poor, are neat, and in cleanliness they set a notable example to the whole world. Law and order are as much desired and enforced there as elsewhere.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Right here in the Hub, under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument, where stands the Cradle of Liberty, the Old South Church, and the spire of that other church on which hung aloft the beacon light of Paul Revere, where the first overt act of the Revolution was committed by dumping the tea into the ocean, could it be believed that our custom tailors can not dispose of a piece of American goods, although superior in every particular, unless he says it is English? This seems to be incredible, but is nevertheless true, literally and absolutely true.—*Boston Sentinel.*

—The rare sight of an ostrich with a wooden leg might have been seen on a California ostrich farm some time ago. The ostriches first hatched were deficient in bone structure, a deficiency which has now been supplied, it is supposed, by a certain element in the food of the parent bird. The bones in the legs of these young chicks were very soft and breakable. As an experiment, the broken leg of one of the birds was amputated and a wooden one strapped on. Those who have seen the ungainly and mincing gait of the ostrich when equipped with natural legs can imagine what a peculiar step one of them would have with an artificial limb. Unfortunately the bird thus singularly equipped broke his other leg above the knee and died.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

MATRIMONIAL.

Why the Decline of the Estate Is So Marked at the Present Time.

The present extravagant way of living probably has much to do with the present falling off in the matrimonial field. Girls brought up to every luxury, men with no idea of honest work, but only of pampering their own luxurious tastes, are not the people to join hands for the tremendous responsibilities of wedlock and the vicissitudes of life. What in the name of all that's reasonable could the modern dude do to support a family in comfortable circumstances, or more, to keep the wolf from the door? But he has no thought of matrimony; he puts all his small brain upon the fit of his clothes and the insipidity of his drinks. He enjoys the society of ladies; oh, yes! he affects the girls very much, but into his small heart there never creeps more than a milk-warm liking for them. And the girls! Let them be ever so idly brought up, let their minds be carefully weeded of all germs of common sense as they grow, yet there is an innate love of the noble in every girl's heart that would forever prevent her from falling in love with a dude; but if she did happen to, there is not one dude in a thousand would have the courage to find it out. And again, the higher education of women makes them more independent, more capable of a choice. With it their happiness is more in their own hands, and thus it is found that most divorces are among the class of people who still hold to the custom of an idle life for women. In olden times, to marry was considered almost as sure a fate as to die. The farmer's rosy daughter spun the flax or patted the butter into shape with a sweet smile playing about her pretty lips, for soon she knew she would in her own home pat her own butter and spin her own flax. In the city, the belle lounged through the day among flowers and perfumed notes from many adorers, unable to decide which should be her choice, yet positively certain of choosing one. But in "ye olden time" it was considered a point of extreme honor to be true to one's sweetheart. If one were false to every one else, one must be true to one's lover. In these days honor is almost a lost art. To be able to deceive is considered an evidence of greatest excellence. To believe what one is told, to trust the honor of a given word, is considered as almost imbecile innocence and simplicity. To-day there is no consideration but advantage. Will it be a step further on in a worldly way, is the question which presents itself. Sometimes the answer is positively in the negative, if I may be allowed the term, and very often it is doubtful. The love-after-marriage literature of the day is a fair sign of the times. To marry for advantage or convenience, and afterward to love "for love's sake only," is the most accepted plot of the more recent works. And this reacts upon society with a subtlety equal to that of the flower pollen which has been discovered by Dr. Mackenzie to be the cause of hay-fever. One can not see its action, yet the result is there. The want of trust and sanctity in the marriage tie, the free opening to women of other ... sources of happiness, and her increasing ability to stand alone, are some of the causes which are filling our land with single, but capable and useful women.—*Margaret Madden.*

MONKEYS.

The Family Life of Our Simian Progenitors.

Among other mammals the female element wields the scepter in family life, but in the realm of apes the male is invested with the sovereign power, not by general suffrage, but by the right of force. The oldest and strongest male of a troop proclaims himself chief and leader, after having vanquished all his competitors. The longest teeth and the strongest arms decide in the question of supremacy. All those who show reluctance to submit are chastised till they come to reason. To the strongest belongs the crown; in his sharp teeth resides his wisdom. This ferocious tyrant understands his duty as a leader, and performs the same with dignity. His subordinates flatter and fondle him in every way. As a genuine Pasha, he accepts this respect with a kind of languid acquiescence. In return he watches carefully over his vassals, and shows a continual anxiety for their welfare and security. He orders and directs minute details in daily life. The female monkey gives birth to one young one, very seldom to twins. The new-born monkey is a little ugly creature, bare of hairs, with spindling limbs and a repulsive, senile face. But the mother is passionately fond of her monster, and caresses and nurses it with remarkable devotion. She does not leave it for a single moment, she, presses it to her heart, rocks it to and fro, and takes the utmost care to keep it absolutely clean. In the first period of life the baby is apathetic and almost insensible, but begins gradually to play with urchins of its age. The mother is a patient observer of the first steps of her beloved, and watches carefully that no harm may befall it. In the meantime she trains it, and the first virtue inculcated in the mind of the youngster is obedience, obedience in the strictest sense of the word. Men have ridiculed the maternal affection of the brute, and speak of "apish love." In our eyes the tenderness exhibited by the monkey may have a ridiculous side, but where is the man who could, without deep emotion, witness the anxiety of a mother-ape nursing her sick child. I must confess that, to my eye, in such cases she is at least the equal of the human mother. If the young ape dies, the spectacle is a piteous one. The mother cannot be separated from the dead body, refuses all food, and frequently perishes from grief. In such crises the ape proves certainly his congeniality with the human race, and in his moral affections could stand as an example to many men.—*Nature.*

—At Stratford, Conn., a courtship that has been carried on for a period of thirty-one years is still pursuing its rosy way without any more signs of a matrimonial termination than there was over a quarter a century ago.—*Hartford Post.*

WOUNDS IN ANIMALS.

How They May Be Repaired—The Two Methods in Use.

There are two principal methods by which wounds are repaired. The first of these, and the more favorable of the two, is the method termed by surgeons healing by the first intention. Under favorable circumstances this takes place in an incised wound when the cut surfaces are brought carefully together and maintained in close contact after bleeding has ceased. The two surfaces then become cemented together by the formation of a thin intermediate layer of new tissue. The other principal mode of repair is healing by the second intention. That is what takes place in large incised wounds when the cut surfaces can not be brought and maintained in apposition, and it is the invariable method of repair in punctured and lacerated wounds. Here the gap in the texture becomes filled up by the growth of new material taking place from the bottom of the wound, while a new skin grows inwards from the edge of the wound. This skin, however, is not exactly similar to the natural healthy skin from which it extends, being thinner, more delicate, and without any hair. A third and much rarer process of healing in wounds is what is termed immediate union. In this, it is said, the divided surfaces being brought into accurate contact unite without the intermediate growth of any new texture. It is questionable if such is really the case, but it is certain that sometimes in small wounds the cut surfaces when placed together unite so speedily and exactly that no scar is left. In an incised wound treatment in the first instance should be directed toward favoring union by the first intention. The essentials for this are—a sound constitution on the part of the animal, accurate and close contact with the divided surface, and the absence of inflammation in the wound. Without man's interference this process would seldom or never ensue in the lower animals, for in all wounds except the smallest the cut surfaces gape apart unless some means be adopted to keep them together. The means commonly adopted by surgeons for this purpose are the application of strips of plaster across the surface of the wound, or the passing of sutures through its edge. In adopting the former plan, a few strips, according to the length of the wound, should be applied at intervals; but the entire surface should never be entirely covered by the plaster. The surfaces, moreover, should not be brought together until bleeding has been arrested, for should a clot of blood be effused into the wound it would prevent healing by this method. Sutures are simply stitches used to tie or sew the edges or surface of a wound together. They are used of various materials, such as thread, horse-hair, cat-gut and wire. Nothing further need be said about the application of these, since their insertion into a wound should always be left to a veterinary surgeon. In a punctured or a contused or lacerated wound, where the surface can not be maintained together, or where inflammation ensues in such a wound, then the treatment must be that favorable to healing by the second intention. Inflammation, shown by redness, swelling and great tenderness of the edges of the wound, should be combatted by assiduous bathing with hot water. In a contused and lacerated wound, such as "broken knees," particles of sand and other foreign matter must be carefully and lightly sponged from the surface; in punctured wounds, or stabs, it must be made certain that nothing remains in the bottom of the wound; and in all classes of wounds healing in this way provision must be made to allow the discharge from the wound a ready escape.

With the last object it is often necessary, in a punctured wound, to enlarge the opening, or to make what is called a "counter-opening"—that is, one running from the surface upward to the deepest part of the wound. The necessity for a free escape from a punctured wound is seen in the case of "pricks" of the feet. These are generally simple in their effects if the track of the nail be carefully followed and enlarged; but if not, the nail-hole is apt to become obstructed, and prove insufficient for the escape of the discharge from the wound. In that case the discharge accumulates within the hoof, and gradually forces its way toward the surface, in the direction of least resistance, and hence ceases to burst out at the top of the hoof. In all wounds union is promoted by putting the part at rest. In the case of such large animals as the horse this is always extremely difficult, and sometimes it may be necessary to put the animal in slings.

Healthy wounds are seldom much benefited by the application of lotions or ointments. When the wound is of small size it is best to leave it uncovered; and if it be in summer it may be smeared with zinc ointment, or with forty parts of olive oil to one of carbolic acid. In large wounds the surface should be lightly covered with a cloth kept wet with a solution of carbolic acid in forty parts of water. When a wound shows what is called "proud flesh" it should be rubbed over at its most prominent part with sulphate of copper (bluestone), or washed with a solution containing two ounces of sugar to a pint-bottle of water.—*English Veterinary Surgeon, in Chicago Times.*

The Object of a Ditch.

A New Yorker who was in New Jersey last fall found a number of men digging a ditch between two small lakes in a park.

"I don't see the object," he observed, after surveying the work for a while.

"No," dryly answered the boss.

"The lakes are too shallow to be navigated."

"Well?"

"And the ditch can't be of any use except to the fish."

"Mebbe not."

"Say!" called the nettled New Yorker, "what is the object of your infernal old ditch, anyhow?"

"To issue $100,000 worth of bonds on," was the calm reply.—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—California papers state that John W. Mackay has given $100,000 to Bishop Monogue for the erection of a church at Sacramento.

LOST TREASURES.

How They Are Found in the Early Morning Hours by "Dago" Searchers.

It has lately been made a matter of regret that the picturesquely dirty chiffonnier or rag-picker of Paris threatens to become an extinct species in consequence of the operation of stringent municipal laws. If it should ever happen that he should share the fate of the dodo and disappear from the face of the Continent of Europe, the enthusiasist will most probably be still able to see him plying his particular vocation on the streets of Chicago in the early morning.

In a great city like this there are hundreds of men whose vocations compel them to go home about the time when other citizens are preparing to start out upon their daily labors. No reference is here intended to those loafers and sharks who reel out from gambling saloons and surreptitious drinking dens when dawn is breaking, and are prepared to do anything that may rake them in the flying dollar—anything at all, from playing the slick confidence game to sandbagging some befogged simpleton who has freely placed the enemy within his mouth to steal away his brains. On the contrary, the reference is to those toilers of the night whose business is legitimate; to the reporters and printers who work for the public chiefly by the midnight lamp; to the scores upon scores of respectable men in other professions who, one way or another, have to find their bread by night and not by day. One of these nocturnal laborers lately happened to be a *Tribune* reporter, and just about daybreak he could not help noticing the singular demeanor of certain men who walked slowly along the principal shopping thoroughfares with their eyes bent steadfastly upon the ground. The majority carried small, coarse bags, and stopped wherever they saw a dust heap, which they diligently searched. These pickers-up of unconsidered trifles were evidently Italians for the most part. They worked the streets in sections, as no two ever came within a block of each other. A policeman happened to be sauntering along State Street, in the vicinity of the Palmer House, and the reporter asked him for an explanation of the mysterious movements of the men, who looked like desperate members of a conspirators' chorus.

"Them fellers?" said the officer, waving his hand in the direction of a pair of Italian searchers; "why, them is dagos, and they are looking for articles that folks may have happened to drop over night. They generally work State, Madison, and Dearborn streets, because there the most of the women do their shopping, and as they are out the first thing in the morning the chances are that they may pick up something that will keep them in comfort for a couple of months. A little goes a long way with them dagos. Why, I don't believe they spend as much in a week as you or I or any other Christian would spend for one square meal. Do they ever get a good find? Well, yes; once in a while they do. They may catch on to a ring, or a locket, or a pair of ear-rings, and it is not long ago since I heard of one fellow that picked up a purse containing over a hundred dollars. It was lying just under the curbstone, half-way in the gutter. When he saw he was observed he thought it wisest to take it over to the police-station, but it was never claimed, and he got the dollars. You would be astonished to know how many things women-folks contriv to lose—maybe owing to the excitement of buying fancy things, and maybe because in the crowd they get kind of rattled and careless. The daisy time for the dago-searcher for lost articles is in the early spring when the snow begins to melt, and then things that have been lost and buried for months come to light and are liable to be picked up by those who make it their special business to look for them. They are not at all particular about what they catch on to. See that fellow there? Well, he's just picked up an old pair of boots and stuck them in his bag. He'll get some kind of a market for them somewhere, and that just shows you how some of the poor of this city have to live. Neither you nor I would look at these boots, but there are hundreds who would be glad to buy them for a few cents. All these dago men know where to find a market for almost anything that is put out on the streets. There goes another who has picked up what looks like an old cotton rag—probably a handkerchief that has been all trampled over in the mud—but it is good enough for him, as all's fish that comes to his net."

"Are these men worked under the padrone system?"

"I don't know what that is," replied the officer, and the reporter explained the system which prevails in New York, where a small Italian capitalist called the padrone hires and feeds so many of his wretched fellow-countrymen and vigorously exacts the lion's share of their earnings.

The officer said he did not know whether the Chicago treasure-trove seekers were governed by padrones, but thought they might be, because he'd often noticed men going up and speaking to them as if they were watching them closely.

A few yards further on the reporter met one of the young searchers, and ventured to ask whether he had a padrone.

"Non, signor," he replied, as he grinned broadly; "me no have padrone. Me my own boss—no use for padrone. Non, mucha of zee business I not do—too mucha povero and no dollar." So saying he scuffled off on his search.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Captain John Ayers, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, who went to New Mexico with the California volunteers in early days, and for a time was in command of Fort Marcy, publishes a two-column article review, stating he has discovered the original warm and mineral springs which the Aztecs filled up and hid at the time of the Spanish invasion. The spring is about four miles east of Santa Fe.—*Chicago Times.*

—Russia and the United States are said to be the only countries in the world that have a sufficient number of horses for army purposes in case of war.

HE PARDONED HIM.

How President Hayes Was Led to Extend Executive Clemency to an Offender.

Tim —— kept a restaurant in Washington. He was a well-known son of Erin, happy as the day is long, with a good-natured, portly wife and five children that looked like a step-ladder when you stood them up in a row, and were as healthy as little pigs. The eldest of the children was about twelve years of age. One Decoration Day Tim took it into his head to increase the exchequer of his family by selling some "hard stuff" to the dust-begrimed and thirsty hosts who always visit Arlington on that occasion, so he erected a frame booth on the road to the cemetery, stocked it with the "rale ole stuff" and began business as his own bar-tender. He forgot the important essential of taking out a license, was nabbed by a constable, marched down to Alexandria, landed in jail, tried, convicted and sentenced to two years for selling liquor without a license and fined a hundred dollars. When Tim's wife and family heard of what had befallen their natural protector they nearly went crazy. One day I received a visit from his wife and the rest of the family. They lived in the neighborhood of my office. I listened to the story which she disconnectedly narrated to me through her tears and sobs, and a thought struck me that perhaps I could be of some service to her in securing the release of her husband. I enjoined her to follow my advice strictly and I thought she could get Tim restored to the bosom of his family. "Go up to the White House and see President Hayes; take all the children with you; force your way in and do not allow the doorkeepers to bluff you or prevent you from getting in to see him. When you arrive in his presence tell your story to him, and say that you will all have to starve or go to the poor-house unless he is released. Cry and sob right lively while you are repeating your request, and have your oldest daughter to burst out crying at the same time. I know that all the other children will follow suit if they see the oldest one crying. Mr. Hayes is a tender-hearted man and will release your husband, I'm sure."

She obeyed my instructions to the letter. She "togged out" the little ones in clean attire, went to the Executive Mansion and got inside the main entrance before Dinsmore, the good-looking door-keeper, could prevent it. The latter then ordered them out, but the family began the music according to programme, and while crying at the top of their voices enlisted the sympathy of many of the visitors who were passing in and out. A charitable-looking lady and gentleman, with whom the President was acquainted, ascertained between her sobs and tears what Tim's wife was after and arranged an interview with Mr. Hayes. Up stairs trooped the mother and children. The former pathetically told her story to the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. The crying and sobbing of the whole party was "immense," said a looker-on. "Calm yourself, calm yourself, my good woman," said Mr. Hayes. "O, my poor husband! my poor husband!" ejaculated the mother, and then the chorus of the children would almost reach high C. "I will release your husband," said Mr. Hayes, at last. "Come to-morrow and see me, but do not bring your children."

The next day she was promptly on hand. The President accompanied her to the Department of Justice, looked over the papers in the trivial case and not only pardoned Tim but wrote a letter to the State authorities requesting them to remit the fine, which was done. Tim was received with open arms by the happy family and has, since that time, kept within the pale of the law. Coyle says the family overwhelmed him unanimously.—*Washington Capital.*

THE HERO WAS SLAIN.

How the Old Farmer Went for the Boy Whose Wits Were Wool-Gathering.

One of the farmers who succeeded in backing his wagon into place at City Hall Market yesterday morning had several errands to do around the neighborhood, and he left his son of fourteen on the vehicle to make a sale of five or six bags of potatoes. The old man had scarcely disappeared when a bill-distributor came along and threw into the wagon the first chapters of a sensational serial. The boy grabbed for the "fly" and began to devour the literature in chunks and hunks, and of the half-dozen people who came along and asked the price of his potatoes he answered only one, and him so absent-mindedly that no sale was made. In about half an hour the old man returned. He halted at the back end of the wagon and took in the situation, and then asked:

"George, what you got?"

"Story."

"What about?"

"Injuns."

"Do they kill anybody?"

"They are after a feller and I guess they git him."

"He's the hero, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Don't sell any 'taters, does he?"

"No."

"I thought not, but I reckon I'll soon know the reason why!"

With that he leisurely climbed over the tail-board, reached for the boy, and the shaking up that youth received will make him dream of earthquakes for many nights to come.

"You don't want any more of that," said the old man as he finished business and dropped the "fly" overboard. "The Injuns not only overtook the hero but they slew him in the most fatal manner, and don't you forget it! Now you git up'n gallop and sell these 'taters!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A writer in the London *Spectator* the other day asked a young writer who was at work at novelettes how much he could earn. "At the rate of eighteenpence an hour." "This," the *Spectator* adds, "may be taken as about a minimum. The maximum may perhaps be put at £800 per annum. This excludes the great prizes of editorships of leading journals and the price which a man gets for his name."

—The ship State of Maine recently made the distance across the Pacific in twenty days, the fastest time on record.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

FOR THE BOYS.

A few words of advice, my lively young friend,
(Perhaps they are needed by you):
Down a terrible path your footsteps now tend,
For whisky will beat the best fellow, depend,
And the dream of to-day life's to-morrow may end;
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young friend,
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear boy,
Alas, none knows better than I!
But the gold of the wine cup turns soon to alloy,
And woe follows quick in the footprints of joy,
For the pain of to-morrow will rack and annoy;
The tempter's best vow is a lie, my dear boy,
Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my dear lad,
Are hale, good companions, each one,
With many an impulse that's not of the bad,
And they join in the mirth with an ecstasy mad,
But the bright sun of hope (O 'tis terribly sad!)
Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad,
Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time, dear young man,
And royal good fellows were they,
With brains which God meant, in His infinite plan,
For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as they ran,
And the hopes which we cherished, no longer we can;
But fond hearts will mourn as they may, dear young man,
Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then, for the sake of the mother, dear boy,
Who loves you as mothers will do,
Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's alloy;
Do naught that fond heart to disturb and annoy;
Encircle her face with the halo of joy,
And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy,
And life will be fairer for you.

—*A. J. Waterhouse, in Toledo Blade.*

AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND.

The Sad Condition to Which He Was Brought by the Demon Drink—His First Pledge.

It was a cold, sour eve with nothing suggestive of spring or flowers, save the boys and girls in merry glee hanging their May baskets sparse of flowers—jerking the bells with such gusto that some were seriously maimed—their rushing "te-he-ing" under the covert of post or tree to watch the recipient open the door and obtain the gift.

Jack and I had waited upon the door by turns all the evening with fair success. But alas! when the basket gave out, the bell kept ringing, and Jack's temper began to get frayed and give out also.

"Oh, it is not worth losing your temper over," I said, soothingly, after he had made two unsuccessful trips to the door, only to receive a volley of laughter from the boys and girls hid behind a lilac bush. "We will pay no further attention to the door, and the fun will cease."

So it proved.

We retired at a seasonable hour, leaving a light in the sitting-room. Presently we were awakened from a sound sleep by another ring of the bell, just as the clock was striking ten.

"Those rascals!" cried Jack.

"I don't believe it is the boys," I said. "It didn't sound like them—it was too faint and timid. There! don't you see!" as there followed another ring.

"Yes, I see! but they can't fool me again with such a trick!" was the obstinate reply as he turned over for a nap.

The remainder of the night, however, was undisturbed save as I was occasionally awakened by the continual tramp, tramp, back and forth in front of our house; but supposing it the boys we soon ceased to be annoyed by it.

In the cold gray of the following morning I was awakened by hearing my husband in earnest conversation with a strange voice in the kitchen—I could not make it out, neither the subject that engrossed them. Presently Jack stepped to the bedroom door, saying:

"I have started the fire, Aurelia, and will be back soon!"

And he was gone before I could ask a question to satisfy my curiosity, which was at its height when a moment later I saw my husband going down the walk in close conversation with a tall, well-built stranger wearing a silk hat. These were all the points I had time to note before they turned the corner and were out of sight.

In the course of two hours Jack returned, but alone.

"Who was your mysterious morning caller?" I asked, with ill-concealed curiosity, as we sat down to the savory breakfast.

"An old school friend!" was the somewhat short reply.

Noticing his desire to conceal something, I was, of course, bristling with interrogation points.

"It's no use, I see," said Jack, breaking into a sunny laugh at my many questions, "and perhaps I ought to tell you, though the poor fellow begged I would not mention it to you.

"His name is Burt Latimer—we were schoolmates at Hilton Academy twenty years ago. He was a bright, generous fellow—his father was wealthy, and Burt always had lots of money. It seems that he is married and living in New York, and travels for a large wholesale firm there—has for a number of years. He confesses he has drank moderately for some time and occasionally had a 'spree.'

"It seems that while waiting here an hour for the train, a fellow bummer invited him to one of our first-class hotels to pass the time. They got to drinking, and after the fellow had helped Burt spend a generous sum of money he left him here in a strange place, penniless and dead drunk.

"That was two weeks ago, and ever since he has been on a terrible spree. He pawned and re-pawned his clothes until he was almost naked, and had absolutely nothing with which to purchase liquor or lodgings, and for a week he has walked the streets nights, and gradually got sober enough to realize what has happened."

"Out-doors in these drenching night rains?" I cried, the tears filling my eyes.

"Yes; and he has scarcely tasted food in all this time. He began his debauch at the stylish bar of Hotel De Levier, but went from grade to grade, until he took his last drink at the lowest groggery in Thieves' Alley."

"Oh! isn't it terrible! But how did he happen to find us?"

"Well, as he came to himself he tried to think how he could get some decent clothes and get home. George! 'twas a dark outlook! Finally, he said, he recalled the fact that I lived here when at school—that my father was wealthy, and that I was a good, generous fellow, to use his words. So he got a directory and found us; and he is the fellow who rung the bell at ten o'clock last night—"

"There, what did I tell you!"

"And patrolled the street until morning, watching to catch me when I first got up. I tell you the poor fellow was blue with cold and drenched with rain, and glad enough to see a fire!"

"But why didn't you ask him to stay to breakfast?"

"I did, of course, but I couldn't persuade him, he is so used up over looking so."

"But what can we do for him?" I asked, seriously realizing that we now belonged to that class "who had seen better days."

"Not much, I fear, but he says if he can get to L—— he has a cousin there who can help him to clothes and money. I think I can get some of the boys to pass him as far as L——. He will be around soon and I am going with him to see."

Presently Mr. Latimer turned down our street and I don't think I ever beheld a more singular or pitiable sight. As I have said, Mr. L. was tall and well proportioned—his features were fine and almost classical—and he would have been observed in any crowd and pronounced a gentleman. But to see such a person as this clad in the thin, scanty, shabby habiliments of a drunkard was pitiable in the extreme!

My husband met him at the gate, but before they could get away I slipped out under pretense of an errand and rendered an introduction necessary, though Mr. L. tried hard to prevent such a catastrophe.

Oh, how gracefully he touched the once fine silk hat, now so roughened by the night rains! and how his face flushed and paled as he made a wretched attempt to lengthen his coat and hide his coarse shoes.

Though I addressed him as a gentleman and a former friend of my husband, he of course saw through my attempt to ignore his misfortune and was covered with humiliation. I was deeply distressed for him, and said with all the warmth of my being (and this was my real errand); "I shall expect you back to dinner with my husband, Mr. Latimer!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Carl," was the graceful, gentlemanly reply, "but I have been unfortunate and am in no condition to accept your kind hospitality." But I persisted and he agreed to return.

That evening (for we induced him to remain until the train left for L——, which was the following day,) he and Jack got to talking about old times at the Academy. He would smile and even laugh; but the laugh seemed to choke him and the smile turned into a shadow as he realized his uncouth appearance and the unfortunate cause.

And what wonder!

Fond and proud of his toilette, he now found himself in the presence of old friends clad in an old colored shirt with collar of the same, faded coat two sizes too small, thin pants two sizes too large, coarse cowhide shoes minus stockings—no vest and no undercloth-ing—nothing but the silk hat, which had miraculously escaped, was left of his former handsome and complete wardrobe!

In the course of conversation, and Mr. L—— could be very entertaining, we saw, he spoke of marrying his wife at M——.

"Indeed, what was her name? That was my home eighteen years ago," I said.

"Edith Daily."

"Edith Daily!" I said, with a strange mixture of surprise and sorrow, "I knew her! at that time we were very intimate. She was one of the sweetest girls I ever met!"

"And you would find her just the same now!" he replied, warmly, though his features quivered with pain at some recollection.

Before I left I was alone with him a little while. He seemed very anxious to unburden his heart to me and talked freely of his past life.

"This is my worst and last debauch, Mrs. Carl," he said, solemnly and earnestly.

"I hope so, Mr. Latimer, for dear Edith's sake—it must crush her."

At the mention of her name the tears ran down his face like rain, and he cried out in pitiful agony of despair:

"Oh, Mrs. Carl, help me! for God's sake, help me!"

"I wish I might," I said, earnestly, handing him a handkerchief to dry his tears, "but what can I do?"

"Won't you write a pledge? I never signed one because I thought I could look out for myself—but it may help me!"

Most cheerfully I drew up a simple pledge and he signed it in a clear business-like hand.

When he left us, my husband not being able to get him "passed," I handed him two dollars for his fare to L——. This was all the money we had and we really needed it. I told him this that he might not squander it in further debauch. I confess I felt a little uneasy until we received a letter returning it and telling of his safe arrival home.

This event, that impressed me so deeply, took place four years ago. I hope the pledge has been sacredly kept and our friend saved, but I do not know. But of this I am certain: could you have seen him as I did that May Day, stripped by the Demon Drink of almost every vestige of manliness and crying for help, we would all put more heart and purpose into the Temperance Cause.—*Estelle Mendelle, in Christian at Work.*

A LITTLE story has just come to hand illustrative of the fact that children drink in the truths presented to them concerning temperance. A little boy six years old, while playing Sunday-school with his sister, offered this prayer: "Dear God we thank Thee for all our nice things and our beautiful times and ask Thee to keep us not to drink beer or wine or any such things, but may we drink water and eat healthy food. Amen."—*Union Signal.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885.

After the 1st July, 1885, all domestic first-class matter sent through the mails, including drop letters at letter carrier offices, must be charged with postage at the rate of two cents per ounce or fraction thereof, instead of two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof. Drop letters at other than letter carrier offices to be charged at the rate of one cent per ounce or fraction thereof. This change in the standard of weight will also apply to first-class matter addressed to Canada, but not to matter addressed to other foreign countries. She same bill also reduces the rate of postage from two cents per pound to one cent per pound on all publications of the second class, newspapers and periodicals when sent by the publisher thereof, and from the office of publication, including sample copies, or when sent from a news agency to actual subscribers thereto, or to other news agents. This provision only refers to publishers and news agents. Private individuals mailing such matter pay at the rate of one cent for four ounces. The new law makes *taking* of a newspaper and the *refusal to pay* for the same *theft;* and any person guilty of such action is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if guilty of stealing goods to the amount of his subscription. The postmaster can testify in all such cases.

A Week on the Mountain.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 23.—One week ago to-day Gen. Grant was brought here. Speaking of their trip, Dr. Newman remarks that only one man ever went upon a mountain to die. That was Moses, but Dr. Newman don't believe this mountain trip will result that way. He holds to the hope that Gen. Grant may recover. Having been here a week, in which time the good results of the change might fairly be expected. Dr. Douglas was this morning asked to make a comparison of the general's condition now and the day he started from New York. "Gen. Grant could not have lived in New York until this time with weather such as when he left," said the doctor. "He was sinking very rapidly there, and that was why we had to hasten the time of leaving, which was originally fixed for to-day. In making a comparison of the general's condition a week ago and now there is a central fact that must always be considered, a fact that pains me deeply,and all the time, and that is that we must stand by and watch the course of his illness with the consciousness of being unable to stay it. As to the local conditions, the area of exterior swelling is certainly less than when he reached here last Tuesday, and the afflicted parts inside are no worse, I cannot say that his spirits or courage are less than a week ago. In short, the general has benefited as much as could have been expected by any change, and to-day he is stronger than when he came here."

Hon. Richard T. Merrick Dead.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Richard T. Merrick died this morning shortly after ten o'clock at his home on F street, near 13th, in the 59th year of his age. He had not been conscious for several days up to the time of his death. None of the members of his immediate family were present at his death-bed except his eldest daughter. Mrs. Taylor and others of Mrs. Merrick's relative were, however, present. Mrs. Merrick, who is very ill, was not aware of the critical nature of Mr. Merrick's illness, as her physicians deemed it inadvisable to inform her. Last night there were such hopeful signs in Mr. Merrick's condition that the physicians and watchers were encouraged to believe that his condition would improve. So this morning when he began to sink, and his fine physique succumbed to the long struggle with disease, the shock was keenly felt among his friends.

Sam Rondall thinks the "offensive partizan" dodge a flimsy pretense. He thinks Republicans should be removed because they are Republicans. "I wouldn't give a nickle for a man who isn't an offensive partisan in the sense now applied to the term, actively in the interest of the party to which he belongs. I am an offensive partisan myself."

The Union Dead.

From the N. Y. Sun.

Twenty years have passed since the close of the civil war and now, at last, a careful official record of the number of deaths that occured in the Union army has been made. A little more than twelve months ago, on the 24 of June, 1884, General Drum directed Mr. J. W. Kirkley, an experienced statistician of the Adjutant General's office, to begin the compilation of all attainable official documents has now produced a table of statistics which far surpasses in completeness anything on the subject hitherto existing.

To state the grand result at the outset, the table shows a total of 9,853 deaths of commissioned officers and 349,913 deaths of enlisted men, making an aggregate of 359,496 deaths among the Union forces. The period included in the record is, for the regular troops, the interval between April 15, 1861, and August 1, 1865; for a portion of the volunreers it is prolonged begond the latter date until the master out of each organization, It will be remembered that the troubles in Mexico and other causes occasioned the retention of some volunteers in the service after the downfall of the Confederancy. Indeed, as Mr. Kirkley notes, the last white volunteer organization was disbanded November 18, 1867, and the last colored regiment December 20, 1877, while the last officer of the volunteer general staff was not mustered out until July 1, 1869.

Yet, careful as the examination of the records has been, one lack renders it still far from complete. The death registers of some of the largest prisons at the South used for the confinement of Union soldiers are missing. For the prisons at Americus, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Lynchburg, Macon, Marietta, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Shreveport and Tyler the registers have not been secured at all, and the importance of these prisons is well known. Only partial records were had from the prisons at Cahawba, Columbia, Florence, S. C., Millen and Salisbury. There have been ways, it is true, of partly working up these deficiencies; but on the other hand, as Quartermaster General Meigs, cited by Mr. Kirkley, has shown, in many Southern prisons three or four corpses of Union prisoners were sometimes huried in the same trench and the number of graves only imperfectly indicates the number of dead. Even in this most imperfect record the number of Union soldiers known to have died in captivity were close upon thirty thousand—in exact figures, 29,498. The late investigation we may add, has increased by about one sixth the records of death among Union prisoners.

Taking Mr. Kirkley's tables, we derive from them the following general results:

	Officers.	*Men.*	*Aggre.*
Killed or died of wounds	6,365	103,673	110,038
Died of disease	1,705	221,791	221,586
Drowned	106	4,838	4,944
Other accidental deaths	142	3 972	4,114
Murdered	37	487	5 4
Killed after capture	14	86	100
Committed suicide	26	365	391
Executed	...	267	267
Executed by enemy	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke	5	308	313
Other known causes	52	1,092	2,034
Causes not stated	28	12,093	12,121
Totals	9,584	349,912	359,496

The official tables, as published from a manuscript copy in the *Army and Navy Journal*, further distributes all these classes of deaths among the Union troops by states, it being explained that the phrase "other known causes" includes deaths resulting from quarrels not amounting to murder, from being shot by sentries or by the provost guard and miscellaneous causes. This aggregate of nearly 360,000 deaths of Union soldiers must be supplemented by a like record of Confederate soldiers, in order to find the real number of victims to the war in both armies. Then the naval deaths must also be ascertained and added. Many a soldier and sailor met a fate more dreaded than death in being crippled for life or made the prey of some lingering disease contracted in the service.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, June 20.—*Bradstreet's Journal*, in its commercial summary says: "Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* from the larger cities throughout the United States continue the record of almost uniform mid-summer dullness. At a few of the smaller cities there has been an improved demand for loans, notably at Detroit. At the larger trade centers the reverse is true, with the sole exception of Cincinnati, where the demand for money is mainly to move the new clip of wool. The volume of produce and general merchandise moving throughout the country is light, probably smaller than at a like period last year. In the Northwestern, or wheat country, this is undoubtedly the case. The surplus bank reserves at the Eastern financial circles, as well as at Chicago, continne substancially as heavy as heretofore, and call loans unprecedently low.

The iron and steel industries show no signs of improvement and prices are unchanged.

The anthracite coal trade is duller than previously, and side tracks along the lines of the coal roads are filling up with loaded coal cars. The bituminous trade is quite demoralizing so far as prices are concerned in consequence of the competition from newly developed fields.

Dry goods have been in moderate request, and the production of cotton fabrics in the East promises to be restricted.

BOSTON, June 20.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says:

The week has been a broken one, owing to the Bunker Hill holiday, which in part accounts for the small sales, but the inquiry has been less than a week ago, and while prices are not quotably higher for any descriptions, medium wools can only be quoted firm at quotations. Certainly better terms can be made in fine woo's, and manufacturers are more indifferent. Private London cablegrams received to-day from different sources report a decline there of ½d in merino wools and the market depressed. On the other hand, we have seen a cablegram declining a price for good wools which had been previously accepted, and those who have filed orders have not yet secured all the wool they want. The reported decline probably represents in part the inferior condition of the wool now being offered, for it must be remembered that much of the last Australian clip was unsatisfactory, and the drop may be also made to attract American orders still unfilled.

Conkling not out of Politics.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Mr. Conkling has gone abroad. When he returns in the fall his friends will banquet him. How and when to emerge from his isolation politically has for some time been discussed by Mr. Conkling's friends. Presumably the question has not at all times been absent from his own thoughts. The idea of not returning to political life has not dwelt with him. Returning at no distant day has been a settled purpose. The opportunity and the way has been looked for. Mr. Conkling knows as well as anybody what are the chances of a game wherein victory depends on the mountain going to Mohammed, The mountain has as yet shown no disposition to move, and so he has begun to think about doing it. Pursured too long, the game of being out of politics gets out of mind. That does not at all accord with Mr. Conkling's purpose. It is the very last thing that would afford him the slightest pleasure. It is certainly to his nature, totally. Of late he has not been able to keep from himself that it is, however, precisely what must happen as the result of longer posing out of politics. Nor has it appeared to him probable that after scuttling the ship to spite the mate he will be called to command a new one by the survivors. To revenge himself on Mr. Blaine he or his friends for him claim that he beat the Republican party. If he did no one has offered to crown him as a patriot for doing so. On the contrary, Mr. Conkling has been drifting out of sight of late, and his friends here deliberated how to bring him back into office. They will do it in the fall when he returns from his vacation abroad.

Next fall's election in New York will include State Senators, who will participate in the election of a U. S. Senator two years from next winter. Mr. Conkling is reported to have said that a seat in the Senate is to be preferred to the Presidency—that is that it suits him better. When he returns from abroad the banquet which his friends intend to give him will afford him an opportunity to get one leg at least over the fence, as the beginning of the operation of getting back into politics. The New York Republicans are engaged in healing their dissensions and bringing back the wanderers. The ex-Senator's friends have made up their minds that it is profitless and unnatural for them to longer remain "outside of politics," and he himself is said to recognize the reasonableness of the suggestion. As they cannot be Democrats, there is no place for them or him but in the Republican ranks, and thither will they before long go, They have started already. Mr. Conkling's route lies by way of Europe,

Where a stipulation was made to pay a firm of real estate brokers a certain compensation in case a sale of certain property should be effected "in any wise through their influence or instrumentality" within the period of sixty days, the St. Louis Court of Appeals held that where, before the expiration of such period, they brought the property to the attention of a purchaser, and made such representations to him as induced him to commence negatiations with the owner for the purchase of it, they were entitled to their commissions, although the sale was in fact consummated between the purchaser and the owner after the expiration of the sixty days. Goffe vs. Gibson, decided May 19.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1885.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1885, *Levied by the County Commissioners, at June Session*, 1885.

ROAD LEVY.

District No.	1—Swanton	$ 450 00
" "	2—Selbysport	700 00
" "	3—Grantsville	700 00
" "	4—Bloomington	550 00
" "	5—Accident	700 00
" "	6—Sang Run	550 00
" "	7—Oakland	800 00
" "	8—Ryans Glade	600 00
" "	9—Johnson's	130 00
" "	10—Deer Park	300 00
" "	11—Elbow	300 00
Total		$5,780 00

NATIONAL ROAD.

National road for 1886	$400 00
Simon Caton, for 1885	75 00
James Carey, " "	70 00
T. W. Frost, " "	60 00
C. Schramm, " "	75 00
Wm. Tressler, " "	60 00
Nicholas Platter for 1885	60 00
Total	$800 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

H. G. Davis, road at Deer Park	$ 15 00
Joseph Warnick, road	25 00
Jacob Stuck, road, use Alex. Poland	20 00
Edward Deal, Barnes road, use D. H. Loar	75 00
Wm. Ross, of H. Gregg Mill road	15 00
Geo. W. Wilt, road	15 00
John Brenneman, Bender road	159 97
Franklin Suter, road	50 23
Josiah Wolf, road	26 94
F. McRobie, use A. Wilson, road	75 00
Norman Jacobs, road	20 00
John M. Tichnell, road	50 00
Daniel Wilson, Burk road	30 00
J. H. Gregg, Gregg road	125 00
Casper Schramm, roads	15 00
David H. Friend, road	10 00
Samuel Beachy, Stanton road	200 00
Henry Shank, Swanton road	50 00
Isaac H. Kooken, Rhodes Hill road	15 00
John Sanders, Jr. White road	50 00
Dorsey Ashby, Ashby road	15 00
Parker Ashby, west end Browning road	15 00
Henry Spoerlin, Church road	10 00
Adam Garinger, Accident road	4 50
Thadeus Lowe, National road	15 00
C. A. Dodge, road	8 69
Newton Guard, Mill road	10 00
William L. Rawlings, Bloomington road	5 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Sang Run road	45 00
Total	$1,175 33

ROAD EXPENSES.

Wm. H. H. Friend, surveyor, one day	$ 5 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	15 00
John L. Fitzwater, examiner	6 00
Wm. Sharpless, "	6 00
Cyrus W. Peters, chain carrier, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
James Rowan, chain carrier	2 00
Francis McRobie, axman, use J. T. Wilson	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor and examiner	15 00
John M. Titchnell, examiner	2 00
Joshua Titchnell, axman	2 00
A. J. Warnick, chain carrier	2 00
—— Titchnell " "	2 00
A. C. Mason, surveyor	10 00
J. Z. Browning, examiner	2 00
A. Freeland "	2 00
J. R. Browning, chain carrier	2 00
J. D. Friend, " "	2 00
John Edmunds, axman	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	10 00
T. W. Castell, examiner	4 00
Theo. Beckman, "	4 00
Henry Lee, "	4 00
Miller Junkins, chain carrier	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	20 00
Otho Speelman, examiner	5 00
Emanuel Custer, "	5 00
Geo. Stuck, chain carrier, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
John Kesler, chain carrier	2 00
C. H. Stuck, axman, use J. T. Mitchell	2 00
J. B. Brant, surveyor	8 00
Wm. White, examiner	2 00
Wm. Grove, "	2 00
N. Barnard, "	2 00
J. W. Smith, chain carrier	2 00
J. A. Delawder " "	2 00
J. T. Mitchell, surveyor	5 00
G. W. Wilson, "	10 00
Daniel Conneway, examiner	4 00
Joseph Irons, "	4 00
Henry Shafer, "	4 00
Wm. Coneway, axman	4 00
Margaret Kennedy, damages	50 00
A. C Hamill, surveyor	3 00
Total	$246 00

BRIDGES.

King Iron Bridge Co. balance for iron bridge at Elkins	$ 442 00
Canton, Ohio, Co., iron bridge over Yough river	1,800 00
Jos. W. Cogley, abutments for same, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland	412 00
E. M. Friend, Friends bridge	150 58
Kalita Michael, Mill run bridge	35 00
Daniel Yommer, bridges	40 00
Wm. McCabe, buffalo bridge	25 00
Michael Custer, Hoover bridge	50 00
A. J. Lancaster, Savage bridge	26 24
John Wilhelm, Wilhelm bridge	84 97
White, Gleeson & Co., iron for Wilhelm bridge	49 01
J. A. Michael & Co., lumber for bridges	41 49
P. M. Stempie, lumber for bridges	3 75
J. W. Shillingburg, making fill to bridge	5 00
J. T. Mitchell, locating bridge	2 00
Rudolph Beckmah, Deep Creek bridge	25 00
John H Friend and Samuel Faulkner Buffalo bridge	20 00
Hoyes run bridge	40 00
Gregg bridge	200 00
George Shartzer, Bald hill run bridge	50 00
Total	$3,600 04

PENSIONS.

George Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker,	$ 12 00
Mathias Bowser, support Elijah Johnson	12 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	25 00
W. B. H. Friend, " John Schroyer,	25 00
Otho Speelman, " J. M. Davis,	15 00
J. Guard, " Ruth King,	15 00
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau, use John Shartzer	20 00
Rudolph Beckman, support, M. Brobst	20 00
Wm. Ryland, support Calvin Uppole	25 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	20 00
J. S. Broadwater, support D. A. Durst,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Samuel Bosley, use 2nd National Bank, Cumberland,	20 00
W. P. Totten, support Etta Shafer and child	5 00
J. H. Wilson, support Mary Friendand family	30 00
Alex. Lower, support Etta Shafer and child	15 00
Felty Bros. support Etta Shafer & child	10 00
J. A. Grant, support Rebecca Sagers,	5 00
W. P. Totten, support Margaret Nair,	10 00
Geo. D. Frantz, support Mariah Wable	10 00
J. Guard, support Ruth King,	10 00
Ralph T. Browning, support Caroline Cole	15 00
Isaac H. Thorpe, support Susan Beale,	50 00
Aaron Wilhelm, support F. B. Stokes,	25 00
P. T. Garthright, support Windsor Dimmitt,	25 00
Kate Sisler, support Harriet A. Uppole	10 00
Frederick Vansickle, support self,	25 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whorrel	15 00
C. A. Mullen, support Z. Manier and family	25 00
Eli Stanton, support Michael Foy,	15 00
Jonas Tice, support Mary Durst,	20 00
I. M. Umbel, support Isaac Rodeaver,	15 00
Caroline Frazee, support Ruth King,	52 00
Geo. Bittinger, support Mrs. W. Spiker	20 00
Henry Winterberg, support Mrs Henry Durst,	20 00
Andrew Deitrick, support Margaret Deitrick,	52 00
Saml. Fike, support Nancy Vansickle	40 00
Nathah Browning, supoort Jane Lewis	10 00
Isabelle McKinzie, support William Switzer	15 00
Wm Ryland, support John Deitrick,	10 00
Elizabeth Jenkins, support Rachel Friend's children,	20 00
Saml. Faulkner, support Jno Schroyer	10 00
Mrs. J. M. McHugh, support self and children,	20 00
V. Kahl, support Beckey Knox,	4 00
J. H. Wilson, support M. G. Harvey and wife	30 00
Parker Ashby, support Sarah Loreau,	28 00
E. C. Tillson, support Mrs. Moore,	15 00
W. S. Pew, support George Wood,	25 00
A. F. Getty, support William Hoover,	20 00
M. Bowser, support Henry Hair	15 00
Rudolph Beckman, support Mary Brobst	20 00
Mary Lish, support Louisa Lish	15 00
C. T. West, support Harry Upperman,	15 00
W. M. Thayer, support Mary Lipscomb	20 00
D. H. Loar, support Caroline Cole,	13 00
Total	$1,063 00

FOX AND WILD CAT CERTIFICATES.

C. A. Murphy,	3 foxes,			$ 3 00
Daniel Wilson,		3 cats,		6 00
A. J. Rodes,	1 "			1 00
Chas. H. Johnson,	1 "			1 00
Jas. M. McKinzie,	3 "			3 00
Gilbert B Warnick,	2 "			2 00
Michael Nathan,	4 "			4 00
S. P. Specht,	6 "			6 00
J. S. Broadwater	4 "			4 00
Daniel B Beckman,	3 "			3 00
Isaac M. Umbel,	10 "			10 00
James Weir,	6 "			6 00
Jonas Frazee,	7 "			7 00
William Ryland,	4 "			4 00
H. C. Shaw,	4 "	1 "		6 00
A. Wass & Son,	10 "	3 "		16 00
C. T. West,	8 "	2 "		12 00
P. T. Garthright,	2 "	1 "		4 00
C. W. Friend,	4 "			4 00
J. W. Abernathy,	1 "			1 00
Isaac T. Frazee,	1 "			1 00
Wm. H. Chapman,	1 "			1 00
Peter Nathan,	1 "			1 00
David Warnick,	1 "			1 00
Walter Warnick,	1 "			1 00
A. Mullen,		1 "		2 00
S. D. Hummel,	4 "			4 00
W. S. Pew,	3 "	2 "		7 00
Townshend & Son,	11 "	2 "		15 00
C. J. Otto,		1 "		2 00
J. E. Gnagey,	27 "	1 "		29 00
G. W. Merrill,	2 "			2 00
G. W. Legge,	13 "			13 00
James H Wilson,		1 "		2 00
D. H. Loar,	5 "			5 00
W. P. Totten,	3 "			3 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro	4 "			4 00
Peter W. Connell,	1 "	1 "		3 00
Thompson Lower,	1 "			1 00
Jacob Becket,	3 "			3 00
Lafayette Friend,	1 "			1 00
John Brenneman,	2 "			2 00
John Sines,		1 "		2 00
Wm. R. Drane,	3 "			3 00
John W. Biggs,	1 "			1 00
O. H. Fazenbaker,		1 "		2 00
H. W. Hessen,	1 "			1 00
John Shartzer,	17 "			17 00
John Warnick,	1 "			1 00
W. H. Tower,	6 "			6 00
S. M. Friend,	3 "			3 00
M. Bowser,	18 "	4 "		26 00
Thos. Harvey,	2 "			2 00
G. W. Wilson,	2 "			2 00
Total				$272 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

R. J. West, return judge	$ 8 72
Otho Paugh, judge	4 00
Henry Shank, judge	4 00
Truman West, clerk	4 00
Geo. Kitzmiller, clerk, use D. E. Offutt	4 00
C. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jonas Wass, return judge	10 16
Wm. A. Coddington, judge	4 00
Lucien Frazee, judge	4 00
Geo. M. Steele, clerk	4 00
A. J. Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent, use Jonas Frazee	5 00

District No. 3.

Gregory Bevans, return judge	9 92
Francis Spicer, judge	4 00
John Bancord, judge	4 00
Jacob Fresh, clerk	4 00
A. J. Bevans, clerk	4 00
Mrs. Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Wm. L. Rawlings return judge	9 76
Wm. O. McGorwin, judge	4 00
Patrick Carey, judge	4 00
Wm. Mullin, clerk	4 00
Henry C. Newbery, clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Geo. Schlosnagle, return judge	9 60
Nelson McGettigan, judge	4 00
A. C. DeWitt, judge	4 00
Horace R. DeWitt, clerk	4 00
Henry Kale, clerk	4 00
Geo. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Christian Selders, return judge	8 56
Jacob Pysell, judge	4 00
Levi Eckard, judge	4 00
Geo. D. Browning, clerk, use S. M. Friend	4 00
Josegh F. Frantz, clerk	4 00
" " " house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Geo. F. Loughridge, return judge, use John Shartzer	6 00
E. D. Kepner, judge	4 00
Stephen Browning judge	4 00
H. A. Ison, clerk	4 00
Patrick Hamill, Jr., clerk, use John Shartzer	4 00

District No. 8.

Francis Martin, return judge	8 40
James W. White, judge	4 00
Robert Lee, judge	4 00
George W. Ward, clerk	4 00
Guavon J. Lee, clerk	4 00
Sophronia Grimes, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Bazil Anderson, return judge	11 68
Henry Blocher, judge	4 00
Adam Rosenbarger, judge	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Robert J. Head, return judge	8 24
J. S. Laughlin, judge	4 00
E. W. Kelso, judge	4 00
Benjamin Thrasher, clerk	4 00
W. S. Lantz, clerk	4 00
Samuel J. Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

Jesse Robinson, return judge	11 12
W. W. Broadwater, judge	4 00
Jas. T. Poland, judge	4 00
F. T. Wilhelm, clerk	4 00
Nelson J. Robeson, clerk	4 00
Jos. Warnick, of W., house rent	5 00
Total	$828 16

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A. B. Gonder	$ 84 15
Henry Winterberg	8 00
W. W. Griffith	18 30
M. M. Fazenbaker	5 35
Levi C. Fike	15 35
R. B. Jamison, use W. P. Totten	4 80
Wm McRobie	3 60
A. J. Warnick, use E. Margroff	12 00
E. F. Droege	22 10
Total	$171 65

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Richard Fairall	$ 2 45
C. H. Lision	23 67
Geo. A. Wegman, deputy	22 10
Valentine Kahl	15 20
Isaac H. Kooken, deputy	2 70
E. B. Crim	12 75
John Shillingburg	11 15
George Marley	25 80
A. J. Lancaster	1 50
J. W. Cropp	1 10
Total	$126 72

REGISTRARS.

H. O. Hamill, use Edward Hoye	$ 52 00
R. E. Friend	56 00
Isaiah Fuller, use W. R. Getty	56 00
G. T. Michael	45 00
S. H. Ryland	56 00
N. C. Browning	52 00
A. J. Harne, use D. E. Offutt,	52 00
William F. Deakens,	52 00
George L. Layman, use W. R. Getty	56 00
P. M. Stemple,	48 00
J. C. Chaney, use D. E. Offutt,	56 00
Total	$581 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland hospital 5 patients to Dec. 31, 1885	$822 50
Montevue hospital 1 patient to July 1, 1885	150.00
Total	$972 50

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds	420 00
Total	$1,420 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
" interest on Bonds	1,020 00
Total	$2,020 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The County School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools	$8,000 00

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, 77 recognizances	$ 256 66
Same 34 misdemeanors	113 33
Same 5 felonies	50 00
J. W. Veitch, State's Attorney, trial fees approved by court	460 00
B. A. Richmond, State's Attorney for Allegany Co., trial of Lewis Shatzer,	40 00
Peddicord & Thayer 8 misdemeanors,	26 66
Same 1 felony	10 00
G. S. Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
G. S. Hamill & R. T. semmes, 1 felony, use R. T. Semmes	10 00
Veitch & Townshend, attorney in civil cases	90 00
Total	$1,063 31

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W. H. Tower fees, use E. Z. Tower	$ 100 00
Same balance	966 40
Same estimate to pay expenses of Sept Court, 1885, and May Court, 1886	2,200 00
W. H. Tower May Court, 1885, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	500 00
Total	$3,766 40

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges	$300 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

M. R. Hamill, use 3d National Bank Cumberland	$150 00
Same, use G. S. Hamill	293 85
Same, balance	912 63
Total	$1356 48

REMOVED CASE.

County Commissioners of Allegany county, costs in case of State vs. Lewis Shartzer	$661 80

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Andrew Mullen	$130 00
Geo. E. Bishoff	122 00
Wright Thayer, use Eli McMillen	40 47
Same, use Edward Hoye	70 00
Same, balance	27 03
G. W. Merrill, clerk	400 00
Total	$789 50

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

John B. Fay, printing per contract	$400 00
Same, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st, 1886	200 00
James A. Hayden, publishing from June 1st, 1885, to June 1st. 1886	200 00
Total	$800 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. H. Hagans auditing Guard's account, 1879	32 00
W. H. Tower, auditing Guard's account, 1879	32,00
E. J. Fringer painting jail, use D. E. Offutt	53 50
Sheaitiel Lodge No. 122, I. O. O. F., for grave lot	3 00
R. White, janitor, use Second National Bank Cumberland	25 00
Same use W. P. Totten	50 00
Same balance	75 00
J. W. Cropp, jail warden, use Second National Bank, Cumberland,	30 00
Same balance	298 00
Dr. A. F. Spicher professional services to paupers,	15 00
D. E. Offutt, goods furnished jail	8 85
Dr. B. T. Keller professional services to paupers and prisoners	45 50
W. P. Totten, coal and goods for court house and jail	106 05
G. A. Shirer, stoves, &c., for jail	17 93
J. F. Browning, coffin and fuderal expenses for pauper	10 00
Peter Keefer, coffin and funeral expenses for pauper	10 00
Dr. A. S. Fichner, professional services to papers	10 00
J. H. Wilson & Bro, 14 foxes 1 wild cat,	16 00
Jasper Guard, insolvent taxes 1878 and 1879	12 42
Daniel T. Thayer, 1 load kindling wood, use P. T. Garthright	3 50
George Schlossnagle, removing trees out of road	1 25
Glades Hotel, boarding jurors May, '85	19 50
M. R. Hamill use G. W. Griffith, balance on account	18 16
John Shartzer, goods for jail	11 73
A. G. Sturgiss, medicine for inmates of jail	54 85
Dr. J. Lee McComas, professional services to inmates of jail	50 00
John Harned, making survey and plat in case of Lewis Shartzer	15 00
F. Evans, assisting in case of Lewis Shartzer	3 00
P. H. Echard, fees for holding inquest,	6 44
Wm. Coddington, taxes paid in error in 1882, 1883 and 1884	5 10
J. T. Mitchell, services rendered on assessments	50 00
S. L. Townshend, support Harrison Whitrel	10 00
Dr. D. T. E. Casteel, post mortem, use Wm. Casteel	5 00
F. Mertens, Coupons 1878	150 00
" " 1879	150 00
F. Mertens, interest on bonds for 1878 and 1879	252 00
E. Margroff, insolvent taxes	435 20
R. T. Browning, collector, 112 assessments	56 00
Wm. Broderick, making fence along county road in consideration of damages	30 00
Silas Walters 1 coffin	5 00
Burgess of Oakland	2 0 00
J. M. Davis, Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Wm. F. Enlow, Legislative road	10 00
T. J. Rallston, use A. S. Sell, roads	14 34
Total	$2,515 32
Contingent Fund	$3,641 46

COLLECTORS' COMMISSIONS.

R. T. Browning commission on county taxes	$2,199 45
R. T. Browning commission on State taxes	352 03
Total	$2,551 48

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5 780 00
National Road	800 00
Road Appropriations	1,175 33
Road Expenses	246 00
Bridges	3,600 04
Pensions	1,053 00
Fox and wild cat certificates	272 00
Election expenses	328 16
Magistrates' fees	171 65
Constables' fees	126 72
Registrars	581 00
Hopitals	972 50
Court house fund	1,420 00
Garrett county school debt	2,020 00
Public schools	8,000 00
Attorneys' fees	1,063 31
Clerk's office	3,766 40
Orphans' court	300 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,356 48
Removed case	661 80
Commissioners office	789 50
Printing and publishing	800 00
Miscellaneous	2,515 32
Contingent fund	3,641 46
Collectors' commissions	2,551 48
Total	$43,989 15
Total assessment	$3,910,147 00
At $1.12½ on each $100	$ 43,989 15

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on each $100 assessable property, which, added to the $1.12½ for county purposes, makes the sum of $1.31¼ on each $100 of assessable property in Garrett county for the year 1885.

Basis for State tax	$3,754,991 00
At 18¾	$ 7,040 60

G. W. MERRILL,
Clerk to Commissioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Fine cigars at Sturgiss'.

—Fine cutlery at Slurgiss',

—Eishing tackle at Sturgiss'.

—Go to Newman's for fire crackers and torpedoes.

—Mr. Will C. Davis is at home for the summer vacation.

—Soaps, in endless variety at Sturgiss'.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels were opened Monday. But few guests have yet arrived.

—Paper and envelopes in great variety, at Sturgiss'.

—For fine pictures and photographs, go to Brooke's Gallery, North end Second street.

—A large stock of spectacles and eye-glasses at Sturgiss' Drug store.

—Mrs. Isabella Welch, who spent the winter with friends near Morgantown, W. Va., is now visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—Bring in your buggies andwagons and have them repainted. Shop over Naylor & Richardson's wagon shop, Z. F. MALONE,
66 4t. Carriage Painter.

—Gold and silver watches and jewelry, chains, charms, pins, &c., at Sturgiss'.

—Mr. Wm. Newman desires to inform the public that he will have a full stock of fire works on hand for the Fourth. He also has a full stock of confections and notions, fruits and nuts.

—Perfumes, from a sixty drop vial to a four gallon demijon, at Sturgiss' Drug store.

—The uniforms of the Oakland Athletic Association, which were bought and furnished to them by the ladies of Oakland, will be used for the first time on the Fourth of July. Our boys expect to cross bats with the Terra Alta club, and a good game is expected.

—The celebrated Blair writing tablets, all qualities of paper, at Sturgiss'.

—We have often read of curiously formed chickens, but none like that lately from Aaron Duckworth brought to our office last Monday. It had four wings and four legs, each member being of natural and uniform size. It lived but a short time after being hatched.—*Lonaconing Review.*

—Sturgiss has added two new show cases in order to display his large stock of toilet articles, brushes, combs, soaps, &c., &c.

—Frank Graney, brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fell off his train just east of Altamont, Md., Monday morning, and was instantly killed. Six or seven cars passed over the body, mangling it in a terrible manner. Brakeman Graney was about forty-eight years old, and leaves a family of a wife and seven children, the oldest being a boy of seventeen years. The deceased was a general favorite with the railroad men, and was much respected.

—Mr. S. H. Ryland, of Garrett county, Md., was here last week visiting the Messrs. Slicer, his relatives. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. G. W. Ryland, of Lancaster county, Wis., who is a banker in that State. Mr. Ryland left here for the west thirty-three years ago to seek his fortune. On the night of his arrival he had a thief interview his exchequer and when he arose in the morning the last dollar he had in the world had disappeared. But with the energy born of youth, health and determination he went to work and fought his way through to prosperity. Ten years ago he re-visited the scenes of his youth and now again visits his old time friends and relatives.—*Meyersdale Commercial.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. C. H. Lakin, P. E.

Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

Notice.

All persons having lots in the Odd Fellows Cemetery enclosed by fence or otherwise, are hereby notified that said fence or other enclosure must be put and kept in good repair, or the same will be removed at the expense of said lot owners.

By order

TRUSTEES.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Death of an Old Citizen.

Died, at his residence near Oakland, Saturday, June 20th, 1885, William Lower, aged 80 years, 3 months and 15 days. Deceased had been a member of the M. E. Church for thirty-four years, and was a man highly respected in the neighborhood in which he lived. The funeral services were conducted on Sunday, by Revs. J. M. Davis and William Junkins.

Sewing Machines!

The people of Garrett county would do well to call at the Singer M'f'g Co's office, in Oakland, and examine the high arm and oscilating Sewing Machines, before purchasing any other kind. We have now as the manager of our Oakland office, Mr. Nimrod Paris, who will take great pleasure in showing the working of these machines.

Fourth of July on the B. & O.

In order to allow its patrons to visit their friends, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its Main Line and Branches, including the Pittsburgh Division, except between Baltimore and Washington, on July 3d and 4th, good to return until July 6th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be recognized upon all regular trains in either direction that make the stops.

Bargains!

Great reduction in hats and bonnets.
Hats at 10 cents, worth 20.
Hats at 20 cents, worth 40.
Hats at 40 cents, worth 65
Hats at 65 cents, worth 85.
Hats at 75 cents, worth $1.00.
Hats at $1.00, worth $1.50.
Hats at $1.50 worth $2.00.

Flowers and fancy gilt trimming, marked down. Lace caps at half price. Ladies' jerseys at 75 cents. Fans and parasols very low. Ladies' and children's hose in solid colors at low prices. Handsome line of Ladies' hand satchels just opened.

We have reduced the price of hats early, so every one can now have a chance to get a new hat before the 4th.

Bargains in boys' hats.

M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store, Oakland, Md.
June 27th, 1885.

GRANTSVILLE, MD. June 23, 1885.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Permit me to call attention of the public, and of the school teachers of the county especially, to the meeting of the State Teachers' Association which will be held at Deer Park, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 7th, 8th and 9th. The meeting of this Association within the county will afford our teachers an opportunity of seeing and hearing the leading educators of Maeyland and other states. The programme contains papers from prominent educators on vital school topics, which perhaps none of us will again have the opportunity of hearing. The information to be gained at this meeting and the inspiration to be derived, therefore, is greatly needed in our county. It is sincerely hoped that very many of our teachers will be present and receive such an impetus as will tell on the teaching fraternity of Garrett county. The address of welcome will be made by Judge Hoffman, of Cumberland, of whose oratorical qualities nothing need be said to our people. Any information relating to the above will be furnished on application to the county Examiner.

C. B. LUDWIG.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

[Written for The Republican.]

The 14th at the Forks.

One of the best and happiest days in the history of the Forks church, was Sunday, June 14th. The day itself was a very gem of June, and no devout worshipper in the house of the Lord could be otherwise than happy, Rev. J. J. Young, of Richmond, Ind., former pastor, was with us, and preached a splendid sermon; and to such a throng of people as had never before been gathered in that church. The communion was solemn, edifying and largely attended. All seemed pleased with the improvments in and around the building. These consist of a neat and substantial fence, with hitching posts and horse-block. The exterior of the house is thoroughly repainted, in lilac, with dark trimmings; and on the inside the windows have been furnished with heavy roller blinds. Altogether the house takes on a new appearance, and the congregation has reason to feel glad and even a little proud of the improvements made.

The outlay amounts to about $100.

PASTOR.

Deer Park.

The Hotel opened regularly on Monday, the 22nd. Prof. Jungnickel with his band of fourteen musicians arrived Sunday evening, and will remain here this week, after which part of the band will go to the Oakland Hotel for the season. The exercises of the Convention of Civil Engineers commenced Tuesday. A special train from Baltimore brought about two hundred passengers. Quite a number of ladies were with the party.

Mayor Latrobe's family, of Baltimore, occupy the same cottage as last year.

Capt. A. H. Bugher and family, of Cincinnati, arrived last Thursday at the cottage where Gen. Beale and family resided last summer.

Misses Sallie and Lizzie Elkins came home from school a few days ago.

Mrs. U. B. McCandlish and her sister, Miss Annie Landstreet, of Piedmont, are visiting Mrs. W. R. Davis.

Miss Maggie Tower, of Oakland, is visiting Miss Mona Tillson.

The festival at the M. E. Church Tuesday night, was a decided success. The tables were abundantly filled with eatables and the church very tastefully trimmed with evergreens, and the strawberries, ice cream, &c., fully appreciated. Quite a number of our Oakland friends were present. Prof. Hillenhagen was ever ready to comply with requests for music. The festival concluded on Wednesday evening.

The next meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Monday, July 6th, as the regular time for its session falls on the 4th of July.

Miss Tillie Droege returned from school in Baltimore on Monday, accompanied by her grand mother, Mrs. Reinhardt, and her aunt, Miss Bertha Reinhardt.

Miss May Davis leaves shortly to visit friends at Cambridge, Md.

Four hundred Maryland school teachers will convene in Deer Park on the second week in July.

Mr. Geo. Pierce, of Piedmont, and Mr. Jas. Fredlock, of Cross, W. Va., called on friends here recently.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Baltimore, Md.—A. Stevens, J. H. Van Pelt and wife.

Chicago, Ill.—M. B. Plank and wife.

Wheeling, W. Va.—John F. Klett and wife, Chas. Chadduck.

Washington, D. C.—Mrs. B. L. Walker, child and nurse.

Fort Pendleton—Jas. A. Bayard.

Tyrone, Pa.—W. H. Culp.

Barnesville, O.—M. C. Starbuck.

Swanton Md.—Jos. Foster, ***

Mountain Lake Park.

The new dining hall is completed and Mr. Hagans is ready for guests.

Mr. Shirer's building is under roof, is about closed in and will soon be ready for use.

Mr. Lafetra's cottage will be ready for him by the first of July. Mr. Howe's cottage will also soon be closed in.

Miss Jennie Smith is now furnishing the large addition to her cottage.

Mrs. E kles, daughter of H. C. Duckworth of this place, died last Wednesday evening. She had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for a long time, which finally turned to dropsy and soon resulted fatally.

Four young ladies from St. Louis, Mo., are occupying the Mulford cottage.

Mrs. Hitchcock, of Cumberland, Md., is now occupying the Hamill cottage.

Mr. A. B. Crane, of Baltimore, is now in one of the cottages in the Casey Row.

A number of sheep branded O or C have been intruding a little too long here, as the dogs have been after them and one was found dead Monday under the boat house. Parties owning them would do well to look after them.

A quarterly meeting will begin here next Saturday at 2:30 P. M. Meeting also at night and Sunday morning.

The W. C. T. U. Inter-State Conference, will begin here next Wednesday, July 1. This is the first of the regular programme for the season, and will likely be largely attended. Just after this, July 8th, begins the Inter-State Convention of the Grand Division of the Sons' of Temperance. A committee of arrangement from Baltimore and Washington met here last week. They expect about 150 delegates from the different States and Provinces to celebrate their 41st anniversary. The meeting at night will be open to the public. Able speakers are expected. The body has generally met in large cities or such places as Ocean Grove or Saratoga.

Just Opened at J. A. Grant's

Scrim net for curtains 42 inches wide.

Fine dress ginghams, fast colors.

Bed spreads, $1.00 to $1.50.

"Linen Finish," dress goods French patterns 8cts, per yard.

All wool jerseys only $1.00. Big bargain.

Davis City, W. Va.

Messrs. M. C. Feather and Wm. Roth, of Ezbon, S. C. Shaffer, of Terra Alta, and W. T. Shaffer, of Aurora, were in town last week on a fishing excursion. They caught 636 trout in one day's fishing.

Hons. H. G. Davis, S. B. Elkins and Col. T. B. Davis made a business trip to our city last week.

Six cottages are under way, being built by Messrs. H. G. Davis & Bro.

From twenty to one hundred fishermen arrive here every day, Sunday not excepted.

The depot building is completed and is a fine structure.

Any of your Oakland boys wishing to have sport and enjoy themselves would do well to come up here and try the trout in Blackwater.

Parties desiring information about fishing or hunting in this section should address the "Davis Correspondent," through THE REPUBLICAN.

A passenger train leaves Davis City every morning, except Sunday, at 9:30, and arrives on return at 6:30.

There is ice now on the Blackwater falls 18 to 20 inches thick. X X.

Still in the Ring.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22.—In an interview to-day with an Associated Press reporter, Representative Morrison, of Illinois, said that he proposed to introduce another tariff bill at the first session of the next Congress.

"At what time during the session?" was asked.

"As soon as I can after Congress convenes," he replied.

"Will the bill provide for a horizontal reduction as did the measure you introduced last Congress?"

"They say they do not want a horizontal reduction. The truth is they do not want a reduction of any kind. I will provide in the bill for about such a reduction in amount as I provided for in my last bill. It is probable that a number of bills for reducing the tariff will be introduced, but personally I know of no one who contemplates presenting such a measure for consideration."

Violent Storms in the West.

INDEPENDENCE, MO., June 22.—A cyclone visited the northeastern portions of this county Saturday night. As yet only a vague idea can be formed as to the extent of the damage. At the town of Sibley, on the river, a number of houses were destroyed. Among them being the large merchandise store of C. S. McMillen, scarcely a vestige of which remains. No lives were lost, though the track of the storm was through the residence portion of the town. Throughout the county the forests suffered from loss of large trees, and grain is more or less damaged. Much of the latter was almost ready for the sickle. The new business house of T. W. Herson, in this city, was blown out of shape. The wind blew a gale and a driving rain was general throughout the county. The path of the cyclone was from the sothwestern portion of the county to the northeastern.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 22.—A tornado accompanied by rain, hail and electricity passed over this city late Saturday night, and it is now learned that, although in the city the only damage was to trees, fences, and gardens, in the country it was more severe. The large stock farm belonging to Capt. W. T. Tough, four miles south, was badly wrecked. The large barn was blown to atoms and nine horses buried in the debris. Three were killed outright and all the others severely injured. The second story was blown from the home of George Richardson, but although the family was in the house, no one was injured. The residence of John Huckins, about twelve miles from the city was blown to atoms. The family, consisting of five persons, was scattered about the yard in all directions by the gale, but none were killed. All, however, were injured more or less. The timbers of the house were blown more than a mile.

Building up a Hay-Stack.

The great point to be secured in stacking hay is, to keep the center the highest. If this is done, water can not penetrate into the stack, but will find its way to the outside under the most unfavorable circumstances. If on the other hand, the center is hollow, the water must drain into the center, and so ruin the stack. An excellent way to build a stack is to set a tall sapling firmly in the ground, with a foundation of rails around it; then begin at the center, and place the hay about the pole, gradually spreading, until the edge of the base is reached. Continue building up the stack, the highest in the center around the pole, the builder standing in the center so as to tread the hay firmly there. As the stack settles, the outside sinks more than the center, and helps to make the stack better. The top of the stack is nnished by fastening a covering of hay to the pole, with hay bands wound firmly around it. A stack so made will not leak, and even clover hay may be safely stacked in this manner, because the water must make its way to the outside by the force of gravity, and escape there by dropping to the ground clear of the stack. —*American Agriculturist for July.*

In no other blood medicine have the results of scientific inquiry been so steadily utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, June 22, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@6c. that generally rated first quality 4¾@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 4¼@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3½@4¼ cts; extreme range of prices 3¾@6 cts; most of the sales were from 4¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,289 head, against 801 last week and 1,928 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 685 head, against 613 last week, and 806 head the corresponding week of last year.

The offerings on the market were in excess of the usual demand and trade was slow. The quality will average something better than it did last week, there being somewhat fatter tops and more medium and good grades of butcher cattle, and fewer common cattle than there were in last week's offerings. The shipments to Liverpool numbered nearly 600 head, chiefly from Chicago. Prices ranged from 3½ to 6c. with few at either extreme; most sales 4¾@5¼, dealers generally reporting a shade decline in prices, in view of the rather improved quality of the offerings.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a material decrease in the receipts this week, as compared with the number of the offerings last Monday, but they constitute a supply which is fully equal to a moderate demand, which prevails in nearly all the yards. There is but little difference in the quality, as compared with that of last week's offerings. Prices for rough sows and stags 5@5½c., and the better grades 5¾@6c., with most sales at the latter figures. Same time last year hogs sold at 6½@7¼c. net; most sales 7@7¾c., at that time.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The supply is very full this week—much more than enough for a very inactive demand—and there will be a considerable number left over unsold. These, it is likely, will be either bought by Eastern dealers or re-shipped East at owners' risk. The quality will not average up to that of last week's offerings. We quote common sheep 2@3c., and the better grades 3½@4c.; lambs are quoted at 4@6, with few at the latter figure. Same time last year sheep sold at 3½@5½c., and lambs at 5@7¼.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIORENS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 22d, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, July 7th, 1885,

for the purpose of appointing Judges of Election, and the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
6 27 2t Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

In order to give the tax payers in the various Districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Deer Park, Monday, July 6th.
Swanton, Tuesday, July 7th.
Kitzmillersville, Wednesday, July 8th.
Bloomington, Thursday, July 9th.
Greggs' Mill, Saturday, July 11th.
Grantsville, Thuraday, July 16th.
Sang Run, Monday, July, 6th.
Friendsville, Wednesday, July 8th.
Guards' Store, Thursday, July 9th.
Accident, Saturday, July 11th.
Johnson's, Tuesday, July 13th.
Red House, Monday, July 20th.
Elkins, Wednesday, July 22d.

R. T. BROWNING,
6 27 2t. Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIVE AND LEARN!

—OF—

The people are now realizing that they can buy their

GROCERIES
—AT—

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY,

cheaper than any where else in the county. We have just received another lot of Sugars, Coffees, Prunes, Currants, Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Peaches, Corn, Lima Beans, Soup Beans, Hominy, Oat Meal, Pearl Meal, Canned goods, Meats, &c., which we will sell cheaper than other store in the county.

Use X X X Sodas and Pearl Meal use Ivory and Frank Siddall's Soaps

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

DR. D. T. E. CASTEEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office next door to Nydegger's Drug Store, on Railroad street. Night calls at Villa Casteel. All calls answered promptly, day or night. June 13, '85.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, especially for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

THOS. W. CROSS,
JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
FRANCIS R. NETHKIN,
6 20 3t* THOMAS A. NETHKIN.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a court o Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jonas E. Gnagey, et. al. are complainants, and Mary Otto and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder

ON MONDAY,
THE 13TH DAY OF JULY, 1885,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, in front of the Hotel now kept by Jos. Bloecher.

1st. All that part of a tract of land called

"SPRING FIELD,"

containing 46¾ acres of land, which is more particularly described in a deed from John Warnick and wife to John Swauger, dated 12th August, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 308, &c., Allegany county records. This piece of land is improved by a Grist and Saw Mill, a large Dwelling House and other outbuildings, and is commonly known as the

"SWAUGER MILL PPOPERTY,"

and situated about seven miles south of Grantsville, and is one of the most valuable "Mill Seats" in the county.

2d. All that part of a tract of land called "SWANTON," containing 39¾ acres, which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger, dated the 3d September, 1873, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 181, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

3rd. Also all that other certain tract of land adjoining the aforesaid parcels of land, containing the quantity of 21½ acres of land more or less, and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger dated the 3rd day of July, 1876, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 779, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said two last mentioned tracts are well timbered and partly improved.

All of said different parcels of land will be sold separately, or together, whichever will realize the most money.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance to be paid in two equal annual installments, in one and two years from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee, or all the purchase money may be paid on the day of sale at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
6 20 4t. Trustee.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GRANDMOTHER'S WOOING.

PART I.

(Musing by the fire.)

"Ah, well! this life is almost done,
And I am glad 'tis so," she said;
"I've worked so hard, from sun to sun,
To earn the clothes and daily bread
For all the children God has given
That I begin to long for heaven.

"Each one brought care and work and love;
I murmured at my helpless brood;
But when their father went above
I thanked the Lord, and called it good
That these should mind me of the dead,
And, struggling, I was comforted.

"I spun and wove and knit and sewed
For all the ladies of the town,
And saw my children neatly clothed,
Though I had scarce a shilling gown.
I never cared how coarse my food,
So they had what was plain but good.

"And so the years went swiftly on;
The baby was too frail to raise;
And then death took my eldest son,
The boy I hoped would cheer my days.
Till all my work below was done;
But, then, we can not judge God's ways.

"And five are left; John went away
And now is rich, I hear them tell;
And Harry married young; they say
A stylish wife becomes him well;
I wonder would she smile on me,
Who have been bred in poverty.

"And Wilbur, I am proud he's mine;
He preaches from the blessed word;
I love to hear those truths divine
From lips I offered to the Lord.
And Chloe, she is my sowing seed
Beside all waters, so to feed
All hearts that of the Christ have need.

"And Jane, she has a noble soul,
And does for me what none have done;
But yet she does not seek the goal
Her father sought, and early won.
Her little ones are very dear,
But oftentimes their noisy cheer
Makes me desire another sphere.

"They've built me rooms beside their home,
And made them cheerful as they could;
And yet I feel as though, alone,
In more than widowhood I stood.
They live the present, I the past,
And both the future, at the last."

PART II.

(She has a lover.)

The grandmother smoothed her thin gray hair;
"These rooms grow prettier," she said,
"And the fire in the grate has a cheerful air;
I'm younger in heart and head.

"Perhaps I am foolish, and childish, too,
To let him come at an age like mine,
With his hair so white, and his years but few
Before we shall cross the line.

"He's buried the wife of his youth so long;
His sons have left him; alone he stands;
We are weights in our weakness, while they are strong;
We could stay each other's hands.

"Last night he told me his love for me:
Perhaps it was not with the fire of youth,
But these wrinkled cheeks, in my ecstacy,
Grew flushed at his words of truth.

"The wants of the heart are undimmed by age;
We pine for lack of a constant friend,
For a human love is God's heritage,
And we need it to the end.

"And Jane—I wonder what she will say
To mother loving so late in life?
And his children, too, will they scorn the day
When he brings him home a wife?

"I would be a mother, as best I might—
They have no need for a mother's care—
Already my life seems wondrous bright,
I forget its wear and tear;
Perchance he will come to-night!"

The grandmother smoothed her thin gray hair:
"These rooms grow prettier, far," she said;
"And the fire in the grate has a cheerful air,
Am I too old to wed?"

PART III.

(Again musing by the fire.)

"Only a dream, as when a soul awaketh
From the bright visions of a blessed sleep
And finds the same old sea of sorrow breaketh
Athwart its hopes, with a resistless sweep.

"Only an ignis-fatuus o'er the meadows,
Luring one on to an endless tread:
Only a gleam of sunshine with the shadows,
Which makes them darker when the light has fled.

"We thought to be so happy with each other,
But Jane and all her brothers scorned it so;
They might have been more tender to their mother,
Had death robbed them, like her, so long ago.

"His children, having all that this world offers
Of wealth and goodly home and fertile mead,
Forbade the marriage, lest their well-filled coffers
Be lowered any for another's need.

"Strange that age finds us still our children serving:
We bear them, labor for them, do their will;
Through their deserving and their undeserving,
Gray-haired and wrinkled, we are parents still.

"They may be weary with our long delaying,
And wonder death does not come on apace:
He will not tarry; we are waiting—praying—
Perchance the old, in Heaven, will have a place."

—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

COUSIN JAMES.

The Good Mission Performed by a Graceless Vagabond.

It has been observed by Mr. Spencer and others that the march of the passing years has a tendency to calm the ardor of youth and moderate the passions of man, and yet there are notable exceptions to this rule, and old age is noticeably querulous about trifles. Here is a case in point.

Mr. Theophilus Brown was in a tremendous rage simply because he could not find his spectacles. It was as fine a May morning—it was nearly ten by the clock—as you ever saw in New York City. The sun was shining very brightly without, and the air was fresh and vernal. Within Mr. Brown's library the air was not quite so fresh, but it was very cozy and comfortable, not to mention luxurious, and Mr. Brown sat in a velvet-covered chair that might have soothed a man of war; and yet he turned and twisted in his chair, pulled out each successive desk drawer with a jerk and closed it with a bang, tumbled over the papers with reckless disregard of heaven's first law, and then began to look into all sorts of impossible places—out of the window, on top of the book-case, behind the pictures, and up at the ceiling—as old gentlemen will do in such cases, and finally gave up the search in despair. He was looking for his spectacles.

Upon the desk in front of Mr. Brown lay a square note, which Mr. Brown wanted to read. He could have read it without his spectacles with some difficulty, but his temper having been thoroughly aroused, he scorned to give in; and so he sank back into his chair with a red face, and stared at the note vindictively and probably would have remained thus until he brought on a fit had he not chanced to pass his fingers frantically through the scanty fringe of hair on the top of his head, and there, of course, he found his spectacles.

You can imagine in what a frame of mind he opened the square note. As he did so the door-bell rang—a vigorous, determined ring it was—but Mr. Brown heard it not, as he was buried in the note.

"THEOPHILUS BROWN, Esq.—I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter Isabel. We have known and loved each other since children, and you can not be unaware of our attachment, which I hope you regard with favor. You are acquainted with my position in life, and I need not waste words in assuring you that her future is safe in my hands. I will call to-morrow for an answer. Your affectionate nephew,

"WALTER HAYMAN."

You remember that the door-bell rang. The ringer stood upon the upper step, and whistled while he waited. When the servant came to the door he was handed a very limp and soiled card, embellished with two ink spots and some bread-crumbs, on which was written in beautiful script:

James Brown Bartlum.

The servant looked at the card and then at the giver, and was plainly astonished.

A young man of twenty-eight, perhaps, most decidedly handsome, and most undeniably seedy; hair glossy black, and in need of the shears; a jaunty mustache and a three days' beard on his face; large, bright, and bold black eyes, and a straight, slim figure, rather tall. This handsome young man wore upon his glossy head a sun-burned straw hat with a chewed edge, on his back a very tight and shiny Prince Albert coat, whereof every button was missing, their place being supplied with various-sized pins; his legs were covered with very baggy and wrinkled trousers of snuff-colored cassimere, while his feet were incased in a pair of Congress gaiters that were so patched and tied with strings, and so run down and over, and burst in so many places, that it seemed a miracle that they did not fall to pieces upon being looked at.

The young man bore the scrutiny of the servitor with easy good-nature, fingering his mustache the while, and seemed so self-possessed that John Thomas, who at first had but one mind, and that to shut the door in his face, began to have his doubts.

"You wish to see——" he began, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Theophilus Brown," said Mr. James Brown Bartlum, suavely. "Yes. Take him that card, my good man, and I will wait an answer. Stay! On second thoughts, lead on, and I will follow."

The man was too bewildered to protest; besides, he was new to the house, and although he felt that his situation was trembling in the balance, he meekly moved toward the library, followed by the presumptuous stranger.

Mr. Brown had just finished reading his nephew's note for the third time as the servant entered and laid the card on the desk, and he had just time to glance at it, when the young man with the miraculous shoes seized his hand.

"The same old man!" he cried, joyfully; "not changed a bit! Age can not stale nor time wither an ounce of Theoph! Bless your heart, sir, how glad I am to see you? How do you do?"

Mr. Brown shot up from his chair like a rocket, impurpled with rage, and absolutely glared at the intruder.

"Who—what—what does this mean?" he roared, while John Thomas fled for his life. "Who are you, sir? and what do you want?"

"Who am I?" repeated the other, in apparently great wonder. "Well, upon my word, this is humiliating indeed! Not remember me! Are we, then, indeed, so soon forgotten when we are gone? Why, sir, I remember you like a book."

"Very likely," said Mr. Brown, fiercely; "you havn't answered my question. Who are you, sir?"

"I, sir," replied the intruder, making a hasty but ineffectual search for a handkerchief, "am James Brown Bartlum—my card lies before you. In short, sir, I am your nephew."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brown, looking from the card to the owner, and eying both with considerable disfavor. "So you are James?"

"Yes, sir," said James taking a chair, and composing himself therein with great care. "I am the unfortunate young man of whom you have no doubt heard a great many tales——"

"And nothing good," said Mr. Brown, sharply, sitting down with a bump.

"I am sorry to hear it," rejoined Mr. Bartlum, with an air of great concern. "The breath of slander might have passed *me* by; but no matter. To change the subject: it has been five years since I last saw you."

"Yes."

"You have not changed a particle while I—well, I've seen the world, uncle."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I have traveled from Heart's Content to San Diego, and been all things to all men. I have surprised myself by working at carpentry, driving a stage and editing a paper, all inside of six months. I dined at the Palace Hotel in Frisco with the Corean Embassy one day, and exactly thirty days from that date I was in Virginia City, sawing wood for my dinner. You never sawed wood, uncle?"

"Never!"

"You wouldn't like it; neither did I; but a man must eat, uncle."

"There is no danger," said Mr. Brown, dogmatically, "of any man starving if he will work."

"Humbug, my dear sir!" cried Mr. Bartlum, cheerfully. "Don't you believe it. I have tried it, and I know. Besides, a man needs clothes and a roof over his head in addition to his daily bread. The world is very big, uncle, but it seems to be all preempted by some one else. I have knocked all around the American part of it, and here I am back where I started, returning to my native city, and spending the first night in the station-house."

"In the station-house!"

"As a lodger, sir. Don't be alarmed, sir; your nephew is poor, but strictly honest. Through many trials he has never done anything worse than sawing wood. Your spoons are perfectly safe, sir."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Brown, sternly, "perhaps you will condescend to tell me just what you want."

Mr. James Bartlum arose and stood before his uncle like a statue. Mr. Brown looked at him from head to foot, and noted in detail every article of his raiment, until his eyes became riveted on the Congress gaiters, and these proved too much for him.

"It is very humorous," said Mr. Bartlum, smiling easily at his uncle's unbounded mirth, "and I have often enjoyed them myself. I am quite a cartoon, I know, and if I were wearing these clothes for fun, I don't know but that I should see the funny side more frequently."

Mr. Brown suddenly checked himself and became grave. "Sit down," he said. "I beg your pardon. You are in need of—of clothes?"

"Everything—clothes, money, a place to sleep, friends."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Why does the drowning man seize a straw?"

"What claim have you on me?"

"None—only that we are of one blood. Understand me, sir. I know you are not bound to support me. Let us forget our relationship for a moment. Consider simply that I am merely a starving man, ready and willing to do anything for a living, with not a chance in ten thousand to get a situation. Consider that you are rich, never know what it is to go hungry to bed, and can count up ten thousand friends. Consider——"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Brown, in a great rage. "Do you suppose I am going to turn you out-of-doors? Nothing of the sort. This house is yours, sir, as long as you behave yourself. You have been a vagabond, sir—you *are* a vagabond, sir, and I have no pity for your misfortunes. John will show you to my son's room. You remember George? You can make yourself presentable, I dare say."

"Uncle, you overpower me! I expected nothing more than a dollar—and a kick."

"Go, sir! No more of your shameful levity. You shall pay me for this, sir, never fear. Throw away those shameful clothes, sir; and burn your shoes, sir—burn them!"

Mr. Bartlum was a rapid dresser, but when he returned, inside of thirty minutes, bathed, shaven, and attired in George Brown's best suit of black, his uncle had vanished; so he planted himself in his vacant chair, possessed himself of a book, and made himself comfortable. Hardly had he done so when the door flew open and a very dark young man and a very fair young woman rushed in and almost fell upon him.

"O, sir!" cried the young man and the young woman in a breath; and then they paused and looked at each other in evident trepidation, while Mr. Bartlum regarded them in mild surprise.

At length the girl said, in a disappointed tone: "We thought you were older than you are. Didn't we, Walter?"

"Much older," assented Walter, decisively.

"I regret to say," said James, gravely, "that I am not older than I am. But let that pass. What is the matter, my children?"

"Well, sir— You tell him, Walter."

"Well, sir, we wish to tell you the truth of this affair."

"Stay!" interposed James. "Is this a secret? Because, if it is, you had better keep it. I am a stranger to you both."

"We know it," cried Walter eagerly; "but that makes no difference. I insist upon your hearing it."

"O, very well!" said Mr. Bartlum, resignedly; "since you insist, fire away!"

Walter took his companion's hand in his, and began in a very manly tone:

"Sir, we have known each other since we were six years old."

"Six years old," said Mr. Bartlum, with a judicial air. "Very good!"

"That is, I was six, and Isabel was three. We have never been separated for more than a year, and have grown to love each other—I may say ardently. Within the last month or two Uncle Brown has noticed our intimacy and questioned Isabel about it. She confessed all. He then flew into a violent rage—he is very violent at times——"

"Yes, I know he is."

"—and actually swore at her, and forbade me the house. To-day I wrote him a note, making a formal offer for Isabel's hand, and I was to come to-morrow for an answer, but Isabel heard you were coming——"

"Indeed!"

"—and we determined to make an appeal to you. In the first place let me ask you if I have acted wrongly in any way?"

"No!" said Mr. Bartlum, looking at Isabel with considerable admiration; "you have acted quite right. You couldn't help it."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Walter, "we appeal to you. Make an effort to soften Uncle Brown. It's only a crotchety whim of his, and you have such influence over him: you are his adviser——"

"Hold hard!" cried James. "I suspected all along you were in the wrong box, but you would come in. Permitme, before this goes any further. Who do you think I am?"

"Ferguson, of Ferguson & Board, lawyers," cried Walter and Isabel, in a breath.

"You're mistaken; my name is James Bartlum, your cousin from—well, say California. Just arrived this morning.

"O, Walter!" cried Isabel, with a gasp, "what have we done?"

"We are ruined," said Walter, tragically.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Bartlum, soothingly. "Don't break down all at once. I am getting interested in this affair. I am always on the side of youth and love, old as I am. Now that I know all, perhaps I can help you more than Ferguson. Don't say anything to Ferguson; don't appeal to him. A man with that kind of name is apt to be flinty-hearted. Trust to your cousin James.

"O, Cousin James!" cried Isabel, convinced at once, "bless you! You have made us feel so happy!"

"Bless you, sir!" echoed Walter, also very much affected.

"All right," rejoined Cousin James, dryly. "A brilliant, and, let us hope, feasible plan has occurred to me, which for the present I shall keep in the inner recesses of my bosom. Will you trust implicitly to me?"

"Implicitly," cried Walter.

"Very well. Then—you travel out of the house."

"What!"

"Go! and when you come back to-morrow for an answer to your note, and Uncle Brown says 'No,' which he undoubtedly will, submit quietly."

"Give up Isabel? Never!"

"For a time, young man—for a time! Be a diplomate and trust to me."

"Yes, do, Walter," pleaded Isabel. "I am sure you can trust him."

"Now, then," said cousin James, when the ardent lover had torn himself away, "you are very young, and you are a female, but you look sensible. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"I'll try you. Please sit down."

When Mr. Theophilus Brown returned from his search for the recreant Ferguson, he opened his blue eyes very wide on seeing his daughter and the ex-tramp enjoying a very lively *tete-a-tete*.

"Cousin Isabel and I," said James, with a smile, "are excellent friends already. I confess I did not remember her when she came in. Everybody has changed in five years except Uncle Theoph."

"Humph," growled Mr. Brown, not altogether admiring this familiarity, but yet compelled to admit that his nephew was evidently presentable.

Within a week Mr. James Bartlum had taken the Brown mansion by storm. Mr. Brown was a widower, and since George had gone away the dinners had been rather lonesome, but cousin James changed all that. An interminable talker, with a knowledge of men and manners gained in a school to which Mr. Brown and his guests were entire strangers, and a perfect mint of anecdotes and chitchat, the young man entertained his uncle's guests in a most surprising manner. Mr. Brown was vastly amused when he pictured the consternation of his guests did they but know his nephew's antecedents, which he wisely decided to keep to himself, and then he told himself that his nephew *was* an educated gentleman, notwithstanding his scampish adventures.

Isabel was completely captivated, to the intense and growing wrath of Walter. He had religiously kept his promise, and after being refused Isabel's hand as anticipated, had been kindly allowed to make an occasional call, on each and every occasion only to find Isabel "not at home."

To the opera with Mr. Bartlum; out riding with Mr. Bartlum; here, there, everywhere with Mr. Bartlum, until Walter was reduced to skin and bone, and began to suspect that he was being duped. Once or twice at dinner he had essayed to communicate with his beloved, but the attempts were always failures. Either Mr. Brown had his eye on him, or Isabel had not her eye on him, or, as most frequently happened, Cousin James engaged him in spirited conversation until the opportunity had gone by.

After this sort of thing had been going on two entire months, the young lover had worked himself into such a fever that he made up his mind to have an explanation, or—well, anything!

The opportunity came the very next week at a ball. After some little maneuvering he ran the faithless couple to earth in a bay-window.

"Isabel," said he, trying very hard to be calm, "I have a right, and I *do* demand an explanation."

"An explanation, Walter?" said Isabel, in the innocent, inquiring tone very effectually calculated to madden the average man.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Walter, very effectually maddened, "is it possible you affect ignorance? Do you think I am blind? Faithless Isabel, had I not seen with my own eyes——"

"Don't talk so loud," interposed the faithless James, soothingly.

"Don't *you* talk to me," exclaimed Walter passionately. "I'll have a settlement with you at another time and place."

"One moment," said Cousin James, coolly. "Permit me to remove the lady from the scene of strife."

Before Walter could interpose they were gone, and before he could leave the window his faithless friend had returned and taken him by the arm like a school-boy.

"Young man," he said, with a patronising air, "you are making a donkey of yourself. After making all possible allowances for your youth and inexperience, I can not close my eyes to the fact that that you are something of an idiot."

"I won't be talked to in this way," said Walter, savagely.

"O yes, you will. It is for your own good, my dear boy. Everything is going along very nicely, and if you will only keep quiet——"

"But I will not. I have been shamefully deceived, and unless Isabel explains everything to my satisfaction I'll do something."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know" (gloomily).

"Don't do anything rash."

"Yes, I will. I'll expose you."

"To whom?"

"To everybody. To—to Uncle Brown!" Mr. Bartlum was panic-stricken at this announcement.

"Wretched youth! you wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I?" said Walter with a dark frown. "You'll see. I am not to be trampled on with impunity. If I *am* a worm, I can turn."

With this dark and significant threat he burst away, in spite of the other's efforts to restrain him, and was seen in the supper-room shortly afterward eating oysters with a determined air.

The next day, about four in the afternoon, as James and Isabel were leaving the house for a drive, John Thomas accosted them with a message from Mr. Brown, who would be pleased to see them in the library.

"Cousin James!" cried Isabel, in great trepidation, "all is discovered."

"So it would appear," said Cousin James tranquilly; "and there is nothing else to do than to face the music like little men. Come along, cousin."

Mr. Brown was seated in his chair of state, and at a little distance sat Master Walter, looking very pale and rather sheepish.

When the couple entered, Mr. Brown laid his hand upon a dictionary, as if he had half determined to knock somebody down, but changed his mind and said, with an assumption of irony that became him very ill: "What a charming pair! Ha! ha! Yes; quite beautiful!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" inquired James, with exasperating mildness. "You know you are *not* careful in your diet."

"Diet!" roared Mr. Brown, coming out strong as the old original Brown—"diet, sir! Confound your impudence, sir! Do you mean to trifle to humbug me? Do you mean to attempt to deceive me? Don't trifle with me—I know all."

"Tell us, then."

"You—you are a villain, sir."

"I deny it."

"You are—an ungrateful villain. I have warmed a serpent in my bosom."

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Yes, you. O, I shall not spare you! You have basely gained the affections of my daughter—wretched girl!"

"O, papa!"

"Go away. I have been blind, but now I see."

"I suppose," scornfully, "that Mr. Hayman assisted your eyesight?"

"He did—and quite properly, too."

"Mr. Hayman is an interested party, I believe. He has aspirations——"

"Never you mind, sir, what he has. I am talking about you now. You are engaged, I suppose?"

"Not quite."

"Indeed! I wonder at that! But the affair has gone far enough, at any rate, and I tell you plainly, sir, that it must stop—and now."

"Mr. Brown——"

"I won't listen to a word."

"But you must, you unreasonable old man. Let me sum up the situation. You have a young and lovely daughter with whom a worthy young man is deeply in love."

"Worthy young man!" cried Walter, fiercely. "Do you hear that, uncle?"

"I was referring to Mr. Walter Hayman," said Mr. Bartlum, with a bland look at the speaker, "who is in every way exemplary. You refuse this worthy young man your daughter's hand, and why? Because he is worthy? Evidently. Well, here am I, a most unworthy young man, and you entertain an equally strong objection to me. How inconsistent! If this worthy young man is eligible, I am out of the question; but if he is out of the question, why not take me? You surely do not intend to make a nun of Isabel."

Mr. Theophilus Brown was evidently staggered by this remarkable piece of reasoning, and looked alternately at the worthy and unworthy rivals, and finally at the fair Isabel.

"O, papa!" pleaded the bone of contention, "choose for me, please. You do not know how distracted I am."

"She loves them both," murmured her father, helplessly.

"Isabel!" exclaimed Walter, imploringly.

"Respected sir," said James, placidly, "the decision rests with you. You are the judge and jury, and the evidence is all in."

"Walter," cried Mr. Brown, with great vehemence—"a thousand times Walter!"

The worthy young man and his betrothed were locked in a fervent embrace, while Mr. Brown smiled beneficently upon them.

"May a cousin's blessing rest upon you!" said James.

Mr. Brown looked at him savagely, then keenly, and then, as he met his calm and unflinching gaze, said, sharply: "You take it coolly, sir."

By way of answer the handsome vagabond closed his left eye very slowly and looked at Mr. Brown in silence. An unmistakable wink.

In an instant the old gentleman saw through the trick, but before he could open his mouth the arch-schemer laid his hand on his arm, and pointing with his thumb to the absorbed young lovers in the corner, said, in a low tone:

"Permit a graceless vagabond, sir, to treasure in his mind the thought that he has brought two loving souls together, and taught a fine old gentleman to know his own mind. You will never regret it, sir, and just reflect what might have been had your girl really thrown away her affections. Do you see the point?"

Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, grasped the other's hand fervidly, and acknowledged that he did.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Spies Among the Boys.

It is difficult for a stranger to realize the extent to which espionage is carried in Russian gymnasiums. The pedagogues who ought to enjoy the respect of their pupils and imbue the rising generation with sentiments of honor are transformed into agents of the Third Section. The boys are under continual supervision. They are not left in peace even in the houses of their kinsfolk. By a special law tutors are ordered to visit the pupils at their own homes or wherever they may be living. The Minister is not ashamed from time to time to issue circulars, as on July 27, 1884, cynically offering rewards and promotion to Professors who show the greatest zeal in supervising the "moral dispositions" (read "political tendencies") of their pupils, and threatening that in the event of any anti-governmental propagandism being discovered in their classes they will be held equally responsible with the Directors and Inspectors (*Rousskia Vedomorti*, July 28)—which means money and advancement for those who play the part of spies, dismissal for those who refuse to bow the knee to Baal.—*Russia under the Czars.*

—A Troy collar cutter recently cut on a special order a dozen ladies' collars twenty-three inches long. We have seen many young women on the streets for whom one of these collars would answer for a belt.—*Troy Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The last three Lord Chancellors of England have all been Sunday-school teachers.

—Harry A. Garfield, son of the late President, has accepted a position as teacher in St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

—Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman has been readmitted with great unanimity and cordiality to the New York Methodist Episcopal Conference.—*Christian Union.*

—President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, has made a plea to the various colleges to consider a plan by which an inter-collegiate system of granting degrees may be adopted.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mark Twain told the Vassar College students that his usual price for a reading was $500, but that there he was quite satisfied to take fifty cents and get the other $499.50 in looking at the girls.—*Troy Times.*

—In the University of Virginia the chaplain is appointed for two years, and the office is held in rotation by ministers of different denominations. The corner-stone of a new chapel has been laid. The attendance of students at chapel service is purely voluntary; but such services are maintained with deepest interest, while the religious tone of the institution is declared to be that of a strictly theological school.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Judge Stewart charged the Grand Jury recently at Baltimore very plainly about gambling at church fairs, saying: "The vice will probably continue until the people are educated up to the point that raffles at fairs will be considered an evil to be frowned upon, and chances in holiday presents as a thing to be avoided. The grosser forms of this vice are liable to punishment, and when the business of gambling is carried on in violation of law, the duty to society requires that the offence should not be lightly passed over, but should be prosecuted."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—In Bosnia and Herzegovina there are 42 inter-confessional and 94 confessional public schools. Of these 136 schools, 56 are under the control of the Orthodox Greek Church, 36 under Roman Catholic, one under Mohammedan and one under Jewish. The teachers number 186, the pupils 8,114—namely, 6,240 boys and 1,874 girls. In comparison with previous years, there has been a great advance in educational affairs in these countries; especially do the Mohammedan inhabitants seem to appreciate the benefit of a school training for their children.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Is "silence golden" when a wife asks her husband for money to buy necessary articles?

—He—Won't you go riding with me this evening? She—Have you a gentle horse? He—Yes, indeed. I can drive him with one hand. She—I'll go.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—What is the difference between a flood and an angry brakeman? One breaks the dams and the other swears with considerable vigor.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Fashionable Ma—"Children! children! stop that noise. Sit down and keep quiet." Children—"Why, what's the matter, ma?" Ma—"Doggie is taking his nap."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—An amusing story is told of a lecturer who, in discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired: "What use can a man make of the time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he could begin his answer to his inquiry some one in the audience called out: "He can make his will."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Some men who imagine that they have been made of better clay than others should take a hint from the Chicago man who says that some men who are looking for a coat of arms today probably wore a coat without any arms twenty years ago.—*American Crockery Journal.*

—A romantic scribe thus describes the first kiss of a newly-wedded couple: "Up the perfume-swept avenue of love and under the roseate archway of Hymen, they had passed into the joy-lit realms of that higher and holier existence where soul meets soul on limpid waves of ecstatic feeling, and hearts touch hearts through the blended channel of lips in rapture linked."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mrs. Sniverly is the wife of the Captain of a New York militia company. She attended a review not long since at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mrs. Sniverly laughed all the way home, and when, after she got home, she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them to do."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Bovine Life in Holland.

At one o'clock we leave for Amsterdam, by way of the Haarlemer Meer, which, unlike seas of modern times, is provided with good macadam roads. Here we find the typical Dutch houses, and everywhere canals instead of fences. On stopping at a fine, large farm-house or a glass of milk, we are requested to take off our shoes before entering. In our desire to ascertain the truth of the stories as to the bovine life in Holland we accede to this demand, and find that the pomp and luxury have not been exaggerated. The cows do have their switches tied up with silk ribbons, possess easy chairs to sit in, and also feather beds, all reports to the contrary being slanders. Further than this I can not go; can not corroborate the statement that they are read to when weary, or that those which are near-sighted wear gold-rimmed spectacles.—*George W. Fiske, in Outing.*

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur—Will the Fifth and Final Act Be a Tragedy.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

"Dr. Lincoln, who was at the funeral of" "ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, says ex-" "President Arthur looked very unwell." "He is suffering from Bright's disease." "During the past year it has assumed a" "very aggravated form."

That telegram is Act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In Act I. he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In Act II. he represented a tired man, worn down, walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls up for Act III. upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from bright's disease, while Act IV. discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely, (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of bright's disease of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits,—lawyers, clergymen, congressmen,—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives way gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physician will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old, and as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the common run of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable." But ere long, maybe, they tap him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover, if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to-day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside of their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

—An adjustable mirror has been patented by an inhabitant of Charlestown, Mass. This invention covers the use of a specially contrived frame for holding the mirror, and in which the mirror can be readily adjusted and held in any desired position, for use of either tall or short people, or for children sitting on the floor, so that mirrors of medium size may be made more useful than large mirrors as ordinarily hung.—*Boston Journal.*

WHO would think that "Liberty Enlightening the World" would lead to base thoughts?—*Boston Budget.*

A SWELL gathering—a boil.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"IS MARRIAGE declining?" asks an exchange. No; it is generally accepting.—*Burlington Free Press.*

PHYSICIANS do not laugh at the "faith cure." They know the value of faith—in the doctor—*Philadelphia Call.*

AS THE man of the house said to the street fiddler: "Move on; one scraper at the door is sufficient."—*Golden Days.*

THERE are certain social grades in every rank of life. Even the poor fisherman is obliged to draw the line somewhere.—*Boston Courier.*

"THERE are nine girls in our class," said Nora. "Then," replied Dora, "it's what I call a femi-nine class.—*Golden Days.*

A WEST VIRGINIAN is having a big run of luck. His cousin has eloped with his wife and every one of his six children.—*Courier-Journal.*

MR. BROWN—Miss Gray, allow me to present my friend, M. L'Oiseau, of the Canary Islands. Miss Gray—How delightful. You sing, of course.—*Life.*

A LISPING Washington correspondent says the "Treasury girl" is a "Myth." But when she ith a widow, she ith a Mythith, of courth.—*Norristown Herald.*

INSTEAD of saying: "Never take the horse-shoe from the door," the High School girl expresses it: "Remove not the pedal protection of the equine from the domiciliary entrance."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"THE best monument to my husband," says Mme. Barrios, "would be a man who can take his place." As Mme. Barrios is young, pretty and has eight million dollars this ought not to be a hopeless task.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

CAKE for an unwelcome visitor—Sponge.

"YES," said Mrs. Spriggins, when she read the menu of a recent fashionable dinner, "the man who got up that there feast must have been an epicac!"—*Life.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ALWAYS SURE.

"What a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!"
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
"All these velvet pansies withered—
And I picked them just to-day!"

"And there's nothing very certain,"
Answered Bess, with face demure;
"When it rains we can't go driving—
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft gray tress;
"Sixty seconds make a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?—
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!
That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crim
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
You may always surely hold:
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old."
—*Mrs. Julia P. Ballard, in Our Little Ones.*

THE OSTRICH.

The Largest and One of the Queerest of All Birds—Its Habits, Etc.

Of all the birds that show the wonderful resources of infinite wisdom in their construction perhaps the ostrich is the queerest, as it certainly is the largest, being among the birds what the elephant is among animals—a full-sized male standing erect measuring eight feet and more. With its long head and neck it can overlook the tallest bushes and reeds in which it chooses to hide, and its legs are said to be the swiftest in the world.

Unlike other birds the wings are used for running instead of flying, and with them they can take at every step a stride of from twelve to fourteen feet, almost across a good-sized room.

The natives of Africa ride the ostrich, and Arabs have been known to cross the desert upon their backs, though they sometimes run at a frightful speed. When in motion the legs are invisible, like the spokes of a wheel, which gives the bird the appearance of flying at a little distance from the ground.

This strange bird seldom drinks, and its food is as often old iron and brass as anything else. The ostrich swallows iron and a great many hard things just as a hen swallows stones, and it is said by those who have watched their habits that they will not discriminate between cold and hot; even red-hot iron they have been known to swallow. The appetite of the ostrich is as insatiable as their capacity is great, and almost anything that comes in their way becomes their food—old rags, newspapers, bones, wood, stones and even glass!

As pebbles and stones are used to grind up the food of the hen, all these hard things answer to the same purpose to the ostrich.

Being a great thief it will make way in a moment with anything that comes within its reach, even to a gold watch and chain, which one of these birds once purloined from the pocket of a gentleman who at some exhibition approached it too closely. At a single mouthful it was gone out of sight.

The natural food of the ostrich is grass, grain, fruits, rats, mice, insects—in fact, anything of the sort that they can get, and they can go a long time without drink altogether if need be! Yet they really have something as a substitute which grows in the desert, a sort of wild melon that absorbs the moisture of the atmosphere in the cool nights—truly a water-melon to travelers as well, who often are astonished to find them in places where they would not believe a drop of water ever came.

The eggs of the ostrich are immense, a single egg being equal to two dozen hen's eggs! The mother bird hollows out a place in the sand and lays her eggs in it. By day she abandons them to the heat of the sun, which in those countries is very great, but always at night she or the male will cover them.

They are very social birds, often using the same nest in company until there are from sixty to seventy eggs in a nest of several feet in diameter. Several eggs are left outside, and are not meant to be hatched, as you will see.

When the ostrich begins to sit she is still laying, and as it takes nearly two months for an egg to hatch, they can not all come out together. Now see what a wise provision. As soon as the young ostrich appears, which is then the size of a good fat hen, the mother takes it to one of the scattered eggs, which she breaks for its food. In this way the little ostriches have someting to live upon until the whole family is hatched and the mother at liberty to look after them. Often the bird begins to lay before she has thought of a nest. Travelers finding them in the desert has probably given rise to the story that they are apt to forsake their eggs.

You ask if the eggs are good for food? The Hottentots and "Bushmen" think so. A lean Bushman will eat one of these huge eggs at a meal, cooked in their own peculiar way; and this is the way he hunts them. When he finds a nest he pulls off his pantaloons, made of skins rudely sewn together, and ties them at the ankles, making a sort of forked bag. This he fills with the eggs, setting it astride his shoulders if walking, and if on horseback over the horse, like a pair of saddle-bags. The shell is so very tough that it will bear a great deal of jolting.

This shell is put to various uses by the tribes inhabiting the countries where it is found—fashioned into bowls and ladles, and with an opening at one end and a glass-stopper at the other, makes a very good substitute for a bottle. This is really the only kind of water vessel some people have, and it is used in a very curious manner. Taking their ostrich shells and a couple of long, hollow reeds to the sandy marshes where water is sometimes found, they thrust them down into the wet sand with a bunch of grass at the end, used as a filter, by letting the water pass through it. Then the water is drawn through one tube by the mouth, and then through the other into a shell set upright in the ground. Thus each person is supplied with water in this primitive way.

The "Bushmen," those fierce little wild men of South Africa, make a strange use of these ostrich shell bottles. If about to surprise an enemy's village they bury all along the road a great many shells filled with water. In this way on their return home with their booty they find at every halting place drink for themselves and their stolen herds, while their pursuers are obliged to turn back and give up the chase for want of water.

The feathers of the ostrich! Who does not know of them the world over? As the elephant is hunted for his tusks, so is the ostrich for its feathers. The finest and very expensive are the long white plumes from the wings, bringing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a pound. It takes about eighty feathers to make a pound. The black and gray are much cheaper, and the smaller they are the less esteemed.

On the coasts of Africa, in European settlements, there are regular ostrich farms where the birds are raised expressly for their feathers. It requires only a low wall to keep them from getting out, as they can not fly high, the largest quill feathers of the wing being entirely wanting. Though very fine, the feathers of the domesticated birds are less beautiful than those of the wild ones.

You will wonder if the ostrich can outrun a horse; how hunters can ever catch them. They have to use a great deal of strategy. Sometimes they hide in a pit near the nest in the absence of the old birds, shooting them when they come back at night, or, which is most effective, dressing in the skin and feathers of the bird, their own legs answering very well for those of the ostrich. They manœuver the neck and head with one arm, while carrying a bow and poisoned arrows concealed. Disguised in this way, the hunters are sometimes able to get near a large flock and secure several of the finest birds before they are aware of their approach.

Nowadays horses are used in the hunting of the ostrich, racing with them for hours until the legs of the birds become so stiff that they can run no farther, and are obliged to succumb, running their heads into some bush, supposing themselves hidden, the head with them seeming to be the important part to get out of the way. As the ostrich never takes a straight course, but always runs in a sort of circle, the horseman has another advantage. In whatever way they are killed it is very important not to stain the feathers, for a large ostrich with its plumage in good condition is worth from eighty to ninety dollars.

Sometimes the ostrich gets exasperated and gives battle to the hunter, kicking his adversary violently, which kick is as dangerous as that of a horse, but afterward inflicting terrible wounds with a strong, sharp claw with which it is armed. It is said that the ostrich is able to defend itself against the most ferocious beasts of the desert, and that the only foe it really dreads is man. Thus in the absence of the wings with which to fly they have been given a powerful weapon with which to protect themselves on land. What a wonderful Creator!

The shea is the ostrich of South America. Though only half the size of its African cousin, still it is a very handsome bird and of fair size. The wings are small, but abundantly furnished with long, flexible, soft feathers which spread like a snowy sail as it runs. The sheas are very pretty and very funny birds. They have a very curious habit of drawing in their necks, shaking out their long wing feathers, and saluting each other as if they were overcome with joy, and then dashing about in a headlong frolic, and running blindly against a fence, or bush, much to their discomfiture.

The cassowary, found in the Malaccas, belongs to the ostrich family. They are easily tamed, and soon became very much attached to their owners. They are exceedingly mischievous, and, like all their species, great thieves—always feeling privileged to help themselves.

An English naturalist once owned a pair of these birds which were altogether too familiar upon his premises. He tells of them that no sooner would his cuffs be starched and hung out on the line than one of these birds would step up, and before any one could stop it swallow them instantly.

At another time he had a carpenter at work about the yard, who came rushing into his study in great alarm, exclaiming: "Doctor! oh, doctor! come quick, one of those birds of yourn has been and swallowed my oil stone. It'll kill the cretur sure if you don't give him something."

"Oh, it's just like him, Patrick," the doctor coolly replied. "He'll take your hammer and chisel next; look out."

The carpenter went back to his work, greatly disturbed, nor would he go on till the bird was placed in confinement; and then even he could not get over his solicitude for its welfare, to say nothing of the loss of his favorite stone.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

—A novel wager was made in Middletown, N. Y., the other day between a young lawyer and a gentleman engaged in business in New York. Each is the father of a boy baby, of which he is very proud, and, the conversation happening to turn on the youngsters, each father was emphatic in his assertions that his child was larger and more promising than that of his friend. The outcome of the talk was an agreement that each should deposit one hundred dollars in the savings bank, there to remain, with principal and interest untouched until both the babies have attained the age of twenty-one years. On attaining their majority each of the babies is to be weighed, and the one tipping the scales at the greatest weight is to be entitled to the two hundred dollars and interest.—*Troy Times.*

—In a mine in Grass Valley, Cal., that had been for many years flooded, it was found upon renewing operations recently that a drill-hole in a vein of quartz had healed up around a small rod of iron, or "spoon," that had been left in it, and that several clusters of small crystals had shot out in a fractured portion of the vein. This is quoted to prove that metals grow, like wood and other products of the earth.

—There are unleavened bread bakeries in New Orleans, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, but in no other cities in the Union. The bread is made of flour and water only into loaves about a foot square, which are called matzos.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A wise observer says there is too much pig-pen and not enough pig-pasture. A truthful alliteration.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—To raise the crushed pile of velvet hold the wrong side over a bowl of boiling water, stretching it tight, and the pile of velvet will be gradually raised.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Bitter-sweet will bear transplanting and looks charming climbing over a stump. Plant vines wherever you can make them grow. The hop vine grows rapidly and is very beautiful.

—Sour cream cookies are made of one cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful (not heaping) of soda, a little salt and flour enough to make a soft dough; flavor with cinnamon.—*Toledo Blade.*

—President Barry, of the Western New York Horticultural Society, does not believe that fruit can be shaken from trees on canvas without injury thereto. His opinion is fully worthy of credit. The bruising of fruit from striking limbs and spurs in falling must necessarily cause rotting.

—A good bran mash is composed of two quarts of oat-meal, one of bran, and half a pint of flaxseed. The oat-meal is put in a bucket, over which is placed the linseed and boiling water added; then the bran is put in and the mixture covered with a cloth and allowed to stand five hours, when the whole is well stirred and fed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Hard boiled eggs taste good at any time, but never so well as when, like the four and twenty blackbirds, they are in a pie. Boil a dozen eggs hard, and, when cold, shell and slice them and put them in layers in a buttered pie dish, alternating with butter, breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, and covering them with this mixture. Add a cupful of cream and bake to a brown.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Fowls should be given the fullest possible range in summer to insure health. Birds naturally require a large amount of air, and are constantly alert and in motion. This is especially true of granivorous birds, to which class farmyard fowls belong. Therefore let the fowls roost out of doors in summer. Cleanse, fumigate and keep ventilated the winter quarters and they will again take kindly to them when the proper season arrives.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Delicious fritters may have stale bread for the foundation. If care is taken in removing any or all of the crust that is dark brown, the fritters will be light colored and very inviting in appearance. Eggs are a good addition in the proportion of four eggs to one quart of sweet milk; a saltspoonful of salt and four or five slices of bread are also required. The bread should lie soaking in the milk for two hours. It can be broken into small bits and then it will not be lumpy.—*Boston Budget.*

—Few farmers seem to understand the value of stanchions in feeding calves. They can be made very cheaply out of any old boards lying around the farm, and save a world of time. Give each calf twenty inches space. Put a trough in front, spaced off so that each calf gets his share and no more. They will soon learn to have their heads in position at feeding time and you can fasten and feed a dozen in a few minutes. After they are done with the milk, give a little ground feed or corn and turn the whole lot into a yard where you have some nice hay in a rack.—*Detroit Post.*

PEAR RAISING.

Instances Where the Culture of This Fruit Has Become Exceedingly Profitable.

An instance of profitable pear-raising is found in a report to the American Pomological Society in regard to the pear orchard of the Old Dominion Fruit Growing Company, located seventy-five miles below Richmond, Va., on the James River. The orchard contains 20,000 trees, 19,000 of which are Bartletts, and have nearly all been set since 1871. When the trees were planted they were one or two years old, and were cut back to within a foot of the ground. They were cut back low to make them low-headed. Twenty or thirty acres are planted annually with corn, as much more with peanuts and the rest sown with black peas, which are plowed under in the autumn. This green manuring, together with some mari, is all the fertilizing the land receives. The company paid $12,000 for the farm and used $8,000 in planting trees, and for other expenses. The first dividend was paid in 1880. The fruit brought $4,000, which, with the balance in the treasury from the previous year, gave a cash dividend of twenty per cent. on the $20,000 of capital stock. In 1881, 4,000 boxes of pears were sold, with net return of $13,684, out of which a fifty per cent. dividend was paid to the stockholders, besides ten per cent. set aside for current expenses. Most of the trees had been set within the last eight years, and were still quite small. These are results which show that there is money to be made in pear-raising when a suitable location is selected, and the trees are well cared for. Some times a few pear trees will afford quite a profitable return for the space which they occupy. Thirty Duchess d'Angouleme in New Jersey, commenced to bear when eight years old, and the first crop sold for $120; the second crop, $139.41; third, $156.17; fourth, $202.28; fifth, $267.49; sixth, $310.20; seventh, $705; making a total of $1,900.55. Many a man living in a village has space enough on his lot to set thirty or forty pear trees. Such trees, well cared for, would, in a few years, afford considerable aid to a mechanic or day laborer in meeting his current expenses.—*Chicago Times.*

—They were young and romantic, and, although the minute-hand was pointing to twelve o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars. "That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured. "Yes, pet, and that's Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star. "Are you Sirious?" she cooed. He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upward and said: "That's Mars, dove." "And that's pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside, and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a 12½ with a brass toe.—*Detroit Post.*

JOHN H. CANTLIN, Chief Engineer Philadelphia Fire Department, writes: "I cheerfully endorse the efficacy of Red Star Cough Cure."

WHEN the heart is full the lips are silent; when the man is full it is different.—*Texas Siftings.*

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT sort of a flag does a man unfurl when he waves an examination?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A HAPPY combination of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, cures cholera-morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

A CONCISE and bright drama in two acts. Act 1—A little boy and a river. Act 2—A river; no little boy.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

A SUCCESSFUL architect may not be an honorable man, but he certainly has good designs.—*Oil City Derrick.*

* * * * Bad treatment of stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOME rulers—women.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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I was afflicted with Hay-Fever seven years—Ely's Cream Balm cured me entirely.—H. D. CAILHAN, Baggage Master, Terre Haute, Ind.
I was a sufferer from Hay-Fever since the summer of 1878, until I used Ely's Cream Balm, was never able to find any relief, I can say that Cream Balm cured me. I would not be without it during the Hay-Fever season.—L. M. GEORGIA, Binghamton, N. Y.
CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER

NO MORE DANGER!
—USE—
"Mother's Friend."
This invaluable preparation is truly a triumph of scientific skill, and no more inestimable boon was ever bestowed upon the mothers of the world. It not only shortens the time of labor and lessens the intensity of pain, but, better than all, it greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child.
I most earnestly entreat every female expecting to be confined to use Mother's Friend. Coupled with this entreaty I will add that during a long obstetrical practice (44 years) I have never known it to fail to produce a safe, quick delivery. H. J. HOLMES, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. Treatise on "Woman" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta.

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LOUISIANA
A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

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It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.
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For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.
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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
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As a Spring Medicine and blood purifier it has no equal.
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I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, from time to time, for a number of years, and have always been greatly benefited by it. It purifies, vitalizes, and invigorates the blood, restores the appetite, and imparts a wonderful feeling of strength and elasticity to the system. As a spring medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly effective.—M. F. Pillsier, Malden, Mass.
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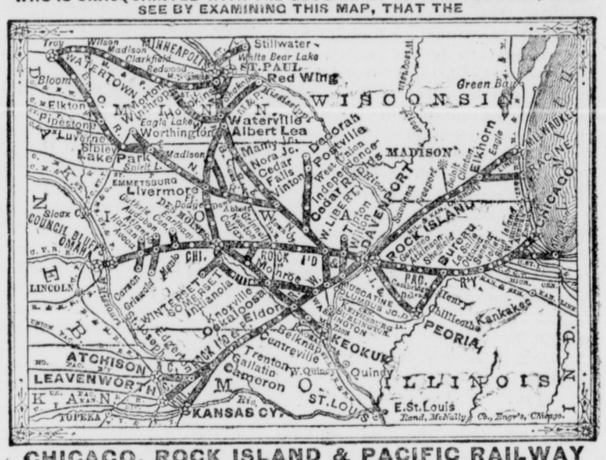
A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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A sufferer from chronic diarrhœa writes: "I tried various preparations; but even the simplest gruel caused pain at night. Commencing with Ridge's Food, I found full satisfaction to the appetite and it was never attended with the slightest discomfort in digestion. To test its efficacy, the supper was changed a few times, but always with a return of distress in the night."
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UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.
LYON & HEALY, State & Monroe Sts., Chicago, Will send you their BAND CATALOGUE for 1885, 140 pages, 300 engravings of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials, also includes Instruction and Exercises for Amateur Bands; and a Catalogue of choice band music, mailed free.
R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?
Florida Orange and Truck Lands for sale on time. Particulars in the "Orange Grove," price 10c silver. Liverpool, Florida.
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The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature Statue six inches in height—the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at One Dollar Each.
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These diseases absolutely cured and the system restored to health by C. C. BEERS, M. D. In cases of intemperance the medicine can be successfully administered unknown to the patient. Send stamps for evidence to 41 Appleton Street, Boston, Mass.
SEND 2 cent stamp for N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS and premium list. Greatest offer of Best and Cheapest Reading Matter ever made. Or send 50c for NEWS from now to Jan. 1, 1886. 25 Park Row, New York.
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Comets Due in 1885.

Several periodical comets may be expected to return to perihelion during the present year. Encke's comet has already put in an appearance, having passed its perihelion on the 7th of March. It was detected in 1884, but as comets technically belong to the year in which they pass perihelion, Encke's comet finds place on the records of 1885. This comet is our oldest friend among the class to which it belongs, for it was first seen in 1776. though its periodicity was not discovered till 1819. Since that time it has not failed to make us a visit at intervals of about three and a half years.

Olbers' comet is another celestial guest whose return is looked for during the present year. It was discovered by Olbers in 1815, and was found by Bessel to have a period of about 75 years. It will therefore probably appear either this year or next. It will be as warmly welcomed, if it deign to make us a second visit, as the comet of 1812, or the Pons-Brooks comet, was last year, for it will rank as third on the list of comets of a long period that have made more than one recorded return. Halleys's comet, with a period of about 75 years, stands first on the list. It has been traced back to the year 1456, and since that time has made five recorded returns, the last being in 1835. It will be due in 1911. The comet of 1812, or the Pons-Brooks comet, made its first recorded return during the last year. If the comet of 1815, or Olbers' comet visit us during this year or the succeeding one, the solar system can rejoice in the possession of three comets of a long period, as they are called, to distinguish them from the larger family of comets of a short period.

Temple's comet of 1867 was expected to reach perihelion in April. It has a period of about 6 years, was first observed in 1867, was seen again in 1873 and 1879, and was due in April, but has not yet made its appearance. On the 13th of March, Dr. Gautier, of Geneva, discovered a suspicious celestial object, that was thought to be the expected visitor. Diligent search was made for it at the principal observations, but without success, for the object seen proved to be a far away nebula. Either some unforseen calamity has delayed its advent, or one of the giant planets has turned it into a new course by its resistless power of attraction.

Temple also discovered a second comet of a short period in 1869. It was re-discovered by Swift in 1880, when its periodicity was determined. It is consequently known as Swift's comet, and has a period of five and a half years. It is expected to return to perihelion at the end of the year. But it is likely to pass unseen at its present return, as it did in 1875, being, in like manner, in an unfavorably position for observation.

One more comet closes the list of members of the cometic family that are expected to return to perihelion in 1885. It is Tuttle's comet, and seems to occupy a position of its own, having a period of thirteen and a half years, and therefore ranking neither with comets of a long period nor with those of a short period. It was first discovered by Mechain in 1790, and re-discovered by Tuttle in 1858, when its periodicity was recognized, It was observed in 1871, passing its perihelion in November. It is therefore due in July of the present year.

A Manitoba Postmaster.

A Winnipeg letter says: The population around us chiefly consist of half-breeds and Indians, with a sprinkling of English settlers. They are most hospitable, but extremely rough, dirty and uncivilized. Our postoffice is four miles away, and we can send off and also fetch letters once a week. Let me describe the interior of this postoffice one day when I had occasion to call there. The postmaster is a very rough Canadian; his wife is a half-breed, a tall, handsome woman. When we drove up she was out of doors in the snow chopping fire-wood. Her lord and master was sitting in his only down-stairs room, with his feet on the stove and a pipe in his mouth. In the room, which was bare of carpet or curtain and contained the family bed, were three little children, a boy aged seven, swearing lustily; a girl about five, sucking her fingers, who began to howl as soon as I spoke, and a baby of two years, seated in a frying pan on the floor, engaged in carefully wrapping up his bare feet in a dish cloth. Their mother followed us into the house and, promptly seizing the handle of the pan, proceded to eject the baby and wipe out the pan with the aforesaid mentioned cloth. Next she broke about a dozen eggs into the pan, fried them and, having made tea and produced her solitary teaspoon, she invited my husband and myself to partake, or as she phrased it, to "sit in" with the family. It is needless to add that, after what I had just witnessed, I declined the hospitality as graciously as I knew how. This is my nearest female neighbor.

Strange Story of Restitution.

From Washington Despatch to Boston Herald.

The archives of the government contain many curious communications, but none probably possess a more romantic interest than the following, which your correspondent was permitted to read yesterday by a Treasury Department official. It was a letter which accompanied a large sum of money as a contribution to the conscience fund. The writer began by stating in the year 1866 he was a passenger on the steamship Henry Chauncey, New York to San Francisco. He was a telegraph operator and under engagement to the California State Telegraph Company. During the voyage he became acquainted with a gentleman who was known to his fellow-passengers as Charles Edmund Hastings. A fast friendship grew up between him and the writer. Upon their arrival in San Francisco they put up at the same hotel and occupied adjoining rooms. What followed is here given in the writer's own words: "The next day I reported for duty. Late in the afternoon I received, among a number of other telegrams, one from the chief inspector of the Postoffice Department at Washington, directing the authorities at San Francisco to keep a sharp lookout for one Charles Emmons, who had stolen money to the amount of $5,000 while an employee of the New York Postoffice. The description of Emmons tallied exactly with that of my friend Hastings, and in some indefinable manner I became convinced that he and the defaulter were one and the same person. Upon the impulse of the moment I slipped the message into my pocket. When I returned to the hotel I handed it to Hastings and asked him to read it. I then told him my suspicions. Without going too deeply into particulars, he confessed everything. It was the old story. He had sunk every dollar he possessed in Wall street, and in an evil moment had used the funds of the office until detection stared him in the face. He started for New Orleans, but, hearing that the police were on his track, conceived the daring plan of returning to New York and embarking from there for California. While search was being made for him in the South, he was rapidly steaming away to the Pacific slope. At the expiration of several weeks they had probably found a new clue, which had resulted in the sending of the telegram in question. Hastings begged me not to expose him, and promised that under a new name and in a new country he would begin life over and in a few years make good the government's loss. I promised silence, and he disappeared that night. I learned from a mutual friend some months later that Emmons had gone to Virginia City, Nev., and there died of an incurable disease. A few years ago, by the death of a relative, I came into possession of what to a man of my modest desires is an ample fortune. I desire, therefore, to make restitution to the government for the amount of Mr. Emmons' peculation, in which I have always considered myself an indirect accomplice. The sum enclosed is the principal and interest to date."

A Long and Curious Search.

"Why do you pick that up?" asked a reporter of a man who had just stooped down and taken a fugitive nine of clubs out of the mud. He was carefully cleaning the card with his pocket-handkerchief.

"It's a habit I have contracted," he said, laughing. "Long ago I noticed that a day rarely passed that I did not see a playing-card lying in the street. I wondered if it were possible to make a whole pack by picking up all I saw. I went to work to try it. At first it seemed easy enough, and I picked up plenty of cards of different kinds; but as my collection grew larger the task became more difficult, and I found cards of the same sort over and over again. It took me twelve years to find the last four cards I wanted—the five of diamonds, the eight of diamonds, the king of spades, and the four of hearts. Two of those years were spent in looking for the eight of diamonds, which was all I wanted to complete the pack. I found it three months ago in an ash barrel in Baxter street, and I have now the entire pack. I was just eleven years and two weeks collecting it, and I would not sell it for $1,000."—*New York Sun*

Almost Willing to Sacrifice Himself.

A negro and his family living on the Decatur division of the Louisville & Nashville railroad recently attempted one of the most sensational swindles of the day. There are ten children in the family, and the husband and wife find it hard work to feed so many mouths. At a family council it was finally decided that one of the children should sit down on the railroad track and be run over by a passenger train. The parents would then sue the company for damages, with which the remaining youngsters could be fed, clothed and educated. One of the boys was so much struck with the project that he volunteered to sacrifice himself for the good of the others. Shortly before the train was due he took his seat on the track and waited. The train came thundering along. The little darkey held the fort. He was true grit until the engine got within about ten feet of him, when he gave an unearthly yell, and with a bound into midair made tracks. The authorities investigated the matter, and the above facts all came out.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

America Ahead.—Peculiar Characteristics of Americans—The Evils and How Restored.

In this age of bustle and hurry, an age devoted to great projects and enterprises, the American people are taking the lead in the furtherance of noble works, and in the advancement of the sciences and arts. In these they deserve to take a high rank, and through the united works of millions, the American continent is fast being transformed from its untamed state and being placed on an equality with the older continents beyond the ocean. The American people are fast, under these influences developing into a nervous, energetic race, remarkable for its vim and business qualifications; yet there is danger that in the course of years these very elements may combine to the ruination of the physical character of the people, and leave them feeble and altogether different from their forefathers. General debility is now much more common than formerly, and seems to be on the increase among the masses. Many remedies have been extensively advertised for this wide-spread complaint, but none of these have been so successful or met with such general favor as the remedy manufactured by Dr. S. B. Hartman, and named by him PERUNA.

Mr. S S. Goudy, of Massillon, Stark county, Ohio, writes: That he has been troubled with general debility and dyspepsia for several years; that he was induced to try PERUNA for his complaints, and that after using three bottles of the medicine he was greatly relieved. It braced him right up and gave him energy, and restored him to his youthful vigor. He ascribes his cure to PERUNA, and says it is a wonderful remedy.

Adolph Bakhaus & Co., Springfield, O., writes: "We are having a good sale for PERUNA. It sells as well as any medicine we have, and gives the very best satisfaction."

Mrs. G. W. Needham, Newtonville, Clermont County, Ohio, says: "I have been a great sufferer for the last six or seven years, with general debility and change of life. I was very much reduced. I have taken four bottles of PERUNA, which has restored me to perfect health and strength. We think PERUNA a safe and grand medicine."

Estate of Naaman L. Shank, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NAAMAN L. SHANK,

late of Garrett Co. Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of June 1885.

SARAH E. SHANK,
Administratrix.

6 6 3t

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,
5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. ECCKE & SISTE

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 12	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A **TORPID LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They **Increase the Appetite,** and cause the body to **Take on Flesh,** thus the system is **nourished,** and by their **Tonic Action** on the **Digestive Organs, Regular Stools** are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE. TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes a cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
3009 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Flatin Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,
6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.

W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

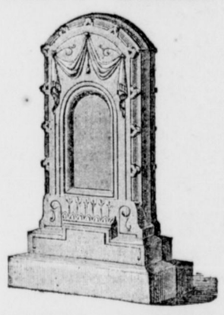
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885. NUMBER 19.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH&SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUCH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUCH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 137 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schoology, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of **Rheumatism**, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

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Why Business Men Fail.

Cor. United States Economist.

Let me give your readers the benefit of the replies I have received from leading men of our country to the question, "What, in your observation, have been the chief causes of the numerous failures in life of business and professional men?"

Governor St. John answers: "Idleness, intemperance." Alexander H Stephens, answers: "Want of punctuality, honesty and truth." Hon. Darwin R. James, answers: "Incorrect views of the great end and aim of life. Men are not contented to lives of integrity and uprightness. They want to get ahead too fast, and are led into temptation." President Bartlett, of Dartmouth college, names as causes of failure: "Lack of principle, of fixed purpose, of perseverance." President Eliot, of Harvard, replies: "Stupidity, laziness, rashness, and dishonesty." Dr. H. M. Dexter, of *The Congretionalist*, answers: "1. Want of thoroughness of preparation. 2. Want of fixedness of purpose. 3. Want of faith in the inevitable triumph of right and truth."

Anthony Comstock's answers, are: "Unholy living and dishonest practices, lust and intemperance, living beyond one's means." Mr. H. E. Simmons, of the American Tract society, replies: "Fast living, mental, spiritual and bodily; lack of attention to the details of business." Gen. O. Howard answers in substance: "Breaking the divine laws of the body by vice; those of the mind by overwork and idleness, and those of the heart by making an idol of self." Professor Homer B. Sprague, of Boston, answers: "1. Ill health. 2. Mistakes in the choice of employment. 3. Lack of persistent and protracted effort. 4. A low ideal, making success to consist in personal aggrandizement, rather than in the training and developement of a true and noble character."

Dr. Lyman Abbott answers: "The combined spirit of laziness and self-conceit that makes a man unwilling to do anything unless he can chose just what he will do." Mr. A. W. Tenney, of Brooklyn, replies: "Outside of intemperance, failure to grasp hold, scattering too much, want of integrity and promptness, unwillingness to achieve success by earning it in the old-fashioned way." The attorney-general of a neighboring state, replies: "Giving beyond income, and speculating with borrowed funds; unwillingness to begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. Young men want to be masters at the start, and assume to know before they have learned." And another reason in the same line: "Desiring the success that another has, without being willing to work as that man does. Giving money-making a first place and right-doing a second place."

Among the causes of failure given by my correspondents many may be classified under the general fault of wavering, such as 'wavering purposes,' 'non-stick-to-it-ness,' 'failure to grasp ond hold,' 'scattering too much,' 'trying to do too many things, rather than stick to the one thing one knows most about.' A young man spends seven years in a grocery store, and when he has just learned the business he concludes to go into dry goods. By failing to choose that first he has thrown away seven years experience. Probably, after learning the dry goods business, he will conclude to become a watchmaker, and at last become a "jack-at-all-trades," good at none. A prominent merchant says: "Nearly all failures in legitimate business come from not serving an apprenticeship to it," that is, from leaving a business one knows for another which he does not understand.

Another cause of failure is the disposition to escape hard work, and get rich in haste—"desiring the success another man has, without being willing to work as that man does, and begin as he did, at the foot of the ladder." How many who were in haste to get rich, to reap without patient industry in sowing, have learned the truth of the old proverb: "The more haste, the worse speed."

One Kind of Boy.

I am always sorry to see a youth get irritated and pack up his clothes in the heat of debate and leave the home-nest. His future is a little doubtful, and it is hard to prognosticate whether he will fracture limestone for the streets of a great city or become President of the United States; but there is a beautiful and luminous life ahead of him in comparison with that of the boy who obstinately refuses to leave the home-nest.

The boy who cannot summon the moral courage some day to uncoil the tendrills of his heart from the clustering idols of the household to grapple with outrageous fortune ought to be taken by the ear and led away out in the great untried realm of space.

While the great world throbs on, he sighs and refuses to throb. While other young men put on their seal-brown overalls and wrench the laurel wreath and other vegetables from cruel fate, the youth who dangles near the old nest, and eats the hard-earned groceries of his father, shivers on the brink of life's great current and sheds the scalding tears.

He is the young-man-afraid-of-the-saw-buck, the human being with the unlaundried spinal column. The only vital question that may be said to agitate his pseudo brain is whether he shall marry and bring his wife to the home nest, or marry and tear loose from his parents to live with his father-in-law. Finally he settles it and compromises by living alternately with each.

How the old folks yearn to see him. How their aged eyes light up when he comes with his growing family to devour everything in sight and yawn through the space between meals. This is the hey-day of his life; the high noon of the boy who never ventured to ride the yearling colt, or to be yanked through the shimmering sunlight at the tail of a two year-old. He never dared to have any fun, because he might bump his nose and make it bleed on his clean clothes. He never surreptitiously cut the copper wire off the lightning rod to snare suckers with, and he never went in swimming, because the great, rude boys might duck him or paint him with mud. He shunned the green apples of boyhood, and did not slide down hill, because he would have to pull his sled back to the top again.

Now he borrows other people's newspapers, eats the provisions of others, and sits on the counter of the grocery till the proprietor calls him a counter irritant.

There can be nothing more un-American than this flabby polyp, this one-horse tad-pole that never becomes a frog. The average American would rather burst up in business six times in four years, and settle for nine cents on the dollar, than to lead such a life. He would rather be an active bankrupt than a weak and bilious barnacle on the calm shell of home.

The true American would rather work himself into luxury or the lunatic asylum than hang like a great wart upon the face of nature. This young man is not in accordance with the Yankee schedule, and yet I do not want to say that he belongs to any other nation. Foreign powers may have been wrong; trans-Atlantic nations may have erred, and the system of European government may have been erroneous, but I would not come out and charge them with this horrible responsibility. They never harmed me, and I will not tarnish their fair fame with this grave indictment.

He will breath a certain amount of atmosphere, and absorb a given amount of food for a few years, and then the full-grown biped will leave the home-nest at last. The undertaker will come and get him and take what there is left of him out to the cemetery. That will be all. There can be no deep abiding sorrow for him here; public buildings will not be draped in mourning, and you can get your mail at the usual hours when he dies. The band will not play a sadder strain because the fag end of human failure has tapered down to death, and the soft and shapeless features are still. You will have no trouble getting a draft cashed on that day, and the giddy throng will join the picnics as they had made arrangements to do.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Reviving a Dead Dog.

[From the Denver News.]

Mr. James L. Finch gives an account of some curious experiments which he and Dr. Armitage recently made secretly in resuscitating animals apparently dead. The first subject operated upon was a medium-sized terrier dog. It was securely tied and an incision made in an artery in its neck, by which the animal was bled to death. He certainly passed through all the symptoms of dying, and soon after the last blood issued from the wound his frame became fixed and rigid, and his eyes showed the senseless glare of death. The room was kept at a temperature of 70° Farenheit, while the dog lay for three hours dead. By this time he had become very stiff and cold. He was now placed in a warm-water bath that was constantly maintained at a temperature of 105°, and was continually and thoroughly rubbed, and as he became pliant his limbs were gently worked about and his whole body rendered supple. A half pint of hot water was now passed into his stomach through a hard-rubber tube which was forced down his œsophagus. When this was accomplished, the mouth of the rubber tube, attached to a bellows, was introduced into his wind pipe, and, as the bellows were provided with a double valve, by which the air could be withdrawn as well as inhaled, the dog's nose was securely fastened.

A large and powerful Newfoundland dog had been obtained for the purpose, had been tied near by, and was now bled, while the attending surgeon proceeded to adjust the transfusing apparatus, and began slowly to inject the live dog's blood into the dead dog. Simultaneously Mr. Armitage began slowly working the respiratory bellows, while I kept rubbing the animal and bending his limbs and body to facilitate circulation. We could not have been more anxious about the issue of our efforts if they had been made upon a human being instead of a dumb brute. When a pint of blood had been injected I could see some change about the eyes of the dog; but no one spoke. One thought was common to all—would life come back? In a few moments more there was certainly a convulsive tremor noticeable in the body. Mr. Armitage, in undisguised excitement said to the surgeon: "Press the blood." In a minute or two the dog gasped, and soon attempted to eject the respiratory tube, which was accordingly withdrawn. This was followed by gasps and a catching of the breath, while the eyes grew brighter and more natural. The rubbing and blood injecting were yet applied, and the dog was struggling as if in a fit. But his efforts soon became less violent, and he began a low whine. A compress was now placed on the artery, and in twenty-two minutes after the first blood was injected he sat up, after being dead three hours and twenty minutes. The dog then drank broth that had been prepared for him in case of his revival, and soon got up and walked about. A comfortable bed was provided near the stove, and from this time forward his recovery was so rapid that in two days he was turned out to run in the streets. He is now a rugged character, in good health, with seemingly no remembrance of his resurrection.

A Heartless Woman.

The meanest woman has been found at Atlanta, Ga. Eight years ago she was married at Utica, New York, to W. E. Harris, and lived happily with him until a child was born, when she deserted him, taking the babe with her. She soon married a man named Riley Ross, and they removed to Atlanta. Recently a strange man rapped at the door of Riley Ross, The rap was answered by Mrs. Ross, who threw her hand to her forehead and exclaimed "My God!" as her eyes beheld her former husband. "I want to see my child," he said. "No, no!" she exclaimed, "that cannot be; he thinks Mr. Ross is his father." "I have come a thousand miles to see him, and I will," persisted Harris. Just then a passing policeman came to the lady's aid and led the father away. The woman afterward offered the unhappy father the priyilege of seeing his child for ten minutes, provided he did not reveal his identity, and provided, further, that he gave $100 for the chance.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Old John Brown's Rebuke.

Brown was greatly opposed to the use of profane language, and sternly forbade it among his men. At one time he captured a border ruffian in Kansas, and he could shame a Flanders regiment with his horrible oaths. Brown listened to him for some time, partook of his supper in silence, lighted his pipe from coals, in the ashes, then said to the border heathen: "I very much dislike to hear you using such language." Greatly surprised at the declaration, he asked Brown to state his objections. "I'll tell you, sir," he replied. "If there is no God it is exceedingly foolish, and if there is it desperately wicked." And Mr. Gill remarked that Old Brown said it in such a fatherly way that the fellow desisted, and never afterward swore in his presence.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, operating through the blood radically cures every scrofulous taint or infection.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A FOREST HYMN.

The glowing sun is riding high
Amid the arches of the sky,
Dreamy air lies still,
No sound disturbs the leafy glade
Save that by busy woodbill made
Upon some ancient trunk, decayed—
Calm broods o'er vale and hill.

In such an hour I love to stray
From haunts of toiling men away,
'Mid forest depths profound;
There, in a bliss of solitude,
Where no dull cares of earth intrude,
And Nature breathes sweet quietude—
The grand old trees around—

The heart by daily cares oppressed,
The wearied spirit findeth rest,
As, pillowed on the sod,
With nought above but leaf and sky,
And loving look of Heavenly Eye,
Perchance with angels hovering nigh,
I dream of Nature's God.

—*Edward N. Richards, in Current.*

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

The Thrilling Event Which Inspired This Patriotic Song.

A piece of news was borne across the Atlantic Ocean in May, 1814, which chilled with apprehension every American heart: Napoleon Bonaparte had been overcome by the allied armies of Europe, and was safely imprisoned on the island of Elba! This intelligence notified the American people that the fleets and armies of Great Britain, which for twelve years had been waging war with France, were now disengaged, and would have little to do, and would be free to overwhelm and crush the Republic of the United States. We were then in the second year of that contest with Great Britain which we still call the War of 1812. It was a summer of alarm, and the whole coast was alive with the bustle of defensive preparation.

The invasion came. The enemy's ships entered Chesapeake Bay about the first of June, a fleet of frigates and lighter vessels. In August Admiral Cochrane entered the bay in a great ship of eighty guns, bringing with him a fleet and three or four thousand soldiers, which increased the British force in those waters to twenty-three men-of-war and an army of ten thousand troops and marines.

Every one knows what followed. The country was invaded, Washington was sacked and pillaged and its public buildings burned. The enemy retired with considerable loss, it is true, but triumphant and exulting. It was a dearly-bought victory, for it silenced opposition to the war, kindled the national feeling and enlisted every heart in the country's defense.

A few days after, the British forces made their second attempt upon that coast. Baltimore, then a city of forty thousand inhabitants, enriched by the prosperous commerce of the last quarter of a century, would have been a valuable prize; and would have given the foe a hold of the shores of the Chesapeake, from which they would have been dislodged with difficulty. Washington was but a straggling village, without military value. Baltimore was a commanding position, capable of being defended. Two miles below the city, on a point of land jutting into the water, stood then, and now stands, Fort McHenry, so named after one of the early statesmen of Maryland. Sturdy arms and willing hearts had been laboring there for many weeks to strengthen its fortifications and get additional guns into position, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead. The time had been well employed, and the gallant commander had a modest confidence in his ability to repel the imposing fleet of Cockburn, which now consisted of more than forty vessels, and carried seven thousand troops. The fate of Baltimore depended absolutely upon his holding this position.

The star-spangled banner which floated over the fort had been made by a lady of Balfimore, Mrs. Mary Pickersgill, aided by her daughter. These ladies, full of the patriotic feeling of the hour, made a flag worthy of the importance of the occasion. It contained four hundred yards of bunting. It was so large that the ladies were obliged to spread it out in the malt-house of a neighboring brewery.

When Mrs. Pickersgill's daughter was an old lady of seventy-six years, she used to describe the scene.

"I remember," she wrote, "seeing my mother down on the floor placing the stars. After the completion of the flag she superintended the topping of it, having it fastened in the most secure manner to prevent its being torn away by balls. The wisdom of her precaution was shown during the engagement, many shots piercing it, but it still remained firm to the staff.... My mother worked many nights until twelve o'clock to complete it in a given time."

The reader will see in a moment the significance of this statement. But for the firm and faithful stitching of these two patriotic ladies, we should probably have had no song of the Star-Spangled Banner.

September the 6th the great British fleet left its anchorage in Chesapeake Bay and sailed for Baltimore; and entered the Patapsco River, upon which the city stands, five days after. Twelve miles below Baltimore, they landed seven thousand men. Happily, the brave Marylanders and Pennsylvanians were ready for them. Three thousand militiamen, volunteers from Maryland and Pennsylvania, commanded by General John Stricker; well-posted and well-intrenched, withstood this great force, killed their commander, General Ross, and forced them finally to abandon the attack.

While these events were occurring, the great vessels in the British fleet moved up the river, anchored before Fort McHenry, and began to pour upon it that tempest of shot, shell and rockets, which the author of our song has commemorated. Every gun was heard in Baltimore. We can well imagine the feelings of its inhabitants during the twenty-four hours of its continuance.

The author of the song, Francis Scott Key, was not a combatant in the battle, although he witnessed it from beginning to end. During the first operations on that coast Admiral Cockburn and several officers of the British army occupied as their headquarters a house at Marlborough, belonging to an aged physician of the place, Dr. Beanes, whom they detained as a prisoner, lest he should send the news of their landing to Baltimore. He was a particular friend of Mr. Key and of his family. Hearing that the doctor was about to be carried off by the enemy, Key obtained permission from the commanding General of the American forces to go to the British fleet under a flag of truce, and make an attempt to procure the old gentleman's release. In a letter to his mother, written just as he was about to start upon this errand of friendship, he wrote:

"I hope to return in about eight or ten days, though it is uncertain, as I do not know where to find the fleet."

He set sail from Baltimore about the third of September, and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Patuxent bound for the attack on Fort McHenry. He went on board the vessel of Admiral Cochrane, to whom he stated his errand, and asked for the release of Dr. Beanes. The Admiral received him with the utmost civility, but informed him that he could not comply at present with his request, and was obliged even to detain Key himself and his vessel until the operation upon Fort McHenry was concluded.

The Admiral's vessel being overcrowded, he sent the American gentlemen on board of the frigate Surprise, commanded by his son, Sir Thomas Cochrane, where they spent the night, and thus moved on to the attack.

During the bombardment of the fort, Mr. Key and his friends, including Dr. Beanes, were sent on board their own little vessel under a guard of marines, and thus they were afforded an opportunity to witness the action.

Of all the thousands of human beings within hearing of that bombardment, there was probably not one so fitted by nature and education to be moved by it. Francis S. Key, then thirty-five years of age, a lawyer in good standing at the distinguished bar of his native State, was a son of John Ross Key, an officer in the army of the Revolution. He had been noted from his youth up for the ardor of his patriotism, and he had attempted more than once to celebrate in verse the gallant deeds of his countrymen. He had a habit of dashing down lines and stanzas that occurred to him on any old scrap of paper that came first to his hand, and several of his poems were gathered up by his friends from the litter of his office.

All day the bombardment continued without ceasing. During the whole night they remained on deck, following with their eyes the continuous arcs of fire from the enemy's ships to the fort. The anxiety of the poet, and the little company of Americans about him, grew only more intense when darkness covered the scene, and they could form no conception of the progress or the probable issue of the strife.

Suddenly, about three in the morning, the firing ceased. As they were anchored at some distance from the British vessels, they were utterly at a loss to interpret this mysterious silence.

Had the fort surrendered?

As they walked up and down the deck of their vessel in the darkness and silence of the night, they kept going to the binnacle to look at their watches to see how many minutes more must elapse before they could discern whether the flag over Fort McHeery was the star-spangled banner, or the union jack of England.

The daylight dawned at length. With a thrill of triumph and gratitude, they saw that "our flag was still there." They soon perceived from many other signs that the attack, both by land and sea, had failed, and that Baltimore was safe. They could see with their glasses the wounded troops carried on board the ships, and at last the whole British army re embarking.

A few minutes after the dawn of that glorious day, when the poet first felt sure of the issue of the battle, the impulse to express his feelings in verse rushed upon him. He found in his pocket a letter, and he wrote upon the back of it the first lines of the song. In the excitement of the hour he could not go on with his task, but he wrote some further brief notes and lines upon the letter. Some lines he retained in his memory without making any record of them. When his guard of marines left him free to hoist anchor, and sail for the city, he wrote out the song on the way, very nearly as it now reads, and on reaching his hotel in Baltimore he made a clean copy of it. The next morning he showed it to his brother-in-law, Judge Nicholson, Chief Justice of Maryland, who, Judge as he was, had commanded a company of volunteers in Fort McHenry during the bombardment.

We may be sure that *such* a Judge read the song with no critical eye. So delighted was he with it, that he sent it round to a printer, Benjamin Edes, who had also commanded a company of troops in the late operations. An apprentice, Samuel Sands, who was living in Baltimore in 1878, instantly set it in type, an in less than an hour it was distributed all over the city of Baltimore, received by every one with enthusiasm.

But what is a song without music? An old Baltimore soldier told in after years how the words came to be so happily wedded to the music to which it has ever since been sung. A group of volunteers lay scattered over one of the green hills near Baltimore a day or two after the bombardment.

"Have you heard Francis Key's poem?" said a member of the company, who had just come in from the town.

He took a copy of it from his pocket and read it aloud to them as they lay upon the grass. It was called for again. He read it a second time, and a third, more soldiers gathering about to hear it, until the whole regiment seemed to be present.

An actor, named Ferdinand Durang, who was also a soldier, sprang up, rushed into a tent, seized his brother's music book, used by both of them for their flutes, examined piece after piece, and at length cried out:

"Boys, I have hit it!"

He had selected the air of a favorite old English song, called "To Anacreon in Heaven," written by John Stafford Smith, about the year 1772. It was composed for a musical club which met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in London, frequented by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. As soon as Ferdinand Durang had selected the music, he mounted a stool and sung it to his assembled comrades with all the fire and spirit of which he was capable. An eye-witness says:

"How the men shouted and clapped! for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences. Getting a brief furlough, the Brothers Durang sang it in public soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sung around the bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets; and when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, it was carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the War of 1812."

The flag of Fort McHenry, which inspired the song of Francis Key, still exists in a tolerable state of preservation. Colonel Armistead caused it to be taken down from the staff after the battle, and its honorable wounds bound about by the very ladies who had made it. It was ever after carefully preserved. He left to his widow, who in turn bequeathed it to their youngest daughter, born under it in Fort McHenry after the bombardment; and she in turn left it to her son, Mr. Eben Appleton, of Yonkers, New York, who now possesses it. It was raised over Fort McHenry for the last time September 14, 1824, at the reception of General Lafayette.

The author of the song died at Baltimore in 1843, aged sixty-four years, and in 1857 a small volume of his poems was published in the city of New York. He has living descendants.—*James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

BEFORE PENS.

The Instrument Used for Writing Before These Were Invented.

The chisel was employed for inscribing on stone, wood or metal. It was so sharpened as to suit the material operated upon, and was dexterously handled by all early artists. The style, a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, ivory, or bone, was used for writing on wax tablets. The style was unsuitable for holding a fluid, hence a species of reed was employed for writing on parchments. These styles and reeds were carefully kept in cases, and the writers had a sponge, knife, and pumice stone, compasses for measuring, scissors for cutting, a puncheon to point out the beginning and the end of each line, a rule to draw and divide the lines into columns, a glass containing sand, and another with writing-fluid. These were the chief implements used for centuries to register facts and events. Reeds continued to be used till the eighth century, though quills were known in the middle of the seventh. The earliest author who uses the word penna for a writing-pen is Isidorus, who lived in that century, and toward the end of it a Latin sonnet "To a Pen" was written by an Anglo-Saxon. But though quills were known at this period, they came into general use very slowly, for in 1443 a present of a bundle of quills was sent from Venice by a monk with a letter in which he says: "Show this bundle to Brother Nicholas, that he may choose a quill." The only other material to which we refer is ink, the composition and colors of which were various. The black was made of burnt ivory and liquor of the cuttle-fish. We are not prepared to say what other ingredients were used or how it was manufactured, but these ancient manuscripts prove that the ink was of a superior description. Red, purple, silver and gold inks were also used. The red was made from vermilion and carmine, the purple from murex, and the manufacture of these, especially with gold and silver varieties, was an extensive and lucrative business.—*Chambers' Journal.*

WOMEN AND THEIR FEET.

The Care They Use in Buying Shoes—Sizes of the Feminine Foot.

"There is little doubt in my mind," said a Superior Street shoe dealer yesterday, "that it is in the selection of footgear that people are most fastidious."

"Is much difficulty experienced in dealing with women?" was asked.

"Women have a strong natural desire, one that appears almost inborn, to have as small and shapely feet as possible, but except in a limited number of cases the desire is kept within bounds. It is not unusual for one to insist on crowding a No. 5 foot into a shoe two sizes smaller, but the majority while buying the footwear have in view mainly their personal comfort. There appears also to be a growing tendency in favor of comfortable shoes even at the expense of looks."

"Speaking of sizes, does the average differ in various parts of the country?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know just what foundation it has, or what investigations have been made into the subject," said the dealer, "but it is generally recognized that the ladies of the East wear the smallest shoes. It is said that the average size of the shoes worn there ranges from 1½ to 2½. In Cleveland it probably ranges from the latter figure to 3½, and many shoes a half size larger are also disposed of here. Shoes get larger as you progress to the West."

"How about the Chicago girls?"

"The belles of that city have, to some extent been slandered, but it is a fact that their pedal extremities are larger than the ordinary. The sizes probably run from Nos. 3 to 4, so you see that, although not as diminutive as they might be, the feet of the young ladies are not so large that they merit the wide-spread attention bestowed upon them. As between Chicago and St. Louis, I think nature in this respect distributed favors with an impartial hand. An exception to all that has been said, however, is the case of the Sandusky belle. While only seventeen years of age, she wears a number 24 shoe. Ohio thus does not take a position in the background, even in the case of feet."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—A Frenchman who loves his wife calls her his "darling cabbage" or his "little blue rabbit."

WAR.

The Intellectual Charm It Has for Cultivated Mankind.

It must, we fear, be admitted that, except with a very few men, war, as such, has for cultivated mankind a distinct intellectual charm. It attracts them as nothing else does, until in its presence they can not turn their eyes away, and every other object of thought becomes comparatively insipid, and this even if the war is not one in which they are personally concerned. Of course if they are their absorption is easily explained. The results of a war are so tremendous and far reaching, they affect all interests so deeply, and they may involve the future of a country so inextricably, that it is impossible for men who have any patriotic or political imagination at all not to study its progress, and even its minute details, with concentrated attention. One big blunder in war may prostrate a nation. Even when, as is rarely the case, invasion is out of the question, the incidents of a campaign, the conduct of the troops, the capacity or imbecility of the Generals, become matters of personal and vital interest—a victory seems a pleasure beyond all others, a defeat a cruel and individual catastrophe. Men's interests, their hopes, their virtues, their foibles, and their fears are so involved in a war in which the nation is engaged, that every turn of fortune is an event of personal moment, and the excitement becomes as intense as if the onlooker were himself engaged. Men have been known to go mad with joy after a great victory, and to sicken mortally of the grief produced by a great defeat, and this in cases when, as it turned out, neither victory nor defeat lingered long in the general memory. There is nothing to be explained in that kind of interest, but the intellectual charm of war extends much further than this. Wars which are not ours interest us nearly as much as wars which are. Scores of thousands of Englishmen followed the great American civil war with an attention which missed no detail, and the European world watched the duel between France and Germany with a gaze which was almost painful in its intensity of watchfulness. The journals, which always reflect the popular curiosity better than the popular thought, were full of nothing else, and the excitement was felt as keenly by men ordinarily devoted to study as by men who had been soldiers or—a curiously common case in a nation so devoted to civil pursuits—were soldiers by inner prepossession. It is usual to ascribe this attraction to unconscious self-interest, a desire that one or the other side should win; but we do not think that has very much to do with the matter. The onlookers in a war take sides, no doubt, often enthusiastically, and with a persistence which it is not easy to explain; but it is not because of their hopes or fears that they become so absorbed. They are hardly less attracted by the wars of history, which they ought to regard without passion; and these may be keen excitement, though they fail to decide which side they wish to win. The English people in the Franco-German war swerved distinctly from one side to the other; but they watched Gambetta and Chanzy with as much interest as they had watched Bismarck and Von Moltke. Moreover, invisible wars, though they may strongly affect the interests of men, do not exercise this attraction. The war waged by France in Tonquin has hardly been watched at all, while the two great Chinese wars of our day have hardly received anything beyond a casual mention, and never, even when in progress, excited the slightest possible attention. Yet the war in Tonquin was in many respects the most important colonial war of our time; and the two Chinese wars were, in the strangeness of their incidents and their awful consumption of human life, among the phenomenal occurrences of the century.—*Spectator.*

LIFEBOATS.

Parts of Louisiana Where They Are Clearly a Necessity.

There is a railroad not a thousand miles away from New Orleans which is covered with water nearly the entire year; in fact, whenever a stiff shower of rain falls the road goes under. The train-men have become so accustomed to sliding through about two feet of water at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour that they imagine they are leading a sailor's life, and when they walk they swagger and roll from one side to the other, and hitch up their trousers at regular intervals, and use nautical expressions when they converse with each other.

Not long ago a passenger boarded a train on the road, and when the porter came through the car he inquired how long it took to reach his destination, Bugleville, about sixty miles up the road.

"I can't say 'zactly, boss," replied the porter, "'cos it 'pends on how de weddor is. If de wind ain't in our eyes, and if de sea is smooth, we'se gwine to make a fast passage, and will land you at Bugleville inside 'er four days; but ain't certain, boss, as we heered dis mornin' dat dar was pow'ful deep water at Mud Bayou and er high sea runnin', and if dat's true we'll have to lay close to de shore at Brown's Point and 'jes wait for 'er to calm, and de Lord only knows when dat will be."

"Well, porter, you——"

"Not porter, boss. I'se de Captain's mate, sah."

"All right, then, mate," continued the passenger; "get me a lower berth in the forward sleeper, so that if I become seasick I can stick my head out of the scupper in a hurry."

"Yes, boss, I'll put you down a berth on de port side and in der middle 'er de sleeper, so dat when we strike de ground-swells of Gun Island you won't feel de pitchin', sah. On de last passage it was monstrous rough, and one gem'man de whole night was pow'ful sick and kep' workin' de lee-scupper for all he knew how; and one 'er de crew, while tying a red light jes' abaft de gang-way 'er de after sleeper fell over de railing and drowned 'fore we could round to, and since dat time we carries two lifeboats."—*N. O. Times Democrat.*

THE MORGUE.

A Description of One Metropolitan Institution—Its Sad Histories.

What is the morgue? No doubt many of our readers find this question suggested by the sad fate of Hattie Bedient, and hence a brief sketch may be acceptable. One of the most painful scenes ever witnessed at this abode of horrors was when poor old farmer Bedient beheld the corpse of his once beautiful daughter stretched out upon the marble slab, along with other "unknown dead." The principal charity hospital of New York is situated at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street on the East River, the place having been once known as "Bellevue." From the foot of this street the steamboat plies to and from Blackwell's Island, where the penitentiary is situate, the distance being two miles. As you enter the grounds you pass a small brick structure with a large window opening on the street, and here one often notices a crowd gazing with intense interest. No wonder, for inside of that window are the unknown dead, and there for two days lay the pallid form of the once lovely Hattie Bedient.

The floor is stone, with a drain, which keeps it dry. Its sole furniture is a pair of stone tables, each slanting so as to allow moisture to escape by dripping. On these tables the corpses are laid, stripped of their clothing, but covered by an india rubber cloth, which only permits the head to be seen. In hot weather a jet of cold water is often thrown upon them in order to prevent decomposition, for as soon as this begins they are sent to the potter's field for interment. The place is open from nine to five o'clock for the purpose of allowing any one to identify lost friends and in order to assist in this search an examination of the wardrobe is also permitted. This wardrobe, indeed, is one of the most striking features in the morgue, and what strange emotions are felt as one gazes on this varied array of garments, whose owners will, in most instances, never be known. Each one is numbered and accompanied by a few words of description. Here, for instance, are a pantaloons, shirt and vest, labeled: "Picked up in East river January 12, 1884—buried on the 18th." Another is a full suit, marked: "Picked up in the streets, stabbed." These garments are kept for a year, and sometimes even longer, in order to assist in identifying those who have gone to the trenches of potter's field. The latest and most important of these garments were labeled "Suicide at Grand Central Hotel," and hundreds examined that mark (H. B. Bedient) which saved poor Hattie's corpse from pauper burial.

While speaking of this unfortunate woman it may be added that her father, accompanied by a friend, reached the morgue at midnight. The building was closed, but in compliance with his earnest request the janitor opened it, and the gloomy morgue seemed still gloomier as it was illuminated by a lamp. As soon as the light fell on the face of the corpse the poor old man recognized his child. The scene was one beyond the power of art, and even the hardened attendants were moved by it. I speak of these men as "hardened," meaning merely that natural indifference which is the inevitable result of habit. The record of the morgue has reached more than 2,000 cases, most of which went to the potter's field. Among the number was a young man from the vicinity of Albany, whose parents were rich, and the family held high social position. His corpse was picked up in the Harlem River, and he had either fallen in while intoxicated or had closed a dissipated life by suicide. Some months after he had been buried in the pauper trench his name and family were discovered. Vice, indeed, brings many of its victims thither to finish their course, and even in the Hattie Bedient case there is a secret volume of misery which never will be opened.

Such was the curiosity awakened by the Bedient tragedy that more than five hundred persons called to view the corpse. Among this number were the friends of a half-dozen girls who had recently disappeared. These mysterious disappearances are among the strange features in a great city. On one occasion the corpse of a man, evidently of the better class, was brought to the morgue, and the fact being announced by the press, the place was visited by nearly a score of women whose husbands were missing. None of them claimed the dead man, but their application revealed the fact that so many husbands could be eliminated from society with no clew to discovery. There is such a rush of strangers to this city from all parts of the world, and such facilities exist for shuffling off this mortal coil, that the morgue never lacks for tenants, and the Bedient tragedy will no doubt soon be forgotten in subsequent scenes of tragic character.

The most painful scene that ever occurred at the morgue prior to the discovery of Hattie Bedient was the Mrs. Leroy suicide. This unfortunate woman was the wife of an extensive business man who became rich, and they lived in Fifth Avenue in the height of style. Then came the "shrinkage" in which so many sank to ruin, and among other victims was the house of Leroy & Co. The loss of her splendid home made her insane, and the result was her disappearance, until a corpse "found drowned" was brought into the morgue, where it was identified. The transition from the grandeur of the Fifth Avenue to the stone table of the morgue was certainly strange, but it is only one of those vicissitudes which so often mark high life.—*N. Y. Cor. Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—A popular New York variety actress contrives to make an extra bit of money in her nightly vocation by singing songs in which the excellences of the wares of various business men are warbled forth. In an impersonation of a tipsy dude she vocalizes extravagant praise of a certain brand of wine. In another impersonation she extols the virtues of a certain cigarette. The managers of the various houses in which she has been engaged have remonstrated with her in vain. As she is a good "drawing card" she is allowed to have her own way.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, announces that the Diocesan Council has fixed $1,000 as the lowest salary which should be offered a minister.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Edward Everett Hale thinks that "in these days the church has something to do besides singing, reading and praying." Among the other things, he mentioned "hospitality, education and charity."

—The Rev. Dr. P. H. Mell, the venerable moderator of the Georgia Baptist Convention, was first elected in 1857, and has served continually since, with the exception of five years, from 1872 to 1876, during which he was in broken health.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—A witty deacon puts it thus: "Now brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food; then give it to the church; then go and buy it back again; then eat it up and your church debt is paid."—*Toledo Blade.*

—The Methodists of Georgia are interested in the conversion of the Jews, and have a mission organized for that purpose. Rev. Jacob Freshman, evangelist to Hebrews in New York City, is preaching throughout Georgia and Florida in furtherance of this enterprise.—*Christian Union.*

—When Dr. Tucker preached the introductory sermon before the Baptist Convention at Columbus, Ga., recently, a lady in the congregation was wearing the same dress which she wore thirty years before on a similar occasion, at which time Dr. Tucker was also the preacher.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Bee teachers are employed by the Government in Germany to travel from place to place and give instructions in bee culture. It is said that the German rural schoolmaster is examined in bee culture before he is granted a diploma as a competent teacher.

—The Baptist Conference in Boston at its recent session discussed quite at length the subject of "mind cure." The decision arrived at was that the the theory and practice of this cure, as now professed and carried on, may perhaps constitute a science, but it can not claim the designation "Christian."—*Boston Journal.*

—The new historic name of Batoche is derived from a settler of the name of Francis Xavier Batoche, who is the principal citizen of the town and still living. The name is common among French Canadians, especially in the country parts, as an abbreviation or corruption of the word "Baptiste."—*Boston Traveller.*

—Preliminaries for summoning a general council of the Roman Catholic Church are under consideration. The chief questions to be proposed for consideration have reference to the "internal administration of the Church, which has been a matter of deep, grave and increasing concern to Pope Leo XIII." The council, it is added, will assemble next spring, with a programme formulated almost solely by the Pope himself.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—President Webb, of Mississippi College, was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. "Well," said the President, "what do you know?" "Nothing," was the response. "Well, you are just four years ahead of some of the other pupils. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir."—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A turnip closely resembling an elephant is on exhibition at Key West. A man closely resembling a beat can be seen almost anywhere.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Vermont husband got wind of the proposed elopement of his wife, and frustrated it by keeping guard over her silk dress. She wouldn't run away in a calico gown, and he knew it.—*Troy Times.*

—Perhaps a servant girl uses kerosene oil for kindling purposes because there is no dynamite in the house. The head of the family should think of this, and supply his domestics with all the modern appliances her work demands.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A bachelor who wanted a wife wrote a tender epistle to a nice young lady. He applied therein for her hand and heart, and wound up as follows: "Have the goodness to send me a reply as soon as possible, as I have another young person in my eye."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There is said to have been "just discovered" a kind of tobacco which, if smoked or chewed, will make a man forget that he owes a dollar in the world. Just discovered! Why, that brand of tobacco has evidently been in use as far back as the memory of man runneth.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Every Mussulman who makes a pilgrimage to Mecca is honored during the remainder of his life by the title of Hadji. In the United States a muscleman never secures a higher title than professor, but he is sure of that, provided he opens a saloon.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Did you attend the grand opera?" "No; I wasn't able to." "But I thought you said you were going?" "Yes, I did, but you see my wife concluded that she would rather go to the shore this summer, and so we did not go." "Well, I don't know but that you were wise. I should have liked to go out of town myself."—*Boston Post.*

—Firm mother to boy—"Didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if you played in that water again, say?" Boy—"Yessum." Firm mother—"Then why did you do it?" Boy—"Because I didn't believe you?" Firm mother—"Never mind; you shan't go down town with me when I go; see if you do?" Shortly afterwards the firm mother and the boy go down town together.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Something wonderful is sure to happen on this earth before long," suddenly remarked a Harlem man, looking up from his newspaper. "Why, John, you don't mean it!" said his wife in a tone of astonishment. "Is the world coming to an end?" "I don't know, I'm sure; but it looks like it. This paper says there is a plumber in the Philadelphia Alms-house." "O, is that all?" said the little woman, with a sigh of relief. "I thought perhaps some hard-hearted husband had given his wife money without her asking him for it."—*N. Y. Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Pennsylvania court has decided that, as elections are not under the common law, bets thereon are not forfeit.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Enough land in the United States is owned by foreign syndicates to furnish 250,000 families with eighty acres of land apiece.—*Troy Times.*

—The Odd Fellows of Maine have a membership of 14,656, and since their organization in the State, in 1843, have paid for individual relief $477,323.

—"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asks a prospective benedict. Has she a younger brother? If so, consult him.—*Boston Post.*

—Large quantities of timber are now creosoted at the West, in a special manner, for railroad purposes, the effect being to increase the tenacity of the wood for holding spikes, etc., as well as its density, and its ability to resist mechanical wear.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A gentleman who imagined that he recognized a lady friend, advanced cordially, and addressed her: "I beg pardon," he said, "but isn't this Miss Greenleaf?" "No, sir," replied the lady, "my name is Redpate." "Ah, excuse me, I must be color blind".—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The prose of war differs from the poetry to the extent that martial music, huzzas of victory and the gleaming of banners and the tramp of armed men, differ from the groans of the wounded and dying, the ghastly corpses, the blood-soaked fields, and the weeping and mourning of those whose loved ones have been laid in gory graves.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—From some experiments made at the University of Kansas it appears that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 452,000 of water. Salt was detected with one part in 640 of water, sugar in 288 of water, baking-soda in forty-eight of water. In nearly all cases females could detect a smaller quantity than males.

—During a very tedious ride on a railroad out of Memphis the passengers, tired, dirty and thirsty, all cussed the company with the exception of one single passenger. His fellow-passengers commented on this and asked him why he didn't cuss the road, too. "It would be hardly fair," he replied, "as I am traveling on a free pass; but if they don't do better pretty soon I'll go out and buy a ticket and join you."—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Dr. Backus, of Rochester, N. Y., stepped out one spring morning to survey his lawn, which he had neatly terraced and sodded the day before. A pair of swine had broken out of their pen during the night and rooted the fair surface until it looked like a battle-field where several nine-inch shells had just exploded. The doctor was too old to cry and too pious to swear, and he therefore observed with some emotion: "Well! you never *can* lay dirt to suit a hog!"—*Albany Journal.*

—A farmer living near Howe's Cave, N. Y., had a surprise recently. He was plowing a field about half a mile from the cave's mouth. He stopped for a few minutes to rest himself and his horse under the spreading branches of a tree. Moving on a little distance, he turned, and looking back was dumbfounded to see that the large tree was gone. He ran back and almost fell into a great chasm, which had swallowed the tree and a piece of land. It is believed that this will lead to the discovery of an outlet from the rear of Howe's Cave.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GRINDSTONES.

More Used Now Than Formerly—Where They Come From and Their Prices.

"There are two mistaken ideas about grindstones in the public mind," said a dealer in those articles, whose place was visited by a reporter yesterday. "One is that they are going out of use, and the other that they explode. Instead of their going out of use, just the contrary is the fact, for more are used now than ever before. Why is this? Because of improved cutting machinery that requires the aid of grindstones to keep it in perfect condition. As for their exploding, as you read about every once in a while, that's all nonsense. They do not explode. But they do break, scattering themselves about some and hurting people. But this is due to their being mounted wrongly, not to anything of an explosive nature about them."

"Where do most of the grindstones come from?" was asked.

"From France and Germany chiefly. Some come from England and some from the western part of this country. They are found in Ohio, but not at all in the East. The Ohio stones are good for rough grinding, but the French and German ones are the best, because they can be used for finer work—for flat surface grinding and for cutlery. I send a great many of them to people in the far West, even to Nebraska and California. I also ship them to Central America. Canada, too, buys many in this city. The largest grindstone I ever sold was fifty-four inches in diameter and had an eight-inch face. The size most generally sold is twenty-four inch diameter with a three to four inch space."

"What do grindstones cost?"

"The smallest is a three-inch diameter, two inches thick. A single one of these costs thirty cents and $2.75 a dozen. One ten inches in diameter, two inches thick, costs ninety cents. One thirty inches in diameter four inches thick, costs $3.50. One thirty-seven inches in diameter, seven inches thick, costs $18.50. A grindstone forty-eight inches in diameter, eight inches thick, which is the largest in the regular lists, costs $40."

"What do other sharpening stones cost?"

"They are mostly sold by the pound. The Arkansas oil-stone, which is six to nine inches long, costs $3 a pound; the Lake Superior oil-stones from forty to sixty cents. Sandstones sell at five cents and the Hindoostan kitchen-stone at twenty cents. The white Wichita oil-stones bring from thirty-five cents to $1. We sell a great many of the Belgium oil razor hones. They cost from sixty cents to $10 each, according to their size.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

HORSES FOR WARFARE.

Russia and the United States the Only Two Countries with a Proper Supply.

The only two great nations which contain enough horses within their borders to meet all the exigencies of war or of peace are, unquestionably, Russia and the United States. In his "Summer Tour in Russia," published in 1882, Mr. Antonio Gallenga tells us that the unwieldy empire under the dominion of the Great White Czar "covers one-sixth of the habitable globe, while its population hardly exceeds that of Austria and Germany, its two nearest neighbors, combined." Mr. Gallenga adds that the Rev. Henry Lansdell, in a journey of five months from the Thames to the mouth of the Amoor, went over 2,600 miles by rail, 5,700 miles by steamboat and 3,000 miles by the aid of horses—or about 11,300 miles altogether in a straight line. This amazing empire, sparsely occupied by human beings, when its prodigious bulk is borne in mind, boasts possession of more horses than any other nation on the face of the globe.

General Sir Robert Wilson, who was British Commissioner at the headquarters of the Russian army during the Moscow campaign of 1812, tells us that no troops in the world are better mounted or can defend ground better than the Russian regulars. "Their artillery," he adds, "is so well horsed and so nimbly and handily worked that it bowls over all irregularities of surface with an ease, lightness and velocity which give it a great superiority. The vivacity and alertness of the cavalry and the unquailing steadiness of their infantry make it a pleasure to command them in extremest difficulties; for, as in the case with the British soldier, the most unbounded confidence may be reposed—to use a sailor's expression—in their answer to the helm, in every stress of situation and under the greatest trials." From the same source we learn that the First Napoleon had witnessed with admiration the unyielding valor of the Russian soldier under circumstances the most unpropitious for its display, and had recognized qualities and propensities which render Russian armies, when properly organized, pre-eminent in the field. "He had became acquainted with the no less resolute character of the Russian peasantry, and had found nothing wanting which art and discipline might not supply for the construction of a military force on the most extensive, efficient, and economical basis."

At that time the Russian soldier's pay was not more than twelve shillings per annum, and his only ration in time of peace was water and rye bread baked like biscuit. Behind the army an enormous territory, with a reserve of horses—a considerable portion of them, it is true, not more than ponies, numbering from thirteen to fourteen million head. There is no more fatal error than that which arises from underrating an enemy's strength—an error which the history of the past shows that, of all others, this country is the most apt to commit. Turning to the United States, we find that not less than eleven million head of excellent horses is contained within the broad limits of the Union—a stock upon which, in combination with the equine resources of the Dominion of Canada, it is probable the war department of this country will have to draw largely in the event of a protracted war with such a power as that wielded by Russia.—*London Telegraph.*

SO GLAD.

A Tramp's Greeting to a Member of the Profession.

A man about forty years of age was leaning against one of the walls of the Union Depot yesterday, when a chap sauntered past him several times and looked him over as if trying to establish his identity. Number one stood the scrutiny without any evidence of demoralization, and number two finally approached closer and observed:

"Cold day."

"Yes."

"Live here?"

"No."

"Going out on the cars?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are a respectable member of society?"

"O, no."

"You ain't! Shake! Say, perhaps you belong to the profesh?"

"I do. Just deadheaded in on a freight train."

"Well, I declare! I hoped you was a tramp, and yet I feared you might be one of these high-toned, respectable chaps."

"Anything up?"

"Anything! Well, I should smile! Come down into the freight sheds and I'll fix up as the man who was knocked to pieces by the premature discharge of a cannon, and we'll find this town a clover field! Lands alive! but how glad I am you didn't turn out to be a respectable member of the community!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Vaccination.

The anti-vaccinators at Nelson, near Burnley, England, have just completed a house-to-house canvass of the ratepayers, who were asked to answer, in writing, the two questions: "Are you in favor of vaccination?" and "Are you opposed to compulsory vaccination?"—papers being left to be filed and subsequently called for. About 2,200 papers were distributed, of which about 2,000 were returned. Of these 360 were returned blank or otherwise informal, 1,534 rate-payers stated that they were opposed to compulsory vaccination, while only 81 declared for it. Of the 1,534 opposed to compulsory, 1,220 are also opposed to vaccination; 216 did not answer the first question, and 98 are in favor of vaccination; 34 answered the first question in the affirmative, but did not answer the second; 31 rate-payers certified to cases of death in their families from vaccination, and 36 to cases of injury.—*London News.*

—Street cars in New York, Albany and Washington are to be moved by compressed air. The air chambers are under the cars, which can be run at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and can be stopped at once.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SCARECROWS.

Decadence of Devices to Protect Cornfields—Mr. Woodruff's Supposititious Cat.

Farmers complain that of late years the scarecrow has become entirely useless. There was a time when one scarecrow with a St. Patrick's hat and an Oshkosh frock coat would protect a corn-field from crows of average intelligence, but it is no longer efficacious. The crows have become familiar with the appearance of the tramps who infest all parts of the country, and it is well understood in crow circles that the tramp never carries a gun, and is therefore harmless. The scarecrow so closely resembles the tramp that crows fail to discriminate between them, and imagining that the scarecrow is merely a contemptible tramp, they steal corn under the very shadow of its hat.

It was always a mistake to suppose that crows could be for any length of time frightened by scarecrows. The scarecrow was an imitation man, and it ought to have been foreseen that the crows would some day find that a scarecrow incapable of firing a gun could do no harm. The farmers should have appealed to that fear of the supernatural which is inherent in all animals. Could they have employed a ghost to protect their corn-fields, not a single grain of corn would have been stolen. The success of Mr. Woodruff's efforts to rid his house of rats by means of a ghosty cat is alone sufficient to prove that if we really want to frighten animals we must appeal to their fear of the supernatural.

It is well known that rats and mice can not be successfully resisted with traps. Young rats may occasionally wander into a trap, but every experienced rat knows a trap when he sees it and simply laughs at it. In every house there are sure to be two or three leading and influential rats who are perfectly familiar with traps, and who warn their younger associates to beware of them. The old-fashioned spring trap is decidedly popular among rats, for the reason that they can readily spring it and afterward carry off the cheese at their leisure. As for those ingenious traps designed to catch mice alive, they are entirely worthless. A rat who sees a small box with a seductive piece of cheese displayed behind the iron bars of an attractive-looking compartment knows perfectly well that it is a trap, and he will refuse to enter the door of the box even when it is decorated with the legend in large plain letters: "Rats will please enter and turn to the left. The best of free cheese always on hand."

Mr. Woodruff having spent much money on traps, and having found that poison was in vain and real cats were lazy, decided to try the experiment of frightening rats by convincing them that the house was haunted. He prepared a large stuffed cat with green glass eyes and a ferocious and sarcastic smile, and placed in her interior an electric light. There was a large closet in his bedroom which contained half a dozen rat holes from which rats came forth every night on foraging expeditions. In the middle of this closet he placed the cat and connected her internal light with wires running to a battery near his beside. Having thus prepared his feline ghost Mr. Woodruff went to bed and waited for the rats. As soon as the house was quiet the rats came out, and when, judging from the noise, there were at least a dozen in the room, he turned on his electric light. Wild squeaks of horror greeted the awful appearance of the ghostly cat, with her glowing eyes and shining teeth, and there was the rush of many feet as the frightened rats fled to their holes. Mr. Woodruff, chuckling over the success of his experiment, arose and examined the closet. Two rats, who had tried to enter the same hole at the same time and had become securely jammed, were kicking fiercely, while three female rats lay on the floor in a dead swoon. These were soon seized and committed to the vasty bathtub, and the ghostly cat was left to stand guard over the rat holes till daylight.

What is still more remarkable, the rats left the house without an hour's delay. There had previously been, at a low estimate, fully 7,000 rats in that house, not to speak of swarms of subsidiary mice. From the hour when the stuffed cat's electric light began to glow not a rat or a mouse has been seen in Mr. Woodruff's house. The animals that had laughed at traps, mocked at real cats and grown fat on poison, were frightened off the premises by a single apparition of an apparently supernatural cat, and their stories have given the house such an uncanny reputation that it is safe to prophesy that rats and mice will avoid it for years to come.

The farmers should take a hint from Mr. Woodruff's success. If they could invent a scarecrow representing a tramp at work the crows would be vanquished. They would, of course, assume the working tramp to be a supernatural being, and the terror with which the sight would fill them would rid the whole region of crows for at least during the present season.—*N. Y. Times.*

—An Englishman has patented a process of manufacturing slippers, sandals and even common shoes out of paper. Paper-pulp or paper-mache, is employed for the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather-board, or other suitable paper material, which is united to the upper by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed, or perforated at the instep and sides, which renders it somewhat pliable and prevents it cracking while in use.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A curious phenomenon is reported from some of the vineyards in the province of Malaga. According to Spanish papers, plants attacked by the phylloxera and given up as practically dead have begun to show marked symptoms of vitality, due, it is believed in the localities, to the destruction of the insect by gases or electrical conditions consequent on the earthquakes in that district.

—A news item in an exchange is headed "A Man Drowned by a Drum." If it can be proved that the man beat the drum—which was probably the case—the instrument should be acquitted on the ground of self-defense—*Norristown Herald.*

FASHION NOTES.

Things Worth Wearing—Styles at Home and Abroad.

The overskirt is moribund.

Skirts grow plainer and fuller.

Coiffures grow higher and higher.

Dress bodices are cut to produce square shoulders.

Absinthe is a much admired French shade of green.

The popular craze in Washington is mandolin playing.

Stringless bonnets are worn by youthful women only.

The fine embroideries on fine bonnets are marvels of artistic work.

Corsage bouquets are very large, and worn in the centre of the bosom.

Sleeves with a sagging puff at or above the elbow are coming in vogue.

Full belted waists grow in favor for wash dresses, both white and colored.

Fans of large and unique forms are the only ones that should be used for wall decorations.

Large bows of wide ribbon or of piece goods, generally soft silk, adorn many summer frocks.

Chartreuse is a color that embraces many shades of green, from old bottle to pale cress green.

A guitar, mandolin, or banjo, to hang on walls, takes the place of the much-abused tambourine.

The latest version of the gable roof bonnet is the Judic poke, small, but pronounced and very chic.

Absinthe and pale choral is a French color combination much in favor on the other side at present.

Embroidery, flowers, feathers and tinsel are the combinations found in dressy summer bonnets.

Egyptian and Arabian fancies in furnishing and decorating rooms are the caprice of the moment.

Velvet bonnet strings are being laid aside for those of lace and gauzy stuffs, especially gauze ribbons.

Tennis, afternoon teas, trotting and private theatricals are the amusements of Washington this spring.

The Louis XV. capots of tulle or lace is the dressy bonnet of the women in Paris. It is almost conical to accommodate the high coiffure.

A cluster of water-green feathers looks well as the only trimming of a fine black straw bonnet, the lining and strings being of black velvet.

Dresses composed entirely of black lace, real Chantilly, Lima, yak or woolen lace, piece lace or laize and robe dresses are all the rage in Paris.

Much of the embroidery seen on the handsome laces, fabrics and millinery is wrought with threads of real gold, exquisitely fine, but exceedingly effective when raised, stitch upon stich, to represent the leaves or petals of flowers translated into gold.

Bonnets composed entirely of tulle and lace on a wire frame are in course of preparation for summer toilets of ceremony. The strings are of tulle exceedingly wide, and tied in a full bow under the chin; the frames are very high in the crown, and the only trimmings are bunches of fine flowers or many loops and ends of pale or white satin ribbon rising in a pyramid on the top of the conical crowns.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE RETRIEVER.

A Dog Whose Services in the Field Are Considered Indispensable.

The term retriever is in itself sufficiently indicative of the duties which this breed of dog is called upon to carry out, and these duties can, it is universally admitted, be successfully performed by many varieties besides the one in question. In fact, the very creation of the retriever proper, as he now exists, is, comparatively speaking, of but recent date. Up to the time of the introduction of this class of dog, sportsmen were compelled by force of circumstances to rely upon the services of their other sporting dogs, and the majority of the pointers and setters and spaniels were broken to retrieve as well as to point the game. There are certainly many objections to this practice, as there is considerable difficulty in keeping pointers and setters who have been broken to retrieve their game steady in the field. The presence, therefore, of a well-broken retriever is considered indispensable to a shooting party under most circumstances, and invariably so when beaters are employed. In consequence, probably, of the recent introduction of the retriever as a distinct variety into the dog family, there are numbers of very indifferent and unworthy specimens, to use a mild expression, of the breed to be found in all directions. These may, we think, reasonably be considered to be the results of some of the many experiments that no doubt have been made from time to time in breeding this sort of dog, which experiments in many cases have turned out disastrously for those whose fertile brains conceived the cross. At any rate, the almost countless number of black dogs which are seen in all parts of the country, and which are invariably styled retrievers by those most interested in them, would cause it to be supposed that their owners, for the most part, are honestly under the belief that in doing so they are describing the animals correctly. It is not, however, only to sporting dogs alone that the art of retrieving game on land or in water is confined, for many breeds of dogs which are by no means identified with sports in popular estimation can be taught to do so easily by any one with patience enough to undertake their education. As a matter of fact, we have ourselves owned bull terriers which would do this retrieving business well enough; but still they always failed in one essential, mouth. The tenderness of a good retriever's mouth has more than a great deal to do with his value as a workman; it is simply essential that he is not hard-mouthed, and does not injure fur or feather in carrying it in his jaws. In this respect a vast number of what would otherwise be very good retrievers fail, and become worthless in the field, for a dog that mangles his game before he brings it in would be certain to gain but slender thanks for the assistance he lends a modern sportsman.—*Book of the Dog.*

—Over-done beef or mutton is, a family doctor writes, quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs: it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclined to under-done

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

Mr. Nye Talks About the Bronze Goddess Whose Mission It Is to Enlighten the World.

When Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles back on the top of his head and whooped for liberty, he did not know that some day we would have more of it than we know what to do with. He little dreamed that the time would come when we would have more liberty than we could pay for. When Mr. Henry sawed the air and shouted for liberty or death, I do not believe that he knew that the time would one day come when Liberty would stand knee-deep in the mud of Bedloe's Island and yearn for a solid place to stand upon.

It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself, all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions, the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in this country except the American. He seems to be so busy paying his taxes all the time that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl with the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the "Limited Mail" and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into ourselves with a dull thud, and hardly have time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our families.

We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman or child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods, whether we have any left for ourselves or not. What would the great world beyond the seas say to us if some day the blue-eyed Mormon, with his heart full of love for our female seminaries and our old women's homes, should land upon our coasts and find that we were using all the liberty ourselves?

What do we want of liberty, anyhow? What could we do with it if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. It is a good thing to keep in the house "for the use of guests only," but we don't need it for ourselves.

Therefore, I am in favor of a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York Harbor night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be first-rate. It may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there, day after day, bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-grown Mormon moving toward the far West, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Weekly Globe.*

Friendly Consideration.

"Please, mister, gimme a dime to buy some bread," whined a tramp to a man in the street.

"What do you want with it?" was the gruff reply.

"I want to eat it."

"Why don't you go to work and earn it? It only costs a man ninety dollars a year to feed himself in this country, and you should surely be able to raise that much. I'm a friend of yours, and want to give you the best advice."

"How much did you say?"

"Only ninety dollars a year."

"Well, mister, s'pose you gimme a lift on that. Make it forty-five, an' I'll hustle around for the nex' six months an' try to raise the balance. I don't want to be too hard on a friend, you know, fer I've allers been willin' to do my share."

His suggestion was not adopted.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The contract for the great bridge across Lake Champlain, from North Hero to Alburgh, Vt., has been awarded the R. F. Hawkins Iron Works, Springfield, Mass., for a little less than $50,000. This is to be the first iron bridge across Lake Champlain, and will be the finest bridge in the State of Vermont, and one of the finest in New England. For more than 200 years the people of Grand Isle County have been obliged to cross the lake by boats in summer and on the ice in winter. A bridge has been talked of for twenty years.—*Troy Times.*

—A whole-length portrait of Mr. Darwin has been placed on the principal staircase of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, London. Darwin is represented seated, and the size is somewhat larger than life.

—A pound of very fine steel wire to make watch springs of is worth about four dollars. This will make 17,000 springs, worth $7,000.—*Scientific American.*

—A fool and his gun are soon parted, especially when the former blows down the muzzle of the latter to see if it is loaded.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE.

'MY BOY! MY BOY!"

Another Terribly Sad Tragedy Caused by the Demon Drink.

One of the saddest tragedies that ever occurred in Cincinnati was recently witnessed at the elegant residence of Mrs. Nettie Champlin, shortly before two o'clock in the morning. The principal parties were Harry Champlin, a young man well known about town, and Dr. E. E. Loy, his brother-in-law, a well-known, practicing physician. The former received his death-wound from a thirty-two caliber revolver in the hands of Loy. The trouble was brought about by the conduct of Champlin, who was quick-tempered and easily offended when in liquor. It seems that after taking dinner Champlin sat on the front steps with his mother until about half-past nine o'clock. He then expressed a desire to go up-town. His mother tried to induce him not to go, but after kissing her and bidding her an affectionate good-night he started off.

"Don't drink anything, Harry," were his mother's parting words. Champlin walked up and down Vine street with some friends and visited a number of saloons, partaking freely of liquor. About one o'clock he started for home. All the members of the family had retired when he reached the house. Champlin's room adjoined his mother's on the second floor. On reaching his room the young man began to talk to his mother and in his drunken fury cursed her. The noise aroused Mrs. Glenn, a friend of the family, who was on a visit from Michigan. She hastened to Champlin's room and begged him to desist. Champlin resented this by hurling a chair at Mrs. Glenn. This roused Dr. and Mrs. Loy. By the time they reached the spot Champlin had entered his mother's room and begun to beat her, cursing and swearing like a madman.

As Dr. Loy entered the room Champlin turned on him and with an oath struck Loy a terrible blow on the forehead. The men then grappled, and after a desperate struggle the infuriated man was overpowered by the muscular doctor. All this time Champlin was uttering threats that he would kill both his mother and Loy. After a short time Loy let Champlin get up. The young man rushed for the back stairs, closely pursued by a colored servant. Champlin, on getting down stairs, grabbed a carving knife from the table in the kitchen, and started back up the stairs. The house was in darkness, except a dim light in Champlin's room. Dr. Loy and his wife had taken up a position in the front hall.

As Champlin came up the stairs the knife could be seen gleaming in his hand. On reaching the top of the stairway, Champlin, perceiving the doctor, uttered an oath and rushed upon him, making a slash at him with the knife. Loy stood in front of his wife. As the madman approached Loy fired, Champlin grasped the rail of the staircase, and the knife dropped from his hand.

"You have killed him!" screamed Mrs. Loy, as her brother fell. Loy answered her that Champlin had only been frightened, as he had shot at random. But when a light was hastily procured, there, with upturned, bleeding face, lay the young man, dying. He did not speak a word after Loy's shot was fired. The agonized mother rushed into the room, her face swollen from her boy's blows, and, throwing her arms around the dead youth, she wailed: "Oh, my boy! My boy! My baby boy!"

It required the united efforts of the members of the household to tear the agonized mother away. Dr. Loy gave himself up to the officers who soon afterwards appeared on the scene and was taken to the Central Station. After telling the story of the tragedy, a charge of homicide was entered against him by the Captain of the precinct and he was locked up.—*Irish World.*

INJURIOUS HABITS.

Easier to Break Them Off at Once Than to Do So Gradually.

It is easier to break off a bad habit suddenly than gradually. The gradual plan was tried at the inebriate asylums, but it was found that the best thing to do with an old toper was to cut off his supply of drink at once. For a day or two, or even three or four days, he suffered much; but the vital powers, after being relieved of the daily poison, quickly rallied, and the man improved in health every hour.

It is so with the tobacco slavery. An interesting anecdote in point is told of the late James Harper, one of the founders of the great publishing house of Harper and Brothers. When he was a young publisher in Cliff street, he tried hard to dissuade one of his neighbors from drinking. One day, when he had talked earnestly on the subject, his friend turned upon him thus:

"Neighbor Harper, you don't like the taste of liquor, but you are as much a slave to tobacco as I am to rum, and you couldn't break off that habit any more than I could break off drinking."

To this retort Mr. Harper made no reply at the time, but it sunk deep into his mind. He thought it over all day, and finally made up his mind that no habit of his should ever be a snare to another. Before he slept that night he put his tobacco, his pipes and all the apparatus of smoking away up out of sight on the top shelf of the kitchen. To the day of his death he never used tobacco again.

It cost him a severe effort to keep his resolution, but he made it cheerfully, and did not mention the matter until the victory was complete.

Many persons are still living who have heard him relate this incident of his early life.

Thurlow Weed did something similar. When he had been a pretty hard smoker for fifty years, his physician told him that his cigars were injuring him, and that he must stop smoking if he wished ever to have better health. Mr. Weed took his cigar from his mouth, threw it away, and never smoked again.—*Youth's Companion.*

"RUM is the great evil," says Commander McCalla, of the navy, in speaking of the troubles on the Isthmus of Panama. So it is all through Central America, and American capitalists find it their greatest f

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

It is said that the Maryland post-offices are to be shaken up this month. Who will get the Oakland prize?

Just exactly what we said. The Burgess and Commissioners selected the man for Bailiff whose bid was the highest of all those filed with the Board. No use trying to bolster up such official action. The people understand the matter thoroughly, and they will render their decision at the next corporation election, and don't you forget it.

The people of Oakland are still waiting for a statement of the receipts, disbursements and financial condition of the corporation, which the law makes it the imperative duty of the Burgess to make out and publish, They are also waiting to see the law enforced with regard to opening obstructed streets and alleys, How much longer must they wait.

The "offensive partisan" circular issued by Secretary Vilas is proving itself to be a two-edged sword. Whilst Republican officials who are being turned out may be offensive partisans in the eyes of Democrats, it is pretty certain that those who are being put in their places are offensive partisans in the eyes of everybody. The new appointees may be regarded as "offensive partisans" by the Senate when the appointments are submitted to that body for confirmation.

There is a great deal of talk in administration circles at Washington just now about the selection of a Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, to be voted for at the next State election. There are quite a number of aspirants for the honor of leading the Democratic hosts in the Empire State, prominent among whom is the present Executive, Gov. Hill. It seems, from all we can gather from Democratic sources, that President Cleveland is anxious that his administration shall be endorsed by the election of a Democratic Governor in his own State, (New York,) and therefore will have something to say as to who shall be the candidate for that office.

Gov. Hill was Lieutenant Governor when President Cleveland was Governor of New York, and the *Washington Post* tells us that the President is openly opposed to Gov. Hill for the nomination by the Democratic party. From the same authority we learn that two experts have been sent to Elmira, the home of Hill, for the purpose of looking into his record in all its details, and that the fact which is to be used to kill him off is that "Hill has year after year handled the money with which ballots were purchased in Elmira."

Our purpose in calling attention to the above statement is to bring to the attention of our readers what seems to be a wide-spread and growing evil. That all sorts of devices and improper influences are brought to bear upon voters for the purpose of carrying into effect the wishes of professional politicians, in order to defeat the will of the people, cannot be successfully denied. It has become a very common thing to purchase ballots. The handling of money year after year with which ballots are purchased is not only a common occurrence, but seems to be well known and recognized by men of prominence and by officials from the President down the long list. We have refered to the case of Governor Hill because its prominence gives it importance, and not because we believe the evil is confined to the Democratic party. The various systems of improperly influencing votes, whether by direct purchase or by some other means, ought to be broken up, if such a thing were possible. At any rate, all decent people ought to discountenance the whole business. If the press of the country would persistently oppose this monster evil, which has become so general and wide-spread until there is hardly an election district or voting precinct in the country exempt from its pernicious influence, much might be accomplished in the way of reform. The time has come when the acceptance of a nomination in one of our counties for Clerk, Register, House of Delegates, or in fact any elective office, involves the expenditure of a considerable amount of money, and there are many instances where men, well qualified to fill positions of honor and trust, cannot be induced to do so because of that fact. Under the existing state of affairs a fair election, a fair expression of the popular will, is almost if not quite impossible. Is it not high time to call a halt? Would it not be infinitely better to return to the primitive purity which characterized elections in the early days of the Republic? We believe these questions should be answered in the affirmative, and we trust the time will come, and come speedily, when no man will be allowed to handle money year after year for the purpose of purchasing ballots in any political party.

More Tariff Tinkering.

The business men of the country will see with regret the announcement of Mr. Morrison that it is his purpose to introduce a bill for the reduction of the tariff at the next meeting of Congress. One might imagine that the wretched failure of the "horizontal reduction" bill at the last session of Congress would have deterred him from a second attempt. It was demonstrated then that the Democratic party cannot be brought to the united support of a bill of this character, and that to press it will cause dissensions in that party, if not a permanent split. The flank of the party led by Mr. Randall is more widely separated from the flank led by Mr. Carlisle than if they belonged to separate parties. Moreover, the issue was distinctly made in the congressional elections last fall, and the popular verdict was against tinkering with the tariff. Mr. Frank Hurd, who was the free-trade leader in the last House, very popular in his district, a brilliant orator and a sincere man, made the issue of tariff reduction in his district and was defeated on it.

The country now is passing through a severe business depression. What it needs is rest from all disquieting influences. A tariff agitation is just the thing which it does not want. Even if it were conceded that a tariff reduction would be ultimately beneficial to the country, it is certain that its first effects would be very injurious. Many of our industries are simply hanging on at a loss, hoping for a turn of the tide. At times there come cheering indications that the worst is over and that a more buoyant state of affairs is ahead of us, but these indications have never fulfilled their promise. But while our industries may be able to bear these repeated disappointments, it is by no means certain that they will be able to bear another season of uncertainties as to values due to a prospective tinkering at the tariff. If there should be an increase in the number of business failures during the coming months of summer and autumn, public opinion may hold Mr. Morrison responsible.—*Baltimore American.*

The Memphis *Avalanche*, one of the leading Democratic papers of the Southwest, characterizes as "low business" the proposed plan to turn out Republican officials on charge of "offensive partisanship" without giving the accused a hearing, and further says:

"The 'offensive partisan' business begets an offensive, mean, low detective service by a mean, low set of instruments no party can afford to employ. The President has made a mistake in the use of the term and in permitting its use. Mr. Vilas has made a mistake in the application, and mistakes haye not been confined to his department. Upon strictly *ex parte* inquiry officials are turned out, when common fairness demands that charges shall also imply two-sided inquiry.

There are but two manly ways about this business. The first is the old way—You are not of the successful, go. The second is an honest, impartial investigation, with going or staying dependent upon the result. The other way is a secret, star-chamber investigation, with one side heard and turning an inevitable result. If this is to be the practice of one party, it will be the practice of the other. It is the sneak-thief way."

Tammany in a Rage.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The feeling here among the Tammany men on the President's custom-house appointments is decidedly bitter. Coroner Martin, one of the leaders of the organization, said, when asked how he liked them: "It is a crying shame. The President has made a gross blunder. This man Hedden has never done anything for the Democracy, and in appointing him the President has insulted true Democrats." They all feel about that way, though some pretend indifference, and say they never heard of Hedden, and don't know anything about him.

Of course, the County Democracy men are jubilant. Even Hubert O. Thompson seems to be very happy.

The Irving Hall men keep pretty quiet, but it is plain that they are all in the dark as to what these appointments mean. There are many Democrats who say that Mr. Burt's appointment is far beyond the carrying out of a necessitous obligation to the Independent Republicans, and this selection is, so far as can be learned to night, a stumbling block to the old Democrats of the country.

The Independent Republicans are very well content with the list of appointments, They say that the President has divided up the offices within his jurisdiction in an inoffensive and patriotic way. The Tammany men declare that the appointments will jeopardize the result of the fall elections.

No Fears for the Future.

BOSTON, Mass., June 29.—A large number of prominens gentlemen, representing the bar, bench, pulpit and platform, counting-room and council chamber, were in attendance at the reception given to-night by the Norfolk Club to General John A. Logan at the Parker House. As the guest of the evening appeared in the doorway, leaning upon the arm of the president of the club, Hon. Am French, he was greeted with cheers. Gen. Logan bowed gracefully to the party, when they responded with another round of applause. Then, in turn, each man came forward to grasp the hand of the visitor. Mrs. Logan then entered the room and was given a most cordial reception. After the formalities of the reception were ended the party proceeded to the barquet hall.

President French rapped to order and in appropriate words introduced Governor Robinson as the first speaker. Gen. Logan was then presented and was greeted with great applause. He referred to the debt which the West owes to Massachusetts and to the influence exerted by her. In nothing, however, was this influence more clearly and permanently imprinted upon the nation than in the matter of education. "In the present aspect of affairs," he said, "it is by education alone that the wisdom of our course in reference to the elevation of the colored race is to be fully vindicated in the minds of reasonable men." In speaking of reforms, Gen. Lagan said: "In my opinion a reform which will guarantee personal rights will be of more advantage to the country than the transferring of the funds of the government from the sub-treasuries of the United States to the banks."

Of civil service reform he said: "It is the child of the Republican party, but unfortunately has been put out to nurse with a stranger, and, if not dead now, looks sick unto death. The law is now being construed to the effect that a person who voted the Republican ticket at the last election committed a crime against 'the peace and dignity of the Democratic party,' a new offense, hitherto unknown to law or politics, to-wit: 'Offensive partisanship.' Mr. Chairman, the 'offensive partisan' is the Democrat. He is to be appointed as a reward for his political zeal. His appointment will not improve the public service, I fancy, but is made for partisan reasons only. The Democrats have been diligently searching for 'rascals' with a view of turning them out, as they should have been, had they been found. Every time they have scratched for a 'rascal' they have found only an 'offensive partisan,' and have instantly turned him out.

"The Republican party has had undisputed leadership for the past 24 years. The principles and politics announced and maintained in its record of splendid achievements have challenged the admiration of the foremost men of the entire world. Such a party must lead; it cannot follow. Such a party deserves and must again achieve success. I have no fears for the future of the Republican party. Its principles, knocking at the door of the conscience of the people, will regain admission."

Democrats Not Enthusiastic.

From a business point of view President Cleveland appears to have made a satisfactory choice of Collector of the Port. Politically, Mr. Hedden's appointment is of more doubtful expediency. No one in the party will recognize the services Collector Hedden rendered in winning the victory which gives the important office he is now to fill into Democratic hands. The new appointments will be received with entire satisfaction by the Mugwump supporters of President Cleveland. If they strengthen the Democracy in the State it will not be because of any enthusiasm they excite in the ranks of the party.—*New York World (Dem.)*

Within two years our political Prohibitionists have bestowed upon the Democratic party the high places of the State of Ohio and of the United States, and we are not aware that the cause of temperance has gained anything by the operation.—*Cin. Com. Gaz.*

Our Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1885.

A healthy contribution to the current literature of the day, is the letter written by ex-Secretary Chandler in defense of himself and the Advisory Board in the matter of the "Dolphin." Mr. Chandler proceeds to excoriate Mr. Whitney in a merciless manner, charging him with a refusal to accept the vessel for no other reason than to cast odium upon his predecessor in office. The fact that Roach had built a vessel in exact conformity to his contract, and out of materials which were admitted by everybody to be first-class in every respect, was of itself sufficient to clear Mr. Roach of any charge of jobbery, but to punish Roach for building a vessel under a Republican administration. Mr. Whitney has contended that the contract calls for a speed and strength of construction that are not mentioned in the contract at all. Upon the whole, the letter of ex-Secretary Chandler is a crusher, and the Democratic organ in Washington this morning announces Mr. Whitney's intention to make no response to it, which under the circumstances is very significant.

The peculiar ways of the administration as conducted by Mr. Cleveland, continue to be a conundrum with those who fail to get what they are asking for. Here was the case of Mr. Fleming, of Kentucky, who came endorsed by the best blood in the State, from the Governor down, for the Louisville District Attorneyship. Besides he had both Senators and all the Congressmen from Kentucky to intercede for him, but the President ignored them all and gave the appointment to Mr. Wickliffe who had neither backing nor party service to commend him. Of course Mr. Fleming and his friends were much hurt, and a new source of exasperation against the administration was thus built up in Kentucky for the time being. However, in a few days, when Mr. Fleming was on a visit to Washington, the President sent for him and frankly told him that from the inquiries he had made concerning his capacity, that he thought that Mr. Wickliffe would make the better District Attorney, and that Mr. Fleming would make an excellent Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, and his commission was made out instantly.

By the death of Hon. Richard T. Merrick the Democracy of the country loses one of its most shining lights, and the Bar one of its most brilliant members. As an orator either before a jury or before a promiscuous political audience, he has had but few equals. In the conducting of a law suit either before a criminal or a civil court, he was persistent to any degree that could insure success, and thinking that he was in the right in the famous Electoral Commission, he made a most powerful and convincing argument in favor of the claims of Mr. Tilden. Mr. Merrick also figured conspicuously in the Surratt case in 1866, acting as his counsel and securing his acquittal, and more recently as prosecuting counsel in the celebrated Star Route cases, in which the Government beat itself.

JUNIUS.

Senator Gorman on Office-Seekers.

A Chicago dispatch to the New York *World* quotes Senator Gorman, of Maryland, as saying in regard to office-seekers:

"The trouble with these fellows is that they want the earth and don't know how to get it. They get a lot of endorsements first and then fire them into a department. Then they come on themselves and start in to make an impression. If their documents are any good they spoil the effect by getting introduced to the President. Some of them find a Congressman to do it, and some of them pick out a solid business man on whom they may have a grip, and then the apparent contrast kills their chances. It isn't true that the President wants to see most of the applicants in person, so he can 'size 'em up.' He wants most of them to stay away. I've seen a man go off of a lunch route into the White House loaded with beer and cheese or bad whisky. They have had to put in fan ventilators, and it isn't any wonder the President has changed his mind about taking a summer vacation. I tell you he wants air; that's what ails him. If you could hear the remarks he makes about people when they leave, you could write a new joke-book. He asked me the other day if the new Chicago Directory was out, and if St. Louis hadn't distanced us this spring in population. A man has a better show if he has some personal friend of good standing to introduce his papers or himself. Everybody that gets left goes away saying this is a sheol of an administration, and I guess Cleveland is glad they're beginning to think so."

An inventory of the personal estate of Mr. John W. Garrett was filed at Towson, Tuesday, the total amount being $5,774,509.56.

Mrs. Yseult Dudley was acquitted Tuesday of the assault on O'Donovan Rossa, on the ground of insanity.

Howard Cooper, the negro ravisher is to be hung July 31st.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, June 27.—From the leading business centers, reported to *Bradstreet's*, word comes that trade continues quiet and singularly free from speculative movements. Surplus funds at the banks at New York, Boston and Chicago shows no signs of growing smaller, and the demand for money at the interior has not yet equaled the expectations. The volume of general merchandise moving is made up of hand-to-mouth purchases. Since the labor trouble at Pittsburg has been settled the local trade situation has assumed a better aspect. At Philadelphia merchantsare inclined to a more confident and hopeful view of the near-by future, while at New York the reverse is true. There is an evident disposition on the part of a number in the wheat trade to hammer the market, and prices have been depressed in consequence. Crop reports continue to come in telling from 150,000,000 to 180,000,000 bushels shortage in wheat; yet, with quite moderate exports, a visible supply which refuses to decline matertally, and a potent bear crowd, wheat prices are held down. No. 1 red closed yesterday at $1.02½, against $1.01 a week ago. Flour is very dull, and when sold is lower. Hog products are moving off quietly in large quantities, but the market is without feature.

The tone of the wool market is without material change. Prices rule low, and there is no prospect of any advance while manufactured goods continue as cheap as they are now. Sales in the country have never made above the parity of current rates, owing to speculative operations but this has no bearing on legitimate transactions.

There is no material change to report in the leading lines of iron and steel manufacturing industries. In addition to the gradual starting up of the Pittsburg and other western iron mills, consequent on the dissolution of the labor troubles in that branch of the industry at the west, a number of blast furnaces in Eastern Pennsylvania will go into blast during the coming week. Half a dozen of them are mentioned by name. This may certainly be regarded as indicative of some gain in trade conditions affecting Eastern Pennsylvania production. The price of pig iron has not changed, and there is no reported improvement in the demand. At the West the general situation is outlined thus: "The rule in the market is to delay purchases until stock-taking, July 1. Very many buyers have purposely run their stocks down so close in anticipation of this event that they must do more or less replenishing early in July, whatever may be the tone of the market.

Sick of Civil Service.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The *Post* to-day publishes an interview with Representative W. D. Hill, of Ohio, who is the first Democrat to come out squarely and denounce the Civil Service act. Mr. Hill says: "The Democrats are opposed to the system almost to a man. They regard it as a fraud on the public. The Democrats do not believe in the life tenure principle. They believe in the right of the people to change every officer in the Government at the time prescribed by the Constitution."

"Will there be an effort made to repeal the Civil Service law next winter, do you think?"

I do not know. If there is I will vote to repeal it the first opportunity I get. I have heard many Democrats say they would not vote a dollar to pay the expenses of the commission, and I feel a little that way myself."

The Wheat Crop.

CHICAGO, ILLS., June 29.—The following will appear in the *Farmer's Review* to-morrow as the result of a summary of their crop reports up to the close of the present month: A few reports have been made that the wheat crop would prove to be better than has been estimated, yet what has developed to make any changes in the former estimate as made by the *Review* on June 1, as to the yield of wheat—330,000,000 bushels—we confess we are at a loss to know. All reports for the last fourteen days have shown an increased developement of cheat, a steady running down of the general prospects and more or less damage from the Hessian fly.

Tennessee and Kentucky were the first States that early in the season gave us any idea of the damage to the crop. They are now the States that are harvesting, and if the reports from other winter wheat States are as bad as the reports which have been received from these States, as to the yield of winter wheat, it would look to-day as if the lowest estimate of the crop was a high one.

Wheat for fall seeding will absorb a very large proportion of what is now called the visible supply. In fact it is now a serious question where clean and pure wheat is to be obtained for seed. Inquiries are now being made for this article for seeding purposes from Tennessee, Kentucky, Kansas, Missouri and Southern Illinois.

The spring wheat situation, as the season advances, shows somewhat of a spotted character, but the conditions are fairly promising. The crop seems to be more or less weedy, and particularly in the northern areas, No more rain is needed to mature the crop.

Maryland Items.

General Richard Thomas entered the service of the Easton Bank in 1846, and has been cashier since August, 1849. Dr. I. L. Adkin has been president since 1869.

Thirty shares of Hagerstown Bank stock were sold at auction on Tuesday last of week for $35 50 per share, the par value being only $15. This is the highest price ever realized in the history of the bank.

The extensive pine forests in the lower end of Caroline county are to be converted into charcoal. Charles W. Sulivane has started the new enterprise, and has a steady market for the coal in Wilmington.

The Deer Creek Methodist Episcopal Church has been presented by Mr. Corbin Gragton with a building lot adjoining the present church property, and the congregation is receiving subscriptions for the erection of a new church.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge across the Susquehanna is progressing rapidly. The Phœnixville Company put in place three hundred tons of iron in four days during last week on the span running east of Garrett Island.

The Easton *Ledger* calls an expression of the new editors of the Annapolis *Republican* in their salutatory article a "suspicious circumstance." The words used were, "We have lifted the veil that covers our modesty."

The wheat prospect in Frederick county is said to be very discouraging. Some farmers will not realize more than eight bushels to the acre, and the maximum will be about twenty bushels. The harvest will commence about the 1st of July.

Mr. James E. Stewart, who recently fell thirty feet while painting a house in Oxford Neck, is still alive, though fatally injured. The fall caused a fracture of the dorsal vertebra, and his body below the fracture is completely paralyzed.

Mr. John Lomax, who died a week ago at the residence of his son, Mr. Joseph Lomax, at Hanway's factory, in Harford county, was in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was born in Manchester, England, and came to this country in 1859.

George Mengel, a stranger, was taken sick on Saturday while tramping near Middletown, and has since been cared for at the City Hotel. He is a wounded soldier in the late war, having served in the Fifth and Thirteenth New Jersey regiments, and a member of G. A. R. Post, No. 12, Dayton, O.

Master Addison M. Strouse, an enterprising youth of Silver Run, Carroll county, who in 1881, when only 12 years old, started a little weekly paper called the *News*, still continues the publication, and his establishment is quite complete and businesslike. All the editorial and mechanical work is performed by the young proprietor.

A gentleman of St. Michael's recently swung up a hammock in his back-yard, where he spent all his leisure time. He allowed his horse to graze in the yard, and on repairing to the hammock on Sunday morning found that the animal had followed his example, and was quietly resting in it. He had to cut down the hammock so as to get the horse out.

The wheat harvest commenced at Sunnyside farm, near Monrovia, Frederick county, on Tuesday last, It is fully ripe, and filled to perfection. The crop consists of 50 acres, and is estimated to average 25 bushels to the acre. The general harvest will begin toward the last of the week. The corn crop is looking well, and all vegetation seems to be thriving.

J. Fred Heisse, of Monkton, Md., a member of the junior class at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., was awarded the silver medal for excellence in oratory. Among the speakers at the closing exercises, the following Marylanders distinguished themselves: Frank T. Baker, of Hagerstown; J. M. Cummings, of Baltimore; Filmore Leakin, of Baltimore; J. Tome Reynolds, of Port Deposit, and A. C. Strite, of Hagerstown.

The moulders' strike at Bibb & Co's iron foundry, at Port Deposit, which commenced in April, has come to an end, and the shop opened to union men. The company employed non-union men and apprentices to keep the works in operation, and the strikers having now agreed to comply with their rules, have been reinstated. They have lost their time and gained nothing by the strike, the object of which was to obtain a restoration of the ten per cent. reduction made in January.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

—Ice Cream a specialty, at Cropp's.

—16 lbs. pure sugar for $1.00, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Go to Newman's for fire crackers and torpedoes.

—Wedding and Birth Day Cakes made to order, at Cropp's.

—Read the advertisement of Mr. F. G. Hyde in another column.

—Canned cherries and blackberries, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—For fine pictures and photographs, go to Brooke's Gallery, North end Second street.

—How to please your sister or some body else's sister. Buy your candies at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Graham and Rye Bread baked to order, at Cropp's.

—We had considerable frost in this neighborhood Wednesday morning, but vegetation was only slightly damaged.

—Miss Mary Townshend, who has been attending the Parkersburg High School, arrived at her home in Oakland Wednesday.

—Mr. James D. Hamill, who has been attending St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., is at home for the summer vacation.

—Pickles, pickles. What kind of pickles? Sour pickles, of course, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, U. S. N., who has spent several weeks in Oakland with his sister, Mrs. W. P. Totten, left last Saturday for Kingwood to visit relatives and friends.

—Don't fail to read Harne & Lawton's advertisement, it wil benefit you and your pocket book, in another column.

—Mr. Wm. Newman desires to inform the public that he will have a full stock of fire works on hand for the Fourth. He also has a full stock of confections and notions, fruits and nuts.

—Go to Harne & Lawton's Grocery, and get a can of apples; only 5 cents a can.

—Mr. George H. Smouse, formerly a compositor in this office, but now of the Cumberland *News*, has been with his many friends in Oakland for several days.

—Soap, soap, soap. Frank Siddall's, Ivory, Lone Star and Cottage soaps, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—A pic-nic for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic Church, of Oakland, will be held in Carrigan's Summer Garden July 4th. A cordial invitation to the public in general is extended.

—Mr. W. A. Wortman left for Baltimore Monday to purchase a stock of goods for his jewelry store, which will be opened next week in the new Pritchard Building, on Third Street, between Oak and Alder streets. See his advertisement.

—The County Commissioners Tuesday last inspected the stone work for the new iron bridge across the Youghiogheny river near Oakland. They say the work has been done in a substantial manner by the contractor, Mr. Joseph Cogley. They also at the same time awarded to Mr. Cogley the contract for building the wing-walls and grading the approaches to the bridge. The iron for the bridge arrived last week and is now on the ground. The bridge will be completed and ready for travel in two weeks.

—A game of base ball between the "Deltas," of Rowlesburg, and "Terra Alta," was played on the grounds of the latter club last Monday, which resulted as follows by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Totals.
Terra Alta	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—5
Delta	3	0	6	6	3	0	2	3	x—23

The Rowlesburg club has been playing for a number of years, while this is the second season for the Terra Alta boys. Everything considered, the game was a good one and certainly does not reflect discredit upon Terra Alta. J. E. Kildow, of the Oakland team played with Terra Alta as catcher and captain. He says the Terra Alta boys will give us a good game to-day (Saturday), a report of which will be given in next week's REPUBLICAN.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Preaching at the Deer Park Chapel at 4 P. M. by Rev. J. S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., July 4th, 1885.

Alt, Wm. E.	Laney, Thomas
Bucklew, Rebecca V	Rioden, Pete
Campbel, James E.	Williams, John A. 4.
Dorsey, Anne	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Water Wells.

Messrs. Starbuck & Bundy arrived in Oakland Monday last with their engine and drilling machinery, for the purpose of drilling wells in this neighborhood. They first go to Mr. Abraham Spiker's, near Oakland. All the wells put down by them last Summer in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park give entire satisfaction, and their acknowledged superiority as a class over that of any other wells in localities where ever they have been introduced and tested, justify us in recommending them to the public as the cheapest and most satisfactory, combining more merits and fewer faults in meeting the requisitions of a perfect well than any other class now in use.

Preston County Democrats.

The Democracy of Portland district held a meeting in Freeland's Hall, June 27. Amos Carroll, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and H. C. Worthington, Secretary. Dr. S. M. Scott and P. A. Fox were elected members of the County Executive Committee from that district, and the same gentlemen with John O. Whitock, Hiram Dodge and Dorsey Foreman were elected District Committeemen.

The following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, The Democratic party has unbounded faith and confidence in the ability and honesty of President Cleveland, and believe that the true spirit of reform controls him in the administration of the affairs of the Nation; and,

WHEREAS, The Democratic party of Preston county is largely in a minority, and no hope of reward for party services in the county.

Resolved, That we ask that there be a change in all the offices held by Republicans under the Government in this county, and these places filled with honest working Democrats, and that our Representatives in Congress use their influence for the removal of Republican officials in this county.

Sewing Machines.

The people of Garrett county would do well to call at the Singer Manufacturing Co's office in Oakland, and examine the high arm and oscilating Sewing Machines, before purchasing any other kind. We have now as the manager of our Oakland office, Mr. Mimrod Paris, who will take great pleasure in showing the working of these machines.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Bargains!

Great reduction in hats and bonnets.

Hats at 10 cents, worth 20.
Hats at 20 cents, worth 40.
Hats at 40 cents, worth 65.
Hats at 65 cents, worth 85.
Hats at 75 cents, worth $1.00.
Hats at $1.00, worth $1.50.
Hats at $1.50 worth $2.00.

Flowers and fancy gilt trimming, marked down. Lace caps at half price. Ladies' jerseys at 75 cents. Fans and parasols very low. Ladies' and children's hose in solid colors at low prices. Handsome line of Ladies' hand satchels just opened.

We have reduced the price of hats early, so every one can now have a chance to get a new hat before the 4th.

Bargains in boys' hats.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store, Oakland, Md.
June 27th, 1885.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affection of the throat and lungs, can find certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottles at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

Target Match on the Fourth.

The following order has been issued from Second Battalion headquarters:

HDQ'RS SECOND BATTALION INFANTRY,
MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD,
CUMBERLAND, MD., June 26, 1885.

Special Order No. 9.

I. The following commissioned officers of the Battalion are hereby requested to report to me in person in full dress uniform on Saturday morning, July 4, at Oakland, Maryland, for the purpose of contesting in a rifle match, to take place on that date, against a team of picked men from the rank and file of the Battalion: Capt. R. H Gordon, Co. C; 1st Lt. and Adjutant D. W. Sloan; 1st Lt. and Paymaster S Johnson; 1st Lt. and Ins. of R. P. R. T. Browning; 1st Lt. and Surgeon E. H. Bartlett; 1st Lt. P. A. Chischolm, Co. B; 2d Lt. R. T. Jamison, Co. B; Brevet 2d Lt. Percey Veitch, Co. B.

II. The following non-commissioned officers and privates will form the team to contest against the commissioned officers, and will report at the same time and place, in full dress uniform and equipments;

Sergt. John F. White, Co. B; Sergt. Andrew Kolb, Co. A; Private Hammersmith, Co. C; Private Fogle, Co. C; Private Harry Richards, Co. A; Sergt. C. E. Boyer, Co. B; Corp. G. D. Browning, Co. B; Private S. Friend, Co. B; Corp. T. Sweeney, Co. B; Private M. L. Selby, Co. B; Corp. Jas. H. Painter, Co. B; Corp. W. R. Johnson, Co. A.

III. Col. J. W. Veitch, of the Governor's staff, Capt. W. O. Hoffman and Lieut. J. H. Holzhu, of Co. A, are requested to act as judges on the occasion, Sergt. E. Z. Tower as signal officer, and Corporals T. West and James Nydegger, of Co. B, as scorers.

IV. A magnificent prize will be given to the winning team,

V. Any officer, non-commissioned officer or soldier who is detailed as above, finding that he cannot be present, will at once notify the battalion commander by letter, so that his place can be filled.

By order of E. H. Wardwell, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
1st. Lt. and Adjt.

Accident.

Perfect weather.

Ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Salem Lee is very ill.

Dr. Ritter is busy as a Beaver.

The Brethren love feast was very largely attended.

Mr. John C. Dunham holds the fort at M. J. Miller's.

John Wilburn has purchased a fine young horse of Chambers DeWitt.

Mr. John McMillen and wife expect to visit Garrett soon.

Rev. Shoup and others still talk of going to Florida.

The glorious 4th will not be observed here, so far as heard from.

Mr. Christian Selders has refused $75 cash for a colt less than two months old.

The potato bug has resumed his accostomed vigor, "and his sisters his cousins and his aunts."

Grant Allen says one hearty aphide could be the progenitor of over five million plant lice during its lifetime.

Miss Butler, of Washington, D. C., will commence her music class Monday, July 6th. Pupils are requested to come in promptly at that time.

Many people in carriages, wagons, on horseback, &c., attended the dedication at Harden Chapel, near McHenry, on last Sabbath.

Thirty dollars will buy a three-year-old Jersey bull, of imported stock, full pedigree, worth more for beef. Inquire of Thos. Turney soon.

How full the world is of facts of interest and instruction, and yet the very simplest of insects and plants with which we come in daily contact are not understood.

Mr. Ephriam Lee is making preparations to go into the bee business on a somewhat extended scale. Mr. Lee is making a study of bees. His books and applances are of the most approved kind.

Mr. Samuel J. Miller and wife paid us a very short visit lately. Mr. Miller's mind is a store-house of useful knowledge, and we would feel it a privilege to associate with him daily. Mr. Miller goes through the world with his eyes open. Plants and animated nature is to him an open book.

Strawberries are simply immense. We thought we were ahead in that line, but Mrs. Jacob Mosser and Mrs. Gnagey, of Grantsville, beat us. Mrs. Mosser presented "ye local" with a nice plate of strawberries, one of which measured over five inches in circumference. When Mr. Camp, the nurseryman, comes around this fall order a few dozen Sharpless, Wilson or Crescent Seedling strawberries. Mr. Camp has a first-class nursery, keeps well posted in all new varieties and sells cheap, and his stock is reliable.

We expect our teachers to have a a knowledge of algebra, geometry, physiology, book-keeping, &c., things that, as far as their practical use is concerned, will never be needed by ninety out of every hundred of our scholars. Our county needs farmers, must have them, yet all our studies at school, at college and university, yea, even the agricultural school, tend to every other direction but honest agriculture. How many teachers can explain the simple but important matter of the fertilization of plants, the distribution of pollen, the cause of honey dew and the phenomena connected with bee culture.

Mountain Lake Park.

Our place has greatly changed within the last few days. Instead of the quiet that has prevailed so long, there is a general stir in almost every direction.

Dr. VanMeter, Mrs. Becham and Prof. Elliott, of Baltimore, have arrived, and Miss Mehollin, Mr. Stone, Mr. Conner and Hon. G. W. Atkinson, of Wheeling, are also in their cottages. Mr. J. M. Davis, of Oakland, is also with us for the summer. Rev. Dr. Watson, of Florida, is with us, and preached one of his grand sermons on last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Earlougher, of Cumberland, Md., is again occupying the Fallon Cottage. She has also rented the Leech Cottage to add to her accommodations for her many guests.

I am very glad to state that Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, Pa., and his family, have returned again.

Mr. Horace Watters has just presented to Miss Jennie Smith a very handsome organ.

The Directors have purchased a fine large bell which will soon be placed in the tower on the new Hall.

The ladies of Oakland have joined us here, and have very handsomely decorated the Auditorium for the season.

The first meeting on the programme was called this (Wednesday) morning with a good attendance. A number of those who have been assisting in these grand meetings are here again with several new delegates.

The season is opening very favorably. Quite a number of guests are already at Grace Cottage, and a number at the hotels and boarding houses.

J. A. E.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

We are dazzled at first by new words and brilliancy of color, which occupy the fancy and deceive the judgment.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, June 29, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5⅛@6c. that generally rated first quality 4¼@5⅜ cts; medium or good fair quality 4⅛@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@4 cts; extreme range of prices 3@6 cts; most of the sales were from 4¼@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,414 head, against 1,289 last week and 1,372 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 742 head, against 685 last week, and 957 head the corresponding week of last year.

All dealers report the market quite slow throughout, and prices for the tops about ½c., lower, and common cattle 1½ off. The quality of the offerings averaged not quite as good as last week—tops being less numerous and common cattle more plentiful than they were then. Prices ranged from 3 to 6c., though few sold at either extreme, most sales ranging from 4½ to 5¾.

THE SWINE MARKET.

Trade is reported in the yards generally as being fair to good, the run being slightly in excess of the moderately fair supply of last week. The quality is fully as good as it was then, the hogs being in some instances rather too fat, lard being too low, and fat bacon less salable than formerly. Prices range from 5 to 6c., rough sows and stags selling at 5 to 5½, and the better grades 5¾@6. with free sales at and near the latter figure, prices thus showing somewhat more strength than last Monday. Same time last year our quotations were 6½@7⅜c., and extra a shade higher.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The receipts, which do not quite equal half the number of those of last week, were yet fully equal to the very limited demand, as butchers bought sparingly and there was no outside demand. The quality was not as good as it was last Monday. Common to fair sheep sold at 2½@3½c and the better grades 3½@4. Lambs sold at 3@6c.; few selling at either extreme. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4¾c., and a few extra 5c. Lambs sold at 4@6½c. gross.

Mountain Lake Park.

In the heart of the "Great Glade Region" of the Alleghenies, where the B. & O. Railroad crosses these mountains, about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, lies the beautiful summer resort of Mountain Lake Park, consisting of about 1000 acres of rolling woodland, laid off in broad avenues and delightful drives, interspersed with handsome summer cottages, in the center of which is situated the Mountain Lake Park Hotel, which is managed by Mr. H. H. Van Meter, the owner and proprietor, who was formerly of the firm of H. H. Van Meter & Co., of Watkins Glen. Coming from the East or the West the tourist passes through the most picturesque of river and mountain scenery, from the historic beauties of the Potomac or the fertile valley of the Ohio, up the rocky crags that overhang the Savage or Cheat river regions, 'till the climax is reached on the mountain tops, and the train glides swiftly along the glade land and pauses for a moment at Mountain Lake Park Station, within view of the Hotel, half hidden amid the oaks that surround it. Three express trains each way daily direct from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on the East, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati on the West, stop at the Park—excepting on Sunday. The natural surroundings are unsurpassed for beauty of scenery and healthfulness, mountain drives, rambles and streams a sounding in every direction, while the climate is cool, bracing and invigorating beyond the imagination of any one who has never spent a summer season in the Glades, and the social, intellectual and religious advantages are greater than at any other mountain resort in America, there being one constant succession of Conventions, Summer Schools and Assemblies during the entire season. These exercises, which are held in the Park Auditorium, but a short distance from the Hotel, are so arranged as to combine interest and instruction as pleasantly and profitable as possible.

The programme for the Season of 1885 begins on July 1st, with an Inter-State Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which continues to "The Fourth" inclusive, and brings together a representative body of the Christian ladies of the land from every section of the Union, followed from July 5th to 10th inclusive by the National Division of The Sons of Temperance, both conventions commanding some of the ablest talent engaged in the cause. From July 11th to 20th, Dr. Dougan Clark, of Indiana, and David Updegraff, of Ohio, assisted by other able leaders, are to conduct a series of Evangelistic services, somewhat upon the plan of the Ocean Grove exercises; and immediately after that, an Inter-State Convention of the Y. M. C. Association is to be held from July 22d for one week, to be conducted by well known workers in this branch of Christian effort. The Mt. Lake Park Sunday School Assembly takes place from August 5th to 19th inclusive, and is conducted after the Chautauqua exercises, combining courses of lectures, instruction and entertainment, by able and attractive speakers from the various denominations, and affording such advantages as can seldom be secureat such reasonable rates, even in our largest commercial and literary centers. An Amature School of Photography, and a Summer School of Languages, are also upon the programme for the season. The Former convening July 20th, and continuing till August 5th.

Round trip excursion tickets from all points upon the line of the B. & O. R. R. are issued for the season at greatly reduced rates, and special tickets for the various conventions can be secured at about one half the regular rates of fare from nearly all the places upon the line, while the hotel charges are as low as is consistent with the keeping of a first-class Summer Resort of this character.

Deer Park, the famous resort of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, lies about four miles to the East of Mountain Lake Park and Oakland, the equally well known resort, only about one and a-half miles to the West, these three places being connected by quick trains and beautiful drives, and combining the most complete variety of entertainment for the visitor, with all the advantages of this lofty mountain altitude.

Fish and game are abundant along the head waters of the Potomac and Youghiogheny rivers and the "Black Water Region," all within easy reach, and unsurpassed for trout and bass, while to the East and West, along the line of the B. & O. Railroad and to the South, where the new West Virginia Central has penetrated the wilderness, the mountain scenery can scarcely be equaled for romantic beauty or rugged grandeur this side of "The Rockies."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

MURDER! MURDER!

GIVE US A TRIAL, and be convinced that we not only sell the *cheapest*, but that our

GROCERIES

are the very best to be had in the market.

Don't fail to come and see our GOODS and compare our PRICES with others. You will always find a good line of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Flour, Meal, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

Try our X X X Sodas, and use Frank Siddall's, Ivory and Cottage Soaps.

☞ Dont forget the place,

HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 22d, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, July 7th, 1885,

for the purpose of appointing Judges of Election, and the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
6 27 2t Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

In order to give the tax payers in the various Districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Deer Park, Monday, July 6th.
Swanton, Tuesday, July 7th.
Kitzmillersville, Wednesday, July 8th.
Bloomington, Thursday, July 9th.
Greggs' Mill, Saturday, July 11th.
Grantsville, Thursday, July 16th.
Sang Run, Monday, July, 6th.
Friendsville, Wednesday, July 8th.
Guards' Store, Thursday, July 9th.
Accident, Saturday, July 11th.
Johnson's, Tuesday, July 14th.
Red House, Monday, July 20th.
Elkins, Wednesday, July 22d.

R. T. BROWNING,
6 27 2t. Collector.

DR. D. T. E. CASTEEL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office next door to Nydegger's Drug Store, on Railroad street. Night calls at Villa Casteel. All calls answered promptly, day or night. June 13, '85.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, especially for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

THOS. W. CROSS,
JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
FRANCIS R. NETHKIN,
6 20 3t* THOMAS A. NETHKIN.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a court of Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jonas E. Gnagey, et. al. are complainants, and Mary Otto and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder

ON MONDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF JULY, 1885,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, in front of the Hotel now kept by Jos. Blocher.

1st. All that part of a tract of land called

"SPRING FIELD,"

containing 46¾ acres of land, which is more particularly described in a deed from John Warnick and wife to John Swauger, dated 12th August, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 308, &c., Allegany county records. This piece of land is improved by a Grist and Saw Mill, a large Dwelling House and other outbuildings, and is commonly known as the

"SWAUGER MILL PPOPERTY,"

and situated about seven miles south of Grantsville, and is one of the most valuable "Mill Seats" in the county.

2d. All that part of a tract of land called "SWANTON," containing 38½ acres, which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger, dated the 3d September, 1873, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 184, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

3rd. Also all that other certain tract of land adjoining the aforesaid parcels of land, containing the quantity of 21½ acres of land more or less, and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger dated the 3rd day of July, 1876, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 779, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said two last mentioned tracts are well timbered and partly improved.

All of said different parcels of land will be sold separately, or together, whichever will realize the most money.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance to be paid in two equal annual installments, in one and two years from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee, or all the purchase money may be paid on the day of sale at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
6 20 4t. Trustee.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LILACS.

The same sweet blossoms year by year
Come back with gracious greeting:
This little purple cluster here
Sets all my pulses beating.
Not with the passion typified
By the red rose's splendor,
But with the memories that bide,
With Time, the true and tender.

With these dear blossoms in my hand,
Some miracle hath found me.
I walk in childhood's happy land,
With sunshine all around me.
The flowers bloom, the waters flow,
The singing birds are mated;
And over wide fields to and fro
The winds blow, fragrance freighted.

And while I look, the years glide on,
And I, a loving maiden,
Again beneath a summer moon
Stand in a lover's Aiden;
Upon the bosom of my gown
I wear the purple beauty;
While tender eyes in mine look down,
And love is one with duty.

When to his door, a happy bride,
I made my glad home-coming,
The little path on either side
Was fragrant with their blooming.
On every path my feet have traced
Their heartsome perfume lingers;
They were the first flower that I placed
Within my baby's fingers.

As all of life's delight they crowned
With odorous completeness,
So on the brow of death they bound
Their diadem of sweetness.
Above the still and faithful breast,
Where his own wishes bid them,
I placed the flowers that he loved best,
And left my heart amid them.

In all life's storm and stress and fret,
Its working and its waiting,
How light the touches are that set
Its sweetest chords vibrating.
O youth! O love! O childhood sweet!
O dearer days departed!
Within your magic bloom they meet,
O Lilacs, honey-hearted!

—*Carlotta Perry, in Chicago Advance.*

AN ANNOYING VISITOR.

A Recreant Bachelor Tormented by a Mischievous Ghost.

Mr. Penoyer Pevensey entered his bachelor apartments on ——th Street in a leisurely manner, carefully hung up his coat and hat in the hallway, and, setting aside his dripping umbrella, glanced about the luxuriously furnished room with visible satisfaction. Then, drawing before the cheerfully glowing grate an arm-chair, he seated himself with one of those sighs to which one gives vent when conscious of having gone through something disagreeable, and anticipating a quiet rest.

Mr. Pevensey had, indeed, gone through a very trying experience. On that very evening, at precisely half-past nine, he, a bachelor of eight-and-twenty, and not ill-looking (which fact added in no small degree to his self-complacency), had proposed to the charming Miss Emory, and was even now trying to regain his scattered ideas and explain to himself how it had all happened. One thing was certain—that from that time on he was fettered, and could no longer proudly boast of his freedom from the gilded chains of Hymen. Mr. Pevensey, as he thought of this, involuntarily heaved another and a deeper sigh, and slowly shook his head several times. It was plainly to be seen that he was not in that love-sick condition wherein young people are supposed to abjure food and shun sleep, and a superficial bachelor observer, merely knowing the fact of his engagement, would have sworn that he had been beguiled and entrapped by means of those subtle arts and devices known only to females. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Mr. Pevensey was in a rather irritable mood, and, after ruminating on his impending fate for half an hour, he lighted a cigar and opened the "Reveries of a Bachelor," with the desire to extract a few drops of consolation therefrom.

The rain beat dolefully against the window. The clock, to offset this, kept up a most pleasant ticking, and, at interyals, an equally pleasant and melodious chiming, all of which sounds fell upon Mr. Pevensey's ears unheeded, for he had gradually fallen into a dreamy state of half consciousness. The fire burned low, and the red-tinted globes overhead shaded and subdued the light, as it revealed the half-recumbent figure of the bachelor thus passing from revery to slumber.

Patter-patter, tick-tick, patter——

"Ahem!" said a voice at his side in a prefatory way.

Mr. Pevensey started up and looked about him. Close by, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out toward the blaze in a most comfortable and degage manner, was seated a ghost of the male persuasion—a transparent semblance of a man—a veritable spirit.

Mr. Pevensey gasped and each hair began to look about for its individual end on which to stand. The ghost noted these signs of trepidation at first with a smile and then with a wheezy chuckle. Finally he broke out in a hollow cackle.

"I say, Pen, old boy," said he, as soon as his risibilities had sufficiently subsided, "don't you know me? Pembroke, you know Pembroke died last week!"

This was said in a husky, rattling voice, but in the most cheerful manner imaginable. Mr. Pevensey gradually regained his composure; his hair subsided, and in five minutes from the time of the ghost's question was able to give an audible answer.

"Ah, yes; O, yes, ha, ha! I know you, Pembroke—yes, knew you all the time."

"No you didn't," said the ghost. "You were too confoundedly frightened." Here he stopped to chuckle again. "But I say, Pen, I won't hurt you, you know."

"O," said Mr. Pevensey, ironically, his courage by this time quite returned —"you won't?"

"No," said the ghost, reassuringly. "I won't. Now I'll tell you why I came." He stopped, took from a ghostly cigar-case a shadowy cigar, lit it with an invisible match, and began to send forth volumes of ghostly smoke. After the fifth puff he continued:

"You have forgotten it, but I haven't. Don't you remember one night, twelve years ago, when we made a vow over a skull?"

A glance of intelligence was now discernible in Mr. Pevensey's eyes. He was getting interested.

"That whichever one should die first must——"

"Appear to the other," finished the ghost, nodding and blowing smoke from his nostrils. "Ergo, here I am."

"I must say, Pembroke, that you chose the worst time you possibly could for the interview, to-night of all others; but, then," he continued, as if excusing Pembroke, "you didn't know."

"O, but I did," answered the ghost, with difficulty keeping down a refractory chuckle; "I happened to be there myself."

"And saw me make an awkward fool of myself?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way, I suppose I did; I was invisible then, you know, quite invisible."

Mr. Pevensey groaned aloud. To make an awkward fool of one's self is bad enough, but to have disembodied spirits acting as invisible spectators of one's folly is maddening.

"It's all right," continued the ghost; "I'm mum."

"Don't," said Mr. Pevensey, in a wheedling tone, "don't tell any one—I mean any other ghost; why, if they should get hold of it, I would be the laughing stock of——"

"Jupiter."

Mr. Pevensey stared. "You don't mean to say you live on the planet Jupiter?" he asked.

The ghost nodded. "Yes we do," said he, taking a long pull at his cigar.

Mr. Pevensey sank back again, merely remarking, "Well, I'm blowed."

"You see," explained the ghost, "it's this way: You die and go to Jupiter; then when your time comes you return to the earth and live over again; now, I was Ossian once, you know."

"Oss'an!" exclaimed Mr. Pevensey, astonished. "Then who have I been; who was I last?"

The ghost was evidently embarrassed by this question. He looked at Mr. Pevensey, then at the fire, and knocked the ashes off his cigar, but did not answer. His questioner became impatient.

"Of course, I don't expect I have been an Ossian; I was probably some humble citizen, or perhaps an honest artisan." This was said as an encouragement and a starting-point for his vis a-vis.

"You used to live where she does now—Miss Emory, you know."

Mr. Pevensey thought this a most remarkable piece of intelligence, but he also regarded it as an evasion of the question.

"No matter where I lived," he said; "are you going to tell me who I was?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you. You were a crook—a disreputable character, you know—used to live where the future Mrs. P. does now—got killed in a drunken brawl, and died in a hospital. There; you would have it, Pen; if you don't like it it's not my fault; I didn't intend to tell you."

Mr. Pevensey during this speech gradually assumed an expression that boded no good to his transparent guest. When the latter had finished he arose, and, taking a position directly before Pembroke, said in a deep bass: "You are a liar!"

The ghost leered at Mr. Pevensey in a manner most provoking to the latter's dignity, and then said calmly: "You used to treat your wife and daughter shamefully, Pen; you were a perfect brute. Your wife died in poverty, and your daughter took to the stage. You don't believe it? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; just to convince you, I'll give you something that will cause you to see people and things as you used to do—put you back where you were about —let me see—thirty years ago."

Mr. Pevensey began to reflect that he was powerless to harm his visitor and retreated to his chair, where he meditated in silence for some minutes on this singular proposition. At length curiosity to learn of his former existence got the better of his scruples, and, looking up to the expectant ghost, he exclaimed, "I'll do it!"

"No sooner were the words spoken than Mr. Pevensey was alone, gazing about in wonderment and pinching himself to make sure that he was not dreaming or in a trance. After this proceeding he uttered divers exclamations expressive of his astonishment, and then relapsed into silence. The rain still continued, and the clock was as perverse as ever in its efforts to outdo its outside rival; in short, the same influences that had brought the semi-sleep on Mr. Pevensey before, were at work again, and ere long he was nodding, oppressed by a strange feeling of lethargy that made him utterly oblivious to his surroundings and to the flight of time. The fire burned lower and lower and the clock chimed twelve. The morning hours dragged on, and at last the sun shone forth on muddy streets and dripping eaves, sending a ray in at the window full on the slumberer's face. He opened his eyes slowly and gazed about him with an expression of astonishment. Slowly he rose from his chair and walked to the window.

"How did I come here?" he muttered. "Bill's dive—the fight—the knife—a white room with cots—well, blow me!"

This last exclamation was called forth by the discovery of his own gold watch and chain. "Ain't she a beauty?" he asked himself, taking it out and examining it closely. "The Hooker must come down handsome for that—handsome! Where did I get such fly togs, anyhow?" he continued, surveying himself with unbounded delight and admiration. "But, I say, I've been asleep, though—and, what's more, right here in this festive mansion. There's some mystery here—some dark and awful mystery."

This last was uttered in a hoarse whisper and accompanied by furtive glances around the room; nothing presenting itself in any way explaining his situation, he stole cautiously out into the hall, seized his hat, hurriedly unlocked the door, and passed out into the street. His bewilderment was now increased tenfold. He began to think he had been transported to another city.

"Them poles with wires—what are they for?" he asked of a passer-by.

The man regarded him with amazement, tapped his forehead significantly, and passed on without answering. Mr. Pevensey was dumfounded. Was he in the spirit world? Had that last brawl been the cause of his demise? It seemed likely; and yet no; there was the name of his street; he would seek his own house, and have an explanation of the affair. Yes, there it was at last. It had not changed, at least; the same steps, the same door were there that he remembered leaning against so often late at night, and observing the two whirling lamp-posts on the corner. He ascended the steps and tried the door. Not up yet. He must ring. At the summons a step was heard in the hallway, and a sleepy servant peered out from the half-opened door.

"O, it's you, is it, Mr. Pevensey?" said James.

"No," said Mr. Pevensey, "it ain't me, is it? Now, my fine feller, will you tell me wot yer adoin' in my house, hey?"

James was astonished. Mr. Pevensey, receiving no answer, thrust the man aside, marched past him and entered the parlor. He was past being astonished now, and simply regarded the furniture of the room with mild wonder.

"I'll just wait here till somebody comes; and then, may be, the deuce won't be to pay; O, no!"

He could hear footsteps and whisperings in another room. Evidently James had aroused the household. After some time the door was timidly opened, and Miss Emory peeped in. Seeing Mr. Pevensey, she rushed in and, flinging herself upon him, said, hysterically:

"O, Penny! what is it; what has happened? Explain this untimely visit. You are not drunk! O, tell me you are not drunk!"

Mr. Pevensey was utterly overcome. Disengaging himself as quickly as possible and somewhat rudely from his lovely burden, he stood gazing at Miss Emory in blank amazement, muttering to himself, "Well, I'm blowed!" and sundry other ejaculations expressive of his astonishment at this unprecedented and unlooked-for procedure on the part of one whom he regarded as a total stranger.

"Now, my fine woman, what's the meaning of all this? Whose house do you think this is, anyway? Where is my wife and daughter?"

Miss Emory shrank back and gazed at him in horror, exclaiming: "He's intoxicated! Penny's intoxicated! James, put him out!"

James made his appearance and eyed Mr. Pevensey furtively, but made no movement toward carrying out the order, evidently fearing that he would not be equal to the task.

"O, it's all right," said Mr. Pevensey. "I'll go, but I'll come back, and, what's more, with the arm of the law." Saying which, Mr. Pevensey, holding his own arm aloft to emphasize and illustrate his words, strode from the apartment.

It is plain to the reader by this time that the ghost had executed his strange purpose, and to Mr. Pevensey's extreme bewilderment.

A well-dressed young woman passed him at a corner where he stood gazing vacantly and furtively about him whom he recognized at once as his daughter. He started after her rapidly, at the same time calling to her to stop. She turned hurriedly and looked at him, then walked faster, and as he increased his pace and seemed determined to overtake her she gave a scream and in a moment Mr. Pevensey was roughly seized by a passing policeman and borne away in spite of his protestations that it was his daughter, and he merely wanted to speak with her a moment. His sullen manner was not softened as he was thrust into the somewhat narrow and uncomfortable room appointed for such characters at the station-house and informed that his trial would occur at nine o'clock in the morning.

* * * * * *

As on the previous morning, Mr. Pevensey was awakened by a sunbeam streaming on his face; but instead of sifting through the rich curtains of his own apartments as it did then, it slanted between the rusty bars of an ordinary cell. He surveyed the surroundings with even more wonder than he did before, and as he realized where he was and caught the offensive odor of stale beer which pervaded the atmosphere of the cell, he began to be indignant. Then the truth began to dawn on his mind and the episode with his old friend Pembroke recurred to him like a nightmare, while his confused recollections of seeing Miss Emory somewhere, and a dim idea that he had offended her, did not add to the pleasure of his thoughts. However, there was nothing to do but wait for the jailor to come to him. Nine o'clock came at last, and, humilitating as it was, he had to go through the regular form of examination; and when at last he was set at liberty—having paid his fine and listened impatiently to the sage counsel of the magistrate—he turned his steps toward his residence once more, ruminating on the way with frowning brows. He applied his key and entered as usual. The first thing that attracted his notice was a delicately tinted, perfumed note lying on the table. He flushed slightly, picked it up and read the following:

MR. PEVENSEY: After what occurred last night you can hardly expect me to regard you as I should my future husband; therefore I release you from all claims I may have had upon you, and wish you to regard me hereafter merely as your friend.

MAY EMORY.

He stared at it for a few moments, and happening to glance up, his eyes encountered the doubtful figure of his unearthly tormentor, Pembroke. Grabbing a book from the table he hurled it with all his might at Pembroke's head, but the missile merely passed through and beyond it as if there had been nothing there:

"Ha! ha!" cackled Pembroke. "There's no use in your trying that, Pen; I'm nothing but a spirit, you know!"

"Confound you for a knave of his Satanic Majesty's Tenth Legion," then replied Pevensey, in baffled rage.

"Come, come now, Pen, I didn't mean to. I didn't want to in fact, you know you made me do it. Be reasonable, Pen!"

"Reasonable!" he cried, fiercely; "be reasonable! Yes, that's good. I must say—kind of you to sit there, knowing I can't shoot you or kick you if I try, having deliberately ruined my name in town and caused a break between us. You know whom I mean."

"At least, then, hear me out, Pen, for I can't linger here much longer; I must be back at Jupiter at precisely noon, and it is eleven now, you see. Now, Pen, I'm sorry this has happened as it has, but if you will go to Miss Emory and explain the matter to her, lay all the blame on me—I can stand it, you know—she is too sensible a girl not to forgive you. Trust me, Pen, and try it."

With these words the thin visitor became thinner still, and soon was quite dissolved.

Mr. Pevensey gazed at the chair which he had lately occupied for some moments blankly, and then meditated: "I might as well after all do as he suggested. It can't be any worse than it is now." Accordingly, after making an elaborate toilet, he repaired to Miss Emory's house, from which, some hours later, he came forth, walking with an elastic step and smiling serenely, although it must be confessed his necktie and coat collar were rather disordered. And even to this day Mrs. Pevensey is not certain whether her husband was really under the influence of Pembroke —or whisky.—*R. E. Roe, in Chicago Tribune.*

DYING IN PERSIA.

The Correct Way of Shuffling Off Mortal Integuments in the Dominions of the Shah.

The sick man lies *in extremis* on a thin mattress upon the floor, covered by a quilted silken coverlet. Twenty or thirty persons are in the room where he is dying. The smoke of many hubble-bubbles clouds the air; whispered conversation is general. The doctors have declared their patient's condition hopeless, and, as a last resort, certain charms suggested by a wierd-looking dervish have been tried. But the crab broth, prepared from the tiny crustaceans that inhabit the streamlets round Shiraz, the patient has been unable to swallow; and the dervish points out to the relatives of the dying man that his panacea has only not proved infallible because it was tried too late. A veiled woman, the wife of the dying man, sits weeping at the side of her husband's pillow. She frequently holds to his face a moistened piece of mud torn from the wall (this wetted mud is supposed to have a very reviving influence, and is used by Persians as we use smelling salts).

Tea is handed round in small cups; the crowd in the room becomes greater; every window is shut, and, as the outside temperature is ninety degrees, some idea of the heat within can be formed. The crowd is not here from mere curiosity. A man is sick; then where should his friends be, they say, if not by his bedside? The samovars (Russian tea urns) steam and bubble; the room is filled with clouds of tobacco smoke and the steam from the urns. And now, just as two hundred years ago was done in England, a fowl is killed and placed warm and bleeding on the patient's feet. All is of no avail, however. The man has breathed his last.

The wife yields her place by the bedside. Moistened cotton-wool is placed in the mouth of the dead, in the orifices of the nostrils, and in the ears. A moollah begins to read aloud the prescribed portion of the Koran, commencing "O man, I swear by the instructive Koran that thou art one of the messengers of God sent to show the right way," etc. This portion of the Mussulman's sacred book was called by Mohammed himself "the heart of the Koran." And now all present witness aloud that the dead man was a good and pious Mohammedan. The limbs are composed, and a cup of water is placed at the head of the corpse. No sooner is this done than a moollah ascends to the flat roof of the house and begins to read in a shrill monotone certain verses from the holy book. This announces to the neighbors that the man is veritably dead; and at the same moment his relations shriek and wail: "Woe, woe! he is dead; he has passed away." These are the expressions of a real grief. But presently the professional mourners arrive and rend the air with their shrill screaming, which is like the "keening" of the Irish.

The house is soon filled with friends and neighbors, who add their cries to the screams of the mourners. The women of the family hasten to array themselves in "bitter" (*i. e.*, sombre) garments—not in actual black, but in sad colors; neither they nor the men wash or dress their hair until the funeral and the first days of mourning are over. The male relatives do not literally rend their garments, but give them the right appearance by opening certain seams of their coats and cloaks with a penknife; and instead of casting dust upon their heads they dab mud on their hats.

And now come the "washers of the dead." To each parish are attached a family of these people, who get a despised livelihood by performing the last offices for the dead. The corpse having been washed at an adjoining stream, the hands are placed across the chest, and it is wrapped in the shroud of cotton cloth that the deceased has probably had by him, as a sort of *memento mori*, for years. Camphor (real vegetable camphor) is placed beneath the shroud, and the body is laid in a rough coffin made of thin planks and brought back to the house. The coffin in Persia is of a thin and unsubtantial kind, and the burial always takes place within twenty-four hours of decease.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Wet Land.

The plowing of wet land does a mischief which remains for years. The owner of a stiff clay farm who turned over a field in too much of a hurry ten years ago has not since been able to get the soil into the same condition it was in before. When a plowshare becomes smeared with mud as it turns the furrow slice, and the earth is plastered, as mortar is when a trowel is drawn over it, clay land becomes hurt for many years. Even light land is spoiled by it, but the clay is toughened and dries in hard clods which are very difficult to reduce to a fine condition again. One may easily make haste too fast in plowing in the Spring. The test of fitness in the soil is that a spade may be put into it and withdrawn without any smearing, and the spade of soil when dropped will fall apart into a loose mass.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The favorite song of praise with the colored people of the South is "Sweet By and By."

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

A $27,000 Bedchamber that Has Caused a Lawsuit in New York.

A remarkable lawsuit, in which John A. Morris, a millionaire of this city, and M. N. Cutter, local architect, have figured prominently, has been decided by Judge Donohue in favor of the former. The suit involves perhaps the most expensive bed-room ever constructed. Mr. Morris has a large country establishment at Throgg's Neck, Westchester County. In October, 1882, he decided to have a private bed-room built for his own use, and called in Mr. Cutter, who was to formulate plans. It was said at the trial that the reason the addition was made was because when Mr. Morris slept he snored so loudly that the noise disturbed the other sleepers in the house. Mr. Morris' specifications called for a total expenditure of $5,500. The bed-room was to be located over the carriageway, and access thereto had through a private bathroom which connected with Mrs. Morris' sleeping apartment. The room was to be twenty-four feet square, and, except that it should contain an English fireplace, was to be in keeping with the main house externally and internally.

After giving these directions Mr. Morris and family went south for the winter. Although the main house was built entirely of wood, the architect provided that the western side of the addition should be an arch of brown stone and brick supporting a chimney forty-five feet high, shaped like a champagne bottle perforated by a bull's eye window. On the eastern end he ordered an elliptical bay window, although that of the main house was semi-polygonal. Thus the exterior, as Mr. Morris claims, was made to represent a blast furnace or factory. It was in the interior, however, that the architect seems to have given full play to aestheticism. The English fireplace was to have behind it a concealed heating chamber resting upon a block of stone weighing seven thousand pounds. As this mass of rock rested on three slender floor pieces it naturally settled and pitched the fireplace forward, somewhat after the manner of the leaning tower of Pisa. The ceiling of the bedroom was to converge into a dome lighted with opalescent antique Venetian stained glass with brilliant glass jewels, the forms variously symbolizing months of the year, e. g., holly for December, mistletoe for January, and "Morning," "Night," "Music," "Architecture," etc. The room was to be finished in fancy cabinet style, with fine carvings, arabesque work, carved friezes, cornices, panels of leaves and flowers carved and cut through a ground of embossed and painted leather. The ceilings and dome were to be trimmed and hung with embossed leather and wood carvings. The gas-fixtures were to be of antique brass. Cyprus copper, oxidized silver and manufactured to order after the architect's special designs. In one corner of the room a plate of metal was to be sunk, upon which a brass bedstead should stand. Other concomitants specified by the architect to the carpenter were equally elaborate, imposing and expensive. By the pleadings in the suit it appears that the brick and brown stone masonry was to cost over $5,000, the carpentery, exclusive of the interior, over $3,000, the ironwork over $1,300, the interior finish over $12,000, furniture over $2,000, one pair of iron andirons $165, a grate fender $150, and a coal-hod, fire-set stand, brush and bellows, $111. The total for these and other luxuries, exclusive of furniture, was over $27,000, or $21,500 more than the contract with Mr. Morris called for. The only entrance to this palatial bedroom was through a private bath and closet.

The carpenter had expended some $9,000 when, becoming alarmed, he wired Mr. Morris, in Florida, that he had received an estimate for part of the interior finish of $5,971. Mr. Morris at once wrote Mr. Cutter that he had received a telegram from the carpenter that absolutely appalled him, and desired to know "what the whistle might cost if he went on." At the same time he wired the builder for full details, and asked what was meant by "interior finish." When he learned what was going on he wrote the following letter to Mr. Cutter:

"I gave you authority to draw designs for a room to cost no more than $5,000. You sent me a month since some designs which were perfectly absurd on account of the expense which they involved, and I wrote you a letter which it struck me any one would understand. Now you amuse yourself by forwarding another lot of designs for furniture for a room which will not be built with my consent. Can I say anything to you which will make you understand that I shall never do any of the extravagant things you propose, and in fact there is nothing you can propose in the future that there is any chance of my doing?"

At the same time the builder was directed to complete the addition, disregarding the architect's plans of the interior. Mr. Morris then sued Mr. Cutter for damages amounting to $16,775. The latter retaliated with a suit against Mrs. Morris, who owned the cottage, for $1,262.08, his commission as an architect in planning this addition to her premises. The former suit has not yet been tried. The latter was begun last Thursday before Judge Donohue and a jury in the Supreme Court. On Monday morning the complaint of Mr. Cutter was dismissed upon the merit, the plaintiff having failed to establish his case. There was a large attendance of architects and builders. In this celebrated case, which has been running some two years, the architect was represented by Mr. John Henry Hull and Mrs. Morris by Mr. Charles E. Coddington. Ex-Judges Fullerton and Cardoza were also counsel for defendant on the trial.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Colonel Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, is the owner of the site of old Fort McIntosh, the furthest American out-post among the Indians during the Revolutionary war, situated in a commanding position on the bank of the Ohio River at Beaver. The old picket beat whereon the sentry made his rounds is yet well defined, and along this Mr. Quay has planted forty shade trees.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

Two Conditions Which Have Many Points in Common.

Health and wealth have many points in common; first of all in their very names. To have health is to be well; to have wealth is also to be well—well off.

Wealth is for the most part got in three ways—by inheritance, by self-denial, by care, labor and attention; often by some combination of these three. Wealth is lost by extravagant expenditure or by carelessness and neglect.

Health may also be got in these three ways. A man may inherit it from his ancestors; he may gain or keep it by denying his appetites for luxurious food and drink, and for excesses of all kinds; he may besides have to work for it, by painstaking exercise, and a constant supervision over his habits. In brief, unless a man has inherited a large and vigorous stock of health, he must do as he has to do when he does not inherit wealth—earn it.

He may also lose his health by extravagant demands upon it, by reckless expenditure or by carelessness in nurturing and preserving it.

Moreover, the connection between health and wealth is so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxurious living and dissipation at the gaming table or other improper places far into the night, his health will go with his wealth. So again it often happens that he can not have both an excess of health and an excess of wealth at the same time. He often loses his health acquiring his wealth, and if he has to care anxiously for his health he is not likely to accumulate wealth.

Again, health is like wealth in that a man may accumulate health not only without wronging anybody, but in doing so actually benefits the world. A man who gathers health and vigor from the air and the water, from proper exercise and a correct life, does not take one particle of health from anybody. There still remain in the earth and atmosphere plenty of the elements of health for all the rest of the world. He, moreover, provides in himself and his offspring a certain number of persons who will not burden the community with sick and feeble members.

So, too, a man by his labor and his self-denial may, without injuring any person whatsoever, gather wealth from the soil, from the manufacturing forces of nature and art or from his capacity to organize business enterprises and so reduce the friction of commerce. The wealth thus created is besides a positive addition to the comfort and prosperity of mankind.

Man can not voluntarily be deprived of his health. He may sacrifice it himself, just as he may sacrifice his wealth, for the benefit of his fellow-men. But no one can take it from him. If there were any way of doing so there would be but one result. No man would deny himself or take any pains whatever to acquire or preserve his health, only for the sake of being obliged to give it up to some person, too luxurious or too lazy to acquire it for himself.

The same is true of wealth. No man would accumulate wealth if he knew it would be confiscated by the self-indulgent or the lazy the moment he had got enough of it to tempt them to take it from him. This is the fatal defect of all socialist and communist schemes. If put in practice, men would cease to acquire wealth, and the civilization would degenerate into savagery.

In some conditions men are forced to give up their wealth to other people. Slaves have to do it. Heavily-taxed people have to do it. What is the result? Slaves and the heavily-taxed cease to produce much more than enough to keep themselves alive, and the races or nation which long suffer such a state of things become impoverished and go to decay.

There is one particular, however, in which health seems to, but really does not, differ from wealth. If it were possible for a shrewd and cunning man to obtain health from other people, leaving them sick and feeble, he would then be like the speculator or gambler who obtains property from others without productive labor. But a man who should get health in this way would add nothing to the common stock of health. He would merely transfer from other people to himself. This, however, would be an unequal distribution, not an accumulation of health. So the gains of a gambler or speculator are not an accumulation of wealth but an unequal distribution of property.

Such transfers add no more to the general wealth of the country than transfers of health would add to its general health. But any man who by self-denial or labor accumulates either health or wealth is not only entitled to what he acquires, but his acquisition is a positive addition to both the health and the wealth of the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAYDN.

Some Peculiarities of the Renowned Composer.

Haydn was a man who made the most of his gifts. He was never satisfied, and always strove to reach a higher ideal. He once said: "I have only just learned in my old age to use the wind instruments, and now that I do understand them I must leave the world." He composed so much that one would think he wrote quickly, but such was not the case. When an idea occurred to him he would note it down in a little book that he always carried with him, and afterward he would work it over with the greatest care. He felt his genius was a gift from God which he must use for the good of others. "God has given me talent," he said, "and I thank Him for it. I think I have done my duty and have been of use in my generation." In writing for the pianoforte, he paid great attention to the melody, which renders his works equally interesting to young and old. They are always fresh and cheerful, and are often founded on some little romance or incident. Haydn did so much for musical composition, especially the symphony, and was so genial and kind to his fellow-musicians, and so fond of children, that in his later years he was always called "Papa Haydn." The name is still frequently used in referring to him.—*Agatha Tunis, in St. Nicholas.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.
He is dressed all in brown,
From his toe to his crown,
Save his vest, that is silvery white.
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
"Yaup, yaup," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word.
He tries to be good,
Like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near Mr. Toad goes to bed,
And sleeps just as sound as a top,
But when May-blossoms follow the soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump and hop.
He changes his dress
Only once, I confess,
Every spring, and his old, worn-out coat,
With trowsers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
"K-ruk, k-ruk," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad, he says never a word.
He tries to be good,
Like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

His legs they are long, and he leaps when he walks,
Outstepping us all at a bound;
He wears both his eyes on the top of his head.
Queer place for one's eyes to be found!
You may think him a fright,
And of course you are right;
But his ugliness I would defend,
For he dines on the bugs that destroy the sweet flowers,
He's the gardener's assistant and friend.
"Yaup, yaup," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad, he says never a word.
He tries to be good,
Like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

Nellie M. Gardbrant, in Our Little Ones.

LITTLE ANICE.

How She Learned that It Takes Something More Than Fine Feathers to Make One Happy.

The dearest thing on the face of the earth to John Dame was his little daughter Anice. His wife had died when Anice was a baby, and he had had to be both father and mother to the little girl. An old woman who lived next door came in every day to prepare the meals; but Anice was very proud of being called her father's "little housekeeper," and was anxious to grow tall and strong that she might do all the work herself, the better to deserve the name.

She was usually very happy and very well contented with her lot, but one day she came home from school with a cloud upon her face.

"What's the matter with my sunshine?" asked John Dame.

Anice was silent a moment, then she said slowly:

"A new girl came to school to-day, papa. She is the daughter of Dr. Pond, who has moved into the big house on the hill, and she won't get acquainted with me because you are only a cobbler. And she wears such lovely clothes, papa. I wish *I* had a silk dress."

"Has she a lovely disposition?" asked the cobbler.

"No; Jennie Wright, who has known her ever so long, says she has a dreadful temper and does very rude things; but all the girls think her clothes are lovely, and I'm 'most ashamed to have to wear this old gingham dress before her. And I do wish *we* lived in a big house, papa."

"There are more rooms in this one than we can use, Anice," said the cobbler, "and a good disposition is worth more than costly clothes. 'Fine feathers do not make fine birds,' you know. Be unselfish, kind-hearted and sweet-tempered and you will win love even though you wear nothing better than gingham."

Anice listened attentively to what her father said, but she could not forget little Sybil Pond's silk dress, blue sash, bronze boots and dainty embroidered handkerchief, and she began to look upon herself as very ill-used because she had no pretty clothes, and her father was only a poor cobbler.

The feeling grew stronger with every day, for the doctor's little daughter continued to excite the envy and admiration of her school-mates by appearing in pretty, costly dresses, and wearing a different sash with every costume. And she utterly refused to recognize Anice as her equal. She was a very silly little girl, and had been very much spoiled, or she would certainly not have been so rude and unkind.

"I wish you would let me stay home all the time, papa," said Anice. "I don't like to go to school, now."

But her father would not consent to this.

"Now is the time to learn," he said. "It would be very foolish for you to stay at home because the doctor's daughter dresses better than you can."

Then Anice began to feel more ill-used than ever, and to think that her father did not love her any more.

She was standing at the little garden gate one afternoon, thinking about it, when she saw a lady and gentleman coming down the street. The lady was very handsomely dressed, but had a weary, peevish look, as if she was discontented with life.

"Perhaps this child can tell us the way to the Glen County Orphan Asylum," said the gentleman. "We can't have much further to go, I'm sure."

"What a lovely little thing she is!" said his companion. "Albert, did you ever before see such beautiful golden hair, and such big blue eyes. They are like pansies. She looks like a wax doll. Now, why wouldn't it be better to take this child than to go to the asylum after one? I am sure we would not find one prettier than this."

The gentleman laughed. "You speak of taking this child as if you could pick her up without asking," he said. "She probably has parents, who would not consent to part with her."

"Wouldn't you like to come and live with me, my dear?" asked the lady, taking in a close clasp one of Anice's dimpled little hands. "I would give you everything you wanted. You should have plenty of candy and cake, and all sorts of dolls and pretty toys."

Anice was very much pleased at being thought so pretty. She had never before been so openly admired, and thought the lady must be very kind and good to speak so pleasantly to her.

"Would I have silk dresses and bronze boots?" she asked, "and would I live in a big house like Dr. Pond's over there on the hill?"

"You should have a silk dress and different boots for every day in the week," answered the lady, whose name was Mrs. Gaylord, "and live in a house much finer than that on the hill."

"Then I'll go," said Anice, "I'll run into the shop and tell papa."

She came out a moment later, leading her father by the hand.

"Why, it is Mr. Gaylord," said the cobbler, recognizing the gentleman as the head of a wealthy leather firm in the city, with whom he always dealt.

"Yes," said Mr. Gaylord, "and my wife wants to take away your little girl. She has fallen in love with the child's blue eyes and golden curls."

"Would you really leave me, Anice?" asked the cobbler.

"Yes, I want to go," answered Anice, in a low voice. "I am tired of living in this little old cottage, and wearing these horrid gingham dresses."

"I will do well by her if you will let me have her," said Mrs. Gaylord, addressing Mr. Dame. "I lost my only child a few years ago, and have made up my mind to adopt one. I can give your little girl advantages she would never have here."

The cobbler hesitated a little while; then he drew Mrs. Gaylord aside, so that he could speak to her without being overheard by Anice.

"I will let you take my child on one condition," he said, "if she wants to come home within a month you must let her come; and if I find that I can not do without her, and send for her at any time, you must let me have her."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gaylord. "I agree to the condition, and am ready to take her away at once."

Anice did not cry as she kissed her father good-bye, for her mind was too full of the fine things she was to have in her new home to allow her to feel any sorrow at leaving the old.

The cobbler stood at the gate and watched his little daughter out of sight.

"She is young to have so hard a lesson," he said, meditatively, "but perhaps it is as well for her to have it now as later, and I must do without my sunshine for a little while."

That evening Anice was dressed as well as ever Sybil Pond had been, and felt like a little peacock in her dainty muslin frock, pale blue sash, bronze slippers, open-worked stockings and ruffled, embroidered petticoats.

She was given a little room all to herself, and was delighted with the rich carpet, costly furniture and beautiful bric-a-brac scattered around. But when the nurse had put her to bed and gone down stairs she began to feel a little lonely, and to wish she might see her father, if only long enough to kiss him good-night. He had always sat with her at bed-time, and told her wonderful stories of fairies and strange countries, and it seemed hard to have to go to sleep all alone.

For the first few days she was pleased with the novelty of her new life, and the pretty things Mrs. Gaylord gave her; but she soon saw that she was looked upon more as a toy to amuse Mrs. Gaylord's idle hours, than as a creature to be loved and carefully trained. She was alternately caressed and scolded, praised and rebuked, and in every way the new life was different from the old.

The dolls, toys and pretty dresses lost their charm, and the poor little girl cried herself to sleep every night, so much did she long to see her kind father.

"Papa loved me because he'd had me all his life," she would sob. "Mrs. Gaylord has me here only because I'm pretty, and she likes to dress me up."

She thought she would never see her father again, for she had an idea that he had made her a present to Mrs. Gaylord, and she felt sure that lady would never give her back to him, no matter how willing he might be to take her.

She grew so pale and thin, and looked so sad, that at length Mr. Gaylord noticed it.

"That child will be sick, Lucy," he said to his wife. "She is evidently fretting after her father. I fear your experiment is not a success."

"She can go home if she wants to," said Mrs. Gaylord. "I see very plainly that she never can take my poor little Jessie's place in my heart. She is pretty, but I don't love her, and she is a great care."

"She is not your own, and that is the reason you don't love her," said Mr. Gaylord. "I am glad we did not take her from the asylum, for in that case you could not have gotten rid of your burden so easily. I will send for the child and see what she says about going home."

He rang the bell, and directed the servant who answered it to send Anice to him at once.

"It seems to me you are not happy here, dear," he said to the little girl, as she came into the parlor and advanced to his side. "Would you like to go back to your old home?"

For answer, Anice threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

"Oh, will you really let me go back?" she sobbed. "Can I really go home to my own dear papa. Oh, papa, papa!"

"You shall go to-morrow," said Mr. Gaylord, trying to dry her tears with his handkerchief. "So don't cry any more, my darling."

He took her back to her old home himself by an early train the next morning and left her at the door of the little shop.

She went in very softly, and found her father sitting at his bench, his awl in his hand. But he was not working, and looked very sad and lonely.

You ought to have seen how his face brightened when his little daughter rushed into his arms, and, oh, how he kissed and hugged her!

"So you found out that it takes something more than fine feathers to make us happy, little daughter," he said, "and you've concluded that you'd rather have your papa's love than silk dresses and bronze boots."

And Anice cried and laughed by turns; and when she had gone up-stairs to her little room under the roof, and put on one of her plain gingham dresses, and was sitting at the little round table, pouring out her father's tea, she felt that she had never been so happy before.—*Florence Hallowell, in Chicago Standard.*

—Crushed strawberry, so fashionable last summer, gives way this season to kicked yellow dog.—*Estelline (Dak.) Bell.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Pears, peaches and quinces will not thrive in the shade of larger trees.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says that good syrup can be made from the sap of the soft maple tree.

—Indian meal will remove spots of grease or oil from carpets. Rub it on the place to be cleansed until the meal is discolored; brush it off and repeat the process with more meal until the spot has disappeared. — *Philadelphia Press.*

—Indian Bread: Two cups of Indian meal, one-half cupful each of rye and wheat flour, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, one pint of sour or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of saleratus or cooking soda, one teaspoonful of salt.—*The Household.*

—Who has not observed that the soil is always loose and moist beneath a stone heap? The *American Cultivator* tells of some pear trees that were mulched with stones, and which made three times the growth of any other, though all did well.

—Oil cloth may be kept bright when almost worn out, if, after washing it, you take a flannel cloth and dip a corner of it in kerosene, and rub the oil cloth with it. Of course, a very little oil goes a great ways, and care must be taken not to use too much.—*Toledo Blade.*

—In melting maple sugar to make syrup, put in only a little water at first. After the sugar is melted and comes to a boil, add sufficient water to give the desired thinness. Syrup so made will be found much more satisfactory than when the water is all put in at once.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Corn that is thoroughly ripened on the stalks in the field, well dried in the sun, traced up and placed in a room, possesses remarkable vitality. Some seed corn was disposed of at an auction sale in Vermont in the spring of 1883 said to be thirty years old, but it sprouted readily and produced a large crop.—*Chicago Times.*

—To fatten a horse, mix a bushel of flax seed, one of barley, one of oats and one of corn, and grind the mixture together. Feed two or three quarts of the mixture three times a day, mingled with a peck of cut hay and straw. If the horse eats readily, let the quantity be gradually increased until he will eat four or six quarts at every feeding three times a day.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A writer draws attention to the necessity of treating stock with mildness, as having great influence on their health, fattening, their yield of milk and their working powers. The animals treated with gentleness are quick, lively and docile; they work at their ease, employ their strength in a regular manner and without effort. The attachment of the Arab horse for its master is due to the extreme care bestowed on it, and where it is reared under the tent of the tribe.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The *American Cultivator* says: During the long summer days, when cows fresh in milk have plenty of grass, they can not carry with ease the burden of milk produced between early morning and the usual time for milking at night. Milking at noon is a good plan in such cases, as it nearly equalizes the intervening times. While the milk is in the bag some of its fat is being constantly absorbed by the cow. Hence frequent milking produces a larger product of butter, but the cow needs all the heavier feeding to stand such a demand on her milk-producing capacity.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Elements That Enter Very Largely Into Agricultural Calculations.

A traveler on agricultural business—especially, if we rightly remember, with live stock in view—having occasion to visit a pastoral district of Britain, after staying a while at a farm-house, remarked that the whole of the conversation during dinner was "sheep, sheep, sheep," and for the rest of the day, over the evening cup of tea, or "night cap" of hot whisky and water, "all dog, dog, dog." The story illustrates the animating principle of the breeder's business. It is not, immediately, gain, although the profits of his calling are of course his ultimate reward and his means of living, but much nearer his heart than the hope of profit is the thorough love of his business for its own sake. This is doubtless one great secret of the marvelous advances in the improvement of all varieties of domesticated animals; but there is another side to the question. The practical man wants to know more than an owner, partial to the fruits of his own industry, is likly to tell him. Rose-colored statements about the beauty of this particular cow, the magnificence of that particular steer, altogether "off book," may fascinate the group of sympathetic listeners, but glowing words will not fill pot or pan. We must come to weights and measures, the cheese press, and the smell of the shambles, and, waiving the ornamental, examine the strictly utilitarian side of the question. Enthusiasm, one of the most powerful of the forces which propel the work of improvement, is a cause of misleading exaggeration in the tales told when breeder joins breeder in recalling the pleasures and the successes of a pursuit in which both are so deeply interested. For historical purposes, and for lasting standards whereby we may measure the achievements of successive periods by the achievements at the outset of any breed, we want full, accurate statistics, tables of increase from birth to butcher, tables of the quantities and variations of dairy produce, and a hundred other particulars for precise data, so that the degree of usefulness, for any special purpose, of a breed, a tribe, or family, or a single animal, may be accurately estimated, and the stock owner may know always whether the stock he sees are such animals as will exactly suit his purpose. The exhibition of dressed carcasses, in connection with the shows of fat stock, brought into competition alive, and afterwards dead, is a great step in advance of old ways, and the scientific tests of dairy cows are also improvements in the right direction, and should be loyally supported. The more widely such trials of merit and their results are made known, the broader is the foundation of general and useful knowledge within the reach of those to whom it is essentially requisite.—*Live Stock Journal.*

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating With Sarcasm and Brilliant With Truth.

[New York Correspondence American Rural Home.]

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.
Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.
Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems.
Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor!

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day, but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 31. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria," as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flit about his body regardless of all human feeling.

It is muscular,—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart! Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business!

Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; can not breathe; has pneumonia; can not walk; can not sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up strength and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses the doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well-known Wall street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how general bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical, but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I regret to note that ex-President Arthur is said to be a victim of this terrible disease. He ought to live, but the probabilities are that since authorized remedies can not cure him, his physicians will not advise him to save his life, as so many thousands have done, by the use of Warner's safe cure, which Gen. Christiansen, at Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s, told me he regarded "as a wonderful remedy."

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means. The internal evidence points very strongly to this conclusion.

I can not close my notice of this book better than by quoting his advice to his readers:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them are so very 'conscientious' that they would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any 'unauthorized' means."

And that the author's condemnation is too true, how many thousands duped, and yet rescued, as he was, can personally testify?

It has been discovered that the knots which a vessel makes at sea depends upon the tied.—*Troy Times.*

A Prize in the Lottery

of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never to return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a worthless blank to us. Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and other scrofulous and blood diseases, find a complete cure in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" when all other remedies have failed. Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on consumption mailed for two stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A COUNTRY seat that always rents—The barbed wire fence.

"All Men Are Liars,"

said David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

A SENTENCE of forgiveness in five letters—I xqq u.—*Golden Days.*

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book three (3 c.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A YOUNG lady who keeps an autograph album expressly for male signatures refers to it as her "him-book."

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

THE blacksmith strikes when the iron is hot.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

INVALIDS WANTED.—One in every neighborhood, to try, and also to sell, the Celebrated **INDIAN BLOOD, LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.** Agents are well paid. Address HOPKINS & CO., Three Rivers, Mich.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD for THREE live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

CLOCKS Big Money for Agents. Send for Catalogue and terms. **Erie Clock Co., Erie, Pa.** CLOCKS

Ladies, wave your hair in 5 minutes with the *Peerless Hair Waver.* Price 25c. 1 doz. per *Peerless Curlers*, 25c, by mail. Chas. E. Mcuse, New Haven, Conn.

TO A FRIEND
who is suffering from
Boils and Carbuncles,
no better advice can be given than to try
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

ORLANDO SNELL, *132 Ford st., Lowell, Mass.*, was terribly afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of his neck. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured the Carbuncles, and has kept him free from them.

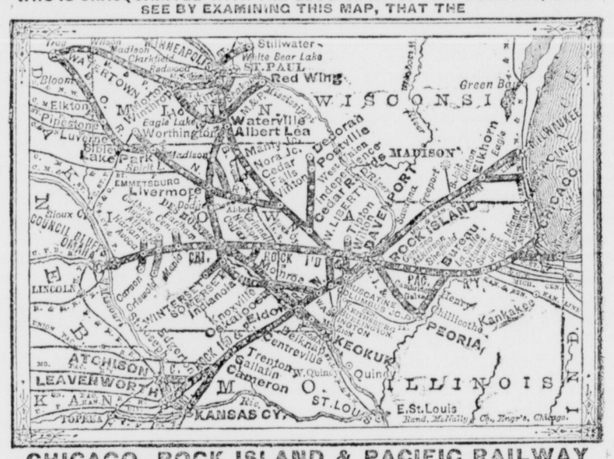
F. P. COGGESHALL, *Bookseller, Lowell*, says: I have been taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for an impurity of the blood, which manifests itself in troublesome Boils and Eruptions, and can truly say that I have never found any medicine so prompt and certain in curative effect. It has done me great good.

LEANDER J. MCDONALD, *Soley St., Charlestown, Mass.*, testifies: One year ago I suffered greatly from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. A druggist advised me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I purchased. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was entirely cured, and have remained well ever since.

Copyrighted.

For all diseases originating in impure blood take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or, by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS (MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD)

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I still think them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Nocole, Pa. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CANCER of the TONGUE.

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek, to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Traylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of LaGrange, Ga. MRS. MARY L. COMER.

LaGrange, Ga., May 14, 1885.

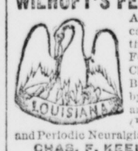
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Especially in Cholera Infantum is the use of Ridge's Food invaluable. Many cases could be cited where everything else had failed, and Ridge's Food has been tried and retained. By the strength imparted and its neutral action on the bowels, the physician has been able to use such remedies as to effect perfect restoration of the patient to health.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC



A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '81. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send cost of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS. TO THE INCH

R. U. AWARE

THAT

Lorillard's Climax Plug

bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** Fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings**, and that Lorillard's **Snuffs**, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

PILES ITCHING PILES. Symptoms—Moisture, intense Itching, most at night. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT sure cure. It is EQUALLY EFFICACIOUS in CURING ALL **SKIN DISEASES** such as Pimples, Blotches, Rash, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, no matter how obstinate or long standing. Box, by mail, 50c. Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa. Sold by Druggists.

DRUNKENNESS AND OPIUM HABIT.

These diseases absolutely cured, and the system restored to health by C. C. BEERS, M. D. In cases of intemperance the medicine can be successfully administered unknown to the patient. Send stamps for evidence to **41 Appleton Street, Boston, Mass.**

Young Men If you want to become Telegraph Operators, and be guaranteed employment, address P. W. BEAM, Ada, O.

HALE & KILBURN'S FAMOUS FOLDING BEDS

Stand Preeminent the world over. Greatest Variety. Richest Designs. BEST Adjusted. Most Simple. Most Cheap. Luxurious. Also EXTENSIVE MAKERS of the FINEST FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

RESERVOIR DESK, WASHSTANDS No Pump. No Fever. Gas. No Toilet Set. ODORLESS COMMODES Air-tight Seats. Best ever made.

Nos. 48 & 50 N. 4th St. PHILA. and No. 706 Broadway, N. YORK.

Send for Catalogue, and kindly mention this paper.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters.** Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

Lovely Complexion attained from Descriptive Pamphlet 2c. **Palmetto P. PALMETTO CO., 761 3rd Av., New York.**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Awful Mistake.

A newly married couple were *en route* to Washington by the Baltimere & Ohio. There are many tunnels on this road the other side of the Ohio river. All through Ohio the face of the young man wore occasional looks of pain, despite his great joy. He seemed to want something. Apparently he yearned. Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with a firm, manly continuous smile, and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side. The bride was happy and demure. Whish—shadows—rumbles—darkness. The veil is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again, and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek disports a gentle blush—a modest inexperienced blush, discovered only to the initiated and envious. No perplexity, no anxiety, now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute, which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer-meeting night. But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him. He did not miss a tunnel.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the blissful cucumber hides a microbe. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the signs of another tunnel. Of course he fears his birdie will be sore afraid if left alone in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick are his feet, but faster moves the train. Darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does) and slides into it. Deep are the shadows, and hums the train.

A scream—long and vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and the bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavors to disengage himself from the grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in the seat just behind the bride. He at length succeeds and retires sullenly to his seat, wiping his mouth and occasionally spitting upon the floor as if he had bitten through a worm in a fig.

The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young honeymoon.

Wives of Great Men.

From Carp's Washington Letter.

Miss Cleveland is the baby of the Cleveland family. She looks to be thirty-five. She is a medium sized woman, inclined to be petite with square shoulders, a short neck, and a face sallow in its complexion but decidedly intelligent in its features. From a high forehead little brown curls stand upward, and going backward cover her whole head with innumerable ringlets. She dresses very plainly, but neatly, and wears very few ornaments. She is a good linguist, and can talk of other subjects besides the opera and decolette dresses. She is a Christian woman, and attends church regularly.

The Bayards are one of the most aristocratic families in Washington. Their blood is as blue as the sky, and the stream from a two-inch hose will run under any of their insteps without touching the skin. Tom Bayard claims to be descended from old Chevalier Bayard, the knight sans peur sans reproche, but if my remembrance is correct this old knight was a bachelor, and it so this must be a slight blot on the escutcheon of the Bayards. It is so far back, however, that it does not matter. There has been a good deal of talk about Mr. Bayard's poverty, but I am told he is worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and the income from this, in connection with his salary of $8,000 a year, ought to give him enough to entertain well considering the fact that he owns his own house and cooks his own terrapin.

Mrs. Hendricks, wife of the Vice-President, is one of the most accomplished women in public life, and it is a question if she does not merit more prominence than she has yet received from Washington society. Since 1845, when she first married Tom Hendricks, she has been connected with public men and social life. She is a tall, commanding woman as straight as a line. She has black eyes, a distingue air, and wears eye-glasses. She dresses richly, and is as ambitious for her husband as Mrs. John A. Logan. She is a thorough Democrat, and takes as much interest in politics as any statesman in the country. She is an Episcopalian, and both she and her husband attend church regularly.

Mrs. Lamar is dead, and Lamar, with all his dreaminess, shows no sign of marrying again. His wife became slightly demented before she died, I am told, but her husband took good care of her until she died about a year ago. Mrs. Lamar was quiet and retiring in her tastes. She was very domestic, and did not go out much while she was at Washington.

Mrs. Logan's house will be the center of the Republican society here during the coming four years. And it may be that it will be the wheel which will carry the Logan family into the White House. There is no better judge of human nature in the United States than Mrs. John A. Logan. She is a thorough politician, and the wires that she will manipulate from her house, on Iowa Circle, will ramify the land and probably reach every village within this country. She is a good wife, a good mother and has been the friend to scores of girls all over Washington. She is one of the few women of whom you hear nothing but praise, and John A. Logan may thank his wife for at least half of the succes he has had.

Mrs. Carlisle is a tall, well formed, light-haired blonde of perhaps forty. She has a rather queenly air, talks well, and during her reign here as Speaker's wife has made many friends and few enemies. The Riggs House, which is her home, will probably be one of the great places next winter.

Ill-Doings of Flies.

Dr. B. Grassi, of Royellasca, reports, in a recent number of the *Gazetta degli Ospitali*, some investigations he has been making on the above subject. He has convinced himself that the common house fly is a dreadful enemy of the human race, as of all living things in general. Whenever any infectious product is present—for instance, the sputa of phthisical patients, or dejecta from the intestinal tract—swarms of flies are to be seen, which soil themselves with the offensive material, and then crawl about over our food. The writer placed a plate containing a large mass of the ova of a human parasite (trichocephalus) upon a table in his laboratory, which was situated at the distance of about thirty feet from the kitchen. Sheets of white paper were placed in various parts of the kitchen, and in the course of a few hours the dejecta of flies were observable on the paper. Upon examination of these with a microscope, they were found to contain some of the ova of the parasite. Dr. Grassi then killed some of the flies, and found an enormous mass of fæces containing more of the ova. On another occasion he minced some segments of tape-worm that had been preserved in spirit, and put them into water, so that a mass of ova was suspended in it. In half an hour he succeeded in finding the ova of the parasite in the abdominal contents of the flies, and also in the spontaneously deposited dejecta. In like manner it could be proved that flies, that had alighted on mouldy cream, harbored the spores of *oidium lactis*. It is useless to comfort one's self with the thought that these germs die in the intestines of the flies. Even if the intestinal juice do act upon them, and it is not proved that it does in the case of bacteria, some would almost certainly escape destruction. In any case, moreover, the legs and proboscis would still serve as carriers of the infection. He proposes that attemps shall be made to introduce the same disease among them in the spring-time that already causes such devastation in the autumn.

It is very important to cover all articles of food with fine wire netting in "fly-time." During the hot season, when particles of organic matter are undergoing rapid putrefaction, flies do a useful scavenger-work; but they are not needed in a clean house. Shut them out with window-screens, for the sake of sanitary safety as well as comfort.—*Medical Age.*

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when the directions are faithfully followed.

Wives of Peruvian Soldiers.

At Payta we took on a battalion of Peruvian soldiers with one bras-mounted officer to every seven men. The wives and families of the Peruvian army always travel with them like the squaws and papooses of the North American Indian. In camp the women do the cooking; on the march they carry on their backs and heads a great part of the camp equipage, and in the battle they nurse the wounded and rob the dead. They are poor, miserable, degraded creatures; just one degree above the dogs which follow at their heels. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary. Often it is the case that they will march twenty or thirty miles a day over dusty roads, carrying a child on their backs, without water or food.

The poor children have the hardest time, for they are always without rest or shelter and often without food. But it is the experience they are born into, and they know nothing of a better life. The officers tell me that the children often die on the march, when their mothers strip the clothing from them and throw the bodies into the sand or woods, without even a burial or a tear. On the contrary, the women seem to be glad to be relieved by death of an incumbrance.—*Cor. Inter-Ocean.*

Every idea from the moment of its emergency, begins to gather maternal force, and after a little while makes itself known.

The stateliest building man can raise is the ivy's food at last.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Diabetes Cured.

New Orleans Picayune, Jan. 20, 1884.

Mr. Mathias Doll, business place No. 23 North Peters street, residence 5 Bell street, between Jeanne and Bartholomew, New Orleans, has been a most intense sufferer from kidney trouble (diabetes) for the last six long and weary years. He said to us: "Even earlier than that I frequently suffered from pain in the back, and frequent making of water, but gave it no thought until about the time stated, when the almost constant desire to make water became unendurable. The pain in the back, and sometimes in the legs, made me so lame at times that I could scarcely walk. I consulted one of the best doctors in this city, and was under his constant treatment for one entire year without deriving the least benefit. I then consulted from time to time, during the last five or six years, six other physicians, each one standing in the front rank of the medical profession in New Orleans, and though I sometimes was a little relieved of some excruciating suffering, yet upon the whole I was not only no better, but in many respects much worse. My limbs became so swollen and sore that I could not cross my legs when sitting on a chair—all of which, they said, was caused by diabetes. I then tried some highly lauded patent medicine. But they all turned out to be humbugs. I had given up all hopes of ever getting relief, much less being cured, when I noticed in the papers some wonderful cures that PERUNA had made in this city, as prescribed by Dr. Hartman, giving the name and address of each person treated. I called to see him; he at once prescribed his PERUNA, which is not over three weeks ago. I am so much better that if I would not improve any more, I would not for any amount that I had not placed myself under his treatment. All my pain and lameness is gone. The swelling and stiffness in my legs has disappeared, and instead of making water every fifteen minutes, I now make it once in three hours during the day, and only twice in a whole night. I am, indeed, quite well again. Don't hesitate, don't say humbug, but get the PERUNA at once and take it as its printed label directs, or, if you think this is only an advertisement, and not strictly true, call and see me and see for yourself."

Mrs. Huldah Riple, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, & Co., Columbus, O. I have used your PERUNA and it has done me a great deal of good. Have recommended it to many of my friends, who have since expressed themselves as wonderfully pleased with its virtues."

2000 ROSES, 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19	A. M.
No. 1	12.27	P. M.
No. 3	11.12	P. M.
No. 11	12.25	A. M.
No. 33	4.35	P. M.
Way	11.30	A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41	A. M.
No. 4	3.56	P. M.
No. 6	9.33	P. M.
No. 14	5.56	P. M.
No. 34	9.45	A. M.
Way	10.15	A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Opium. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decayed and numerous other maladies, the offspring of self-abuse, the skilled physician, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the impositions of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and actual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 20 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

5 23 2m NICHOLAS RINKER, Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Youghiogheny river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County.

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tents, croquet, swings, &c.

6 20 tf J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. YEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

YEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

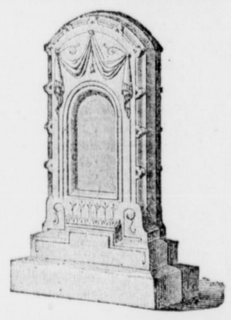
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shaffzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885. NUMBER 19.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH&SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OI

BAUCH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUCH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netlkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous

CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and ACUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

[e21-y]

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Economy Among New England Farmers.

A Western man never knows the meaning of the word economy, in its highest sense, unless he has taken lessons on a farm in New England. Here a few acres is all the average farmer will attempt to cultivate, and the amount of labor and capital that annually must be expended on these is so great that every possible source of income must be made available, and strained to its utmost in order to keep the balance, at the close of the year, from falling on the wrong side of the account.

Nothing that has a penny in it is allowed to be wasted, even though it may take a full penny's worth of labor to get it out.

West of the Mississippi river I have seen hundreds of cords of rich manure piled off and dumped anywhere, so as to get it out of the way. Here this fertilizing substance is regarded as the very life and support of the farm. Barn cellars are constructed and sheds are built that it may be stored where it will not go to waste; and large tanks are made for holding and preserving the liquid drippings of the stable floors.

The droppings about the yard are gathered up daily and thrown on the pile under cover, and even house slops are thrown where they will help solve the all-important problem of keeping the farm from running down.

The owners of stables in the cities and villages find ready sales for all the manure they have at from $5 to $6 per cord, and the measuring is carefully attended to.

I am here reminded of a heated discussion I recently overheard between the buyer and seller of a pile of manure. It was to be measured in the cart, and the purchaser claimed the right to get on the load and tread it down with his feet twice while loading. The seller contended that it was customary to tread but once. They could not agree, and it had to be left to a third party, when it was finally settled that the treading process should be performed but once on each load.

The soap man passes through the county every week, buying wood ashes, for which he pays about twenty cents per bushel. After he has extracted the potash, through the process of leaching, he sells the ashes back to the farmer at the same price per bushel as he paid. He also buys all the bones that have been saved for him after having done faithful service in the line of soap making. After he gets through with these they pass on to the manufacture of fertilizers.

Little boxes save the scraps of old iron, pieces of old nails, screws, etc., for the foundry. Bits of rags and newspaper are saved for the tin peddler, with his Yankee notions. These dealers make their visits so often that they keep the country well cleaned of its rags, usually buying small amounts whose value is figured in pennies—but paid for in goods. As I pass a house with a tin peddler's cart in front, the woman has just sold six cents' worth of rags, and wants cash. After several minutes' talk the dealer, in view of the fact that she is an old customer, departs from his usual rules and pays her half cash in hand, while she takes the balance in trade.

All the corn fodder is cut before frost, if possible, and carefully cured and stored away for winter use.

The huge piles of straw that are burned in the West would be worth $6 to $8 per ton here to feed to stock. The poorest kind of hay, straw, leaves or anything that will do for bedding, finds ready sale. Even saw-dust brings one cent per bushel at the mills.

Thus the little economies are practiced on the farm and in the household. Children are reared amid its practices, are taught its necessity and shown its beauties. The child is the smartest who can see the penny that is buried deepest beneath the rubbish. He becomes proverbially sharp, and whatever he allows to slip through his fingers may be safely passed by as worthless.—*Cor. Western Plowman.*

An Ohio farmer claims that Paris green for destroying potato beetles is unnecessary, as he has completely cleared his field with a single application of five pounds each of lime and copperas dissolved in twenty gallons of water.

Its highly concentrated curative power, makes Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best and cheapest blood purifier known.

Rev. Sam Jones on Whisky.

Rev. Sam Jones is the name of a character whose sermons as reported have made a feature in some of the Southern papers. The following is taken from a report in the *Atlanta Constitution:*

"I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and I believe its place is in hell. If I was in hell I might drink it, but so held me God I never will on this earth drink it again. Some fellows say don't mix politics and religion. When you hear a fellow talk that way you may know he hasn't got any religion to mix. I would mix religion with politics, but not politics with religion. A little religion will help politics. It will make it clean and decent. We want truth, justice and temperance mixed with politics in this State. I spoke to the Legislature of Tennessee on this subject the other day. They are talking about a constitutional amendment on the liquor question up there. We want this question cleared up beyond the reach of these little cross roads judges, who hop up every now and then and say something is unconstitutional. We want to do away with such judges and put decent men of brains and character in their places. You can't reform a State until you send good men to the Legislature. Some men come to every Legislature that meets in Georgia that ain't fit to go to the chain gang.

"If you refuse to help suppress the infamous wrongs that is being done by whisky, you are rotten yourself. Some of you don't know me. I speak plainly. I use words you can't understand. Now you can take the Latin word decayed and it won't faze a fellow. If you take the good old Anglo Saxon word rotten you can cut his head off. You see, I choose my words. Of course there are always some little spelling-book critics sitting around, who will go back on a fellow's grammar. I wouldn't mind being swallowed by a whale, but I would hate to be nibbled to death by minnows. Whisky is not good for one thing in this world for which there is not something else that is better. If the time ever comes when they say to me: "You'll die if you don't drink whisky," I will say, "Get my shroud ready." I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but liquor will save him, I am ready to preach his funeral sermon. If there is in this vast audience one man or woman who never had a relative or loved one hurt or ruined by whisky, I want him to here stand up right now. You have all had a brother, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whisky. My goodness, these sons-in-law! I'd rather have a boa constructor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law. The devil can't do any worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with the whisky question are going to get caught just that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law, and I'll bet he will make you a prohibitionist with a vengence. God despises a coward.

"I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was afraid. God intrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game. I don't mean to talk here more than half an hour. If any of you fellows get tired you know the way home. We wouldn't have missed you if you hadn't come at all."

The Irrepressible Sparrow.

So the sparrow is doomed in America! Says Professor Ridgway. Our exasperated cousins are to rise in force and drive the impudent invader from their shores. All I can say is, let them try. Adverse resolutions in ornithological societies may kill professors, but the sparrows, now that they have got a footing, will go on adding to their number forever and ever. As for gunpowder, poison, cats and traps, they flourish on them. That other yagabond, the street Arab, never sees the poor sparrow without lifting a stone, yet the sparrows could eclipse the lights of London if they gathered in a covey. When the farmer fires his blunderbuss at one, the result is only to startle into life half a hundred more. A bogie in the potato-field may send the crows in alarm to new pastures, but the sparrow builds his nest out of it. Learned professors, with their theories of extermination, talk as it the Bohemian of birds were some darling of society, and had not had to thieve for an honest living since the days when professors were not.—*St. James' Gazette, London.*

The *Coleman Voice* repeats the aphorism: "If a man is curious enough to know how important his existence is to the world, let him stick his finger into the ocean, and drawing it out, look into the hole it made." Nevertheless, a good many people manage to make a noise before they drop into their holes, like prairie dogs. They will not miss being not missed after they are gone. A dead man does not enjoy himself any more under a big monument than in a grave without a stone to mark it.—*Galveston (Texas) News.*

The Seven Days' Fight.

From Gen. Longstreet's contribution to *The Century* War Series, in the July number, we quote the following:

"The Federals withdrew after the battle and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the Federal position we put out our shirmish lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of Gen. Lee. Very soon Gen. Lee came, and after carefully considering the position of the enemy and their gunboats on the James, decided it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish lines were withdrawn, we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond, and a month later McClellan's army was withdrawn to the North.

"The seven days' fighting, although a decided Confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th—the day of his own selection—the Federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville withoutia battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's Farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have bestroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's Farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack Federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

"Gen. McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 115,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact, Lee had only 90,000. Gen. McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the Confederates had consented to such a program. In spite of McClellan's excellent plans, Gen. Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over 10,000 of his men. Gen. Lee's plans in the seven days' fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. Gen. McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Summer. Heintzleman crossed the White Oak Swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th near Savage's Station."

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton.* Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Nydegger's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

A Bradford, Pa., man recently sent to Boston for some furniture, and when it arrived he took great pleasure in showing it to his friends, not forgetting to tell them "it was all the way from Boston." One of his friends astonished him when he proved the furniture was manufactured in Bradford, and was part of a lot shipped to Boston to be sold. The Bradford man paid about double what the furniture would have cost him at home.

Every writer is a skater, and must go partly where he would and partly where the skates carry him.

We are awkward for want of thought, the inspiration is scanty, and does not arrive at the extremities.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

DOWN TO THE SEA.

I know not what its course may be
Down from the mountain to the sea;

The spring I know, alone and still,
Where bubbles forth a little rill.

The clear, brown streamlet well I know,
And how its hurrying waters flow.

At first the grasses turn to make
A softer runnel for its sake;

The careless buttercup looks down
And sends a petal to the town,

As, whisp'ring to the happy day,
The brook sets forth upon its way.

Farther, bright pebbles line its bed
And gleam and glance beneath its tread.

It rushes through the alder shade
Nor loiters for the open glade.

Down swift cascades it flies and sings—
Shakes the white spray in airy wings;

Then, plunging, with a deepened roar,
Through the cleft rock its waters pour.

The solid basin far below
Is hollowed wide beneath its flow.

Here for a space it stops, to gain
New volume for the open plain.

At length, full-swelling, broad and free,
It sets serenely toward the sea.

Beside the green, dark pool I wait,
Stayed by thy warning hand, O Fate!

I may not follow, though I hear
The siren's song within my ear;

Nor may, for me, the motion stay
That rolls the river on its way.

I only know its path must be
Down from the mountain to the sea.

The brook that lightly sped away
Lies weltering ocean-wide to-day.

The child, whose days were bound with mine,
Is tossed and torn on life's cold brine.

—*D. H. R. Goodale, in N. Y. Independent.*

RABIES.

Description of the Death of a Mad Dog's Victim.

The Venom Lying Dormant for About a Month—Horrible Paroxysms of Pain for Two Days—Peculiarities of the Disease.

John Toelle was an honest, industrious and respectable man of about thirty-five years of age, of fine habits and traits, living on a twenty-acre tract of property just east of Kansas City, from which he derived a support for himself, wife and children. For the pleasure of his children the father, some three years ago, procured a fine Newfoundland dog, the instrument of his death, then but a pup. The animal was always kind and affectionate, and seemed never prouder than when serving as a pony for his little masters.

A STRUGGLE WITH A MAD BRUTE.

It was May 6 that Mr. Toelle had the disastrous struggle with the pet of his children. For several days prior the dog had been missed from the house for quite a while at a time, and when he returned he was indifferent, cross and snappish. On one occasion he took the babe's entire hand in his mouth, merely leaving the print of his teeth, but causing no abrasion of the skin. Again he seized an elder child by the arm, but his teeth did not penetrate the skin. These freaks caused alarm, and the animal was secured and tied. But Mr. Toelle accounted for the sudden savageness of the dog on the theory that the animal had been killing sheep, and the fresh blood had affected him. The morning of the fatal day the dog freed himself, and was seen jogging slowly across the field. His victim ordered his employe to go after the dog, but that party, whose apprehensions had been aroused, refused, and Toelle himself deserted his work and went in pursuit of the rabid animal. I had from his own lips the details of his adventure. He passed down into a light piece of timber out of sight of the neighboring houses, and overtook the dog as the animal paused at the edge of a stream of flowing water. Toelle walked near to him, and his fears being now aroused, though not the least suspicious of rabies, he stepped behind a large tree, and for a short interval was impressed with the peculiar look and behavior of the dog. The latter turned from the stream and walked leisurely toward the tree behind which his master stood. Then Toelle spoke to the animal in a tone of command, and, not being noticed, took up a stick and advanced to where the dog had paused, when the powerful brute made for his throat. There was at once a tenacious closing of the dog's jaws over the left hand of the now terrified man, and the terrible struggle began. After wrenching and choking, the hand was extricated, lacerated and bleeding; but instantly the other hand was caught and most fearfully torn before the efforts to free it were successful. Toelle was a man of great strength, which by desperation must have been increased, and, obtaining a neck-hold on the dog, threw him to the ground. No one had yet appeared at the desperate fight. The man was now on top of the dog, violently endeavoring to keep him down. Seconds must have been as minutes, and I could not learn with any definiteness how long the battle lasted. But before the man was exhausted, and while he still was on the dog, by chance a neighbor came near, and, comprehending the situation at once, ran to his house, procured his gun, and, returning to the scene, shot the dog to death while Toelle continued to hold on.

FEARING HYDROPHOBIA.

Toelle was now apprehensive of rabies. He hurried to his house and gave orders for his horse. His workman, misunderstanding him, himself took the horse and rode rapidly to town for a physician. The wounded man went at once to a neighbor's and asked for a horse, recounting his adventure, and insisted that he wanted and must have medical aid at once. The neighbor made light of the man's fears of hydrophobia, and absolutely refused to loan his horse. Toelle was forced to remain at home and await the coming of the physician. When that gentleman came, after much delay, he simply cauterized the wounds of his patient, and, though being informed fully as to the changed nature of the dog, his strange freaks and actions, persistently assured Toelle and his family that there was no cause to fear hydrophobia.

A week passed away and the wounds were rapidly healing, and at the end of two weeks Toelle was as well as ever and pursuing his labors as usual. What was the condition of the man's mind now? I believe from the moment he had the terrible struggle with the dog he felt convinced that the animal was experiencing rabies. His friends argued with him at length, endeavoring to relieve him of the gnawing apprehension that possessed him. He asked me the evening of the 6th what I thought as to the dog being mad. I answered him encouragingly, but, having known the dog for a long time, I was convinced that there had been a metamorphosis of his nature and disposition, and my fears of rabies were very strong. I urged every remedy, every prevention, including the use of the mad-stone; for, if the story of superstition, if you choose to term it, should not be confirmed when the stone should be applied, there might, at least, come respite to the poor man's troubled mind. A medical work containing a chapter on hydrophobia was obtained and studiously read by him; and he constantly showed that he was in distressing despair, antedating the miseries that were to fall on him.

THE DISEASE COMES ON.

No premonitory symptoms were felt, however, until Thursday, May 28, when he complained of darting pains from his hands to his arms, and an itching and dull sensation about the places so fearfully lacerated. But these passed away. Monday, June 1, he rode to town with a neighbor and frequently caught and rubbed his hands and arms, complaining of darting pains that went from his hands up his arms and met between his shoulders. He also said he felt chilly and remarked that he believed that he was going to have a chill. Returning home he went up-stairs and lay down. Some time passed, and his wife, going to the foot of the stairs, called to him several times without a response. She ascended the stairs and entered the room. Toelle rose to a sitting posture and turned his back on her. She crossed the room and found him crying bitterly with his face buried in his hands. His only reply to her question was: "I feel that awful disease creeping over me. I know I am going mad and shall die." The day dragged on; the body was not in pain, but for the mind the gloom of night was come—a hopeless darkness had settled there. He retired with the others of his household.

The coming of Tuesday morning, June 2, ushered in the twenty-seventh day counting from the time of the fearful encounter with the dog. At three o'clock of that morning the deceased awoke in a struggle for breath and called for a drink. When his eyes fell on the water handed him he instantly threw up his hands with the exclamation, "For God's sake, take it away!" He became composed in a moment or so and rested fairly well until he arose. He complained considerably and vomited freely. The physician was sent for and came in the forenoon. He was puzzled. He said but little of anything, and nothing that was definite. He departed, but in several hours returned, accompanied by another member of his profession. They viewed the patient, said nothing, did nothing, and departed. The afternoon wore away, and the restlessness and changed appearance of the man became more perceptible.

FEARFUL PAROXYSMS.

And now we near the hour when the dreadful poison in his system broke loose with horrible violence. How can I describe the deep agony of that night, when every nerve of the poor fellow seemed pulled asunder, and the screams that accompanied each death-struggle were heartrending and distressing beyond the power of language. At five o'clock he sent for his nearest neighbor to come and prepare his will. He was entirely rational; dictated and signed the document disposing of his property. He gave directions about his matters with noticeable clearness and minuteness. At seven o'clock he was sitting in a chair in his yard, with his family and several neighbors around him. He complained of being cool. His wife took a small shawl and made the motion to lay it over his shoulders. Then came the first scream, and the torturing struggle that came at short intervals until two hours before his last breath. He sprang from the chair and jumped about violently, calling to those present to tie him. Ropes and straps were quickly procured, and after seating him he was securely fastened to a tree. Every three or five minutes came those terrible screams. He was heard three-quarters of a mile away. At the same time he would pant and struggle as though suffocating, spitting and coughing incessantly. He was entirely rational and conscious, calling those present by name, and describing his pains, except during paroxysms of torture. In an hour it was decided to take him into the house. A storm was brewing, and altogether the setting-in of that night was to the attendants of the dying man one the reader may never wish to experience. We cut the ropes that secured Toelle to the tree, but were careful to provide against any effort he might make to attack one of our number. Once in the room, to which he walked with some support, we laid him on the bed, and at once securely fastened him down, leaving him sufficiently free to sit up, use his hands, and change his position. The room was somewhat close, nothing being open but the door. He screamed as soon as he lay down, struggled for breath, and complained of suffocation. I took my hat, and, leaning over the bed, gently fanned him. O, but what a cry and what a scene! There were torture and agony in the extreme, and a scream of "For God's sake, don't!" The windows were thrown open at his request, but the first touch of the current of air threw him into a paroxysm of torture. He called for water, but as soon as he looked at it his muscles contracted, his teeth clinched, and he presented the picture of rigidity and terror. But water he must have; his throat is parched, slime and saliva are choking him, and the panting, the struggling, the wild cries of anguish, and the fearful tossing and twisting of his body are calling for relief. At the suggestion he closes his eyes and opens his mouth; a tablespoon of water is dashed in; but instantly he commences more violent struggling. More terrible convulsions follow, and receiving the water seems more agonizing than the want of it. At ten o'clock the physician comes again. At least an hour is consumed in the attempt to put the sufferer under the influence of chloroform. Saturated cloths are held as best possible in the struggling to his nose; large doses of morphine are administered hypodermically, but without the least effect. The physician says nothing, goes away without any instructions, and leaves two of us watch the night through.

THE VICTIM'S LAST HOURS.

The condition of the sufferer remains unchanged. He is all the time conscious and rational. The priest comes, the wife enters, and we, the watchers, step from the room. When the voice of the priest is raised in prayer the dying man becomes composed and peaceful. The violent struggling ceases, the paroxysms and convulsions come no more, and I involuntarily looked through the window, expecting to see that death had come. Full fifteen minutes pass, and when the prayer is ended the hydrophobic victim gently takes his wife's hand, draws her to him, kisses her, and says: "Good-bye." At once the agonizing struggle recommences, and the scenes already described are repeated from every three to five minutes. And thus the night and the greater part of the next day wore away.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the legs of the man seem as though paralyzed. He ceases to struggle. We are obliged to tie his hands from him, for he is inclined to bite them. His mouth opens and shuts firmly, as though he were snapping. He is now entirely unconscious. Little by little there issues from his mouth white froth like clean soap-suds. The face begins to turn upward. The respiration is seen to decrease. Life is ebbing away. A watch is opened and the beating of the heart is timed. The snapping of the mouth grows less violent; and at five o'clock John Toelle is in full possession of death.

I carefully noticed the cries and screaming of the man in all his death-struggles, and I failed to discover the least in them that was like the barking or the noise of any animal.—*W. A. Alderson, in Kansas City Times.*

A PARTICULAR WOMAN.

An Appetite that was Stronger than Her Conscience.

What curious people one meets on the trains. The gush of a down East woman in a buffet car on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the other day, was ludicrous.

"Waitah," she chirped, "what haav you foah lunch?"

"Almost anything, ma'am."

"Coffay?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Let me have coffay."

"Bread and butter, ma'am?"

"Let me have—ah—hot muffins."

"No hot muffins."

"No hot muffins? How provokeeng. Let me have bread—and say, waitah, let me have—ah—oysters, and—ah—chicken salad, and—ah—some boned turkey, and, ah——"

She got them. She smacked her lips, but not for pleasure. She was mad.

"Waitah," she snarled viciously, as the startled porter answered her ring—"waitah! What do you mean by giving me such beastly coffay? It is nothing but grounds — nothing but grounds. And the oysters! Say, waitah, where did you get them oysters? Them ain't no fresh oysters. They are canned.

The porter shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll change them," said the porter, meekly.

He changed them, and she thanked him with a grimace.

Five minutes after the train had left Harrisburg the porter rushed through the car in a white sweat.

"She's gone," he gasped.

"Who?"

"The old woman with the heavy appetite," he groaned.

"What of it?"

"Nothing—only," he seemed to swear with an inward swear word—"only she left at Harrisburg without paying for her lunch."

The woman from down East was sharper than she looked.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

SPANISH VENDETTAS.

A Striking Instance of the Intensity of Family Quarrels in Spain.

About a year ago a gipsy named Moralis was assassinated at Zerza, in the province of Caceres, by one of his comrades named Silra. The latter was in due course tried and condemned to death, but his execution did not satisfy the vengeance of the victim's family. There had been ill-feeling between the two families for three years, but there had been no open quarrel until the murder of Moralis. Soon after the execution of the murderer, which took place last month, the two families met on their return from a fair near the town of Caceres. They had their mules and cattle with them. There were about fifty on each side, including women and children. A regular pitched battle ensued, revolvers, knives, and sticks being freely used by the men, while the women employed their nails with considerable effect, and the children threw stones indiscriminately. The result of the struggle was that the heads of the two families were both killed, two of the women, and several of the children. There were ten or twelve wounded, and the bodies of the dead were horribly mutilated. If the mounted police had not interrupted the fight, there would have been many more lives lost. Several of the mules were killed, and the baggage of the two families was strewn about in such disorder that the road for nearly half a mile looked as if a large army had beaten a retreat along it.—*Madrid Letter.*

—What this great throbbing public is yearning for is a scientists who will discover a woman willing to acknowledge that any other woman's dress does not hang like a rag.—*Boston Post.*

THE ALMANAC COAT.

Wonderful Garment That Will Foretell the Weather and Keep Away the Cholera.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, as he entered the store and hung his hat on a nail, "I haf shust had a big surbrise, you know."

"How vas dat, Misder Hoffenstein?" inquired Herman, noticing that the old man was in good humor.

"Vell, you see, I goes up mit de exbosition dis morning, und vat you dink, I meets Jake Loewenburg und Solomon Myers, vat vas old frents uf mine in Vicksburg twenty-five years ago. Loewenburgh vas at de exbosition as von uf dose Turks, und vas selling beads und oder leedle dings, und Myers told me dat he vas dere as an Egyptian, und vas making blenty uf money. Vell, ven I sees dose felllows it takes my breath right avay, because I dinks dey vas dead. Myers' broder Jake vas courting my vife Leah at de same time I vas, und ve vas great frents. Myers dells me dat Jake failed in pisness at Leedle Rock a short vile ago und vas doing vell, because he fails on von side uf his store und runs de oder."

Hoffenstein smiled pleasantly at the idea, and walked to the door and looked down the street, and as he did so a customer came in.

"Vat can I do for you, my frent?" he inquired.

"I want to get a good coat, but one that is cheap. I'm a farmer, and go in for comfort more than I do for style."

"You vos right about dot, my frent, and I dinks dot I can fit you mid a good article at an easy price. Now, here vos a coat for eight dollars, vich is de very ding you vant," and he pulled a coat out of a pile of rather tough-looking clothing.

The customer commenced to examine it, but suddenly lifted his nose and exclaimed: "Whew! by jingo! there is a last year's smell about this coat that is not pleasant. What have you been doing with it?"

"I knew you vos going to say dot," said Hoffenstein, in a nonchalant way. "All of my customers say dot ven dey look at de coat, pecause dey don't know dot it vas one uf dose almanac, disinfecting coats vich haf shust been put on de market not more as dree months ago. De coat vat you haf in your hand vas soaked in de vool factory vere it vas made mit a breparation exbressly for de purpose of keeping de cholera avay, und my brider vot lifs in Europe writes me last veek dot de Prussian Government vont let de people vear any oder kind, so dot if de cholera comes along dey vill keep helty, you know. Herman, look in my desk und get my bruder Ike's letter, vich ve shows de gentleman. No, nefer mind, I forget dot I leaves dot letter mit my vife dis morning. My frent, dot coat vas better for de cholera den all de doctors und de medicine vot you can haf, und de smell uf de breparation goes right away ven you goes out mit de air. Put on de coat, my frent, und ve sees how it fits, you know."

The customer did so, and surveyed first one side of himself and then the other by the aid of the dingy mirror in the rear end of the store.

"Why do you call it an almanac coat?" asked the customer, who was rather pleased with the cut of the coat.

"Because it vos made exbressly for gentlemen vot lifs on a farm, und it vill dell you how de vedah vill pe, und vot to do to save your crop. You see de changes in de vedder haf de same effect on dot coat as dey haf on so much quicksilver, und vos dwice so much more reliable. Ven you see de coat commence to turn red around de collar it vas a sign dat dere is a full moon and it vas time to blant vatermelons, und ven de tail of de coat shrinks und de buttons on it go half way up your back shust look out for bad, vet vedder, und don't pull fodder, you know. Ven de buttons drop den you know dat de vedder vill be fine und can act accordingly. You dake my advice und buy dot coat, und you vill find dot you makes better crops den any von vere you lifs."

The customer appeared to be satisfied, and after purchasing the coat and leaving the store, Hoffenstein said: "Herman, I vas shust dinking de oder day dat I vould gif dat old job lot avay to some orphan asylum, because it has been in de stock efer since de var, und it schmells de whole store up. I dink ve better keep it a vile longer, und vork it off mit the almanac scheme," and again he walked to the door in hope that another customer would come in.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

A CRANK.

Not Always Safe to Conclude a Man Is One Because He Wears His Hair Long.

There was a long-haired man in the smoking car and some of the younger passengers were making sport of him. They called him a crank.

"Tut, tut, boys," said an elderly passenger; don't call a man a crank simply because he has long hair. Let me tell you a story. I owned a farm many years ago down East. One day I noticed a long-haired man walking around my place in a very queer way. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was just looking around a little. But he was there again the next day and the next. Finally I insisted on his telling me what he wanted, and he said: 'Well, farmer, there's buried treasure under your farm, and I've been trying to locate the best place to dig for it. I've found the place, and now I'll make a bargain with you. You do the digging and we'll divide the treasure equally between us.' I agreed and went to digging where he told me to. I spent all the money I had on earth putting that hole down, notwithstanding that the neighbors laughed at me and called the man a long-haired crank."

"You were a bigger fool than I took you for," laughed one of the younger passengers.

"There you go again," said the old man. "You youngsters judge by appearances and think you know it all. You——"

"But you never found any buried treasure, did you?"

"Yes, I did; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth."

"What kind?"

"Coal. The long-haired man was a geologist."—*Chicago Herald.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

OUT ON TRIAL.

What Mr. Flaxton Had to Say for Himself—"Yer Honor, It Wasn't All Alick's Drunk."

"They are alone together up-stairs, and perhaps they'll fix it up," said Justice S——, as I stopped, intending to go up into his office. This remark was addressed to Marshal M——, a burly German, in a blue suit, with a star on his breast.

"What's up?" said I. "O," said the Justice, "it's the old story. Kate Flaxton has brought a complaint against her husband for a beastly drunk, and I don't blame her. Still, if they can manage to pull along together, it may be better for the children. We'll wait till it is time to open the court and see how they come out."

So we waited a few minutes, discussing the political situation, but thinking all the while of the situation up-stairs.

A man who gets so low down that his wife will make a complaint against him is usually a dirty specimen. Alick Flaxton, however, was an exception. He was just out of jail, to be sure, but he was clean for all that. Both he and his wife spoke with a strong Scotch accent.

Mrs. Kate had a face that would have done no discredit to some of the humbler characters among the Scottish women of the Waverley novels.

"What shall we do with you, Mr. Flaxton?" said the Justice. "You have been drunk times without number, and your wife has borne enough from you to break her heart. But she has borne it bravely for the sake of the children. To fine you would be to take the bread they need. What can I do but send you up for ninety days?"

"Well, yer honor," said Alick, "it's pretty rough, I know. I didn't mean to get drunk, but somehow I'm easy tempted, and as soon as I get a taste of the liquor it's all day with me. Now if yer honor would only let me off on suspended sentence I'll consider it a high compliment, indeed I would, and promise you faithfully, yer honor, I swear I won't drink again for a twelve-month, sure."

"What do you say to that, Mrs. Flaxton? Would it do any good to try him again? or can you do better without him?" said the Justice. "Indeed I can," said she, "and I can't let him off any more."

I looked at this honest woman's face as she said this, and I knew she would let him off. I knew she would try him again, for her face gave the lie to her words. That is the old story of a woman's love. Alick knew it, too. He knew that she would give him one more trial. So, because her heart spoke in protest against her better judgment, Alick was let off on suspended sentence with a very forcible charge that his next appearance before the court would send him to the house of correction.

For several weeks after that I heard nothing more about the Flaxtons, though I drop in quite often to see what is going on in the Justice's court.

I had almost forgotten the whole matter, when one day I happened to meet Mrs. Kate, and she looked so bright and cheerful that I could not keep from asking her if suspended sentence had proved a success. She was in high spirits and said she has kept his word so far and I begin to think he does really mean to stick to it. If I can only keep him away from temptation Alick will do well enough."

Mrs. Flaxton could turn her hand to almost anything. Sometimes she took in washing and ironing. Sometimes she did house-cleaning, for she was a resolute worker. She also knew how to cook admirably, and whenever there was a fair or festival, or any public occasion, at which refreshments were served, she was invaluable, for she was quite pleasing in her manners and could wait on crowded tables nicely, and then she was a host in the art of putting things to rights after the guests were gone.

"There's to be a party to-night," said she, "at Mrs. Newman's, and I'm going there to help her. Alick will come round and walk home with me after it is all over, unless some vagabond gets hold of him and prevails on him to take a drink. I wish he could be at Mrs. Newman's with me and then I should feel perfectly safe about him. I shall earn a nice penny to-night, for Mrs. Newman hasn't a stingy hair in her head."

"It's a long road that never turns," said I, "and I'm glad that Alick has got into the right track. I hope he won't get off the track."

The day but one after this casual meeting I was in the Justice's court again, and there, as sure as you live, was Alick in the custody of an officer. This time he was just sober enough to be able to talk intelligibly, and to give a clear account of himself. But the traces of a recent debauch were unmistakable. Mrs. Kate was not alone with him this time, Mrs. Newman was with her.

"What do you know about the case, Mrs. Newman?" said his honor.

"Well," said Mrs. Newman, "I know more about it than I wish I did. It's too bad; Mrs. Flaxton was half disposed to keep away from here and let Alick keep on abusing her, just as he has done for years. But the fact is, she has been working for me lately and is too good a woman to be treated in that way, and so I insisted on her bringing the complaint."

"Do you know under what circumstances he came to do this thing after keeping sober so long?" said the Court. "No, I don't know," answered Mrs. Newman, "and what is more, I don't care. He has, as you say, kept sober a good while, and could have done so still longer, had he chosen to do so. I haven't a particle of charity for a man who will be as good as good can be for awhile, and then up and make a beast of himself. Mrs. Flaxton helped me at my party the other night and when Alick came round to go home with her, I served him myself with all the refreshments he could eat, and you ought to have seen him eat. Then when he was as full of refreshments as he ever was of whisky I loaded up a good-sized market basket with cake and sandwiches and boned turkey for him to take home. This morning I thought I would stop in a moment and see how the children had enjoyed what I sent, for I feel a good deal of interest in them. Alick was crazy drunk and was making a perfect hell upon earth of his home. Now for my part I think it is about time for that suspended sentence you hung up over him to drop down on him."

"What have you to say for yourself, Alick?" said his honor. "Well," said Alick, drawing a long breath. "I was drunk again; that's as true as you live, but, yer honor, how can a common drunkard keep sober when all his enemies outside and inside of him push him down as fast as he gets up, and even his best friends hurt him when they don't mean to. Now I'll tell yer honor the square truth, upon my word I will, and yer honor will see that I'm not altogether in the fault. I went round to Mrs. Newman's the other night, just as she had told ye, and I wouldn't go back on her for the world, but if it hadn't been for her I'd have been a sober man to-day. She gave me a big pile of ice cream and a piece of cake as big as her own foot, God bless her. But then she put a ladleful of jelly right alongside of the ice-cream, and, yer honor, it was rum-jelly, strong enough to bear up a small boy; and the moment it got into the mouth of me down it went as if it had feet to go down with; yer honor knows how it is yerself, and when Mrs. Newman came round again she said to me, won't you have another dish of ice-cream, Alick? And I said to her, indeed I will, if ye please, ma'am, and when I started for home every drop of blood in me was yelling for whisky, and I slipped away from the misses when we was about half way home, and I don't know how it all came about, yer honor, but I was drunk before breakfast. What can a weak man do, when a woman that looks just for all the world like an angel, and she a member of God's church, too, puts hell into him by the ladleful and thinks she's doin him a kindness? I tell ye, yer honor, it wasn't all Alick's drunk."

Probably Mrs. Newman was never more completely surprised in her life than when she heard Alick's account of himself. She belonged to a fashionable church, and the ladies of that church had brought together their well-tested recipes for all manner of choice things to eat and to drink, and had published them in the form of a handsome recipe book by the ladies of Dubonton church. Mrs. Newman had used the book in making preparations for her party. Rum, wine, sherry, whisky, brandy—these words were alarmingly frequent on the fair pages of this wonderful recipe book, the sale of which had helped to lift a very troublesome mortgage on the elegant new church.

Alick was allowed another trial at Mrs. Newman's urgent request, and is at liberty once more on suspended sentence, while she is beginning to consider whether society ladies are in any way responsible for the shortcomings of their neighbors who are weak. On the whole, she rather thinks they are responsible to some extent.—*Egbert L. Bangs, in Christian at Work.*

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

What the Sunday-School Teacher Can Do for Temperance.

Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, in a thoughtful article in the *Sunday-School Times*, asking: "What can the teacher do for Temperance?" writes: "What can the Christian teacher do for Temperance? The few are in positions of wide influence; their words will be weighty; they can do much to promote any good work; but the many are in obscure localities, in humble life, in small schools, a majority of them without voice or vote in public affairs—what can these do to promote this great reform?

"First to be named among the means of influencing others is the vitally important one of a correct example. Teaching is not all, nor chiefly, by word. Life is more than logic. Character is more weighty than a catechism. Conduct, Matthew Arnold affirms, is three-fourths of life. It bears a larger proportion to moral teaching. Truth will have little vitality apart from the personality of the teacher. One must be, in order to do and teach. Knowledge and character are both essential in a spiritual guide. A consistent example is the most convincing of arguments. 'Come' inspires conviction, 'go' awakens doubt. The selfish are not likely to influence others to sacrifice. A wine-drinker can not be relied on to rebuke a whisky-sot. Home-brewed ale is no more virtuous than commercial XXX. The New Year's sideboard may not sit in judgment on the all-the-year bar. Any cherished habit of self-indulgence weakens one's moral influence. Not a few are handicapped in their advocacy of Temperance by the quid or cigar. 'Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' 'Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?'

"The teacher is more than example. A guide-post is good, but a guide is better. Precept is necessary in moral training; there must be 'line upon line' of positive instruction. The teaching hour furnishes priceless opportunity. Then God's word is to speak to the intellect and heart and conscience. All other voices should echo the divine message. 'If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.' Upon all questions of duty there is no lack of instruction in the Christian text-book. In principles, if not in positive precept, it covers all the issues of life. For defection or omission there can be no possible excuse. Temperance is a part of the Gospel. It is taught in God's word. It should be taught in the Sunday-school. It is taught where the Scriptures are faithfully studied and applied. It is taught more frequently than once a quarter. The teaching does not depend on the recurrence of the word 'Temperance' in the lesson-text. Few portions of Scripture are selected which do not deal, directly or indirectly, with the underlying principles of this and every other great moral reform. There is no lack of opportunity for Temperance instruction. No violence will be done to either letter or spirit of the word, if such teaching is found in nearly every lesson."

THE Vermont Legislature last winter passed a bill requiring the compilation and printing and distributing of the laws relating to the illegal sale and use of intoxicating liquors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A young man in New Haven has a collection of 7,000 birds' eggs, embracing nearly 2,000 varieties.

—There are said to be twenty-five thousand lawn tennis players within a radius of ten miles of New York.

—Cabul is pronounced Kawble; Merv is Mahriv; Herat is Herrht; Kurrachee is K'rahchy; and the accent of Afghanistan is on the second syllable. In all of these words the "a" is pronounced as in "ah."—*Chicago Herald.*

—The tropical gooseberry, which is cultivated in Florida, grows on a handsome tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fruit is rather smaller than the Siberian crab apple, and the shape a flattened globe. It contains one hard seed. The fruit is only moderately valuable, but the tree is ornamental.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A certain father in Middletown attended one of the meetings Sunday with his little son. When it was announced that the collection would be taken the father gave the boy money for that purpose, but what was his astonishment when the box was passed to see the little fellow hold on to the money. Upon being asked the reason for so doing, he replied: "Saving it for the circus."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

—Concerning the perfumery manufactories at Nice and Cannes it is reliably stated that these establishments annually crush and squeeze no less than 154,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 13,200 pounds of acacia blossoms, 154,000 pounds of rose leaves, 35,200 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 22,000 pounds of violets, 8,800 pounds of tube-roses and a relatively large amount of Spanish lilacs, rosemary, mint, lime and lemon blossoms, thyme and numbers of other plants and leaves and flowers.

—A letter describing the markets of New Orleans says that everything is sold by the eye, and there is no standard of measure. Nine-tenths of the hundreds who sell in the noted French market of the city do not know what a bushel or a peck is. They buy their vegetables by the lot, and place them on little piles on tables. These piles are of different sizes and prices. The buyer looks at the piles, and buys that which he thinks is biggest and best. Sometimes buckets and boxes are used to measure, but they are of all kinds and shapes.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An exchange thus classifies crimes of peculation: Taking $1,000,000 is called a case of genius. Taking $100,000 is called a case of shortage. Taking $50,000 is called a case of litigation. Taking $25,000 is called a case of insolvency. Taking $10,000 is called a case of irregularity. Taking $5,000 is called a case of defalcation. Taking $1,000 is called a case of corruption. Taking $500 is called a case of embezzlement. Taking $100 is called a case of dishonesty. Taking $50 is called a case of thievery. Taking $25 is called a case of total depravity. Taking one ham is called a case of war on society.

—For ingenuity and originality it takes a down-east Yankee to perfect plans to shuffle off this mortal coil. A Massachusetts man, having determined to die, set about his arrangements, determined that there should be nothing lacking to make it a perfectly original suicide, unique and complete. He procured a piece of brass pipe, and firmly fixed one end of it in the root of a tree. He then loaded this improvised cannon to the muzzle with powder and ball, applied a slow-match, and calmly lay down with his head in range. The whole arrangement was perfect, and he was dead as a door-nail, but somewhat disfigured, when found.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

AN EXCELLENT CHANCE.

Teaching a Young Man the Business and Giving Him a Start in Life.

"O, yes," said Mr. Jobber, in his most effusive manner; "oh, yes, we will do everything possible for your son, Mr. Believeitall; we will teach him the business, and give him a first-rate start in life."

"And the salary?" suggested Mr. Believeitall.

"O, yes, the salary!" said Mr. Jobber, as if he had thought of that little matter for the first time. "Well, yes, of course you understand that the salary is of no great consequence. Your son learns the business, which is better than salary, small or large. No, the salary is not large, but under the circumstances quite liberal. Fifty dollars the first year; but then, we raise it every year, every year, you understand."

"Then you do raise it regularly?" said Mr. Believeitall.

"Regularly," echoed Mr. Jobber.

"And the situation is permanent?"

"O, yes, we always try to keep our boys, always take an interest in them."

The boy enters the store, and proceeds to learn the business by running errands, sweeping floors and dusting goods. At the end of the third year Mr. Jobber takes so much interest in the youth that he gives him a first-rate opportunity to widen his field of experience by giving him permission to go elsewhere. It is true that the young man is now too old to begin at boys' wages, while the "business" he has learned can be done by any lad with muscle enough to wield a broom or trot over pavements; but that is no fault of Mr. Jobber. The boy can remain if he chooses—at the old wages.

"But you said his salary should be raised every year."

"Of course, but there must be a limit to everything. Supposing he should stay with us a hundred years. You couldn't expect us to keep on raising right along. Why, man, it would ruin us; yes, sir, ruin us."

"But how about the business he was going to learn?"

"My dear sir, haven't we given him every opportunity, every opportunity, sir? What more could we do? We can't make a boy learn. If it isn't in him, what can we do?"

"And you said the situation was to be permanent."

"Ah, but he leaves of his own accord. He thinks he can do better elsewhere, and it is not for us to stand in the way of a boy's interest; no, sir, you mistake me, sir, if you think I would stand in anybody's way. Good morning, sir, good morning—busy day, sir—very busy day, sir—good morning."—*Boston Transcript.*

A VEGETABLE FISHERMAN.

A Plant That Goes A-Fishing—An Enemy of the Fish Culturists.

"Anything new? Any twenty-pound trout or continental fish stories in the air?" asked a reporter of a fish culturist grown rotund in the Government employ.

"Yes, there is something new," replied the fish man. "Come in and look at these weeds."

The visitor took the seat indicated at a table covered with dishes containing a variety of plants, small fishes, magnifying glasses, and other material incidental to the fish culturist's profession, and looking through the glass handed him, saw what had apparently been a mass of weeds become clear and distinct and resolve itself into a delicate brush-like aquatic plant, covered over at the juncture of the various stems with a number of bladder-like objects of a rich green hue and seemingly made up of innumerable facets, so that they appeared like mimic vases of richly colored metals hammered into shape by some fairy worker in metal.

Clipping one of these little vessels from its delicate stem the fish culturist placed it upon the slide of a microscope, through which it appeared as large as a lima bean, and still more beautiful. It now gleamed with a pellucid light, owing, as was evident, to a bubble of air in the interior, that moved about in its prison like an opal. The cup was also seen to have a perfect lid, that opened in instead of out, and from the edge outward extended several long, hair-like processes, that gave the entire object the appearance of what a specialist of crabs would call an entomostracean crustacean (patent applied for).

"Now, then," said the fish man, "you have taken in the chief points of the object, and you see it is a regular pitcher, bowl, or jug—call it what you will—that is suspended on the plant by a delicate stem, and that it has a spring cover. Now watch the cover when I put this shot upon it."

The *Times* man again applied his eye to the glass; the shot was placed upon the delicate lid, quickly and mysteriously disappearing.

"Yes, it has gone in. In other words," continued the speaker, "the bladder is a trap and catches everything that pushes on the cover. By this you can see what harm may be done," and, shifting the slide, the speaker replaced it by one that contained another of the curious traps, though larger and having in its mouth or opening the body of a young fish. The tail of the little creature was completely absorbed by the plant, and the fish had long since given up the struggle.

"Yes, it is a veritable vegetable fisherman," said the specialist," and one of the latest discovered enemies of the fish culturist. It is a common weed enough, and known generally as the bladderwort. It is very popular in aquariums and fish runs, and there is little doubt but that large numbers of fishes are destroyed by them. The thing was first noticed in England, and that accidentally, and the discoverer immediately went to work making experiments. It was found that out of twenty-five fishes placed in the weed one-half of them were in the traps in less than six hours, and judging from the way in which they were caught, some people think that the plants are as much animals as the fishes. Some experiments made here have attracted considerable attention. In one case observed by myself one of the fishes was caught by the tail and another bladder had seized it by the head, and both plants were hard at work absorbing it."

"Do they eat the fish?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," was the reply. "The animal is taken into the bladder as far as it will go, and then some secretion is exuded that seems to assist its digesting the fish. At any rate, the latter becomes absorbed in the plant and evidently goes to help sustain it, which is also true of a large number of plants. In Sumatra a flower has been discovered that is ten feet across and weighs ten or fifteen pounds, the petals being so strong that a man can jump upon them without breaking through, so to speak. Right in the center of this flower there is a round, basin-like structure that holds about a quart of liquid or water, and into this thousands of insects and even small animals are enticed and drowned and absorbed by the plant; in other words, the oval basin is the flower's mouth, or one of them. So with many of the pitcher plants. They are all traps, baited with peculiar odors that attract their prey. This discovery about the bladderwort is an important one, but whether it justifies us in taking any steps toward its extermination has not yet been determined.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Afghan Language.

"Ab," in the Afghan tongue, means water, as in Punjab (that is, the "five waters," referring to the five great rivers that traverse the northwestern province of Hindoostan,) or as in Hurrirab (the water of the "Hurris",) or as in Surkh-ab (the "red water,") and so on. "Koh" is a mountain, as in Safeydkoh (the "white mountain,") Koh-i-Baba (the mountains of Rabah or Babor,) or as in Hindoo Koosh (the Hindoostantee mountain.) "Abad" as a terminal (the "City of Allah,") Ahmedabad (the "City of Ahmed,") and so forth. "Safeyd" is white, "siah" black, "surkh" red, "nil" blue, etc. Then there are the numerals, such as "panj" or "punj" (five,) "char" or "chahar" (four,) etc., all of which are descriptive of certain characteristics of the places to the names of which they are attached. "Panjdeh" is an example, for as "deh" means a village and "panj" five, as already explained, the name of the place signifies a collection of five Turkoman villages. Wherever "kotul" occurs it signifies simply a pass over a mountain spur. For instance, the first victory General Roberts won in Afghanistan was at the Palwar Kotul, the pass of the Palwar, 9,000 feet high.—*London Times.*

—A bright Chicago youth got an autograph album filled with signatures, but as they lacked neatness and uniformity he bought a new book and copied all the names into it. Now he is happy.—*Philadelphia Press.*

RENOVATING CORKS.

The Pioneer of the Business Tells How It Is Done.

In a queer little room in a queer old house in Forsyth street, at the end of an old-fashioned brick-paved alleyway, a snowy-bearded man, bubbling over with good nature, sat at a low bench yesterday clipping corks with a carving knife as keen as a razor. A little wooden sign over the alleyway had the single word "Corks" painted on it. "Corks" was scrawled with chalk on the door of the room in which the busy man sat, and he himself was enthroned on an old stool among great mounds of corks of all kinds and sizes. They were scattered in heaps on the bench, stored in great paper bags at his feet, and piled high in wooden boxes behind him. He stropped the keen blade of the knife against the edge of the bench every little while, and clipped the corks before him with the regularity of machinery, while he chatted with a visitor about the odd industry of making new corks out of old ones. He was old Pop Mackin, the pioneer of the trade of renovating second-hand corks.

"There are more people at the business now," he said, "than anybody would dream of. They go around buying up all the second-hand corks they can get at $5 a barrel. A barrel will hold from twenty-seven to twenty-nine gross of corks. They get the old corks from retail liquor stores, and then sort them out according to size. Then they're dumped into a big tub of cold water and soaked till the dirt is all rinsed out. After that they're tossed into a boiler of hot water and steamed. The steaming is done by covering the boiler tightly with a piece of heavy carpet. It keeps the steam imprisoned and drives it through the cork. The corks are in all sorts of curious shapes when they are put in the steam bath, but no matter how they have been crushed in, by the neck of the bottle or by the wire and twine fastening—and some of them are tough-looking corks, too—they come out of the bath perfectly shaped again. After the bath the corks are allowed to dry, and then we trim them with a sharp knife, and they are just as good as new."

"But how," the visitor asked, "can you hide the damage where a corkscrew has been bored through a cork?"

"Easy enough," the old man responded with a laugh, as he picked out a perfect little cork; "that trick was done with a cutting machine. The fact is, that a corkscrew only damages, as a rule, the top and bottom of a cork. The damaged cork is sent through a cutting machine, and paired down until the damaged part is all cut away. Sometimes it has to go through the machine two or three times before it is perfect, but after that it is as good as any cork that was ever made. Corks cut that way are called "accommodation corks," and are sold in great quantities to distilleries where they want corks to ram tightly into all sorts of bottles."

"How many corks can a man prepare daily?"

"It depends upon the corks; but an industrious man can sort, wash, steam, and trim about fifty gross of corks. They are sold by the gross again. Sometimes the profit is only $1 a barrel, sometimes more."

"Can you make it pay at that?"

"I guess I'm satisfied," Pop Mackin said, decidedly. "I used to work in a soda-water factory way back in '53, when I first caught on to the idea from a fellow who came on from Philadelphia to buy up all the old corks he could get. In the soda-factory I got a dollar a day. I tried cork renovating, and I found that I could spend lots of time chatting with friends that I met in the daytime, and could make just as much, and often more, than when I worked steady at the soda-water business. I went to the war for three years. A man who hadn't $50 to his name when I left took hold of the business while I was away. When I got home again I found him living in a house of his own in Twelfth Street. He had made the cost of it by buying up old corks, and old bottles too, and renovating them. He sold them again at a handsome profit, because it was war times and business was booming. I never was as lucky as that, but there's many a man at a more ambitious business worse off, and much less contented than I am, my boy, and you can tell them so from me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

MEXICO.

Women's Rights in the Neighboring Republic.

If a Mexican lady is widowed and has no means, a family council is held, her male relatives or those of her deceased husband charge themselves with the education of her sons and provision is made for her and her daughters. Even if the widow and young ladies should be accomplished they are not expected to work for their bread, and the aid tendered them is calmly accepted as an hereditary right. On the contrary, if a widowed mother is wealthy she can not be independent. Custom exacts that the care of her property and the education of her sons shall be delegated to male relatives, and, unless she is really an old woman with adult children, she must either reside with her kindred or keep some staid, matronly person in her household by way of protection against criticism or scandal.

Mexican gentlemen are so thoroughly imbued with this idea of womanly helplessness that they do not seem to regard the charge of a bereaved family as an unnatural or unjust burden, but accept all the duties it involves as really sacred obligations. One strong proof of the chivalric nature of Mexican gentlemen is that the estates of widows and orphans are almost invariably honestly administered.

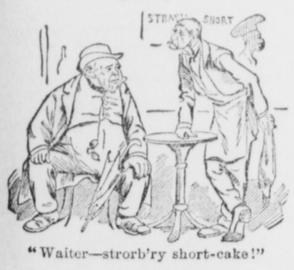
Matrimony is a serious affair here because, owing to the knightly courtesy of the men and the helplessness of the women, a man in order to obtain the hand of his lady-love, virtually contracts to befriend all her female kindred. Nevertheless—badinage apart—it is a beautiful custom.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

—The Philadelphia *Times* says: "The man who expects to get through the world on the ashes of his ancestors is to be pitied more than praised.

SHORT-CAKE FOR ONE.

The Agony of the Rustic and the Missing Strawberry—Found at Last.

[Puck.]

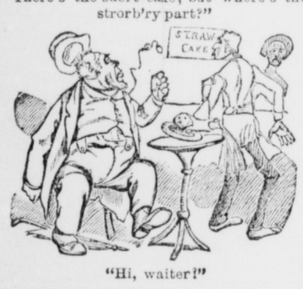


"Waiter—strorb'ry short-cake!"

"Yessir—here y'are, sir."

"What's he done with the strorb'ries?"

"There's the short-cake; but where's the strorb'ry part?"



"Hi, waiter!"

"Eureka, by Gosh!"

A SUPERIOR WOMAN.

How She Managed to Meet a Stock Assessment.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

It is no use denying the superiority of woman. Whenever a man gets up a shrewd scheme and makes it a success all his fellow-men applaud him, shake hands with him, pat him on the back and stand him drinks. There is a modesty about female ingenuity that prevents publicity and all its attendant evils. There is a married lady in this town who would be a fortune either as an advance agent of a show, a partner in a banker a manipulator on Pine street. The Produce Exchange should make her an honorary member, and if she were in Chicago she would be a grain queen, or something like it. She was dabbling in stocks. For most men assessments are nightmares, but assessments have no terrors for your true woman. There came due a little matter of fifty dollars delinquent on a few shares she held. Her husband believed her pure and unspotted from the stock-market. Indeed he thought she knew nothing about business at all. She was busted, had not a cent, and she dare not ask him for the money. She did not want to let the stock go. As she sat demurely trimming a new hat one evening, with a most demure and purely domestic look of love in her pensive eyes, and her devoted husband sat in dressing-gown and slippers reading opposite, a bright idea struck her. She arose early next morning and went down to a friend of hers. Her husband had a dog of which he thought the world. He would not lose that dog for anything. She took that dog with her. After she had paid her call she said:

"I wish you'd let me leave this dog here."

"Certainly."

"I'll send for him to-day if I get home in time, but, if you don't mind, would you just tie him up in the yard."

"All right. With pleasure."

The dog was lost when the husband got home.

"My dog gone! Somebody stolen him! Great Scott! What shall I do?"

"I suppose the simplest way would be to advertise a reward of fifty dollars. That would fetch him," and the wife looked terribly distressed at her husband's anguish. Next morning's paper contained an advertisement: "Fifty dollars for dog lost." At eleven o'clock a messenger boy appeared with the dog, got the fifty dollars, and somehow or other the wife still owned the stock, assessment paid.

THE silent watches of the night—Those not wound up.—*Philadelphia Call.*

BARTHOLDI'S BIG GIRL.

The Prejudices Met By a Canvasser for the Pedestal Fund.

The Bartholdi pedestal fund is nearly complete. The statue has arrived and soon New York harbor will be graced by the most magnificent colossal statue the world has ever seen. "Liberty Enlightening the World!" What a priceless blessing personal liberty is. It is the shrine at which people, ground under the heel of tyranny in the older worlds, worship with a fervency that Americans can scarcely realize; it is a principle for which Nihilists willingly die the death of dogs; and fit and proper it is that at the very entrance of the Bay of New York this emblematic statue should flash a welcome to the world.

The press is entitled to the credit of this achievement. Mr. Philip Beers, who has been making a circuit of the country on behalf of the Pedestal fund, says that the fund will certainly be raised, as the *World* does not know the word *fail.*

Mr. Beers says that he has found the most pronounced generosity among those of foreign birth. They seem more appreciative of liberty than do our native born. Moreover, among some a strange prejudice seems to exist.

"Prejudice? In what particular?"

"I have ever found that however meritorious a thing may be, thousands of people will inevitably be prejudiced against it. I have spent most of my life on the road and I know the American people 'like a book.' In 1879 a personal misfortune illustrated this prevailing prejudice. I was very ill, had suffered for several years with headache, fickle appetite, dreadful back ache, cramps, hot head, cold hands and feet and a general break down of the system. I dragged myself back to New York, seeking the best professional treatment. It so happens that among my relatives is a distinguished physician who upbraided me roundly for preaching so much about my own case. Finally, with some spirit, I remarked to him:

"'Sir, you know that much of your professional wisdom is pretense. You are controlled by prejudice. You can not reach a case like mine and you know it, can you?'"

"I had him; and he finally conceded the point, for it was bright's disease of the kidneys which had prostrated me, and the schoolmen admit they can not cure it. Having cured myself, however, in 1879, and not having seen a sick day since, my relative finally admitted that Warner's safe cure, which accomplished this result, was really a wonderful preparation. Had President Rutter, of the Central Hudson, used it, I am certain that he would be alive to-day, for he could not have been in a worse condition than I was."

"I have found similar prejudices among all classes concerning even so laudable a scheme as this pedestal fund."

Mr. Beers's experience and the recent death of President Rutter, of the Central-Hudson railroad, of an extreme kidney disorder, proves that the physicians have no real power over such diseases, and indicates the only course one should pursue is, as the late Dr. Willard Parker says, headache, sickness of the stomach, dropsical swellings, back ache, dark and offensive fluids, prematurely impaired eyesight, loss of strength and energy occur, for they unmistakably indicate a fatal result, if not promptly arrested.

"Yes, sir-ee, every cent needed for the pedestal will be raised. Of course it will be a great triumph for the *World*, but would it not have been an eternal disgrace had our people failed to provide for this pedestal?"

A "Bad Man."

"Haw, haw," laughed Clarence Fitzgudgeon, going into the Queen City Loaferie, the other evening. "I've had such an experience on the street, don't you know."

"Ah, indeed," inquired Captain Johnson, lazily; "what was it?"

"Why, my deah fellow, just as I was coming in, four or five hoodlums suwwounded me and shouted 'dood,' 'dood,' in a real thweatening mannah, dont you know."

"Did you knock any of them down?"

"O, no."

"You didn't? Well, what did you do?"

"Why, my deah fellow, I wan up the steps weal wapidly, and when I weached the top, I shook my umbwella at them, ejaculated 'wats,' and slammed the doah in theiah faces with great vigah."—*Merchant Traveler.*

DOES a waters-pout precede a raging rain-storm?—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Strong Endowment

is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is *the* great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and permanent. Sold everywhere.

A LITTLE fellow who is sure to be found at church on Sunday—Benny Diction.

* * * * Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

AN infallible cure for alcoholism: Take water. Jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.—*The People.*

THE reason that a woman does not make a good collector is because a woman's work is never dun.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE Sultan of Constantinople is named Osman Boy. His twenty wives make him sign his name O. Boy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IS NOT a cow a poetical creature? She often breaks the stillness of the evening air with the notes of her moos.—*Boston Post.*

LITTLE LILLY—"Don't you think, doctor, that I look just like my mamma?" Mother—"Hush, child, don't be vain."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"NO FEARS have I," sings a poet. Let him wait until his pants encounter our office dog.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A LITTLE Boston boy being asked why Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt replied: "Because she was too fresh, I guess."—*Boston Transcript.*

A NEWBURGH woman received $4,000 for a broken rib, and her husband has figured up that at this rate she is worth about $816,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PRECISE young lady to her little brother: "Willie, don't do that way. Don't kick the ankle of the table, you disturb me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A PLEASING story in grammar is told of a school-girl. She was parsing, and came to the word "quarrel." "Quarrel," she said, "is plural, because it takes two to make one."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE gambler's wife always speaks of her husband as her better-half.—*Chicago Tribune.*

STRANGE to say, lacquer work keeps many people busy in Japan.—*Boston Bulletin.*

WHEN a man is just about to sneeze you couldn't buy him off with a consulate.—*Boston Post.*

CATS are expert climbers. Some of them can get up a wall even if you clip their claws.—*Norristown Herald.*

Every Woman Knows Them.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others, and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex.

THE man who monkeys around machinery often travels *incog.*—*Oil City Derrick.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

THE circus season is upon us, the sawdust of the year.—*Washington Hatchet.*

HAY-FEVER.
I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of Hay-Fever. At the suggestion of a druggist, I obtained Ely's Cream Balm and used it during a severe attack. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints.—(Rev.) H. A. SMITH, Clinton, Wis.

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CREAM BALM
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD
At this season of the year, the hilarity of the children is often stopped by some indiscretion on the part of the parent or child; and, as a result, dysentery, cholera infantum, or other complaints of stomach or bowels ensues. In all such cases, Ridge's Food is the best dietetic. It is perfectly safe, being neutral in its action upon the bowels, and in no way interferes with action of medicines.

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY!
DR. J. BRADFIELD—I have taken several bottles of your Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined, of 16 years' standing, and *I really believe I am cured entirely*, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks. I know your medicine saved my life, so you see I can not speak too highly in its favor. Respectfully,
MRS W. E. STEBBINS, Ridge, Ga.
DR. J. BRADFORD—I have, as you know, been selling your Female Regulator for years, and have had a steadily increasing demand for it; it gives the very best satisfaction. I frequently sell it to physicians who use it in their practice with the most satisfactory results. R. THOMAS, M. D., Druggist.
Valdosta, Ga., June 28, 1883.
Send for Treatise on Woman. Mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
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UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c.
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883.
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Inflammation, Asthma, Influenza, Difficult Breathing.
BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.
It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
Malaria in its Various Forms.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.
DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.
The Great Blood Purifier.
For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.
Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.
Or send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York, for "False and True."
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885.

Cholera is doing deadly work in Spain. Thirty thousand persons have fled from Murcia, a city numbering, with its suburbs, 100,000 souls. A correspondent says that the people drop off faster than they can be buried.

Senator Gorman was at the Treasury Department on the 23rd ulto., and held a lengthy interview with Secretary Manning. The Senator says he does not know when the President will determine who shall be collector of the port of Baltimore and collector of internal revenue. As there are no charges against the incumbents, they will probably be permitted to serve out their respective terms.

Hints to Farmers.

The profit from produce depends upon the manner in which it is sold. Even a poor quality of goods brings better prices when it is put up in attractive form, while the best suffers depreciation in this respect. An agricultural exchange speaking on this subject, throws out the following hints, which our agricultural readers and fruit growers should profit by: "The first thought of a producer of any article should be to secure the best quality, and the next is to be directed toward the best methods of sale. A small pamphlet by a well-known Ohio farmer upon the subject of growing potatoes gives a valuable hint in regard to the profitable disposal of his crop. His well grown potatoes were put up in bushel boxes, conveniently handled, and were thus so attractive to the city dealers that those who were used to take only a few bushels took several loads, because the boxes were so readily disposed of. On the other hand, another farmer going to the same city with a load of loose, unassorted potatoes without a box, bag, or basket to deliver them, was unable to sell a single bushel, and brought them home again. The finer products of the farm are especially subject to the influence of the packages. Fine butter in neat pales or boxes, small enough for the consumption of a family, fresh eggs in neat baskets, young and tender poultry in clean boxes, honey in clear glass jars, are all sold at considerably higher prices than the common goods. And, as a man has a right to secure for himself the advantages he gains by skill and enterprise in this direction, it is wise for him to put upon his packages neat labels with his name and address, so that he may acquire a property in the improved method which he has been sharp and careful enough to originate and make successful. In doing this the producer acquires a market, which is of equal importance to him as his excellent product."

The President and the Senate.

DETROIT, Mich., July 2.—An interesting and significant interview with Senator Conger, of Michigan, is published this evening. He has just arrived home from Washington, where he has been a close watcher of events since the 4th of March last. "It is hard to tell," said the Senator, "what the Senate will do in regard to appointments made by the President during the Senatorial recess."

"Have you talked with your Republican colleagues as to the course they will pursue in such appointments?"

"The newspapers say that we have caucused on that point. Now, without saying that we have or have not caucused, it may as well be understood that we have conferred with each other, exchanged views, and, to a certain extent, formulated plans for next winter when the nominations come in. You may put it down as pretty certain that the Republican Senators will concede to the President the absolute right to name men of his own choosing for any of two kinds of positions. The first is those where the terms of office have expired. In regard to them there will be no controversy whatever. The second is those positions which are in any way connected with the Administration. This is for precisely the same reason that the President should and does have the privilege of naming his own Cabinet. There is hardly a case on record where the Senate has in any way interfered with such an appointment. Any others that are in any way identified with the policy of the Administration will be conceded to the President without question,

"But," continued Mr. Conger, "the Senate has an undoubted constitutional right not only not to consent to the appointment of Government officials, but to advise in their selection. In pursuance of this right, in the cases of appointments to purely business offices where removals have been made during recess they will make careful inquiries into the causes of such removals. It is due to a man's friends and to himself that such a thing should be done. When a man has left his private business and has accepted an appointment under the government for a certain term or for an indefinite period he has a right to remain in possession of the office if he attends strictly to its affairs at least as long as Congress has repeatedly expressed its opinion what a term of office should be—that is, four years."

"Will not that, Senator, squarely raise the offensive partisanship question in the Senate?"

"It certainly will. The raising of that question is inevitable. It is bound to come. I cannot say authoritatively, but I have a pretty good idea that the questions will be something like this: What has the person removed done to make him an offensive partisan? Has he done more than to exercise rights as an American citizen? If these questions are answered by the statement that he has acted on Republican committees and has been largely instrumental in keeping the Republican party in power, then questions will be asked and investigations made concerning the man who has been appointed in his place. Has he acted as Chairman of Democratic committees, and has he been an offensive partisan on the Democratic side the same as the man removed has been on the Republican?"

"And if the Senate finds this state of things to exist, what, then, will they do?"

"They will probably refuse to confirm. There will be no antagonism, except in instances of this kind; but then there may be."

General Grant's Fourth.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 4.—After a fair night's rest, General Grant awoke this morning in bright spirits, but very weak. Dr. H. B. Sands came up on the morning train, and, together with Dr. Douglas, examined the General's throat. The condition of the throat and neck was plainly stated to the General. Though there had been no change since the last consultation with Dr. Shrady, the point of importance was found to be the more noticeable and growing weakness of the patient, and he was again informed by both physicians what Dr. Douglas has during four months predicted—that exhaustion would doubtless be the final result of the disease. Doctors Sands and Douglas concurred in the statement that General Grant was passing the day comfortably. He attempted no writing beyond conversational notes with the doctors, the family and Senator Romero. Senators Chaffee and Arkell and Mr. Joseph W. Drexel were among the callers at the cottage. Rain fell heavily, in showers, most of the day until 2 P. M., when the clouds broke, and clear air and sunshine succeeded.

A cable message of inquiry was received this morning by the General from Cyrus W. Field, who stated that the American residents in London would to-day hold a meeting to express solicitude and sympathy for General Grant. This was the birthday of Mrs. Sartoris, and also of Colonel Fred Grant's little boy, Ulysses.

Toward the close of the afternoon General Grant wrote the following note, which he handed to Dr. Douglas:

"I have been getting along very well to-day."

The General's bulletin fairly epitomized the history of this anniversary day. He has volunteered no pointed reference to the fact that this was the anniversary of the surrender of Vicksburg, but it probably occurred to his mind early this morning. He had sat some time as though in deep thought, when he suddenly took up his pad, and, in writing, asked Dr. Douglas what day it was, to which the physician, responding, said: "Saturday, and the Fourth of July." Then, in the afternoon, while the family, the General and ex-Senator Chaffee were sitting in the cottage parlor, the latter spoke of the day being the anniversary of the surrender of Vicksburg. "Was it 1862 or 1863?" questioned Mrs. Grant. Doubt was expressed, and the General, picking up his pad, wrote, "Vicksburg fell July 4, 1863." When the General had taken leave of Dr. Sands before his departure this afternoon, he laid down upon his side, and at full length, upon a sofa in the cottage parlor. He rested nearly an hour; then, sitting in the parlor, he watched with some interest a game of diversion in which members of the family were taking part. There was some coughing, but no spasm during the afternoon.

New Postal Rates.

Postmaster Huidekoper, of Philadelphia, who has given great attention to the subject, has prepared the following condensation of the new postal laws, which went into effect July 1:

First—Rates of postage on second-class matter will be 1 cent per pound or fraction thereof, including newspapers for Canada, with the exceptions noted below.

Second—Publications of the second class, other than weekly papers published where there is a letter carrier office, must be paid in postage stamps affixed at the rate of 1 cent for each paper; or on each periodical not exceeding two ounces in weight; or 2 cents on each periodical if weighing over two ounces, if they are to be delivered by the carrier in the city of publication. If they are to be delivered through the lock-boxes or through the general delivery, they can be mailed at pound rates. Postage on sample copies of weekly papers for delivery by carriers in district where published must be paid by postage stamps attached.

Third—Each piece of second-class matter offered for mailing must be properly inclosed in a wrapper clearly addressed, or all pieces of mail matter for one postoffice may be securely inclosed in one wrapper, addressed to postmaster; provided each piece inclosed is properly addressed.

Fourth—Any article or item in any newspaper or other publication may be marked for observation, except by written or printed words, without increase of postage.

Fifth—Second-class matter can have no inclosure except in the form of a regular supplement, or bills, receipts and orders for subscription; provided that such bills, receipts and orders shall be in such form as to convey no other information than the name, location and subscription price of the publication or publications to which they refer,

Sixth—Second-class matter cannot be enclosed in envelopes, but must be wrapped exposed at both ends, so that the contents can be readily examined.

Seventh—On the wrapper of second class matter no printing will be allowed, beyond the name and address of the poblisher or news agent, and name of publication, except a request to the postmaster to notify in case the paper is not taken out or delivered, or request to return the same or to deliver the same to some other person, if not called for, or notice when subscription ends.

Eighth—Third-class and second-class matter must be put up and delivered at the posoffice in separate packages.

Ninth—Sample copy of second-class publication should be marked on wrapper "Sample Copy," to be delivered in city of publication, postage one cent on each newspaper, without regard to weight or frequency of issue. Postage on periodicals, other than newspapers, is one cent if not exceeding two ounces in weight. News agents cannot send sample copies at pound rates.

Tenth—As many persons refuse to take from the postoffice papers which are sent to them as sample copies, if not so marked, for fear of obligating themselves under laws of most States, to pay for a year's subscription, the great advantage to publishers in marking on the wrappers of all sample copies the words "Sample Copy" is apparent.

Eleventh—Second-class matter will be returned to publishers by request printed on the wrapper, or by special request, by pound rates. Each package will be rated separately 1 cent a pound or fraction thereof.

Twelfth—Second-class matter mailed by other persons than publishers becomes special matter, specially entitled to pass through the mails at 1 cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof. It is earnestly urged that publishers of second-class matter shall note on the publication: "Entered at Philadelphia postoffice as second-class matter," without which second-class matter will not have a certain standing as second-class matter at other postoffices than Philadelphia, and may in cases be rated when offered for mailing as original third-class matter, with postage 1 cent for two ounces.

Thirteenth—Letters, merchandise sealed against inspection, and other first-class matter will pass through the mail at 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof, without the package being limited to four pounds in weight, as in the case of third and fourth-class matter.

Fourteenth—Merchandise not sealed and otherwise mailable can pass through the mails at 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

Fifteenth—Manuscript by itself is first-class matter. Proofs and corrected proofs are third-class matter, and may be accompanied by the original written manuscript.

Wheat Crop Indications.

NEW YORK, July 6.—From a careful analysis of over thirty-five hundred special crop reports from its subscribers--practical farmers in every state and territory in the Union—the *Rural New Yorker* concludes that the winter wheat crop will aggregate 210,000,000 bushels and the spring wheat crop 155,000,000 bushels, making an aggregate crop of 365,000,000 bushels—a falling off of 147,000,000 bushels from last year's crop. Oats will be the largest crop ever harvested. Rye and barley, fair crops. The corn area is larger than ever before, and the outlook good for an average yield per acre. There will be an average crop of potatoes, and a considerable increase in the acreage of tobacco. The cotton prospects are highly promising, despite the injury from insects in Texas and other places. Of apples there will be a fair crop for an "off year." Many trees are dying, especially in the West. Peaches are a failure in northern latitudes, and there is but a poor outlook for pears. There will be fair crops in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

"Gail Hamilton" discusses prohibition in the July number of the *North American Review*, in her own peculiar style, which it need not be said is vigorous and breezy. Take, for instance, what she says about the dangers to temperance from a "Prohibition party"—viz:

"In Georgia three-fourths of the counties enforce prohibition; in Georgia, of a total vote of 143,610 the Prohibition candidate received 195. But in the North, where the Democratic party is weak, it cherishes Prohibition like a nursing mother, and its caresses are returned with a collusive fondness. Straight as if winged from a Democratic bow the Prohibition arrow fled to the States where the Democratic party had the best show for victory. Torpid in all the States where it could harm the Democratic party and where it could not vitally harm the Republican party, it was active in those States where even its small power could turn the tide against Republicans. What has been done may be done again, but it will be better understood. Prohibitionists may continue to be Democratic allies, but they will not be so well disguised Democrats. "God and home and native land" will always have a suspicious twang, and even woman's instinct will need to show its credentials when it appears on the stump bearing the St. John sort of "home" in a charger.

Crimes of London.

LONDON, July 7.—The Pall Mall *Gazette* announced Saturday that as the criminal law amendment to the bill to raise the age of the protection of children seemed likely not to pass, they had determined to lay the cause for it before the public, and warned its readers wishing still to live in a false heaven of purity not to read the Pall Mall *Gazette* for three days.

This sensational statement was followed to-day by the publication of five pages of the most startling revelations of filthy, shameless practices among the wealthy Londoners, titled and untitled. Ingenious descriptions take the place of the names of the persons charged with these acts, and the indignation among the persons and classes attacked is boundless.

These publications are said to be the result of investigations covering several months, and calling for the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. The *Gazette* announces that it will continue these publications until it has given the public all the information it has acquired of the lewdness and bestial criminality of these persons.

The editor, it is reported, refuses to become an informer or prosecutor before the courts of law and poses as an investigator or reporter. He will go to prison before giving the names of those who have furnished him the information, thus showing the snap and courage of an American journalist. But he stands ready, under conditions which will keep him out of the courts as a witness, to give full details to the leaders of the English church, the Catholics, the Non-Conformists or the non-sectarian lovers of the human race, as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, or the Earl of Shaftsbury.

Elkins Wins.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, rendered a decision in the suit of the Land Company of New Mexico, limited, against Stephen B. Elkins and others, denying the motion to continue an injunction which restrained Elkins from transferring to any other party any portion of the Mora tract of land in New Mexico.

This suit was brought by the Company to establish its title to a one-fifth interest in the land known as the Mora grant. It is alleged that Elkins, with E. N. Darling, Thomas B. Citron, Paul Butler and T. Rush Spencer, became interested in the Mora tract, comprising 827,000 acres. The title was taken in the name of Elkins to hold for all parties, neither of whom was to sell his individual share except by consent of the others.

The Company claims to have derived its title to one of the shares by advancing six thousand dollars to one Blackmore, of London, who had purchased the interest of one of the original five. The company charged that Elkins had by suits in New Mexico acquired title to more than two-thirds of the property and was seeking in the same way to absorb the remainder, and that while these suits were pending he had a railroad run through the lands, and had sold privileges for cutting timber to the extent of $200,000, and threatened to sell land at 70 cents an acre, which was far below its real value. Mr. Elkins claimed to have become rightfully possessed of the land and denied any wrong intent. The court held that a case was not made out for the granting of an injunction *pendente lite*.

A War Threatened.

LEAVENWORTH, KAS., July 6.—A brief interview has been obtained with Roman Nose, the renegade Sioux, who has cast his lot with the Cheyennes, and has apparently devoted all his energies to making trouble. He possesses a considerable following among the Cheyennes, and has led several raids on the cattle owned by the companies which have leased grazing lands from the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. His complaints are chiefly against the cattle companies, which, he asserts, have fenced in much of the best hunting land and forced the Indians to tramp over sterile plains in search of game. He claims that the payments made by the cattle companies to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are not fairly divided and that the cattle turned over to the Indians and branded to denote their ownership, are "gobbled" by the bigger chiefs to the exclusion of the lesser ones. He believes that before long there will be a general Indian war and that the Indians might as well die fighting as to be driven about and hemmed in and starved by white men. "The war," said he, "will begin with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and then the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas and other tribes will join them and fight even to extermination."

"Do the cowboys trouble you much?" he was asked.

"Yes," he answered, "they have rifles, and revolvers, and whisky and shoot Indians when they get drunk; but Agent Dyer tells us that the Great Father at Washington wants us to give up our guns and plow, and plant and raise cattle. When we do that the cowboys and other bad white men will kill us and take away our property, for we will have no way to defend ourselves and the soldiers will not help us."

The Worst Kind of Religion.

[From an After Dinner Speech by Mr. Lowell.]

"I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not, perhaps, aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious conviction; so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think, for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character, I do not know what would become of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game. Whatever defects and imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin—the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe—it will be found that Calvinism, or any other ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any form of polite and polished skepticism which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God, and leave them to die without hope.

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted—a place where age is reverenced, infancy, respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical litterati to move thither, and then ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable, and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."

Trying to Break a Will.

SPARTA, GA., July 6,—Great interest is shown in the will of the late David Dickson, the farmer millionaire, who died leaving all his property excepting a pittance to Amanda Eubanks, a negress. Dickson liberally feed several lawyers and the administrators to see that his will was enforced and the white heirs have retained eminent counsel to contest the document and attack the dead man's sanity. The will will be probated Tuesday, when the fight will open. An intimate friend of Dickson has just told the story of the will. Amada Eubanks, the beneficiary, is the result of an early indiscretion of Mr. Dickson with one of his slaves. It is asserted that ever since the birth of this child Dickson took to reading, and declared that it took a man of grit to take care of his offspring when faced by society and predjudice. Hence his will was intended to secure to his own child, negress though she was, all that money could accomplish. In the will the lawyers are also directed to see that the woman is protected in all of her rights wherever she may choose to live. It is believed that Dickson's recognition of the negress as his child will render futile any efforts to upset his will.

The Kellar Case.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—First Auditor Chenowith said to-day in speaking of the Kellar case, that the newspapers were wrong in blaming Appointment Clerk Higgins for the original rejection of Kellar after he had been regularly certified for appointment by the Civil Service Commission. All that Higgins had to do with the case was to introduce Kellar to him. The First Auditor said he wanted it understood that he alone was responsible for what had been done in the case.

Bill Nye on Bunker Hill.

From the Boston Globe.

At the time of the third attack by the British the Americans were out of ammunition, but they met the enemy with clubbed muskets, and it was found that one end of the rebel flint-lock was about as fatal as the other, if not more so Boston still meets the invader with its club. The mayor says to the citizens of Boston: "Wait till you can see the whites of the visitor's eyes and then go for him with your clubs." Then the visitor surrenders. I hope that many years may pass before it will again be necessary for us to soak this fair land in British blood. The boundaries of our land are now more extended, and so it would take more blood to soak it. Boston has just reason to be proud of Bunker Hill, and it was certainly a great stroke of enterprise to have the battle located there. Bunker Hill is dear to every American heart, and there are none of us who would not have cheerfully gone into the battle then if we had known about it in time.

To Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reasons, and all the reason, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the person and the thought that leads to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken the resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for your resolution, just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken, nor expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—The weather is hot and dry.

—Visitors are now coming in rapidly.

—7 lbs. Arbuckles Ariosa coffee for $1.00, at J. E. Gnagey's.

—The grass crop in this neighborhood will be short this season.

—Mr. W. A. Wortman is now ready for customers at his new store room in the Pritchard Building.

—Don't forget the Camp Meeting at Mountain Lake Park commencing July 11th and closing July 20th.

—The Summer Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held at Mountain Lake Park on Thursday and Friday, July 23d and 24th.

—We regret to announce that Dr. D. T. E. Casteel is about to bid adieu to his native county and settle in Allen, Cumberland county, Pa., for the practice of his profession. The young doctor has a host of friends in this county who will be sorry to hear of his determination. We wish him abundant success in his new field, and feel assured that he will achieve it.

—In another column will be found the announcement of Mr. John H. Riley, as a Republican candidate for Sheriff. Mr. Riley is well qualified to perform the duties of that office. He has held the important position of superintendent of the steam saw mills of Messrs. H. G. Davis & Bro. for over twenty-two years. He is also quite popular, and if he should receive the nomination it will be equivalent to an election.

—In another column we publish that which purports to be a "report of the financial condition of the corporation of Oakland for the year ending May 5th, 1885." This socalled report is, it seems to us, very indefinite, vague and altogether unsatisfactory. It shows that the corporation is in debt, but as to how it became so or to whom it is indebted the people are as much in the dark to-day as ever. Whilst the statement is very vague in many particulars there is one fact which is stated with precision and clearness, and that is that the debt of the corporation is increasing and that it was increased during the past year. Under the charter The Burgess and Commissioners are restricted in their levy to the sum of twenty-five cents on the $100. This amount is wholly inadequate for the needs of the town and the clause in the charter will have to be amended or bonds issued by the corporation to pay off the indebtedness. This is an unpleasant state of affairs, but the people must face the music and either pay a debt which The Burgess and Commissioners had no authority whatever to contract or repudiate it altogether. We do do not suppose the idea of repudiation will be entertained, therefore we take it the debt must be paid. The Burgess and Commissioners have no power or authority to contract a debt beyond the income for the corporation fixed by law, and we suggest that it may be as well for the Board to adhere to the law in the future.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Preaching at Terra Alta, by Rev. John S. Foulk, at 11 A. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md,

Financial Report.

The following statement from Treasurer Offutt, shows the financial condition of the corporation of Oakland from May 5th, 1884, to May 5th, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

By amount of tax bills for 1884,	$1,014 72
By collections from delinquents,	26 90
By collection from Co. Commissioners	100 00
By collections from fines,	50 00
By collections from license,	18 50
By collections from scales,	69 41
By cols. from rent council chamber,	5 00
	$1,284 53
Deduct amount of uncollected tax bills, $236 14	
Deduct amount of old accts. paid with tax bills of 1884 244 69	480 83
Total,	$803 70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Amount paid Bailiff for lamp lighting	$ 180 00
Amount paid Bailiff for arrest	34 25
Extra work on platforms, &c.,	20 85
Serving platform notices,	12 25
For care of tramps,	10 90
Commission on collections,	80 55
Amount of bills of lumber for sidewalks,	126 76
Oil and chimneys,	72 45
Putting down sidewalks,	16 50
Paid for stone,	149 50
Working streets and breaking stone,	261 78
Railroad tickets for tramps and Allegany and Washington county fees,	48 39
Night watchman,	26 75
Judges and clerks of Election	10 00
Assessors and clerk for same,	34 00
Burgess and commissioners,	85 00
Clerk to board,	25 00
Total,	$1,194 94
Amount of indebtedness of corporation previous to 1884, yet unpaid,	$1,161 32
Amount of indebtedness contracted by present board,	391 24
Total,	$1,552 56

The Fourth in Oakland.

The Fourth was rather a quiet day in Oakland, though amusements were more varied than usual.

The target match of the second Battalion, M. N. G., claimed some attention early in the day. But two members of the Battalion from a distance were present (Capt. Gordon and private Golden, of Co. C,). The Fifth Regiment Prize was won by Lieut. Chisholm—score 23 out of a possible 25. Lieut. Chisholm also won the Harry Garrett Prize—score 48 out of a possible 50, 100 yards.

The 200 yard prize was carried off by Capt. Gordon, as was also the first visitors' prize. Private Golden won the second visitors' prize.

The Base Ball match between the Terra Alta and Oakland clubs began at 2 o'clock, and was witnessed by a large crowd. With a few exceptions the playing was poor. The home team won the game by a score of 31 to 20. The game lasted three hours.

The Catholic pic-nic, held at Carrigan's summer garden was largely attended and successful. All seemed to enjoy themselves.

The Lutheran Sunday School held a quiet pic-nic in Mrs. Kilbourn's grove, east end of town, which was well attended and much enjoyed by the participants.

July Term of Court.

The July Term (non jury) of our Court convened Monday, with Judge Hoffman on the Bench. The term lasted until Wednesday evening. The cases disposed of general interest were as follows:

M. B. Ross, vs. Abraham Freeland, executor of A. F. King. Judgement for defendant.

Mary L. Wheeler, by her next friend, D. H. Loar, vs. H. A. Rasche. Judgment for plaintiff for 1 cent damages and costs.

Amelia Walker vs. Thomas E. Screven. Judgment for amount of claim with interest.

On motion of Col. J. W. Veitch Mr. E. H. Singell was admitted to the Bar.

Whilst here Judge Hoffman drew the jury for September Term.

List of Jurors.

The following Jurors were drawn Wednesday by Judge Hoffman, for September Court;

District No. 1.—Henry Shank.

No. 2.—W. W. Frazee, Jacob Sisler, T. B. Welch.

No. 3.—T. B. Wiley, J. H. Fuller, Eli Stanton, Thos. J. Chaney, H. S. Boucher, Charles Warnick, S. J. Beachy, G. W. Slick, C. J. Otto.

No. 4.—W. A. Mullen, Henry Warnick, Pat. Grant, Hiram Duckworth, Josh. Fazenbaker, A. C. Duckworth.

No. 5.—Alex. Hanfling, Abraham Turney, Wm. Hinebaugh, Alex. Fresh, Adam Fox, Geo. Keller.

No. 6.—W. H. Hoye, John Kitzmiller, I. A. Enlow, S. P. Specht, N. C. Browning.

No. 7.—F. P. Arnold, Thomas Martin, Handy Gipson, (cold.) Clark Deberry, Moses Bowman, Norman Barnard, John Helbig, James O. Cleveland.

No. 8.—D. N. Murphy, John Blamble, B. F. Shaffer, I. I. Thompson, W. J. Wilson.

No. 9.—Michael Durst.

No. 10.—W. C. Jones, E. W. Kelso.

No. 11.—J. W. Broadwater, Robert Green.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Local Papers.

A large proportion of the people do nothing to support their local papers, yet reap the benefit every day of the editor's work. A man will say, "Advertising does not pay in business; I have to keep men on the road, and get my customers by going after them." And yet the fact is that the town in which he does business would be unknown, the railroad over which he ships his goods would be unbuilt, and he himself would be unheard of if it were not for the newspaper, which he says does him no good.

The local paper is an advantage to every man in the community, and when a man refuses to contribute to the support of the paper on the ground that it "does him no good," he might just as well refuse to pay his taxes for the support of the courts and police officers on the ground that he never breaks the law and does not need any officers. There are men who believe themselves to be honest and pious, who are doing business in every community, and every day appropriating to their own use the fruits of other men's labors by reaping the benefit of the newspaper without contributing a cent to its support, and yet they would be terribly shocked if they should be charged with stealing wood from their neighbors. But the principle is just the same, the only difference being that in one case the law can reach them, and in the other it cannot; but, morally, it is just as dishonest to steal the fruits of your neighbor's enterprise as to steal his fuel or chickens. Too much credit cannot be given the weekly paper for the work it has done and is still doing for the benefit of this country.—*Exchange.*

Teachers' Association.

The State Teachers' Convention met at Deer Park Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, the president, Mr. J. W. Thompson, of Queen Anne's county, in the chair, and Mr. A. F. Wilkerson, secretary. The president, after a brief address, introduced Judge H. W. Hoffman, of Cumberland. The Judge congratulated the teachers on their selection of Deer Park, whose beauties he described in vivid and picturesque language. Said he: "There is no line or branch of this country's progression to which we can point with a greater complacency or more well-grounded exultation than to our progress in education. State and national education stand at this hour among the highest and grandest achievements of our government. The cultivated mind is the center and source of power. Our planet is a school-room, with man as the class-book. The common school instructor of to day is recognized as a potent factor in society and government." The speaker, after delivering a panegyric upon the life and services of John Adams, closed by extending a cordial welcome to the Association.

Mr. P. A. Witmer, school examiner for Washington county, in responding to this address extended thanks in behalf of the association for the kind words of welcome. "These teachers," said he, "have come from their work-houses not only to rest, but to deliberate upon educational subjects, without any bias which could prevent a just and accurate judgement. They are here to deliberate to the end that a system of mental and moral training may be provided the youth of this country as may be necessary to a proper discharge of their duties as citizens."

There were about two hundred teachers in attendance.

Mountain Lake Park.

As I have not space to give particulars of the W. C. T. U. Conference, I will state that there were nine or ten States represented by one or more delegates, and that the conference was one of the best ever held here. The zealous workers in this union cannot fail, as their firm trust is in Him who never lost a victory. They return again next year, and I hope they can then spend a longer time with us. Mrs. Nellie Bayley, of Chicago, Ill., was quite an addition to the programme with her grand chalk-talk. I can say the same of Mrs. Buell, of New York City, Mrs. Chapin and others.

Almost every room that can be had is being engaged to accommodate the Sons of Temperance. Their convention will be over on Friday evening and the Camp Meeting begins on Saturday following.

The Camp Meeting will be in charge of Dr. Dugan Clark and D. B. Updegraff, Ministers of the Society of Friends. Ministers and Evangelists of other denominations will participate in these services. The Association has no tents to rent. Any who wish to bring their own tents will have all needed ground assigned them free of charge. Mountain Hay for tents at moderate rates. As no arrangement has been made for putting up tents, bunks, flooring, etc., please write to Mr. John M. Jarboe or Mr. A. C. Brooke, Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., if such things are needed. Camp Meeting expenses must be paid, and no plan for raising the money has yet been suggested that will please everybody. To prevent taking up the time alloted to the religious services by begging operations, it has been thought best to issue tickets of admission to raise all necessary funds. This mode of raising money may not meet with the approval of those who do not wish to contribute to the expenses of the Camp Meeting, but no other plan has been suggested less liable to objection, and eventually we hope all will be pleased with this arrangement. Tickets good for all the services of one day 10 cents; tickets good during the Camp Meeting 50 cents. Admission free on Sabbath, but a basket collection may be taken to give any who may wish to contribute an opportunity.

J. A. E.

Sewing Machines.

The people of Garrett county would do well to call at the Singer Manufacturing Co's office in Oakland, and examine the high arm and oscilating Sewing Machines, before purchasing any other kind. We have now as the manager of our Oakland office, Mr. Nimrod Paris, who will take great pleasure in showing the working of these machines. Any remittances due will be promptly receipted for.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

Letter From one of Lee's Veterans.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 2.—Following is a copy of a letter received by General Grant to-day from Rockbridge Baths, Va.:

"GENERAL U. S. GRANT—Dear Sir: I hope you will allow me who, when a boy, laid down his arms at Appomattox and pledged allegiance to the Union, to express his warmest sympathy for you in your suffering. Dear General, I have watched your movements from the hour you gave me my horse and sword and told me to go home and assist in making a crop. I have been proud to see a nation do you honor and now, dear General, in the hour of your pain I weep that so brave, so magnanimous a soul must suffer as you do. My prayer to God daily is that you may be restored to perfect health, and be assured that I am not the only ex-Confederate who sends his prayers daily to the throne of grace for the restoration of the grandest, the noblest, the bravest soldier and the purest statesman who ever graced the annals of history. May God who overlooked you in battle and who has brought you thus far give you grace to meet whatever He has in store for you, and may He restore you to health, is the fervent prayer of one who at 15 years of age entered the lists against you and accepted the magnanimous terms you accorded us at Appomattox."

A Leipsic journal, which makes a specialty of matters relating to glass, gives a method which it asserts will prevent lamps from cracking. The treatment will not only render lamp chimneys, tumblers and like articles more durable, but may be applied with advantage to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, &c. The chimneys, tumblers, &c., are put into a pot filled with cold water, to which some table salt has been added. The water is well boiled over a fire and then allowed to cool slowly. When they are taken out and washed they will be found to resist afterwards any sudden change of temperature. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the cooling part of it is conducted the more effective will be the work.

"The car record department of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the most perfect piece of business machinery in the world," said an old railroader the other evening. Then he went on to explain. At the office in Philadelphia they know the whereabouts of every car owned by the company. If it is on the road, in the shops, on a siding, in a yard, being loaded or unloaded, they have it all in black and white. Twenty-four hours is allowed for the unloading of a car, and if the work is not done in that time along comes a telegram asking what is the matter, and if the car has been put on the move where it was sent to. They know the name of the engineer and conductor of the train to which the car was attached, and put pointed questions that invariably bring the information they are in search of. If a car is down in New Orleans, or out in Michigan or in Harrisburg or Philadelphia, they know it, and if they don't, they can trace it to where it was last heard from and find its whereabouts in a very short time. Every day this record is revised and the system is such that a mistake never occurs. It is a wonderful thing. If every business was run with the exactness of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, there would be few failures.

Kitchen Wrinkles.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.

Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.

Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.

Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light.

Sugar should be browned in a dry pan for sauce.

Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.

Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.

Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.

Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.

After paring fruit drop it in cold water to prevent it changing color.

A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.

When sauce boils from the side of the pan the flour or corn starch is done.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.

Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauces.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.—*Minneapolis Housekeeper.*

A farmer's wife, writing to the *Country Gentlemen*, tells how she keeps cabbage worms away from her plants. She always has nice cabbages. She keeps an old tin pan full of dry earth, and every time she goes into the garden sifts a spoonful or more of this dust over the cabbages, and the worms never molest them.

Money is close, observes an exchange. It may be, but for our part we would not object to its being a little closer, about close enough to get hold of, so to speak.

There is no choice of words for him who sees the truth; that provides him with the best word.

An awkward man is graceful when at sleep or when hard at work or agreeably amused.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, July 6, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@6c. that generally rated first quality 4½@5½ cts; medium or good fair quality 4@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2½@3½ cts; extreme range of prices 2¼@6 cts; most of the sales were from 4@5½.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,847 head, against 1,414 last week and 2,104 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were — head, against 742 last week, and 1,349 head the corresponding week of last year.

The market on the Hill to-day has been greatly demoralized. The offerings were much in excess of the demand, and a number of the dealers could not dispose of all their offerings and will hold over or reship East their balances. The quality of the tops was rather superior to last week, but there was a much longer line of medium and common cattle. Dealers generally report tops as being off ½c., medium ¼c., and common in some cases, ½c', as compared with last week's rates. Prices 2¼@6c., most sales ranging from 4 to 5½c.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The run, which is rather light, numbering more than 500 head less than the very moderate offerings of last week, has met a fair demand, with prices ¼c. higher than they were last Monday. The quality runs quite as good as was that of last week's offerings. Prices for rough sows and stags 5@5½c., and fair to good butcher hogs 5¼@6¼. Same time last year hogs sold at 6½@7¼c. as the extreme figures.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There has been a full supply of sheep and lambs on the market this week, but the bulk of the offerings has been of a common grade, good sheep and lambs being scarce and trade fair for them. Common stock, numerous as it has been, has been hard to sell at lowest quotations. Common to fair sheep sold at 2@3c., and fair to good 3¼@4c. Lambs 3@6c., few selling at either extreme. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4¼c. gross, and lambs at 4@6½c., and a few extra a shade higher.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose, and especially for the purpose of cutting timber.

JOHN M. WHITE,
WM. J. WILSON,
ABRAHAM MOON.

MURDER! MURDER!

GIVE US A TRIAL, and be convinced that we not only sell the *cheapest*, but that our

GROCERIES

are the very best to be had in the market.

Don't fail to come and see our GOODS and compare our PRICES with others. You will always find a good line of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Flour, Meal, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

Try our X X X Sodas, and use Frank Siddall's, Ivory and Cottage Soaps.

☞ Dont forget the place,

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for any purpose; especially for the purpose of hunting or fishing.

THOS. W. CROSS,
JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
FRANCIS R. NETHKIN,
6 20 3t* THOMAS A. NETHKIN.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a court of Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jonas E. Gnagey, et. al. are complainants, and Mary Otto and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder

ON MONDAY,
THE 13TH DAY OF JULY, 1885,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, in front of the Hotel now kept by Jos. Blocher.

1st. All that part of a tract of land called

"SPRING FIELD,"

containing 46¾ acres of land, which is more particularly described in a deed from John Warnick and wife to John Swauger, dated 12th August, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 2½, folio 308, &c., Allegany county records. This piece of land is improved by a Grist and Saw Mill, a large Dwelling House and other outbuildings, and is commonly known as the

"SWAUGER MILL PPOPERTY,"

and situated about seven miles south of Grantsville, and is one of the most valuable "Mill Seats" in the county.

2d. All that part of a tract of land called "SWANTON," containing 30¾ acres, which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger, dated the 3d September, 1873, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 184, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

3rd. Also all that other certain tract of land adjoining the aforesaid parcels of land, containing the quantity of 21½ acres of land more or less, and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Jos. R. Anderson and wife to John Swauger dated the 3rd day of July, 1876, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 779, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said two last mentioned tracts are well timbered and partly improved.

All of said different parcels of land will be sold separately, or together, whichever will realize the most money.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance to be paid in two equal annual installments, in one and two years from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee, or all the purchase money may be paid on the day of sale at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
6 20 4t. Trustee.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IN THE ATTIC.

Lonely is this place, this darksome upper story,
With broken, leaking roof, and walls gray, black and hoary,
Shut from outer world, from sunlight's flowing glory,
Holding wonders still from ages past.

Doves, like spirits, moan for all the grandeur wasted,
Winds of winter sigh the splendor that was tasted,
Ere by Time's rude hand 'twas to this ruin hasted,
Why did not the ancient glory last?

In yonder corner's dusk, 'neath rafters rotten,
Stands the wooden wheel that spun the wool and cotton,
As the Wheel of Life spun worthy deeds forgotten,
Spiders' webs about it now are bound.

For liberty and freedom fought this musket rusty;
Fought this broken sword, to human right once trusty;
Sounded forth this bugle, like this bass drum dusty,
May it not have music still to sound?

Peaceful here they lie, as though with joy forsaken,
Never more the sound of battle to awaken,
For the arm that used them has by fate been taken,
By the sturdy hand that conquers all.

Hark! But not An answer comes unto my musing,
Far more happy thoughts into my mind infusing,
'Tis the village bell music's spell diffusing,
As it sadly questions, "Conquers all?"

There the ancient timepiece nigh the rafters reaching,
Slender hands extends, as though to mortals preaching;
Patience has it taught; endurance is it teaching;
But 'tis silent now, no more its measures fall.

—*Youths' Companion.*

JOE'S ATONEMENT.

The Cause of the Great Boom at Biggins' Bar.

The snow was twenty feet deep on the spot, and his prospects for living till morning were worth about three cents, the night Jim Biggins struck the valley. He stumbled and slid down the natural trail, and finally fell exhausted on the drift when his momentum no longer carried him ahead.

There he lay for a little while, trying to gain strength enough to make one more effort for shelter; for night was at hand, and to be there until his limbs stiffened meant death.

"It's no use," he muttered, as he swayed to and fro and looked around in a dazed sort of way. "I may just as well cock my toes up and pass in. I've done ther best I could. If looks goes fur anything, there ain't a white man within a hundred miles of hyer; and I'm clean done out, 'thout an idea 'thin a hundred miles o' whar I be."

He stared around him as he spoke, shivering, feeble, scarcely able to see a rod in any direction. Nevertheless, the pure grit that had pulled Jim Biggins through so many tight places did not desert him now, and once satisfied that there was no likelihood of any settlement being near, he blundered on in search of a more protected spot where he might pass the night.

Chance was good to him. Before he had gone half a dozen rods he stumbled among the branches of an overturned tree, and following the trunk up he found a hollow caused by the bulging roots that had been torn from the ground. On one side was a wall of snow, on the other the wall of matted roots and dirt, with just a little opening at the top, through which he wormed himself and sank down with a sigh upon a bed of leaves.

He heard the wind without howling as though at his escape, but it droned away into a gentle, lulling hum, and before long he ceased to hear it at all. He was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, well up in the heavens, and he was feeling very much better than he had imagined would be possible. He had burrowed down among the leaves, and the close quarters kept the heat in fairly well, and though he was stiff enough from his tramp the day before, the principal trouble was the gnawing in his stomach, which demanded to be satisfied.

He lay quiet for a few moments to gather his wits fully about him, and then stuck his head out of the opening.

It is uncertain what the fur cap that surrounded his cranium most looked like, but at any rate the moment it emerged, "zip!" came an arrow that went through his cap and grazed his skull so sharply as to draw blood.

"Injuns, by hokey!" exclaimed Jim, in a tone of dismay as he tumbled back into his burrow and felt for his sole weapon, a navy revolver, belted over his hip. "It won't take long to finish this trip," he continued. "If I go out I'll get shot, and if I stay in I'll starve. Hit or miss, they've got me sure."

It never struck him that he might have been mistaken for an animal of some kind, until he heard light footsteps in the snow outside, and then a long pole was run in with the evident intention of stirring him out.

He fired promptly, and the shot was answered by a yell, whether of pain or dismay he could not tell, but immediately afterwards he heard a few hasty steps and then all was silent.

He kept silent, too. He was in a trap from which there was no exit without presenting a fair mark to an unseen enemy.

What was his surprise to hear a voice in good mining-camp English exclaiming:

"Say, you! who's in thar?"

"Jim Biggins! Ef you're a white man what'n thunder you mean pluggin' away at me? Ef you ain't white I'll give you just the liveliest shake up you ever heard tell of about the time I get my 'volver in runnin' order."

"Shake on that, pard. I'm white from the ground up. Come out an' let's size each other up. I didn't s'pose there war a white man 'thin fifty mile."

Prudently retaining his hold on his revolver, Biggins crawled out a good deal more rapidly than when he went in, and found himself in the presence of a tall, gaunt-looking man, who held a knife between his teeth, and a bow and arrow in his hands.

At sight of each other all suspicion seemed to be dispelled. They put away their weapons and had a handshake that was all the more cordial for the danger that each had put the other in a few moments before.

"Any grub?" was the query of Biggins, after this operation had been performed.

"Sich ez it is," was the answer. "I ain't much fur a lay-out, but I'll let yer in on ther ground floor. Yer see, I'm lost hyer, an' I've hed awful tough times; but ef you've got any forty-five cartridges things 'll begin ter bloom agin. I've a Winchester, but it ain't bin no good since I run outer ammunition, an' ef I hedn't fixed up Ingin fashion I'd a gone nigh ter starvin'."

"An' I'm clean starved a'ready, but I kin load yer up with blue pills an' perpulsive power. You bet I hung onter 'em when I found wher I war comin' out. Now whar's yer beefsteak an' inyuns?"

"This way pard. You warn't lookin' round very close er you'd smoked me, sure."

Without hesitation Biggins followed his newly-made friend and was rejoiced to find that they had not far to go, and that the way over the frozen crust was not at all difficult. The stranger had established his winter quarters under an overhanging rock, in front of which, and at each end a rude wall had been erected.

"Hyer yer are," he said, as he led the way in. "Ther fire ain't out yit, and I've got enough grub left over from ter start yer while I'm fixin' more. Link in. Ther's a ch'i'ce ov bar, goat an' deer, ef yer ken take 'em 'thout salt. Ef yer can't—good mornin', mister Biggins."

"I kin take 'em raw. Don't waste time yarnin'. I ain't hed er bite fur forty-eight hour, and then it war a singed rabbit ez big ez my fist. I could a eat six."

"Sail in, then. Hyer's yer solid diet, tough enuff ter stick to ther ribs, an' warranted not ter give dispepsy."

"Now yer shout," mumbled Biggins, with his mouth full. "But I say, pard, what's yer name?"

"I ain't sure I need one, but ef yer very anxious ye kin call me Early Joe. That's what I sailed under at Ground Hog City till they run me out."

Biggins gave a nod to indicate that he understood. As soon as he got his mouth half empty he growled:

"My case prezactly, fur hevin' five kings an' a par ov aces held out under my knee. What was yourn fur? Ov course thar war a galoot dropped jest afore they found them keards."

"Why, yer a man an' brother. That war jest what war the trouble at Ground Hog. Ther way things look now I ain't sure but what we'd done ez well ef we'd stood ther storm. Mighty cold time I've had on it, an' things don't look elegant, no way."

"Any show fur color hyer when snow breaks up? We're fust on ther ground, an' ef we make a strike we'd be even."

"That's the chance I am layin' fur. I'm here now, an' I've froze right on, ter stay till it breaks up. It looks mighty encouragin', and since I've got a pard it won't be so lonesum. We kin worry through ef you don't mind runnin' the chance ter lose a wheel."

Jim Biggins had run a good many such chances in his time, and he didn't mind taking a few more. The two struck hands on it, and settled themselves resolutely to their waiting game; and so, waiting, the days went by.

It took a good deal of exertion and much stolid endurance to keep alive; but the "signs" were good and they held to their location, partly because they had no place in view for which they dare strike, but more because they had hopes of finding rich diggings when the snow melted and they had a chance to prospect.

Early Joe was an expert with the bow, and they husbanded their ammunition for an emergency. In one way or another they made shift to get along. Some weeks passed; the snows began to melt, and still they were alone in the little valley which they had both reached by the veriest chance.

"I tell yer it's goin' ter be the strike ov a lifetime," said Biggins, as they sat together in the sunshine one afternoon. "In another week we kin git ter work, an' ef we don't find color the first try I can't read signs."

"Ef we had ther tools," interposed Joe, not half so enthusiastic. "I've knowed men ter throw up after diggin' a week; an' ther next galloot lit right on a pocket jest whar they'd left off. What kin we do?"

"We kin be diggin' out a bowl with our knives, an' ef it looked ez though there were pay dirt 'round I'd throw sand with my fingers. O, don't you git down in ther mouth. Ther's big money fur us hyer, sure."

"Fur somebody, mebbe; but luck never comes my way. Ef it can't do any wuss for me, it'll send Shade Miller along ter throw me cold. I feel it in my bones."

Biggins had noticed that his partner had been gloomy for a day or two, but he asked no questions, and he asked none now, only trying to make him take a more hopeful view of the outlook, which, indeed, looked bright enough to him.

"I hadn't orter blame him either," continued Joe, speaking aloud, but more to himself than to his partner. "Pugsey Miller war a good little man; a heap sight too good ter go outer ther wet in a squabble over the keards—an' he a family man, too."

"How war it, Joe? Mebbe it would do yer heart good ter tell ther story."

"Yer kin b'lieve me er not, Jim, but it war him ez started ther racket. He knowed i war goin' ter make ther pass on 'em, an' he palmed three aces right on top when he made ther cut. I didn't drop to it till I found what orter bin his keards in my hand, an' I'd straddled his blind, an' it war straight poker, an' I knowed he had aces full.

"Then I got howling mad, and he pulled an' I pulled; an' I war a little ther quicker, an' when ther boys saw ther cold meat they wanted ter jump me, an' I got. I tell yer, Jim, ef we do make a strike, I'm goin' ter send a powerful big nest egg ter Pugsey's widder, fur her an' ther kid. See ef I don't."

"That's right, Joe; an' I'll go another. We're working fur the widder an' orphun now, an' it orter bring us luck. Let's begin a bowl right away. We kin fix one up outer bark ter make ther try with.

Early Joe seemed to feel somewhat relieved after his confession, and by the time the early twilight came was in better spirits than he had been for a week, in spite of the fact that their larder, never too well furnished, was getting suspiciously low. Game had grown scarce and shy. Though they were not at all particular as to what came into their deadfalls, or fell to their arrows, it was growing harder to keep the mill of life grinding.

"To-morrow," said Joe, just before he closed his eyes for slumber. "I'll take a tramp down South. Ef we don't look sharp we'll be starved outer hyer yet; an' I don't wan't ter give ther spot away till we see what ther show are."

"All right. I'll stay an' watch ther claim."

In the morning with the Winchester slung over his back, and his bow in his hand, Early Joe set out on his hunting expedition; while Jim Biggins loafed about or in their rude retreat, whiling away the time as best he could.

It did not seem at all strange when evening came without his partner; but as one hour after another passed he began to grow uneasy.

"He ain't no kitten, Joe ain't," he said to himself, "an' I don't guess what might er happened, but anyhow it's queer, an' ef he don't git back afore mornin' I'll hev ter take up ther trail myself."

But when morning came there was still no Joseph, and, having partaken of his simple breakfast, Biggins was just about starting out in the direction taken by his pard, when he was startled at hearing footsteps.

Looking out he saw four men coming down the valley. At least he judged that they were all men from his hasty glance at their clothing, though when they came near it was easily seen that the smallest of the four was a woman.

Biggins was startled enough at the first. These people came steadily on, with the strength belonging to those who have lately rested. They did not look like prospectors either, but like men in search of a trail which, once found, they would follow to the very end.

As Jim Biggins was a hunted man the first possibility that suggested itself was that they were after him.

The second look convinced him that they were all strangers. Besides, his dealings with women had been few and fair. No occasion was there for any of the sex to take the trail.

But might they not be after Early Joe? The idea seemed ridiculous, for Walnut Bar lay a good hundred and fifty miles to the north, according to the most definite statement that Joe had given of his wanderings. Nevertheless Jim lay quiet on the *very* slim chance that they might go by, following the trail they had found on the other side of the valley. The retreat under the rock was fairly well concealed and could not well be seen until the party was directly opposite to it.

Suddenly the leader stopped short and held up his hand. They were not so far away now and Biggins heard a feminine voice.

"What is it, Shade?"

"There's some one hyer, a perspecter most likely. There's only ther one track; but there may be a gang ov 'em, an' ef they've struck anything they won't take it kindly ter see us. It looks ez though they hed a mighty good chance for a big thing."

As the man spoke he looked around with keen eye, and his gaze lit upon the little trail the two men could not help leaving as they went in and out.

Biggins was watching through a chink and saw that discovery was certain. Without waiting he stepped out, his hand upraised in token of amity, though he had loosened his heavy revolver and was ready to draw at a moment's notice.

"Hello, party, whar yer goin?" was his salutation. "Hain't got much ter offer, but can't yer turn in an' stop awhile. It does me good ter see a face agin'. I've been all-fired lonesome, an' ther's room enough for all."

The leader had dropped his carbine into the hollow of his arm, and now he advanced with quick steps, followed at a little distance by the rest.

"Who are you?" he asked sharply.

"Biggins are my name, an' I'm layin' off hyer till the snow goes. Then I'm goin' ter see how she pans out. What's your leetle game? You ain't huntin' ter strike pay gravel. What's yer name an' where yer from?"

"My name is Shade Miller, and I am from Walnut Bar. Yonder woman is my brother's wife 'an we're a huntin' ——"

A cry from the woman broke in upon his explanation, and Biggins gave a quick glance down the valley. Early Joe was approaching with slow, weary steps.

"Yonder is my pard," said Jim, briskly. "Him an' me pulls together. Drap it!"

He wound up with a stern command, and his revolver lay in line for Shade Miller's head, just as that individual's thumb forced back the hammer of his carbine.

There was an exclamation from one of the other men; a shrill cry from the woman, but Jim Biggins never turned his eye.

"You tech him," he shouted, "an' I'll scoop Shade Miller sure. You hear me? Let's talk it over."

Shade's life hung by a thread just then, for with another scream the woman sprang forward.

Biggins did not shoot. An instant later he saw the change in Shade Miller's face and knew that he was safe. He turned and looked southward, just in time to see Early Joe stumble and fall, dropping from his arms a little bundle that rolled over and over and then sprang up and showed itself to be a child.

"Mamma!" said the child, just as it was snatched up, and then there was a singular hurrah, and doubtless Early Joseph was in no immediate danger from that crowd.

Early Joseph was pretty hard hit; but it was not altogether the wound and loss of blood that made him grow white again to the lips as he looked up and saw the face of the man that was bending over him.

"Pugsey Miller!" he said at last.

"That's my name, old man. I didn't go out of the dannr, and I wasn't more than half hurt. The boys were a little too previous. And here you've saved my kid for me. Shake, pard! How did you do it?"

"I struck ther trail ov half-a-dozen copper skins that I knew hed been up ter some devilment, an' I follered on, an' wiped 'em out, an' got ther boy. Now, count my checks fur me. I'm startin' over ther range."

* * * * * * *

But Early Joe didn't go, after all. He revived again, grew strong, heard how the little squad of Indians had stolen Miller's child, probably through the influence of a half-breed who wanted revenge; how the little party had followed on and lost the trail the preceding day, and had almost given up hope, and how the boy was making much moan for him. And then Mrs. Miller kissed him before them all, and said he was the best man in the world, if he had tried to kill her husband, and that he should get well, or they would all die there, waiting for him.

So they stayed there for a while and the snow went off, and they found half-a-dozen colors in the first bank full of gravel they seriously tested, and after their claims were all staked off, part went back to carry the news, while Shade Miller stayed with Jim and Joe to hold the fort.

And the foregoing is the true story of the circumstances which led to the boom at Biggins' Bar; the diggins, after all, not being called after the original finder.—*N. Y. World.*

SHAM "LORDS" IN AMERICA.

Two Instances—"Lords Northbrook" and "Abercromby"—A Glance at the Peerage.

I was much amused the other day on reading in a San Francisco paper of the exploits there of a young Englishman calling himself "Cecil Northbrook," and claiming to be the son of England's First Lord of the Admiralty. What amused me was not the very bald and threadbare subterfuge of the young man, or the very commonplace way in which he played his game, but the almost idiotic cordiality of the people upon whom he imposed himself. If this were a new thing one wouldn't wonder so much, but it seems as if those Americans whose Anglomania leads them into taking kindly to every Englishman with a title would never get their fingers burnt enough. If such people would only invest annually the sum of seven or ten dollars in a Burke's or De Brett's "Peerage," they would never be taken in by fictitious titles or non-existing noblemen.

Not only will the name of every peer in the kingdom, with his immediate family, be found therein, but those of every man, woman and child related collaterally with the male line of the peer himself. When an Englishman with a suit of rough tweed, a red neck, a flannel shirt, a pair of gigantic boots, and an eye glass, comes to you and says: "I'm Lord So-and-so, or Viscount This-or-that, or the Honorable Plantagenet Emptyhead," all you will have to do is to take down your "Peerage" and look. If you can't find him there, make him show you.

And yet, day by day, one hears of Americans being duped by adventurers whose stories are as transparent as glass. Take this man "Cecil Northbrook," for example. A "Peerage" would have shown in a moment that Northbrook is but the name of the title, Baring being the family name. Had this young man been Lord Northbrook's son his name would have been Cecil Baring. But the "Peerage" would have further demonstrated that the Earl of Northbrook has but one son, and he is called Lord Baring, being the eldest. There was another son in the royal navy, but he was lost at sea in the Captain when she foundered in a gale in the Bay of Biscay in 1870.

A cursory investigation of the same sort would have exhibited the fraudulence of the youth who styled himself Lord Abercromby in New York a few months ago, but no one seemed to have a "Peerage" to spot him in, or to know how to use it if they had. But, mind you, an old "Peerage" won't do. It must always be this year's, or the impostors will say they have come into the title since it was published. But even then their names would be among the collateral branches. It, however, takes an adept to run these down, so that novices at the business must have the most recent edition they can get.

At best the study of England's peerage is a nauseating task. To begin with, few books of its size contain such a record of immorality and seduction; but it is the rank and honors showered upon nonentities which one contemplates with disgust. Altogether it is a book after whose perusal one feels a sense of shame. One sees the hollowness, the absurdity of "nobility" as it has become in England, the utter absence of the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* among its members and the sham that underlies the whole fabric. A coronet is out of place quite as much on the brows of the descendant of a corrupt king's favorite as it is on those of a self-made, purse-proud brewer or iron-monger. It is, therefore, not out of any respect or reverence for the volume, or those whose history it is, that I recommend its purchase to Americans who like titles, but as a shelved watchdog to keep off the heiress-hunting and dinner-eating adventurers, who, as English dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons and honorables, come and accept their hospitality and marry their daughters.—*London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.*

—A Pennsylvania farmer recommends peach crates for storing and keeping apples. The advantages claimed are: The apples can be picked and laid directly in the crates and loaded with ease and without fear of injury in the wagons, and left in a cool store-room until colder weather. Being open, the air has free circulation, and if they begin to decay, these can be readily picked out for use.

—An thirteen-year-old lad at Portland, Ore., a few days ago devoured three pounds of strawberries in thirteen minutes in a berry-eating contest with another lad twelve years old, who came in a good second in fourteen and a half minutes.—*Denver Tribune.*

GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE.

The Hero's Experience at Belmont—He Acknowledges a Lack of Moral Courage.

"As soon as the enemy saw us [speaking of *his* first battle in the civil war] they decamped as fast as their horses would carry them. I kept my men in the ranks and forbade them entering any of the deserted houses, or taking anything from them. We halted at night on the road, and proceeded the next morning at an early hour. Harris had been encamped in a creek bottom for the sake of being near water. The hills on either side of the creek extend to a considerable height, possibly more than one hundred feet.

"As we approached the brow of the hill, from which it was expected we could see Harris' camp and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do. I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy.

"At the battle of Belmont, fearing that the enemy we had seen crossing the river below might be coming on us unawares, I rode out in the field to our front, still entirely alone, to observe whether the enemy was passing. The field was grown up with corn so tall and thick as to cut off the view of even a person on horse-back, except directly along the rows. Even in that direction, owing to the overhanging blades of corn, the view was not extensive. I had not gone more than a few hundred yards, when I saw a body of troops marching past me, not fifty yards away. I looked at them for a moment, and then turned my horse toward the river and started back, first in a walk and, when I thought myself concealed from the view of the enemy, as fast as my horse could carry me. When at the river bank I still had to ride a few hundred yards to the point where the nearest transport lay. The corn-field in front of our transports terminated at the edge of a dense forest. Before I got back the enemy had entered this forest and had opened a brisk fire upon the boats. Our men, with the exception of details that had gone to the front after the wounded, were now either aboard the transports or very near them. Those who were not aboard soon got there, and the boats pushed off. I was the only man of the National army between the rebels and our transports. The captain of a boat that had just pushed out but had not started recognized me, and ordered the engineer not to start the engine. He then had a plank run out for me. My horse seemed to take in the situation. There was no path down the bank, and every one acquainted with the Mississippi river knows that its banks, in a natural state, do not vary at any great angle from the perpendicular. My horse put his fore feet over the bank without hesitation or urging, and, with his hind feet well under him, slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet away, over a single gang-plank. I dismounted and went at once to the upper deck."—*From General Grant's Personal Memoirs.*

HUDSON BAY.

Some of the Secrets of the Canadian Mediterranean Exposed.

In the month of February last a report was laid before the Parliament of Canada detailing the results of an expedition dispatched by the Government of that country particularly for the purpose of inquiring into the navigability of Hudson Strait and Bay, and, at the same time, of gathering information concerning the resources of that region, and its availability as a field for settled habitation. This report represents the first properly organized attempt that has ever been made to pierce the secrets of Hudson Bay for the public benefit.

It is at first blush not easy to understand why this mighty expanse of water, occupying the peculiarly important position that it does, should remain for so many generations comparatively unexplored, and wholly unutilized, except as a hunting-ground for a few New Bedford whalers, or a medium of easy communication between some half-dozen scattered factories of the Hudson Bay Company. Although called a bay, it is really an inland sea, 1,000 miles in length by 600 in width, having thus an area of about 500,000 square miles, or quite half that of the Mediterranean. It drains an expanse of country spreading out more than 2,000 miles from east to west, and 1,500 from north to south, or an area of 3,000,000 square miles. Into its majestic waters pour feeders which take their rise in the Rocky Mountains on the west and in Labrador on the east, while southward it stretches out its river-roots away below the forty-ninth parallel until they tap the same lake-source which sends a stream into the Gulf of Mexico. Despite its distance northward, its blue waves are never bound by icy fetters, and its broad gateway to the Atlantic is certainly navigable four months out of the year, and possibly all the year round to properly equipped steamships. Its depths abound in finny wealth, from the mammoth whale to the tiny caplin. Its shores are serrated by numerous streams, some navigable for long distances inland, and all stocked with the finest of fresh-water fish, and clothed as to their banks with valuable timber ready for the lumberman's axe. Its islands are rich in mineral ore of many kinds. The country whose margin its tides lave is well adapted for tillage and pasturage, while all around the region swarms with animals and birds whose flesh or fur renders their chase a highly lucrative employment.—*J. Macdonald Oxley, in Popular Science Monthly.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 29,000 English-speaking Episcopal clergymen in the world.

—Mr. Moody has associated with him in his evangelistic labors Mr. D. B. Towner, late chorister of Union Chapel, Covington, Ky. The engagement is for five years.

—President McCosh, of Princeton, said recently that the age of nine or ten was the time for learning languages. Then the child can acquire more in this department than a man of twenty-five.

—Ex-President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, although over eighty-two years old, preserves his mental faculties unimpaired. He recognizes with ease the faces of men who were his pupils half a century ago.—*Troy Times.*

—Hampton Institute, Virginia, had enrolled this year 548 negroes and 127 Indians. The "Butler" primary day school, taught by the institute teachers and graduates, had 360 little colored children. More than one thousand pupils have been instructed on the institute grounds.—*Chicago Times.*

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart has signed an agreement to pay $15,000 annually to the support of the institutions recently transferred by her to the corporation of Garden City, L. I., and has executed a penal bond in the sum of $300,000 to secure its payment in perpetuity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The question whether women can sit as delegates in a religious convention was decided adversely by the Southern Baptists, who met recently in Augusta, Ga. Two women representatives were accredited from Arkansas, but their admission was opposed so strongly that they voluntarily withdrew.—*Chicago Herald.*

—De Candolle, the distinguished Parisian scholar, has spoken a good word for the children of the clergy. He shows that the hereditary effect of religion on intellect for the last 200 years has been good. And he gives a long list of clergymen's sons and daughters who have risen to eminence.

—The Hungarian Episcopacy is one of the richest in the world, but the condition of the lower clergy in the kingdom is most miserable. The Magyar Minister of Worship, Treport, has addressed a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops calling their attention to this contrast. The Prince Primate and three Bishops have answered saying they are considering how to improve the lot of their poorer brethren.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The University of Strasburg, founded in 1567, was reorganized in 1871, and is thus in a certain sense a monument of the new political conditions. Since the reorganization over $3,500,000 has been expended for new buildings, etc., and there is an annual appropriation of nearly $250,000 for its support. Its new edifices are a series of magnificent palaces, and its library contains 560,000 volumes. No other institution in Europe has so rich a provision for higher education. It now has seventy-three ordinary and nineteen extraordinary professors. Last year there were 858 students.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Poets in the olden times used to spend a whole week on a single line. It would be a good thing for the public if the modern versifiers had kept up the honored custom.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Judge—"How old are you, madam?" Witness—"I have no personal knowledge of my age, and hearsay testimony, I understand, is not accepted in this court."—*Boston Beacon.*

—A man in Luzerne County has had a portion of his brain removed. Should he recover, his friends fear he will become a dude; but the fact that he has some brain left should dispel that apprehension.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Pa, who was Shylock?" Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror)—"Great goodness, boy; you attend church and Sunday-school every week and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir."—*Rambler.*

—"Doctor, I'm worried about my husband! Do you think him seriously ill?" "To the best of my judgment, madam, he is suffering from gastritis." "I knew it. I told him his trouble was from fooling with that gas meter yesterday."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—If you have been moving and can not find the blacking brush, don't spend your time in looking in this corner and that, but go directly to the box where you keep your white neckties and you will find it. If you can't find your white necktie, look in the blacking case. These rules always hold.—*Boston Post.*

—An Irishman tried to shoot a sparrow with an old Queen Anne musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirp or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up, and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed: "Be jabers, you wouldn't a chirped if you'd been at this end of the gun."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A gentleman visiting in town was much pleased with the appearance of a lady to whom he was introduced, and asked several questions in regard to her. Upon being told that she kept a shooting gallery he was much surprised and shocked. After he had given vent to his astonishment in several interjections, his informant told him that she only meant that she was a school-teacher and taught "the young idea how to shoot."—*Lawrence (Mass.) American.*

—"Young gentleman," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements loses ten per cent. of its weight and power. This is due to the action of the alkili constituents of——" "But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, professor?" "None of your levity, young man; this is a serious matter." "That is what dad thought when seventy-two per cent. of his coal pile disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice as a student of chemistry, and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog with bay-window teeth and the spring-halt in the upper lip, and now we don't lose one per cent. of our coal a month. That's the kind of a practical chemist I am. Now go on with your theory."—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BAYBERRY LODGE.

How Little Di Earned the Right to Be Its Mistress.

Miss Eunice was sitting on her own piazza which overlooked the sea. Before her stretched, first a shelving slope of turf broken by masses of rock, overgrown with creepers, then a craggy edge rising here and there into cliffs, and beyond that the wide blue of the ocean. On the right hand, toward the sunset, the water curved inland and made a winding bay, half uncovered at low tide, with rocky shores and points and wooded islands. Boats lay motionless in the bay, each with its double in the shining depths, where dark hulls and white sails were perfectly reflected; and far on the horizon the mackerel fleet drifted past like a swarm of white-winged butterflies.

Miss Eunice had seen this view every day, and all day long, for most of the summers of her life; but she never got tired of it, or thought it less beautiful, and she now dropped her work in her lap, and looked and looked with as much pleasure as though it were for the first time. Presently she began to hum to herself the words of the old hymn:

"If such the pleasures of the spring,
What must the fountain be
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?"

Beautiful sights were apt to recall old hymns to Miss Eunice.

The singing ceased, and her thoughts came back to earth at the sound of voices from the lower cliff, where her nephews and nieces, who had arrived the night before to spend the summer with her, were building a play-house. It had a shed-like roof of boards laid over two tall rocks, the back was made of stones piled together, and a fireplace was being constructed with a length of drain-pipe by way of a chimney.

"That's daisy, I tell you," Fred was saying, just as his aunt began to listen. "Set the pipe a little mite farther this way, Tom. Look sharp! don't let it tumble, I tell you! What a duffer you are!"

"You hold your jaw," retorted Tom. "I know as much about chimneys as you do any day, I'll bet."

"Well, I should smile! You! When did you ever build a chimney before, Butterfingers?"

"Boys, don't quarrel," cried Fanny. "It's a lovely chimney. It's *go'op'tious!*"

"It's bang-up," said Ted.

"It's bully," added Tom. "My! ain't I hungry? When do you suppose aunty's grub will be ready?"

"Hungry! after that big dinner I saw you eat a few minutes ago!" exclaimed little Di. "Why, Tom, you're as bad as Jack the Giant Killer!"

"You shut up," rejoined Tom, politely. "Small kids like you should be heard, and not seen."

"I'm not a kid," retorted Di, valiantly. "And you're a boss—Ted said so. You're always trying to boss the rest of us."

"Children! children!" called Miss Eunice, who had listened to these flowers of speech with a mixture of astonishment and dismay. "Tea in twenty minutes. Come in, and get ready."

Up the rocks they scrambled, all four, rosy, hungry, and, it must be confessed, dirty, for drain-pipes and wall-building leave traces on hands and clothes. Miss Eunice ordered all up-stairs, and presently they came down again presentably clean, and with hair freshly brushed.

"Aunty, our house is too daisy for anything," declared Ted.

"And we've chosen a name for it," said Di; "we're going to call it Bayberry Lodge."

"Don't you think I have a right to be the housekeeper, and call it my house?" asked Fanny.

"And have the others live with me, and be my children. I'm the oldest, you know."

"Well, I should smile," retorted Tom. "You may be the oldest, but I'm the biggest. And I say it ought to be my house. I'll be the father of the family."

"You'd be a daisy sort of a father," remarked Ted, while little Di put in:

"Tom is so swell. He always wants to boss us."

"But Aunt Eunice, please say which of us shall call the house ours—because we agreed to leave it to you," said Fanny, anxiously.

"If you leave it to me," replied her aunt, "I shall say the one who earns it."

"Earns it? How can we earn it? What do you mean, aunty?"

"I'll tell you. Did you ever hear of such a thing as the English language?"

"Why, aunty—that's what we speak."

"I'm not so sure as to that, my dear. The language you speak seems to me, for the most part, quite different from English."

"What times *do* you mean, aunty?" cried little Di, with wide-open eyes; while Tom relieved his feelings by twisting his legs over the arm of a chair, and muttering under his breath: "Crickey! Here's a go!" Miss Eunice's quick ear caught the remark.

"An example in point," she said. "Tom, oblige me by explaining where, in the English language, the word 'Crickey!' is found, and what 'Here's a go!' means."

"Why—it means—it is—it isn't—it's just a common expression, aunty."

"Like 'daisy,' and 'bully,' and 'boss,' and 'goloptious,' and 'I should smile,' and 'kid,' and 'butter-fingers,' and 'buffer,' and 'duffer,' and 'muff;'" went on Aunt Eunice, with unsparing calmness; "my dear, misguided children, do you really suppose, when you use such words as these, that you are talking English?"

"They're not French, anyhow," said little Di.

"No, Di, but neither are they English anyhow. They are slang, which is a language by itself."

"Well, I know them any way, if they're not English," said Tom, sturdily; "all the boys use them."

"I'm afraid they do. Slang creeps in everywhere now-a-days, and the result is that children grow up with vulgar and careless methods of speech, which are hard to get rid of, and which hamper them all their lives long, and prevent them from appearing like well-bred and well-educated people."

"But doesn't everybody talk slang?" asked Fanny. "I'm sure all the people in English story-books do."

"Boys and young men do, I suppose," admitted Aunt Eunice, "and girls, too, sometimes; but they don't do it without correction, as with us; and grown people, as a rule, talk more carefully than we do, and are far more particular as to what expressions they use."

"What a bother it must be!" said Ted.

"No, Ted, it's just as easy to speak good English as bad, if once you form the habit. Now I will propose a bargain. The one of you who uses the least slang for the next month shall have Bayberry Lodge, and the others shall live with him or her. I will keep a little note-book, with your names, and whenever I hear a word that isn't good English I will note it down. What do you think of the plan?"

The children were doubtful as to what they thought, but Aunt Eunice was as good as her word. She showed them the note-book with "Ted," "Tom," "Fanny" and "Di" written at the top of four different pages. And though nothing was said on the subject, the children were conscious every now and then, as they sat chattering about her, aunty produced her pencil and made an entry in the book. They could not tell against which name the entry was made, and the uncertainty rendered them more careful.

"Aunty only caught one of us to-night," Fanny said to Di once after they had gone up-stairs to bed.

"Yes, and that was you," replied observant little Di; "I saw her take out her pencil when you said 'hifalutin' that time."

"Oh, bother! did I say that? I didn't mean to."

Gradually the four got into the habit of discussing words beforehand, to make sure if they were not slang, and liable to be counted against them. And they were somewhat surprised to find how many phrases which they were in the habit of using came under this objectionable head.

"It's perfectly mizziable," declared Tom. "We're getting so pertikilar and pernickitly that I feel like a deacon in a pew. I haven't said 'boss' for three days."

"No, but you did say 'bully' yesterday; you said it twice and aunty wrote it down," retorted Fanny.

"Oh, botheration twice over! This is a wale of tears and I'm sick of it." Tom was just eleven.

However, his pride was roused and he much desired to be master of Bayberry Lodge. So he struggled on, and did his best, discovering, as all of us do sooner or later, how much harder it is to break off a foolish habit than to form a good one.

At last the end of the month came. It was a beautiful, brilliant day in mid-July. Aunt Eunice had spent the morning at Bayberry Lodge, mysteriously busy, and the children had been requested to play elsewhere till after dinner.

About four she appeared and called them, and when they reached the rock house, they found it beautified beyond their hopes. A little crane with a tea-kettle hung above the fire-place, Chinese lanterns hung from the roof, four rustic seats had been added to the furniture; and on the platform, before the entrance, appeared two long, narrow boxes, planted with geraniums and gay nasturtiums which had a very ornamental and pleasing effect.

"It's ten times prettier than it ever was before," declared Fanny.

Aunt Eunice sat down on a rock, and took out her note-book. The children seated themselves on the new seats, and waited in breathless expectation for what she had to say.

"Thomas Whittemore," began Aunt Eunice, solemnly, "between June 16 and July 16 used slang words, or expressions not belonging to the English language, two hundred and thirteen times."

"Aunty!" said Tom, in a horrified tone.

"Francis Mary Whittemore," went on his aunt, "in the same time used the same sort of expressions one hundred and ninety-eight times."

"Aunty!" exclaimed Fanny, in the same horror-struck tone as Tom.

"Theodore James Whittemore, in the same time, two hundred and four times."

"You're more than I am, anyhow," cried Fanny. "That's jolly!"

"I now add one to Francis Mary Whittemore's count," remarked Aunt Eunice, immovably, "which makes it one hundred and ninety-nine."

Fanny looked doubtful whether to laugh or cry, but she deemed it wise to say nothing.

"Diana Rockwell Whittemore," pursued Miss Eunice, "during the same time, and under the same circumstances, has used slang expressions one hundred and forty-six times. Di, therefore, is the mistress of Bayberry Lodge."

This decision was, on the whole, easier to bear than any other could have been. The older ones would have found it hard to yield the precedence to one another, but little Di was the general pet. She made a sweet little mistress of the Lodge, and ruled her subjects wisely and well till the end of the summer. Aunt Eunice gave them tea-parties and all sorts of treats in the play-house; and although Ted persisted in calling what he liked "daisy," and Fanny clung to her favorite word "goloptious," their aunt noticed, or fancied that she noticed, that on the whole the children used less slang than before her experiment. And this, if it was so, was an excellent result, for the English language is too admirable and valuable and perfect a thing to be spoiled and deformed by vulgar and inelegant expressions.—*Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.*

—M. Foye, a French astronomer, maintains that the earth is older than the sun. He says all the planets, from Mercury to Neptune, were formed first. The sun was a nebular mass far outside their orbits, and subsequently it passed over to the center of the planetary system and collected there as the grand luminary which we know.

—Widows in Wareham, Mass., are allowed a barrel of herrings free from the town fishery.—*Boston Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Feather Cake: One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half teaspoonful soda, or one and a half teaspoon baking powder.—*The Household.*

—Soaking a ham over night before boiling takes away much of its saltiness and rancidity. It will also cook in less time and have a better flavor than if not previously soaked.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A practical experimenter advises subjecting potatoes to the light and air after being cut, with the eyes upward until the sprout appears—a sensible idea long practiced by some gardeners.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—A goose may be plucked three or four times during the warm season, and despite the cruelty of the operation, the geese are usually in as good condition in the fall as if the feathers had been allowed to drop out.—*Troy Times.*

—An exchange thinks heifers intended for the dairy should not be fed on fattening food. Plenty of coarse provender is better. It enlarges and strengthens the digestive organs, and when they come in profit, the tendency will be to milk and not to fat.

—Drainage is not less valuable to the stock-raiser than to the grain farmer. It lengthens the season both in the spring and fall, keeps the soil from poaching, and allows the cultivation of the finer and more nutritious grasses—three most important considerations.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—For steamed rhubarb: Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb into inch pieces. Put it into a granite double boiler, add one cup of sugar for a pint of fruit, and cook till the rhubarb is soft. Do not stir it. When the rhubarb is very sour steam it without sugar until the juice flows, then drain it; add the sugar and steam again till the sugar is dissolved. Or, pour boiling water over it and let it stand five minutes, then drain and steam.—*Boston Globe.*

—The *Breeders' Gazette* thinks wool can be profitably produced in this country at the present prices. To do this the farmer must cull out the poor sheep, keeping only those that will shear eight or ten pounds of wool, and aim to secure flocks that will produce a clip that is uniform in length and fineness. It says that prolonged depressions in the price of wool have always resulted in marked improvements of American flocks.

—A horse has a small stomach, and must be fed with concentrated food chiefly. Nevertheless, a change of food during winter, to succulent vegetables, as carrots or rutabagas, is often desirable, but only small quantities should be given. Four quarts of rutabagas may be given to a horse two or three times a week with benefit, but it is not advisable to add any meal or grain with the roots, lest the food might ferment in the stomach and produce colic.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FASHION NOTES.

Some Fashionable Intelligence from the City of Brotherly Love.

In place of white collars and cuffs, velvet bands encircle the wrists and neck; these have more of novelty than beauty to recommend them. Ordinary crepe lisse and lace frilling are out of date and continue to be replaced by many novelties. Bands of cream etamine, shaped somewhat like upright linen collars, embroidered in cross stitch, with red and blue ingrain cotton or silk, are the latest. These are very stylish. Bands of colored satin, just appearing above the dress collar and below the sleeves, are fashionable, and bands of gauze, threaded with gold or silver, are very becoming to the face.

The most stylish collars and cuffs are cut with square ends. Plain dark red ones are worn with house dresses. Striped, spotted and self-colored collars are all worn; some of those of red or gray linen have bands of gold tinsel stitched upon them, which are dressy and effective. The tinsel is easily removed when the linen needs washing. Handkerchiefs are very showy and are sold to match the cuffs and collars.

Yellow in all shades still remains popular.

Silk hose in pale creams, blues, pinks and in black are to be worn with slippers and low-cut shoes this season.

Buttons for lawns and other wash dresses are more ornamental than they have been.

A great many jetted Souave jackets are now worn with black silk and satin skirts. They are only becoming to slight, graceful figures.

New shoes have the uppers of dark, tan-colored or maroon leather. They are for walking purposes.

Byron collars of "solid" jet, with two scarfs of beaded net to tie below the throat are made to wear with black dresses.

Swiss girdles, pointed above and below the waist, both in front and behind, are made entirely of jet beads.

Black lace jackets are revived, and are now made of piece lace cut with darts and side forms, precisely as basques are. One of the prettiest of French thread net has five deep points on its edge, covered with lace, laid in accordion pleats. A palm leaf of jet is above each point.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Cultivation of Smilax.

As soon as the seeds are ripe the earth is allowed to dry out and the foliage to die. The pot is then turned upon its side in some convenient place in the open air out of the way and where it will get no water. About the first of September take the bulbs from the pot and shake the earth from them. To prepare for planting, put a quart or more of broken bones in the bottom of the pot, then fill with soil of about one-half leaf mold, one-fourth fine sand and one-fourth garden loam, pressing it down firmly with the hand and filling not quite to the top of the pot. Select the choicest bulbs and place them around near the sides of the pot, then cover with earth, but not too deep. Set a trellis firmly in the center, place the pot where it will get plenty of sun, and water lightly until the plants begin to shoot up. The water may then be increased, but it must not be watered freely until it grows freely. Many make the mistake of watering too much, causing the bulbs to rot.—*Iowa Journal.*

HORSES WITHOUT GRAIN.

How Underdrainining Improves the Nutrient Qualities of Hay.

I notice a correspondent asks in a late paper how I manage to make my hay nutritious enough to keep work horses on without grain.

Hints have been thrown out from time to time as to how I managed. The soil is deep, mellow and rich, so that large crops grow, and I consider the hay grown on such land, that will produce some four tons to the acre in two or three cuttings, as superior in quality to that grown on poor, thin land, that will produce but one ton, or less. A good friend once asserted that his fine hay was better than my coarse hay. He had old meadow which yielded about three-quarters of a ton to the acre, and then a little "fall feed." We agreed to leave it to the cattle, and a sample of each was placed before them, when, much to his disgust, mine was eaten first, and noses thrust out plainly asking for more.

There is as much difference in hay as in butter, in my estimation. Fancy creamery can not be compared with "store-packed." And then there is a difference in the making and time of cutting. I have often urged farmers, through your columns, to cut their grass early, when at its best, and cure it nigely; in short, to have dried grass and not hay. Again, to feed work horses, two-thirds at least should be clover, and the rest timothy. Such hay, properly cut and cured, is just about as good as very much hay made on farms, and grain; at least, after some ten years' experience, it seems so to me. Not long since some writer in your paper spoke of the loss in weight from cutting hay so early. Did it not occur to him that what was lost by not letting the first crop stand a few days longer, was gained in the second crop—that that had just so much the better chance? Still I do not believe in going to extremes. I would let the grass stand till the first clover blossoms were beginning to fade. With me, this time comes about the 15th or 20th of June.

Again, it makes a difference, as I wrote you lately, how a team is driven—whether they are over-worked or over-driven, and whether they are pretty good, solid-built horses, or of the small-stomach, race-horse style. I have one pretty solid team that has been kept on early-cut hay alone, summer and winter, for nearly four years, except that when idle in the winter they are fed part straw to keep them from getting too fat. No man could ask for a better team to work. They are active, and always ready for business. We have just finished getting in our crop of potatoes. For four weeks they have had solid work, such as plowing eight to ten inches deep, drawing subsoil plow, Acme harrow, Thomas harrow loaded, and the potato planter running five inches deep. It has been mostly pleasant weather, and it has been all work and no play, as the season was so late we felt compelled to push things. After this hard pull, made extra hard because they were idle most of the winter, and not accustomed to work, they are as fat and sleek as any one could ask for, and if you should drive them to town, where there was a chance to show off, you would need to wind the reins around your hands to hold them. Now I do not say this to brag, but simply to show what can be done, and I will give any man the team who will prove that I have fed them any grain for the last three years.

But the point I particularly wished to speak of in this letter occurred to me a few days ago. It is, that underdraining helps the horses very much. It will puzzle you, no doubt, to see how I make that out. This is the way: We can get on the land to do the heaviest plowing and working early in the season when it is cold. I have plowed many a day on my land, drained by nature or with tile, when the temperature was but little above freezing, and a cold northwest wind blowing, when the team would turn over two acres or more in a day, and not seem to feel it at all. When our undrained clays get dry enough to work, the thermometer is apt to be up to seventy or eighty degrees a good deal of the time. Men told me this year that they had not plowed a furrow after my own plowing was all done. Now this may seem like a small matter, but it is a great saving of horse strength and flesh, and it is attention to such little points that makes farming profitable. It puts one ahead with his work, so he does not feel compelled to work his horses when it is excessively warm, at heavy work, but can take some lighter job till a cooler day comes. If I were a horse, I should feel good every time my owner got a load of tiles.

It may be well to say that many horses are fed too much hay. A horse may eat himself poor, with hay before him all the time, particularly if he is idle. I would have the hay choice, and feed only what they will eat up clean in two hours in the morning, and one hour or one and a half at noon, and two at night, ordinarily. When worked very hard, we give them all they will eat up clean during the night. The best horseman I ever knew once told me: "If you want to work a horse hard the best time to feed him is the night before." Your correspondent will see by this time, perhaps, that the quality of the hay, although important, is not the only thing necessary.

I will close by quoting a remark made to me by a first-class veterinary surgeon. He said in substance: "If all farmers would feed their work horses and care for them as you do, my business would be about ruined." Dried grass is wholesome as well as nutritious. Of course, slim built horses for fast driving should not be fed in this way.—*T. B. Terry, in Country Gentleman.*

—A New York correspondent has been writing up the potter's field, which cheerful place of last repose is on Hart's Island, twenty miles from the city. Among the occupants of its nameless graves are people who once were social stars and favorites of fortune, and not a few who could never be convicted of any offence more heinous than poverty.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The water frontage of Boston is about 20,000 feet, and ships are accommodated at 164 wharves.—*Boston Post.*

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This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a *perfect fac-simile* of the model furnished by the artist.

The Statuette in same metal, *twelve inches high,* at **Five Dollars Each,** delivered.

The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee.* Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
(American Committee of the Statue of Liberty),
33 Mercer Street, New York.

INVALIDS WANTED.—One in every neighborhood, to try, and also to sell, the **Celebrated INDIAN BLOOD, LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY. Agents are well paid.** Address HOPKINS & CO., Three Rivers, Mich.

$65 **A MONTH AND BOARD** for **THREE** live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

EDUCATIONAL.

1885. THE NATIONAL NORMAL 1885.

UNIVERSITY Entire expense $2.50 to $3.00 a week. Over 2,500 enrolled. Over 30 Departments maintained. All professions provided for. **Legal Diplomas** conferred. Over 5,000 **Teachers and Bookkeepers,** trained here, have been helped to **Good Situations.** Any Young **Man** or **Woman** can pursue any study with **Less Expense of Time** and **Money** than at any other Institution in the U. S. Catalogue and full information free. Address,

HOLBROOK
President ALFRED Lebanon, Warren Co., O.

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA!

Positively the fastest selling book since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and constantly compared to it by the ablest critics.

Agents Wanted READ

A few extracts from the hundreds of endorsements already received:

Gen. Benj. F. Butler, says: "It is the most timely book that has been published, and as a piece of bookmaking its execution is very remarkable." He also sent the book to "resident Arthur to be read, and in a letter accompanying, said: "I think it will do the same service to the country in regard to the silence of our Land System that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did with regard to slavery."

Hon. B. F. Shively, of Indiana, says: "It is impossible to sufficiently commend your book. It comes like a *revelation.* It deserves and will receive a larger circulation than any other book of history or fiction published within the present century."

"The author writes to correct great wrongs and fortifies his statements by *facts* within the knowledge of intelligent readers. Since the day that Mrs. Stowe wrote the doom of the slave-driver in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' no more vigorous blow has been struck in favor of the rights of the laborer."—*Chicago Inter Ocean,* Jan. 24, 1885.

Large 12mo., Cloth, 334 pages, with appendix 414 pages, **Illustrated.** Canvassers already at work are having remarkable success. Send for circulars and terms to **W. T. RAYCROFT & CO.,** Publishers' Agents, **109** Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

R. U. AWARE

THAT

Lorillard's Climax Plug

bearing a *red tin tag;* that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** (fine cut); that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings** and that Lorillard's **Snuffs,** are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

DRUNKENNESS AND OPIUM HABIT.

These diseases absolutely cured and the system restored to health by C. C. BEERS, M. D. In cases of intemperance the medicine can be successfully administered unknown to the patient. Send stamps for evidence to **41 Appleton Street, Boston, Mass.**

HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list *free.* B. C. Strehl & Co., 153 Wabash-av., Chicago.

Lovely Complexion attained from Descriptive Pamphlet **2c.** **Palmetto B**
PALMETTO CO., 761 3rd Av., New York.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A. N. K.—C. 1037

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Belle of Mountain Dew.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentrers county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance "The Blue Headed Sap-Sucker, or The Rock Where the Juice Ran Out." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis *Ledger*, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation in Tennessee. At one time Col. Mathes offered $3,000 for the discovery of the author.

When Msss Smith was arraigned before the United States Court at Nashville she conducted herself with such grace and dignity that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me, too, judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months and still speaks well of her husband. Now how old am I?"

"I cannot tell."

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency,"

"Why did you go into the business of illicit distilling?"

"Because I wanted to make whiskey."

"I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was sixteen years old."

"When were you sixteen years old?"

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember that if convicted of this awful charge you will be sent to the penitentiary. What did you do with the whiskey you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago, a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whiskey, but found it difficult to buy any. After awhile I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar and go away he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whiskey. He did so.',

"Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes sir; I recognized him in a moment. You are the man judge."

Women Clerks in Shoe Stores.

New York Mail and Express.

"The reason that so few women are employed as clerks in retail shoe stores," said a shoe merchant, "is that they will not, with any degree of politeness, try a pair of shoes on a lady customer. Every lady who buys a pair of shoes now desires them tried on, and custom within the last few years imposes upon the clerks the task of kneeling down and fitting them to the feet. Male clerks do not mind it, but one woman never likes to put a shoe on another. If they do bring themselves to do it they exhibit such utter repugnance to the customer that she rarely comes back again. If she does, she will not let a female clerk wait upon her. I know some ladies who will wait an hour for a male clerk to become disengaged rather than have one of her own sex wait upon her. Yet I keep several women in my store to wait upon a certain class who are exceedingly modest and will not permit a man to try a pair of shoes on their feet. The female clerks all say they prefer waiting on men; that they are not particular and exacting as women, and either take an article immediately or refuse it. On the contrary, a lady is very particular and takes a long time to decide upon what she desires to purchase. Nothing flatters a woman more than to have a polite clerk try on a pair of shoes and make some remark about the beautiful shape of her feet. A female clerk never indulges in such compliments to her own sex. My experience is that men alone are best fitted to sell ladies' shoes."

A curious law case is recorded by a Jacksonville, Fla., paper in the case of a Florida Judge who was arrested and locked up in jail for drunkenness on the street. After becoming sober he called for a pen and paper and issued a writ of habeas corpus directing the Sheriff of the county to bring the body of himself before himself as Judge, and, on the perplexed officer's refusal to obey the mandate, fined him for contempt of court.

Safe, swift, and sure to regulate the bowels, are Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Recommended by eminent physicians.

The Girl at the Front Gate.

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach bloom on her cheeks and love-light in her eyes. Men would shut her out of our literature but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and years may go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled, and the memory of cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end. What if the old gate does swag, and its hinges rattle and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if its posts are shaky and some of its pickes gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips. We held the old gate up and counted the stars and bid good bye and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was good-bye said? How many times did lips meet o'er the old dear gate? The old gate knows but it will never tell. The old front gate may may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure the girl with peach-bloom cheeks never did. And what of the girl with peach-bloom cheeks? Ah, me! she married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were peach-bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet and just as many stars to count. And now I have a front gate of my own and a girl of my own with peach-bloom cheeks who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true good boy and my girl is a true good girl and heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Happiness kan't be defined without making it look suspishus; the happyest kno it the least.

Luv iz like truth; it will translate. It iz the same in all languages.

Ambishun's ladder rests against a star.

The man who haz nothing to do iz either a loafer, or in danger of being one at any time for the next ninety days.

Thare iz more real karakter in the two little words "yes" and "no" than in all the rest ov the language.

It may be possible for a man to tell how wicked he iz, but impossible to tell how wicked he may be.

Talk is the cheapest literature I know ov; it iz az cheap az wind, and just about az plenty.

To give it up iz to meet defeat more than half-way; a forlorn hope iz a humbug.

Poverty haz no bakbone; it makes a man az hollow az a goose-quill, and az limpsy az a string.

It is really wonderphull how much we all kno. I never hav suggested an idea that allmost enny one could not improve upon; and never hav herd one suggested by others that I did not hav an itching to supplement myself.

Cunning at best iz but the chicanery ov wisdom.

Young man, don't study the heavens; the Lord haz promised you a time to sow oats and gather the krop, and that iz enuff for you to kno about the weather.

Sam Jonesisms.

God won't keep a young lady pious who has her waist encircled seven times a week by the arms of a spider-legged dude.

Some of you little sinners are sitting around here waiting for salvation to strike you as it did St. Paul. Snowbird waiting to be hit with a cannon ball. God adjusts His ammunition to the size of the man He is after. Mustard seed shot will do for you.

Sow billiards, reap fools. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow whisky, reap drunkards.

The dude looks as if he was melted and poured into his pants.

There's many a fellow with a whitewash brush trying to clean up a little before he goes to God.

Many men think the people don't know that they are gamblers, but they do. You wear fine clothes, and look like a gentlemen, and think people don't know what you are. But you don't find the town full of greenies, you big old fool you.

Some men are feeling all right, because all their boys are girls; but the first thing that you know, the devil will pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. He couldn't do anything worse than that if he had a thousand years to work up a bad thing.

There is not a man in Chattanooga who doesn't have family prayers that has as much religion as a goat.

Do not go to ask your debtor the payment of a debt on the day when you have no other resource.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Remarkable Case.

Mrs. Henry Ellis, 500 Scott street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, O.: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hopes of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your MANALIN and PERUNA, and I am most happy to say in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured, without any appliances or support of any kind."

Mr. G. A. Proehl, New Portage, Summit County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sick for about five years. In the first place the doctor called it leucorrhœa, and treated it about one year, and she grew worse, and turned to ulceration of the womb, and was treated for that two years, but she grew worse and the doctor gave her up. Then I employed Dr. Underwood, one of the best doctors of Akron, but under his treatment she grew worse. She was paralyzed; she had lost all of the sense of feeling and her eyesight. She could not walk for nearly two years. About six months ago Underwood gave her up. She tried your PERUNA. She has taken three bottles, and it did more good than any other medicine. The paralysis has about left her; her eyesight is getting better. We will continue the use of PERUNA until she is well."

Mr. Isaac Nicodemus, Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pa., writes: "I am induced, by a sense of duty to the suffering, to make a brief statement of your remarkable help, as a sufferer of catarrh in my head and throat. I doctored with one of the best physicians in our place for that dreaded disease, catarrh, and found no relief. But in 1883 I lost my speech, and was not able to do any kind of work for near three months. I could neither eat nor sleep. PERUNA and MANALIN did wonders for me. I used three bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and now I am in better health than I have been for ten years, and I can heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering from that dread disease, catarrh."

Mr. I. W. Wood, Mt. Sterling, Ohio, says: "Your medicine gives good satisfaction. My customers speak highly of its curative properties."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞ Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

EW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

VITAL RESTORER

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House,' containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

1 20 3m J. O. MICHAEL, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

5 21 2m NICHOLAS RINKER, Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily back to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

6 20 tf J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 M E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on B. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITTOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885. NUMBER 20.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c., and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

jun 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov 20, 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Military Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woodland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Selt, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain of success, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

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WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up-stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Advice to a Young Man.

My boy, if you want to be somebody in this world, you must begin by being somebody. You must have and assert an individuality. If your family tree reaches to the stars, draw your pen through every name on the record until you come to your own and stand squarely on that. A grand old ancestry is a splendid thing to have, and a grandfather is something for any man to be proud of. But your ancestors won't make you, my boy, because they are dead, and the world of to-day wants live men. Nobody gropes in the graveyard except medical students.

Queen Victoria traces her blood back to William the Conqueror. Well, she can't help it. She isn't to blame for it, nor does she deserve any particular credit for it. Such a woman as Victoria, my boy, reflects honor upon her ancestors, her pure womanhood would honor them though she never were a monarch, but I can't see that her ancestors do her any great honor. Why, suppose you can only trace your ancestry back to your father, why, your father is a better man, a better Christian, he wears better clothes, he lives in a better house, he has more luxuries and conveniences in life than was or did or had William the Conqueror, and so you are that much ahead of the Queen.

Look me in the eye, Telemachus; would you feel proud if you could prove that you were a lineal descendent of the four Georges? Certainly you would not. If you should have said yes, I should have advised you to stuff yourself and sell yourself for a cigar sign. If you assert yourself, my boy, that is all the world asks of you. If the world has work for you do it, if it wants you and needs you, it isn't going to bark up your family tree.

Who asked about Lincoln's ancestors? Who stopped in 1863 to ascertain if Grant's family came over in the Mayflower? What "old family" did the American people elect President in 1880? What great-great-grandfather invented the telephone? Who knows Brigham Young's mother-in-law? God bless your grandfather, my boy. Love his memory, honor his name, revere his teachings, but don't try to wear his shoes today. You can't run and you can't climb in them. I tell you your neighbor will question more closely the pedigree of the blooded horse or the milch cow you want to sell him than he will your own.

When I hear a man talking too much about his ancestors, I begin to think he needs them very much. And I always feel sorry for a man who died before he was born, and lives only in the deeds and words of great-grandfather. Don't die out two or three generations before you begin, my boy. Live your own life, if it kills you. I have known some men who were very proud of their ancestors, whose ancestors would have been most dismally ashamed of them.

Pride of ancestry! It is dust under your feet compared with pride of posterity. You never in all your life felt that pride in your great-grandsire, who fought at Bunker Hill and shivered at Valley Forge, that you will feel in your first boy, even when he is three days old and has nothing to show but flannel and wrinkles. When a man, on his way to the drug store for ten cents worth of paregoric meets the younger man going to the furniture store to buy a $35 cab for his first, he cannot repress the smile of pleasant pity that curves his old lips. But bless you, it doesn't hurt the young man a particle. He can stop right there on the street and give the older neighbor points on the treatment and culture of children.

Don't waste your pride on your ancestors, my boy. Save it for your posterity. They will be in better circumstances and live in better times. While your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, a leaky old tub of a vessel that landed the pilgrims and then went straight away for a cargo of slaves to land in the West Indies, your children will go across in a Cunarder, first cabin, faring sumptuously and only ten days out.

It is enough for you, my boy, to know that your ancestors were good, brave, honest, hard-working Christian men and women. For the rest of it, do you live your own life and live that you will honor them and add new lustre to their good names, but don't my boy, I beg of you, don't try to "boast" yourself up in the world on what they did long before you were born. Do something yourself.—*By the Hakkeye Philosopher.*

Rabbits' Feet as a Charm.

"I can't go out to-day," said an engineer stepping from his cab.

"Why?" asked the conductor, who happened to be standing near.

"Look there," and the engineer pointed to a cat lying on the coal.

"What difference does that make?"

"So much that I would risk my life if I were to go out. Don't you know that is a warning? I do if you don't, and he refused to have anything to do with the engine. This was an exhibition of the popular superstition among railroad men. Although sensible men, practical, and many of them well educated, yet so strong is their superstitious belief that no reasoning can convince them of their silly weakness. The different roads have different superstitions, and different means of counteracting threatened evil. On the railroads in Arkansas nearly every engineer, fireman and brakeman carries rabbits' feet. This precaution, it is affirmed, prevents serious accidents. Some time ago, on one of the roads running into Little Rock, two trains collided killing two engineers. These two men, against better judgment, neglected their rabbits' feet. A disaster was predicted by a brakeman on each train, and the fact that it came was an indisputable argument in favor of the rabbit's foot.

A few days ago the writer was riding on a locomotive with a well-known engineer, who was very communicative, suddenly became silent.

"I don't like this," he said.

"What?"

"The way I feel," and he grew pale. He looked ahead with eagerness, and after remaining fixed for a few moments, shut off steam and whistled "down brakes."

"What's the matter?"

"Didn't you see it?"

"What?"

"That cat cross the track."

When the engine stopped he got off, and approaching the place where he said the cat had crossed, began to rub himself with a rabbit's foot. After continuing this for some time, he rubbed the rail with the foot, mumbled a strange jargon and went to his engine.

"You may regard it as foolish," he said, as we again flew along, "but you see I know. If I hadn't seen that cat we would have had an accident by this time. There was a time when I laughed at it, but I have learned better. Sometime ago a cat crossed the track in front of me. My fireman begged me to stop and let him rub the rail, but I laughed at him. He vowed that we would have an accident, and, sir, before we had gone five miles further the engine jumped the track and did considerable damage. I barely escaped being killed, and since then I have carried a rabbit's foot. When six white cats cross the track nothing can prevent a calamity; that is, if the engineer keeps on, but if he gets off everything may be all right."

"Do the conductors believe in the rabbit foot theory?"

"Many of them do. Sometimes a new man hoots at the idea, but after a while he is convinced and gets him a foot. On some roads an owl claw is necessary, and still on others nothing but the tip end of a coon's tail will answer."

"How is this discovery made?"

"Always by the oldest engineer. When a new road is built the oldest engineer on the line can determine what to use. The more dangerous the road, the scarcer are the charms. I know one road in Mississippi where nothing but a piece of tiger ear will answer. In consequence of this, accident are very frequent. A friend of mine ran on the road and never had an accident. He went to a circus one night and cut off the tip end of a tiger's ear. The beast howled terribly, and died within fifteen minutes. The rabbit foot is the standard, and, as a rule, will do for narrow gauge roads. On the eastern roads, beef bone is the thing. When a road becomes known as a beef bone road, it is regarded as the best. Next is the goat bone, then the rabbit foot, then the owl claw, then the coon tail, then the mole nose and lastly the tiger ear."

"Did you ever run on a mole nose road?"

"Yes, for a little while, but the company was doing a great deal to put the road in good shape, and it soon became a rabbit foot. I have recently heard that it has become a goat bone."

The best thing for the complexion is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings the bloom of health to the wan cheek.

Hysteria in Religion.

The epidemic character of certain socalled religious manifestations in which trances and swoonings figure prominently has been pretty thoroughly established. These are now well understood in medical circles as nothing more nor less than the manifestations or symptoms of the disease known as hysteria, called into play by the peculiar methods adopted by a class of travelling "evangelists" who appeal to the emotional feelings of people whose nerves are unstrung. One of the most remarkable recent instances occurred in Indiana, where, under the lead of a female evangelist, whole communities caught the contagion. Speaking of outbursts of this character a secular journal sensibly concludes that they betray an alarming prevalence of hysterical complaints, particularly among women. The same journal says:

The precise aspects of the epidemic may be determined by almost any trival external incident, and it depends upon something of this kind whether the victims shall all mew like cats, as did a whole convent full of nuns in Italy, or imagine themselves monkeys, and try to climb the pillars of the churches, as happened to congregations in Ireland, or shout "Glory!" and roll on the ground, as do the negro ecstatics at Southern revivals.

The Convulsionaries of St. Medard belonged in the same category. They were seized with a furious desire to be beaten, and so transported were they by their hallucination that they actually endured the most violent blows, not only without sustaining permanent injury, but without showing the least external lesion. In the Irish epidemic, half a century ago, the people of whole parishes were affected, and it was observed that when those who passed from an infected village to one which had previously escaped, the epidemic was spread by contagion, just as a zymotic disease might have been. In revivals this is one of the most marked characteristics of hysteria. Merely looking at a person in a convulsion will often throw sentitive persons into a precisely similar state. The phenomena, however, have nothing to do with the will or the understanding. They are physical, not mental, and it is for this reason that they do not produce any permanent effects. The common experience of lay observers respecting the after effects of spasmodic revival meetings is simply a confirmation of the scientific conclusions. The evangelists who operate by means of trances and exciting the emotions of their hearers powerfully often produce very striking effects, but cannot expect any lasting changes in their subjects.

There is mischief in the delusion which confounds hysteria with religion, for the consequences of this mistake are of a kind to disgust sober and rational people, while they afford opportunity for ridicule to unbelievers, and disturb and expose to bad influences the weak men and women who accept them for what they are not. A little sound education in physiology and the elements of medical science would dissipate the hallucination that the evidences of diseased condition are analagous with the proofs of religious conviction.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large Bottles 50c and $1.00.

The use of such a motto as "In God We Trust," on such a fraudulent silver piece as our silver dollar, by the sanction of the United States Government, is a national crime and a monumental insult to the Creator. There is but one being in the universe that can complacently smile on such national dishonesty, and that being is his satanic majesty, the father of lies.—*Independent.*

There are some who affect a want of affection, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

VERY TRUE, SO MAY YOU.

Young man, you say you want a wife
To bless your home and cheer your life,
A woman true in every way,
Who does her duty every day;
Whose love is strong and good and pure,
A love that wins and holds secure;
A wife that will not scold and fret
And make you wish you ne'er had met;
Whose presence is a shining light;
Whose counsel guides and keeps you right;
Who tries to please in little things,
And to your home rare comfort brings;
A woman who knows how to mind
Her own business, that's the kind;
Who loves her home and stays right there
And does not run 'round everywhere
To gossip and to idly chat
And tell the neighbors this or that;
Who, when you're troubled, cheers you up,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
Who, when you're sick, will nurse you through,
As only loving hands can do.
Young man, take my advice in this,
If you're in search of perfect bliss,
In weighing girls, see that you place
Good sense 'gainst beauty, wealth or grace.
My friend, you think that you are wise,
But some shrewd girl may shut your eyes;
You think you know just what you need,
But your impressions may mislead,
For other men have thought so, too,
But they got fooled, and so may you.
—*Camden Post.*

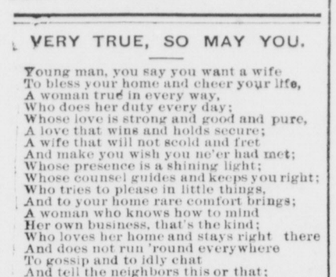
FARMING IN MAINE.

Observations of William Nye, the Veracious Chronicler.

Sleigh-Riding and Corn-Hoeing—A Great Stone Crop—The Wormless Railroad Pie—Gathering the Cranberry Crop.

The State of Maine is a good place in which to experiment with prohibition, but it is not a good place to farm it in very largely.

In the first place, the season is generally a little reluctant. When I was up near Moosehead Lake a short time ago people were driving across that body of water on the ice with perfect impunity. That is one thing that interferes with the farming business in Maine. If a young man is sleighriding every night till midnight he



SLEIGHING TILL MIDNIGHT.

don't feel like hoeing corn the following day. Any man who has ever had his feet frost-bitten while bugging potatoes will agree with me that it takes away the charm of pastoral pursuits. It is this desire to amalgamate dog days and Santa Claus that has injured Maine as an agricultural hotbed.

Another reason that might be assigned for refraining from agricultural pursuits in Maine is that the agitator of the soil finds when it is too late that soil itself, which is essential to the successful propagation of crops, has not been in use in Maine for years. While all over the State there is a magnificent stone foundation on which a farm might safely rest, the superstructure, or farm proper, has not been secured.

TAKES AWAY ALL DESIRE TO HOE CORN THE NEXT DAY.

If I had known when I passed through Minnesota and Illinois what a soil famine there was in Maine, I would have brought some with me.

The stone crop this year in Maine will be very great. If they do not crack open during the dry weather there will be a great many. The stone bruise is also looking unusually well for this season of the year, and chilblains were in full bloom when I was there.

In the neighborhood of Pittsfield the country seems to run largely to cold water and chattel mortgages. Some think that rum has always kept Maine back, but I claim that it has been wet feet.

The agricultural resources of Pittsfield and vicinity are not great, the principal exports being spruce gum and Christmas trees. Here also the huckleberry hath her home. But the country seems to run largely to Christmas trees. They were not yet in bloom when I visited the State, so it was too early to gather popcorn balls and Christmas presents.

THE WAY TO BREAK THE WORMLESS RAILROAD PIE OF COMMERCE.

Here, near Pittsfield, is the birthplace of the only original wormless dried-apple pie with which we generally insult our gastric economy when we lunch along the railroad. These pies, when properly kiln-dried and riveted, with german silver monogram on top, if fitted out with Yale time lock, make the best fire and burglar-proof wormless pies of commerce. They take the place of civil war, and as a promoter of intestine strife they have no equal.

The farms in Maine are fenced in with stone walls. I do not know why this is done, for I did not see anything on these farms that any one would naturally yearn to carry away with him.

I saw some sheep in one of these inclosures. Their steel-pointed bills were lying on the wall near them, and they were resting their jaws in the crisp frosty morning air. In another inclosure a farmer was planting clover seed with a hypodermic syringe, and covering it with a mustard plaster. He said that last year his clover was a complete failure because his mustard plasters were no good. He had tried to save money by using second-hand mustard plasters, and of course the clover seed, missing the warm stimulus, neglected to rally, and the crop was a failure.

Here may be noticed the canvas-back moose and a strong antipathy to good rum. I do not wonder that the people of Maine are hostile to rum—if they judge all rum by Maine rum. The moose is one of the most gamey of the finny tribe. He is caught in the fall of the year with a double-barrel shot-gun and a pair of snow-shoes. He does not bite unless irritated, but little boys should not go near the female moose while she is on her nest. The masculine moose wears a hare lip and a hat rack on his head, to which is attached a placard, on which is printed:

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

This shows that the moose is a humorist.

GATHERING THE CRANBERRY CROP WITH A STOMACH PUMP.

Near Pea Cove I saw a strange sight. A farmer was rowing around over his cranberry orchard in a skiff. I stood up on the stone wall and watched him for some time, because I am greatly interested in farming, and dearly love to watch any one else who may be engaged in manual labor. It was a long time before I could make out what he was doing. At last, however, I figured it out, and I was very much surprised, indeed, for I had never seen horticulture carried to that extent, and, as Mr. Sayward would remark, "I thought he was carrying that thing too far."

Many will doubt my word, and I would not have believed it myself if anyone else had told me, but the man was actually picking cranberries out of his submerged orchard with a stomach pump. I have one of the cranberries at home now.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Sunday Globe.*

He Knew the Climate.

Commercial Traveler's Wife—"Now, my dear, what coat will you take with you? It is almost June; your linen duster will be enough, I guess."

C. T.—"Lay out my fur overcoat, my heavy cloth overcoat, my spring overcoat and my linen duster."

C. T.'s W.—"Why, my dear!—You are joking, ain't you?"

C. T.—"Certainly not. I'm going to travel in New England."—*Boston Courier.*

—In the Bernese Oberland a parrot one day made its escape and perched on the rain trough of a farm house in the neighborhood. The farmer, who had probably never been out of his native village, brought a ladder to capture the strange animal. When he had reached the top and was reaching out his hand, the parrot called out: "What do you want? What do you want?" The astonished peasant at once took off his cap and said: "O, I beg your pardon, I thought you were a bird!"—*Mitzetheilt.*

—In the course of a recent Montana cattle case a cowboy testified that "a maverick is somebody else's calf that you get your brand on first."

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

Better Be Imposed on by Frauds Than Do an Honest Person an Injustice.

"Yes, he may be a fraud—probably is one," replied the man under the white plug hat as he replaced his change, "but I made a mistake on the wrong side of the ledger once and I don't want to get caught that way again."

"How was it?"

"Well, I'm neither a Christian nor a philanthropist. Fact is, I'm a pretty hard-hearted man on the average, but I used to be a little worse than I am now. One evening, five or six years ago, right in front of this very store, a boy about twelve years of age hit me for a dime. He had tears in his eyes, a drawl to his voice, and I spotted him at once for an impostor. He went on to say that his father was sick and unable to work, and that he himself had been down with a fever and had no strength to look for a job, and I laughed in derision and told him to clear out or I'd give him in charge."

"It's an old dodge," observed the man who was smoking a corn-cob pipe.

"Exactly, but it may not always be a dodge. I had a pocket full of silver, and I was too ornery mean to hand over a dime. Suppose the boy was lying? Suppose he wanted the money for himself? How contemptible in me to begrudge that trifling sum to a little chap who was certainly all skin and bone, and evidently needed a square meal."

"But it would have been encouraging vice," said the man with the check shirt front.

"Bosh! There are men in this city who are looked upon as shining examples, who cheat and swindle the people out of a thousand dollars where vice gets a shilling. This little incident I have been relating went out of my mind in an hour, but next day, as I was looking over an old tenement with the owner, who wanted me to figure on repairs, who should I come across but the boy of the night before. He was in bed and raving with fever. In bed? Well, he was tossing around on a heap of rags. In the same room was the mother, trying to earn a few cents at the wash-tub, but not having the strength to work for more than five minutes at a time. Also, the father—just alive with consumption, and occupying a bed no better than the boy's."

"Same boy, eh?" queried the corn-cob-pipe man, as the hard lines in his face began to melt.

"The very same. There was a quaver in his voice no one could forget in a day. He was raving away of this or that, but the father was quiet and inclined to be cheerful. As I sat down beside him for a moment after leaving a $5 bill in his skeleton hand, he said:

"God bless you for a good man! When little Ben started out last night we hadn't either light, fuel or food in the house. He met some kind-hearted man who gave him a dollar. It might have been you. But for that money God knows how we must have suffered."

"Might have been me! When I remembered how I had repulsed that boy the thought stabbed me like a knife! I was trying to say something to cheer the dying man, when that fever-stricken lad sprang up, evidently recognizing my voice, and cried out:

"'Please, mister, don't have me arrested! Don't let 'em lock me up! I'm telling the trnth—I ain't lying!'

"He came right over and got hold of me, and I tell you if ever a man was broken down it was this very individual. I left twenty-five dollars there when I went away, and I sent a doctor around, but inside of a week father and son were dead. One died blessing me, and the last words of the other were an entreaty to me not to call him a fraud and have him locked up. That's why my hand goes down for the chink when man or boy strikes me for change. I'd rather give a thousand dollars to frauds than to have another honest boy die with my refusal grinding into his soul."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HINDOO LAW.

A Remarkable Decision by an Indian Magistrate.

A judgment was recently delivered in the high court of Bombay, after a trial of fourteen days, which deserves more than local notoriety. The *Times of India* says it is "the most important case that has been tried in Western India for many years." The claim was by the son of a Hindoo millionaire, Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy, and he demanded from his father a partition of all the family property and an equal share. The father refused the partition and the son appealed to the high court. The Judge who tried the case, Mr. Justice Scott, following decisions of the Privy Council, ruled that a son who was a member of a Hindoo joint family had an equal right with the father and an equal share in the family property, and could claim partition against the father's will at any time after majority. The Judge pointed out that such a claim was reprobated as immoral by the ancient writers, but still admitted as just by the highest authority in Bombay. This seems an astonishing decision to European minds, but the authorities cited by the learned Judge show its absolute legality in Hindoo law. At the same time it has struck consternation through the wealthy families of Western India. The rule, no doubt, is a survival of the primitive idea that the family is an aggregate or collective unit, of which all members have an equal interest in the common property. As the learned Judge pointed out, the current of authority tends to overthrow parental authority and to effect a painful revolution in the family system throughout Western India. It was also decided in the case that property that was not family or ancestral property, but self-acquired, could be devised by will by a father to his son, and that the property retained its self-acquired character in the hands of the son. This will considerably diminish the danger that might arise from an unrestrained exercise of the right now fully declared. The case has been for a long time the subject of much discussion and great anxiety in all native circles, and, although experts in Hindoo law agree in the strict legality of the decision, there is a general opinion that the altered conditions of Hindoo society render legislation necessary on the subject, in spite of the extended effect now given to the exercise of the testamentary power.—*London Times.*

A SAD STORY.

A Daughter's Last Night With Her Father—She Learned What Death Was.

A few nights ago the writer was ordered out to one of the smaller Illinois towns to investigate a certain case over Sunday. On the train was a remarkably bright and cheery little girl, seven or eight years of age, who broke up the weariness of the early night for all the passengers in her vicinity with her childish wit and fun. She was accompanied by a prominent Prairie State politician, who looked at her rather sadly now and then as he told her story and his errand. Her father was a distant relative of General Grant, and during the latter's second administration was made a Consul at some gay European port. After marrying the daughter of a well-known and wealthy citizen of his native city, they went abroad with the brightest prospects of happy life. Fast companions proved too much for the husband, and by the the time of his return home he was a wreck. Influence, however, secured him a good place on a Western railroad as its traveling passenger agent, but his course went straight downward until his wife with her two children went back to her father's home, and he became a common sot. Two days before, broken down with the ravages of consumption and disease, he had come back to his native heath, as he said, to die. His continual wail had been to see his little daughter, and finally the request had been granted by the grandparents, who had removed to Chicago to escape the humiliation his career had brought upon them.

The next morning it was found the party was stopping at the same hotel as the writer, and the garrulous landlord told a pitiful tale of how his sick guest had bribed his attendants to get liquor the evening before, and how they and the dying man had lain all night in a drunken stupor. The second morning there was an unusual hush about the place. Even the porter walked on tiptoes, and the frisky girls of the dining-room were frisky no longer. When the landlord came in he said, quietly: "He is dead." He then said that during the evening the patient had come to himself and recognized his daughter, a contented smile passing over his haggard face when he saw she was with him once more. The contrast between the youthful innocence of the one and the wreck dissipation and vice had made of the other was so striking as to affect even the stolid landlord, whose voice grew husky as he described the scene. With scarcely a word spoken father and child remained hand in hand as the night wore on, the pulse of the dying man growing weaker until life went out, only a gasp marking the end.

On the return train, her mission over, was the daughter in charge of the same friend. She was no longer chirping about the car like a robin in May. Her eyelids were swollen, the trace of tears remained, and she gazed earnestly out of the car-window as the train rolled along, scarcely speaking a word for miles. She had learned what death was.—*Chicago Tribune.*

GORGEOUS GOLDEN TROUT.

A Mysterious Denizen of a Kansas Creek That Glitters in Dazzling Beauty.

"There is a trout in Whitney Creek, a tributary of Kern River, in Kansas," said a veteran New York angler, "the like of which does not exist in any other water of the globe. It has an abode of its own in the upper waters of the creek, and it is not invaded by any of the other breeds of trout, which swarm in the waters below, simply because it can not be got at by them. The reason of this is very simple. About six miles from the head of the creek there is a perpendicular waterfall, 150 feet high. The rock down which the water tumbles is solid and smooth on its face from base to summit. There are no protruding ledges or hollows at short intervals on the rock, by means of which other trout, with leap after leap, from ledge to ledge and hollow to hollow, can scale this watery precipice, as they do in the case of thousands of high waterfalls elsewhere, and no trout or salmon that ever climbed from mouth to head of the steepest mountain streams can go up this sheer fall of a hundred and fifty feet. Consequently the trout above the falls have never been disturbed by interlopers of a different variety, and they live by themselves in the pure, cold water, the most splendid family of fresh water fish.

"They are a fish literally bespangled with burnished gold and dashed with spots of the brightest crimson. The first time I ever saw one of these trout I actually thought it had been ornamented by the person who had it with flakes of gold leaf, and that its red spots had been heightened in color with the brush. But this is their natural appearance, and when they are taken from the water and the sunlight strikes them they glitter as if they were clad in brilliant armor. They are called the golden trout. Their habits are the same as the ordinary brook trout, and they take a fly just the same and fight as gamely. Their flesh is no better. It is their beauty alone that places them at the head of this great fish family, noted for its beauty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—George Law, son of the famous New York millionaire, is a liberal patron of sports, the demigod of the sporting fraternity, a free dispenser of money among them, and it is an unwritten law to them that he shall not be molested. Fear has more to do with this than love. The thief who robbed him would be hunted out of town by his fellows. It is said that he spends $100,000 a year in purses for contests, materials for revelry, and direct gifts to professional athletes. That is his diversion. He is a gentleman in rearing, education, and instincts; the toughs with whom he comes in contact are merely the creatures of his pleasure. He would kick any one of them out of the street railroad office in which he spends his business hours, but at night they may be convivially familiar with him.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The Supreme Court of Oregon recently decided that women should not be admitted to the practice of law in that State.

TEMPERANCE READING.

HARRY HALE.

'Twas a bright May morn when the springing corn
Marked furrows through the vale,
When friends met in mirth at the wedding feast
Of the blithesome Harry Hale.

CHORUS—O, Harry, loved Harry!
Lost Harry Hale!
'Twas the social glass at the licensed bar
Wrecked my own lost Harry Hale.

O, his eye was bright, his step was light,
His loving heart could not fail,
I loved him best, and I gave all my trust
To my noble Harry Hale.

Our cottage so neat, with its roses sweet,
Was the pride and gem of the dale,
'Till a luckless day to the dram-shop door,
Friends lured my dear Harry Hale.

O, I wept and prayed, while all night he stayed
Till morning stars grew pale,
For a demon's chain bound fast the soul
Of my once kind Harry Hale.

Soon, alone with God, 'neath the fresh, green sod;
O list ye to the tale:
In a drunkard's grave by the old willow tree
They laid my lost Harry Hale.

Now, all sad and lone by that cold gray stone
I breathe my sorrowing wail;
'Twas the social glass at the licensed bar that
Wrecked my noble Harry Hale.

THE BOTTLE'S STORY.

Why It Preferred Honest, Sour Vinegar to King Alcohol.

"I believe I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of any Temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh, dear, no! Never was drunk in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a pleasant light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters and crooned down the chimney, and made a banshee of itself along the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. "A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquor for the comfortable something from the corner store, and spied on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and a long neck, which had nothing in it, and smelled of nothing, and he set it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan. It was a faint, far-away sounding groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered:

"Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about; for there was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom.

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"Hanged if it isn't the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it spirits, or what?"

And the bottle answered:

"Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad spirits, too. Gin, rum and brandy—whisky and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "Five devils. I've been possessed by them all. Years and years they led me such a life that I wished I was smashed; years and years until your wife got me and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did worse than give some poor cabbage eater the colic. And I thought I should end my days in a decent vinegar bottle, and here I am—going to have one of the devils back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, who had grown used to the phenomenon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It's exceedingly uncomfortable to have wife away, but you are very foolish to talk as you do. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't hurt a fly. You've been listening to teetotalers."

"I haven't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a brand new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my owner, the liquor dealer, took me out of my case and handed me to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting the store.

"'Here, Jack,' says he, 'this will help you keep Christmas.'

"'Thank ye,' said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

"And there, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and a nice old grandfather and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me.

"'What a nice smell!' said she—the pretty wife.

"And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grandfather said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried upstairs and they laughed at that, because it was such a good joke.

"I liked myself then and what was in me.

"Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favorite as I was.

"Ah, dear; I was filled up again, and again, and again; and after awhile I began to see things changing about me. The wife's face was not so bright; the old grandfather never laughed; the baby's toes were out; and one day Jack staggered in, took me up, drank the last drop from me and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry.

"'Oh, Jack!' says she. 'Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle. We were so happy before it came into the house!'

"She blamed me but I knew it was the evil spirit in me she meant.

"'You've lost your place, Jack,' says she. 'Everything has changed. You don't love me any more. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle.'

"But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me by the neck and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another evil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house; bit by bit it was pawned.

"Then they left the house itself and were living in a cellar somewhere. She took in washing; some of the money she earned went for more evil spirits to fill me.

"Didn't I loathe myself? One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead and Jack drunk on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself? I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever bottle did desire to smash itself, I did. But it was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful cut glass cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt; but I, who had become a dwelling-place for devils, I lasted.

"They carried the old grandfather away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went sneaking out of the house with a bundle under one arm and me under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawn-shop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor woman never had a decent dress again.

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earned for her children's bread from it, and then go off with me. Think of it! I had to aid and abet him, and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing that she didn't know how I hated the devils that lived in me, but that were hard to bear. But he fell down-stairs with me in his pocket and broke his head, and didn't break me. He hit me against things, to their injury, not mine. I must have a guardian devil, I lasted so.

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice and snow and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a barroom stove, with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. Up came the proprietor.

"'Now, Jack Barker,' says he, 'why don't you go home?'

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his toes out and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called Handsome Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that.

"Now he looked up with a miserable, abject whine.

"'Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas eve?' says he. 'You didn't use to say go home when I came here with ful pockets, Mr. Jones.'

"'Well, no, I didn't,' said the man; 'and it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jack Barker.'

"He filled it—goodness knows with what—and the poor wretch staggered home. Oh, the wretched cellar; the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying sick upon it. I remember them so well.

"She was very sick, and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there.

"'Happy Christmas!' said he, as he staggered in. 'Happy Christmas, old girl!'

"'Happy!' said she. 'Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christmas.'

"It takes so little to put a drunken man in a rage. He answered her with an oath.

"'Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk,' said he. And the poor woman answered:

"'Oh, good Heaven! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!'

"And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck and beat her over the head with me. The cork fell out and the liquor poured over her breast and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood.

"At first she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew white. I knew I was a murderer. 'Oh, let me break!' I cried. 'Let me be broken into fragments!' But her fair flesh was mashed to pulp, her delicate bones broken, and I was sound as ever, when Jack, led by Heaven knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along, muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before and on which they had given him drink.

"'Sea Bird, ahoy!' cried he. 'Hullo! hullo! Sea Bird, ahoy!'

"Nobody answered him.

"'I'm coming aboard,' he muttered—'I'm coming aboard. I shan't stay at home to be preached to. I'm my own master.'

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice under the water.

"'Thank Heaven,' said I, 'my miserable career is ended.'

"Then I turned cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck.

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water.

"'There's a bottle,' said some one. It was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of a boat, and caught me.

"'There was a man drowned here last night,' said he to another boy at his side.

"'Did you see him?' said this one.

"'Yes,' said the first. 'He was drunk, and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her, down in the cellar over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the junk man.'

"So I was saved, and much against my will stood in the junk shop window for a week. The water had washed the blood off of me. I had no smell of liquor left, and along comes your wife.

"'What a nice, flat bottle!' says she—'just what I want. How much for it?'

"'And Billy charged her four cents, and home she brought me.

"'My career of vice has begun again,' said I. 'And I expected nothing else, but, bless the dear soul, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, innocent, respectable vinegar—and I've been a good reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—you—her husband, are going to put the devilish spirits into me again. For Heaven's sake break me first! I don't want to destroy another household.'

"'You shan't!' said Tom Barnaby. 'Here you go back on your shelf, I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee.'

"'Right,' said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside the cruet on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.—*Chicago Herald.*

A GOAT'S EXPERIENCE.

He Wages an Effectual War Against the Cause of His Disgrace and Shame.

Never had regimental goat been more attentive to duties than was Billy. At drill, parade and roll-call, Billy was ever to the fore. He seemed to take as much pride in the regiment as the men did in him. And when the men—overgrown boys that they were—had leisure, as they had in abundance, they found in Billy as hearty a playfellow as they found him a ready comrade in duty.

Well fed, well groomed, well housed, well cared for in every way, Billy's lot among goats was indeed a happy one. But, alas! pride goeth before a fall; and Billy was to be no exception to the rule.

Billy had not merely the right of entry to the mess-room, but was always a welcome guest there, and received many a dainty morsel from the friendly hands of the men. One evening, however, it happened that Corporal Price, out of a spirit of thoughtless mischief, proposed that Billy should partake of the liquids as well as of the solids of the mess-table. The suggestion was at once seized upon, and the men eagerly watched Billy's first bibulous attempt.

Corporal Price coaxingly held out his cup; and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, quaffed off the contents. Another and yet another of the men offered Billy a drink, an invitation he could not think of declining. Finally, the large earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was placed upon the floor; Billy was directed to help himself, which he proceeded to do with such hearty good-will that he became—to the intense amusement of the men, I am ashamed to have to acknowledge—helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

I shall not attempt to describe his symptoms. Suffice it to say that the next morning Billy was for the first time absent from roll-call, and did not put in appearance all day. Nothing could tempt him to leave the stable.

When a second day brought a repetition of the desertion, and a second evening mess commenced without Billy putting in an appearance, Corporal Price was directed to bring the deserter before a court-martial of the men's mess.

With considerable difficulty, he managed to induce Billy to leave his lair at all; and it was only by dragging him by main force he could get him inside the door of the room which had been the scene of his orgies two nights before.

Billy's appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

"Come, Billy, take a drink!" said the sergeant at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head, his eye lit up, his fore-hoof beat the floor. Then with a snort, a rush and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and deluging not only the table, but the men who sat near. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked proudly and majestically out of the room.

"And really, sir," said the corporal to me in reciting the incident, "Billy's was the best blue-ribbon lecture I ever listened to!"—*Boy's Own Paper.*

THE colored people of Raleigh, North Carolina, are organizing a Temperance society, its mission being "to teach and preach Gospel Temperance, and point out the evils of intemperance."

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ROGUISH PUCK.

"Do I believe in fairies? Yes, Master Hazel-eyes."
And the roguish face grew scornful and grave with great surprise.

"Well, I don't," said he, firmly. "I'll tell you why—because
I've never seen a single one, not even Santa Claus."

Said I to this small skeptic, aged seven:
"Then you know
Much more than Master Shakespeare did, who lived so long ago.

"For he believed in fairies—Peas-blossom, Mustard-seed,
Oberon and Queen Titania—and so do I, indeed.

"In Mab, who sets poor mortals dreaming of wondrous luck;
In airy, dainty Ariel, but most of all in Puck.

"In Puck, the rogue, the rascal, the naughty, tricksy sprite!
To torment every living thing is his supreme delight.

"He's always lurking near us, some naughty trick to play;
I come across the traces of his mischief every day."

"What, here? You're joking with me," cried Master Hazel-eyes.
"You just are talking nonsense." And he looked severe and wise.

"Who else would throw my scissors," I asked, "down in the well?
And who would thrust poor pussy's feet each in a walnut shell?

"Or dance upon the shed-top, dressed like a ghost in white,
To scare mamma and auntie, at nine o'clock at night?

"Who ate the floating island from off the custard sea,
When all the aunts and uncles were coming here to tea?

"Who was it pulled the needles out with a single jerk,
And left all those dropped stitches in grandma's knitting work?"

By this time Master Hazel-eyes had very sober grown,
As I wished that Puck, the rascal, would let us all alone;

And said that he was cruel, and—wretched, heartless sprite—
Delighted to set all things wrong, but never made them right.

A fairy whom no one could love, for 'twas his only care
To frighten us, and bother us, and vex us everywhere.

"Please stop!" And Master Hazel-eyes turned red as red could be.
And then, forgetting grammar, said: "It isn't Puck; it's me

"You're talking of. I know it is. Do stop! I wish you would.
I'm sorry that I acted so—I'm going to be good.

"I didn't mean to be so bad, and trouble every one;
But I forgot, and *everything*, and then it was such fun!

"And you pretended it was Puck. But that's just what I say—
There isn't any Puck at all, nor fairies anyway."

So answered Master Hazel-eyes, whom I could not convince;
And as for Puck, the rascal, I haven't seen him since.

But in his stead a brownie comes, who, to my great surprise,
Is always kind and helpful, and he looks like Hazel-eyes.

—*Eleanor A. Hunter, in Golden Days.*

A LOST BOY.

A Fruitless Search and an Accidental Discovery.

Such a lovely spring day! But dear Aunt Molly, in her country home, was among the clouds. Not that she was at all lifted up from this earthly sphere. Oh! no. She was in the midst of as dreadful fright and worry as ever had darkened her sweet country home.

Tommy, that nephew of hers, always into some unheard of exploration—that child of nine summers, who had been left in Aunt Molly's care while his parents took a trip to Europe—this important individual had been missing ever since morning, and now it was long past dinner-time. Wasn't that enough to put a conscientious maiden lady, who knew but little about children; into the clouds of despair?

"If that child ever gets safe into his mother's arms I never will take care of another while my name is Mary Cheeseboro," said Aunt Molly.

They searched the house, she and the hired man, who had always been right foolish over Tommy, giving him many a ride on the great garden gate—a luxury strictly forbidden the youthful population of Hawleyville. The village doctor started in the search with his gig; Johnny Smith whirled away on his bicycle; Mary Perry promenaded off on her roller skates; Felix Morton galloped forth on his pony; and, in fact, the whole village was in arms, or more literally, on its legs, in search of the lost boy.

Aunt Molly wisely kept a plate of hot dinner for the hopeful result, and then sat down and cried heartily, assisted in her lachrymose condition by loud bursts of sorrow from the hired girl, who now and then wiped her tears with her apron and comforted Aunt Molly with such remarks of the departed as these: "Sure, but he was a beautiful b'y! We niver shall see the loiks of him again. Little did I think this mornin' when he was aitin' his bread and milk that I should niver see his swate face again. 'Bridget,' says he, 'will ye give me some cookies, plase, to put in my pocket; for ye know, good Bridget, I might mate a hungry little b'y.' Och! the dear child—niver to have a funeral!"—and at this, an added misfortune in the Irishwoman's eyes, she wailed afresh.

By the time the doctor's gig, Mary Perry's skates, Felix's pony and the other messengers had returned without any news, anxiety was written more deeply on every countenance. Aunt Molly thought of the gypsies who had gone by yesterday, and shuddered as she remembered the long look that one of the men had given Tommy. What if * * * Poor Aunt Molly! She went out again to the great barn, hardly knowing why, but feeling that she must continue the search somewhere, although they had hunted the barn over a dozen times, and shouted "Tommy!" in a dozen different keys, all around it. Peering through her glasses in every direction, she caught a glimpse of some bright feathers up in the hay-loft.

"Now, I wonder," she said, indignantly, "what on airth that old hen is a pryin' around up in the hay-loft for; she ain't got no business up there—just as inquisitive as the roosters are, if I must say—pryin' round as though she'd got a family to bring up. And what a time she's a making—acts if she's caught fast to somethin'."

Without further speculation she climbed to the hay-loft as nimbly as a girl, and there, what do you suppose she found? Tommy! fast asleep, and that old hen with a string around her leg, fastened to a beam, and making ineffectual attempts to reach one of Bridget's cakes in the hand of the considerate young man who thought he "might meet a hungry little boy."

It didn't take Aunt Molly long to release the one and awake the other. I don't believe she gave Tommy a very *gentle* shaking to arouse him. As the three descended, the news spread that the lost was found, and the young urchin became the hero of the hour. As he devoured the waiting dinner and related his experience, he said:

"I heard the old hen up in the loft a makin' an awful clucking noise, so I thought I'd go up and see if dere was any new eggs, but dere wasn't any; she's always a foolin' me—dat old hen. Well, I thought I'd just play she was a wild Injun, so I tied a string round her leg and gave her some cookey so I could keep her still, you know, then I took her prisoner and fastened her to the beam, and played I owned the prison. So I laid down in the hay, and that's all I know till Aunt Molly was a shakin' me awful."

"Shure," said Bridget, replenishing his plate, "and didn't I think we'd be afther havin' a *wake* over ye."

At this Tommy laughed and said: "Aunt Molly made me a-*wake!*" and at this they all hugged him and declared they never would worry about him again, for he'd be sure to turn up somewhere; such a boy was too smart to be lost. But Aunt Molly determined to keep a careful eye on him thereafter.—*Treasure Trove.*

SLEEPING IN A TENT.

Not a Bit Afraid—Freddie and Harry's Adventure with a "Lion."

"Please, mamma, dear! please let us!"

"Now, mamma, please to do!"

Two eager voices begged and coaxed and argued and plead and teased, but still mamma would not consent, and at last Harry and Fred had to go up to bed in their own little room, instead of sleeping out in the tent, as they wanted to do. It was such a pretty tent, and such a nice, cool place to sleep in on this hot night!

"I don't see why mamma won't let us," growled Harry.

"Less we might get the whooping-cough," suggested little Fred.

"Oh, nonsense! It's just because she's nervous. I heard grandpa tell her so once, and now I know what he meant."

"She says we might get scared."

"But we won't. I tell you, Fred," said Harry, his eyes sparkling with mischief, "if we just slept out there once, she'd let us all the time, 'cause then she'd know it wouldn't make us sick."

"But she told us not to."

"Oh, well, you know she wouldn't really care if she found we didn't get cold, or rheumatism, or ammonia, and weren't a speck frightened."

"But she said we mustn't."

"Oh, you're afraid!"

"I ain't."

"Yes, you are. I don't want you to go with me, anyway. I'd have more fun by myself. Good-bye, 'fraid cat!"

"I ain't a 'fraid cat, and I'm going to sleep in the tent if you do!" cried Freddie, sturdily. "Only—I—guess you'd better take your pop-gun, Harry."

So Harry armed himself with his pop-gun, and the two boys stole down stairs. Freddie did hope his mother would hear them, and come out to see where they were going, but she didn't.

How dark it was outside! The moon had gone behind a cloud, and somehow the clouds looked dim and sleepy.

Harry kept saying the tent was so pleasant and cool and comfortable, and he just wished somebody would dare to disturb them, so he could shoot him down dead with his pop-gun. But dear me, how dark it was inside!

Freddie was nearly frightened out of his wits, but he had been playing hard all day, so he just curled himself up and said: "You kill—anything—down dead—that"——and was off to the land of Nod before he could finish.

"What did he mean?" thought Harry. There isn't *anything* that could hurt us really and truly. There aint any ghosts, and I guess lions don't live anywhere near here."

He wasn't afraid, oh no, indeed! but somehow he couldn't get to sleep and kept sitting up and listening to the queer noises and wondering whether mamma had gone to bed, and handling his pop-gun.

What was that? Surely he heard something creeping, creeping, creeping softly over the grass!

They had fastened the tent back on both sides to let the cool air come in, and at one of these openings appeared a big black head.

It was a lion!

Harry was so terrified that he could not even scream. His heart went pit-a-pat, and his hands grew cold as ice, and he never once thought of his pop-gun.

Then the lion uttered a low growl!

"Freddie! Freddie!" cried Harry.

"What? what?" gasped Freddie, waking from a sound sleep in a great fright.

"Run! Run! *There's a lion after us!*"

And in a moment the two boys were rushing across the garden screaming at the top of their voices, with the horrible creature close behind them.

Mamma heard the cries and came running out to meet the two naughty youngsters. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked, breathlessly. "Where have you been? What has frightened you? Why, surely you can't be afraid of Carlo!"

Then these two brave, brave boys looked at the lion again and saw that it was Carlo, dear, kind, gentle old Carlo, the big Newfoundland!

Harry burst into tears, and threw his arms around his mother.

"Oh, please forgive us," he sobbed, and mamma just kissed them both and did not ask any questions, or say another word about the lion. She understood what Harry meant, just the way mammas always do.—*Bertha Watson, in Youth's Companion.*

—The die from which the Franklin cent was made is now being used as a paper-weight in a hardware house in New Haven.—*Hartford Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—An Arizona man has stopped taking an agricultural paper. He wrote to the editor asking how to get rid of gnats. The answer came in the next issue of the paper, "kill them."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Catherine Pussey was struck by a stone from a quarry blast at Elvington and instantly killed. That shows the error of the popular belief that a pussy cat has nine lives.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—The hog-pen should be always liberally bedded with straw, not only where the pigs sleep but the yard outside, where they run. Unless this yard is well bedded much of the liquid manure will be lost.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Newfoundland has a population of 193,000. In 1874, when the preceding census was taken, it had a population of 161,374. During the time the Catholics have increased in numbers sixteen per cent. and the Protestants thirty-one per cent.

—A bicycler fell from his machine in the early part of a twenty-mile race in New Haven a few days ago, and broke his wrist, but he didn't discover the extent of his injury until he had arrived home. He finished the race, and came in first.—*New Haven Register.*

—An Indiana lady has been decorating a set of dinner plates in a novel manner. On each (of eighteen) she has painted a bird of different species, and on the border of the plate a verse, in old English text, of poetry, written by one of the best authors about that particular kind of bird.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—In regard to the operation for dividing certain fibrous bands in the little finger so as to give pianists more freedom in the use of it, the *British Medical Journal* says that in the fourteen cases of Dr. Forbes, of Philadelphia, good functional results have been obtained, but it suggests that "the effort necessary to stretch any fibrous band existing between the fingers is itself useful, as tending to stretch all the muscles attached to them."

—A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam bake he overtaxed his capacity, and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unabated. Leaving the party, and going down upon his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a judicious pause, "Very few, if any. Amen."—*Christian at Work.*

—Some time since, Newton Irvine, living in a cabin near Blocksburg, Humboldt County, Cal., received a present of a quarter of veal from some unknown party. His suspicions were aroused at such an unwonted act of generosity, and he fed a piece of the veal to a dog, which died soon afterward with all the symptoms of poison. He buried the veal, and a day or two subsequently he was shot near his cabin, the murderer putting seven rifle-balls into his body. The reason for the murder and indentity of the man who committed it are alike a mystery.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A New Yorker has patented a railroad indicator to be used to indicate the time at which trains pass a station. The indicator is composed of a clock set in a case about eight feet above the ground. The dial looks like an ordinary clock; the hands are stationary except when a train passes on the track where the indicator is attached, when the hands suddenly move to the hour, minute and second, giving the correct time when the train passes. The hands point at this time until another train passes, when they move ahead as before. The invention has been satisfactorily tested.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Texas Congress once took exceptions to President Sam Houston's habit of giving them his messages orally, and insisted that he should write them out; that the habit of delivering them orally was highly dictatorial, and lacking in respect for Congress. Houston agreed to conform to their wishes, and as the next day was the one set apart for the delivery of his inaugural, he made his appearance in the halls of Congress with a roll of paper in his hand, tied with red tape, and marked in large letters, "Inaugural." He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and on concluding handed it with a bow to the clerk, and strode out of the chamber. On being opened it was found to be a roll of blank paper.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE SUN.

A Scientist Who Believes That Its Color Is Blue.

It may be asked, What suggested the idea that the sun may be blue rather than any other color? My own attention was first directed this way many years ago, when measuring the heat and light from different parts of the sun's disk. It is known that the sun has an atmosphere of its own, which tempers its heat, and by cutting off certain radiations, and not others, produces the spectral lines we are all familiar with. These lines we customarily study in connection with the absorbing vapors of sodium, iron, and so forth, which produce them; but my own attention was particularly given to the regions of absorption, or to the color it caused, and I found that the sun's body must be deeply bluish, and that it would shed blue light, except for this apparently colorless solar atmosphere, which really plays the part of a reddish veil, letting a little of the blue appear on the center of the sun's disk where it is thinnest, and staining the edge red, so that to delicate tests the center of the sun is a pale aquamarine, and its edge a garnet. The effect I found to be so important that, if this all but invisible solar atmosphere were diminished by but a third part, the temperature of the British Islands would rise above that of the torrid zone; and this directed my attention to the great practical importance of studying the action of our own terrestrial atmosphere on the sun, and the antecedent probability that our own air was also and independently making the really blue sun into an apparently white one.—*Prof. Langley, in Science.*

EDWIN M. STANTON.

How His Life Was Believed to Have Been Saved.

General Grant, in his biography, refers to a meeting at Louisville with Edwin M. Stanton, when the Secretary of War had such a cold that Grant expected him to die. Ex-Senator Learned, of Massachusetts, relates the sequel of that meeting in an interesting way. Mr. Learned was at that time President of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad. When Stanton left Louisville he went to Jeffersonville on his way to Indianapolis. He was met there by Mr. Learned, who had gone there to see about the transportation of troops. A car was set aside for the Secretary of War. It had been used by troops and was somewhat filthy. The hose was turned on to its floors, and it underwent a thorough scrubbing. In the big stoves at either end huge fires were built. It was bitter cold weather, and the car was a long time getting a comfortable temperature. Mr. Stanton, General Anson Stager (since dead), and Mr. Learned and his wife occupied the car. Mr. Learned says that he never saw a man traveling in worse condition than Stanton, who had a congestion that was rapidly closing in on him with a death-grip. He went over and said to Stanton: "Mr. Secretary, I presume as head of the War Department and chief of its allopathic medical branch, you would not feel at liberty to accept relief outside?"

"I don't understand," said Stanton.

"Well, I've been a homeopathist for twenty years, and I know you are a sick man. If you will permit me, I think my wife has her package of medicines along and that I can prescribe for your relief."

"What would you give me?"

"I think you should have stibium."

"What is that?"

"The first preparation of tartar emetic."

Then the Senator told the story of old Dr. Grey, who always prescribed stibium, and had once said he expected to have inscribed on his tombstone, "He prescribed stibium and died." Stanton said: "I don't know about stibium, but I think tartar emetic would do me good." Mr. Learned gave him doses every ten minutes, finally lengthening the doses to half an hour. At Seymour Mr. Stanton was much relieved, but begged Mr. Learned to go on to Indianapolis. Just before reaching that city he got a dispatch which he told the Senator required his presence at Washington as soon as he could get there. Mr. Learned insisted that he would endanger his life by attempting the trip in his condition. "Human life is nothing in times like these," was Stanton's response. He asked for the bottle of stibium and declared his intention of going on to the Capital. The bottle was given to General Stager, with instructions to lengthen the periods of doses to two hours unless the congestion should grow worse, when they were to be shortened. Stanton went on to Washington under this treatment and recovered. Months afterwards he told Mr. Learned that he considered himself indebted to Mrs. Learned's homeopathic medicine case for his life.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tempting to Steal.

The practice of placing goods outside shops, thus tempting starving people to steal, is so utterly indefensible that its continuance can only be accounted for on the theory of its greatly stimulating business. On that head a boot and shoe dealer at Birmingham gives evidence which appears almost incredible. Having been reprimanded by the bench for putting a considerable portion of his stock in trade outside his shop, he declared that he could not help himself. He had tried the other plan for seven months, and his books showed that it made on the average a difference of 150 pairs weekly in his sales. According to his story, therefore, he must have sold 4,500 fewer pairs during the period when virtue triumphed over greediness. That was, he evidently thought, far too high a price to pay for doing right, and he therefore relapsed into selfishness, with the result of his having to prosecute a father and son for stealing a pair of boots from outside his shop. The elder received two months' imprisonment, the younger fourteen days' imprisonment and five years' incarceration in a reformatory. Clearly, therefore, however profitable the practice may be to traders, it is very expensive to the general community who have to maintain the offenders in prison. On that ground alone, and putting humanity out of the question, the State has an excellent right to interfere. Moreover, if the practice were prohibited throughout the kingdom all traders would be placed on the same footing, and, as the public are bound to supply their own requirements, there could not be any loss of trade in the aggregate.—*London Globe.*

VICTOR HUGO.

How He Would Have Punished Marshal Bazaine.

At Victor Hugo's house one evening the question of capital punishment was discussed, anent the commutation of the sentence of Bazaine into perpetual imprisonment. Several politicians who were present blamed this commutation and maintained that no one had ever better deserved death than Bazaine. "No," said Hugo, "I would not have loaded chassepots for him; but, if I had been President of the Council of War, this is what I should have done: I should have convoked to the Champ de Mars the National Assembly, all the troops of Paris, all the people; and there in the presence of that crowd, in presence of that army, in presence of the representatives of the nation, I should have had Bazaine brought forward, dressed in all the insignia of a marshal of France. Then the President of the Assembly would have read aloud the judgment declaring Bazaine a traitor to his country, and condemning him to degradation. Then the senior subaltern officer would have torn off his crosses, broken his sword, trampled his epaulettes under foot, and, the ceremony over, would have said to the degraded man: 'Now, Monsieur Bazaine, go! you are free!' No one can deny the grandeur of this conception of moral and exemplary chastisement.—*Paris Morning News.*

THE TURKISH POSTAL SYSTEM.

A Holy War Imminent Unless Its Efficiency is Improved.

The crusaders of old, from Peter the Hermit to Prince Methusalem, would gird up their loins anew and raise again the tattered banner of the cross, if they could but know of the war now in progress between United States Consul Selah Merrill, of Palestine, and the Turkish Government, anent the mail service of Syria. In one of his reports to the State Department last fall, Mr. Merrill took occasion to say that "Turkey is in the postal union, and in Europe and America it is supposed she is sufficiently civilized to deserve to be thus admitted, but those Europeans and Americans who reside here realize to their sorrow often that letters in the Turkish post are common property when they see them scattered promiscuously about the single room of the postoffice, on window ledges, and the tops of boxes, on divans and on the floor." This was worse than a charge of "offensive partisanship" against the postmaster at Jerusalem, and the State Department of this country made up its mind to investigate him. This it did by requesting of Consul Merrill a bill of particulars.

The Consul has made a lengthy report, bringing extensive and alarming allegations against the whole postal service of Turkey, but particularly that of Palestine. It seems that in Jerusalem there are two mail services, the Turkish and the Austrian, but no complaint is made as to the latter. The only seaport of Jerusalem is Jaffa (the ancient Joppa,) forty miles distant, and the mail is conveyed across the country by almost anybody who will consent to carry it. The Austrian mail arrives in Jerusalem about eighteen or twenty hours after its reception at Jaffa, and is distributed by seven o'clock in the morning, while the Turkish mail is seldom open until six hours later. The Consul says that on one occasion the bag containing the mail was given by the Turkish officials at Jaffa to a common peasant, who agreed to carry it to Jerusalem for one medjidi, or about one dollar. The man took the bag, disappeared, and has never since been heard of, the authorities claiming they could not be expected to find a man of whose name and residence they were ignorant.

The Consul declares the mail-bag is sometimes taken from Jaffa and left for hours by the side of the street outside the gates of Jerusalem, where crowds of men and animals are constantly passing. Near this point there is a large khan, where mules and donkeys are kept, and here the mail-bag is often dumped on its arrival from Jaffa, remaining for the night or day, or until some official from the postoffice sends for it. In the meantime anybody and everybody takes the liberty of opening the bag and getting out his mail. It frequently happens, says the Consul, that during Ramadan (the great Mohammedan feast, which continues for a month) the mudi lolls down to the postoffice at noon, opens the bag to give out Government mail to some official messenger, and then deliberately sits down to smoke, leaving the European patron to cool his heels on the stone floor. When the mail is finally distributed, the Christian is quietly told there is nothing for him, when the fact is the letters are scattered all over the room, and it is much easier to say "no" than to ascertain who they are really for.

In this manner, says the Consul, valuable letters are lost through the dishonesty and carelessness of the Turkish postal officers, and he advises all American mail for Syria to be sent by way of Brindisi or Trieste, instead of by Constantinople. Naturally enough, when these charges were formally laid before the Director General of posts at Constantinople, supplemented by similar charges from the French Consul at Jerusalem, there was a great gnashing of teeth and the Turkish anger was kindled. After several months of waiting, the Director General now files with the Government of the United States a denial of the charges in language that would do justice to a Kentucky duelist. He says he caused an investigation to be made of the mail service of Syria and that no complaints were heard from anybody but the American Consul, "whose charges are inexplicable and intentionally untrue." Now the State Department is scratching its head and wondering how long anybody but a consul could live in Syria after daring to complain at anything the Turkish Government did, and Consul Merrill is roosting in the Mount of Olives with a knife up his sleeve. There will be a holy war if Mr. Merrill doesn't get his next love-letter on time.—*Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"When She Will, She Will."

"I thought only a few men were up to the winter bathing mark," observed the reporter. The bath man laughed scornfully. "When a lady makes up her mind to bathe every day in the year," he said, "nothing can stand her off. I've seen men who would come here on cold mornings, undress and walk to the water's edge, but the minute it touched their toes, race back and get into their clothes again. Not so with women. When they are in bathing trim it means bathing and nothing short of a tidal wave will stop them. Here comes the daisy bather of the lot. I've seen that girl here when it was so cold that to even look at the water used to give me the shakes. Now, what do you think first induced that lady to bathe all the time? For the pure love of it? No, sir. She was getting too fat. She tried everything—dieting, exercise and medicine, but nothing would take her down. At last she dropped on sea bathing, and it fetched her. She is nice and slim now, though plump enough, but when she came here first she was as fat as a butter ball. I wish all the fat ladies in the city would have her courage, and our winter business would be worth something."—*San Francisco Alta.*

—An effort will be made to secure a statue of ex-President Pierce, to be placed in the Capitol Park at Concord, N. H., as a companion to that of Daniel Webster.—*Boston Post.*

HIDDEN INCA TREASURES.

The Efforts That Have Been Made During the Last Three Centuries to Locate Them.

The Spaniards under Pizarro landed first on the Island of Puna, at the mouth of the harbor of Guayaquil, and afterward upon the main coast at Tumbez in Peru, a few miles southward. Here they found that the Incas, for the first time in the history of that remarkable race, were at war. Huayna-Capac, the greatest of the Incas, made Quito his capital, and there lived in a splendor unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. At his death he divided his kingdom into two parts, giving to Atahuallpa the northern half, and to Huscar what is now Bolivia and the southern part of Peru. The two brothers went to war and while they were engaged in it Pizarro came. Everybody who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows what followed. With the aid of the Spaniards, Atahuallpa conquered his brother and then the Spaniards conquered him. When he lay a prisoner in the hands of the guests he offered to fill his prison with gold if they would release him. They agreed, and his willing subjects brought the treasure, but the greedy Spaniards, always treacherous, demanded more, and Atahuallpa sent for it. Runners were hurried all over the country, and the simple, unselfish people surrendered all their wealth to save their King. But Pizarro became tired of waiting for the treasure to come, and the men in charge of it, being met by the news that Atahuallpa had been strangled, buried the gold and silver in the mountains of Llauganati, where the Spaniards have been searching for it ever since.

No amount of persuasion, temptation or torture could wring from the Indians the secrets of the buried gold. Two men of modern times are supposed to have known its hiding place. One of them, an Indian, became mysteriously rich, and built the church of San Francisco in Quito. On his death bed he is said to have revealed to the priest who confessed him that his wealth came from the hidden Inca treasure, but he died without imparting the knowledge of its location. Another man, Valverde by name, a Spaniard, married an Inca woman, and is supposed to have learned the secret from her, for he sprang from abject poverty to the summit of wealth almost in a single night, "without visible means of support." Valverde when he died left as a legacy to the King of Spain a guide to the buried treasure. Hundreds of fortunes have been wasted and hundreds of lives have been lost in a vain attempt to follow Valverde's directions. They are perfectly plain to a certain point, where the trail ends, and can not be followed farther because of a deep ravine, which the credulous assert has been opened since Valverde died by an earthquake. These searches have been prosecuted by the Government as well as by private individuals, and if all the money that has been spent hunting for Atahuallpa's ransom had been invested in roads and other internal improvements the country would be much richer and the people much more prosperous than they are.

The devotion of the Indians to the memory of their King who was strangled 350 years ago is very touching. When "the last of the Incas" fell he left his people in perpetual mourning, and the women wear nothing but black to-day. It is a pathetic custom for the race not to show upon their costumes the slightest hint of color. Over a short black skirt they wear a sort of mantle, which resembles in its appearance as well as in its use the "manta" that is worn by the ladies of Peru, and the "mantilla" of Spain. It is drawn over their foreheads and across the chin and pinned between the shoulders. This sombre costume gives them a nun-like appearance, which is heightened by the stealthy, silent way in which they dart through the streets. The cloth is woven on their own native looms of the wool of the llama and the vicuñas, and is a soft, fine texture. While the Indians have accepted the Catholic religion, 350 years of submission has not entirely divorced them from the ancient rites they practiced under their original civilization. Several times a year they have feasts or celebrations to commemorate some event in the Inca history, and like the Aztecs in Mexico, they still cling to a hope that future ages may restore the dynasty under which their fathers lived and destroy the hated Spaniards.—*Quito Cor. Boston Herald.*

Cast-Off Foot-Gear.

Hundreds of men, women and even boys, in New York, are engaged in the "business" of collecting old boots and and shoes, which they take to the wall-paper factories, where they receive from five to fifteen cents per pair. Calf-skin boots bring the best price, while cowhide ones are not taken at any figure. These boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off, and then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground up into a fine pulp. Then it is pressed upon a ground of heavy paper, which is to be used in the manufacture of "embossed leather." Fashionable people think they are going away back to mediæval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with this, and remain in blissful ignorance that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash-barrel a month before now adorn their walls and hang on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. Carriage-top makers and book-binders also buy old boots and shoes, the former to make leather-tops for carriages and the latter leather bindings for the cheaper grades of books. The new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet.—*Utica Herald.*

—Judge Laporte, of Huntington, Pa., is of the same stuff the ancients found in their heroes. His son, accused of murdering a friend, fled to his father for refuge, and there confessed to the killing. The old Judge told the boy he had sworn to obey the constitution and enforce the law, and taking him in his buggy to the county seat delivered him over to justice.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

The time is rapidly approaching when the Republican party of Garrett county will be called upon to nominate candidates for the various local offices to be filled next fall. We think, as a general thing, the people at large do not give as much attention to the matter of selecting candidates as they should. Much of the growling as to the unfitness of candidates might be prevented if the people would take the time necessary for the purpose, attend the primary meetings, and participate in the nominations. Indeed it seems to be the duty of good citizens to pursue the course indicated. Again, we would remind our Republican friends throughout the county that it is important that our party should nominate its best men for the various offices. We hold that incompetent men should not be nominated at all. It very often happens that persons, the least qualified, consider themselves the best fitted for a given position, and, acting upon their own judgment, attempt to thrust themselves upon the people. Such aspirants for public favor should be promptly checked, and if, through political intrigue or otherwise they secure a nomination, then the people should see to it that they are defeated at the polls. The proper way to obviate difficulties of this character is to nominate good men, men who are competent, men who have the confidence of the people, and who will poll the solid vote of the Republican party. It is the most absurd nonsense in the world to suppose for a single moment that it is necessary to nominate a man or men who can carry a few Democratic votes and thus be elected. What we want to do as a party is to nominate men who can poll the full Republican vote. In that case there will be no difficulty about electing our nominees. We would especially call attention to the importance of nominating good men for County Commissioners. Our taxes are very high, and many people believe that with proper management the tax rate might be reduced. But we can not reasonably expect this if we elect incompetent men. If we want the finances of our county managed skillfully and economically we must elect our very best men County Commissioners. If we nominate men who never were able to manage their own business successfully, who can't even manage a small farm or any other small business properly, and then expect them to manage the county affairs carefully, we shall be doomed to disappointment. A deal of trouble may be saved by looking at these matters calmly beforehand.

The coils are tightening about the Democratic temperance conspirators in Ohio who desire to see Democratic success. The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cleveland, Ohio, has awakened to the error of mixing their moral cause with a political one, and has withdrawn from the State and National Union. Besides this, the congregation of Brother Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Governor, is considerably torn up over the candidacy of the pastor. The official board of the church has by a majority vote allowed him the "freedom of his conscience," but it is a notable fact that two Republican members of the board refused to vote. This, together with ex-Governor Foster's expression that the Prohibition vote would not seriously cripple the Republican cause this year, is a sign that no true Republican will be deluded into voting for the Democratic side show ticket.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Howard Cooper, the colored assailant of Miss Katie Gray, in April last, was hanged about thirty yards from the jail at Towson, Baltimore county, at 12:50 o'clock Sunday morning. Sheriff Knight was asked by the mob for the keys of the jail, He refused, saying that it was his sworn duty to protect the prisoner. The mob battered down the jail door with a telegraph pole. After some difficulty the lynchers gained admission to the Sheriff's room, where they secured the keys to Cooper's cell. The prisoner was then led from the jail with his hands tightly pinioned behind him, ahd was conducted to the nearest tree, where he was unceremoniously hanged,

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[From the Cumberland Civilian.]

A Plea for Constitutional Money.

CUMBERLAND, MD., June 25, 1885.

The silver question is now about the most lively and interesting national problem undisposed of; all others, or nearly so, having been practically settled with the acquiescence of the people. This important topic has been occupying the minds of the Executive and Congress for several years past. The aspect with which it usually presents itself, or rather with which the President and Congress have been treating it, is to have the law of 1879, requiring not less than $2,000,000 to be coined monthly at our mints, repealed. The popular branch of Congress has steadily opposed such repeal with good majorities, thus showing how the masses of the people feel when their traditionary money is in danger of being taken away from them.

This opposition has its origin and volume with the financial institutions of the country, and no doubt the real reasons lie in the inconvenience and tediousness in handling cumbersome and small denominated money, but these do not vex the masses, for whom this form of money was, and is intended, in their small transactions.

The arguments against the circulation and further coinage of the standard dollar of 412 grains under the act refered to are as various as specious and unsound. The main one is that it is not honest, and does not contain the value of a dollar. The standard dollar of 1879 is of precisely the same weight and fineness as the one under the law of 1855. The veritable dollar of our "daddies" under the law of 1792 contained 416 grains of standard silver, or 371¼ of pure silver. The alloy has always been about 10 per cent. of copper. Two things combine to make a silver dollar worth 100 cents; first the intrinsic value of the metal itself, and second, the power and currency which the law gives it. The trade dollar of 1873 contains 420 grains of exactly the same metal, yet it is worth only about 80 cents, and simply because Congress has not given it a legal tender power. Surely if Congress can make a par dollar out of 412 grains, it can do the like with 420; and why does it delay or hesitate to do such a plain act of justice. To show that the stamp of law has much to do with giving standard value to metallic money, I need but remind the many who may not know the fact, that by the act of 1853 the fractions of a legal silver dollar only weigh 384 grains, 28 less than the unit dollar. Did ever any body hear of complaints of the fact that two halves, or four quarters, did not have the value of a dollar in them? Congress has shown its power over monetary matters by making legal compulsory money out of the baser metals, to-wit: copper and nickle. 300 tons of copper were coined into pennies and half pennies by "our fathers," under the administration of our first Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton. It has gone still further in late years in exercising its almost omnipotent powers, and made legal tender money of something entirely without intrinsic value. We all know the greenback is invested with nothing but promise to pay a given sum of dollars; no basis or reserve of intrinsic value sacredly put away for its redemption. Nothing but faith; and it must be taken, though the debt for which it is offered be a loan in gold.

Another objection to the further production and coinage of silver is that the U. S. Treasury vaults are now overflowing with it. This is only true in technical sense, as $141,000,000 of it are among the people in the form of silver certificates, issued by the Secretary of the Treasury under law. The coin lying in the National vaults as a security or mortgage for their redemption, or conversion. Surely it would not be right or honest to have the reserve and its representative in circulation at the same time. The same remarks are applicable to the large amount of gold now in our vaults; $136,000,000 of which in the shape of gold certificates are now held by our people as currency. Thus it is shown there are now the enormous sum of $277,000,000 of silver and gold certificates out as a circulating medium, but not as money, when in reality they are superior to any of our soft money. Why dses not Congress make legal tenders out of them? Certainly if Congress can make forced money out of a mere promise such as "the United States will pay to bearer," they can give that quality to a certificate which is convertable at pleasure into undoubted constitutional money. A plain-minded man can not restrain himself from believing that the provision in the Constitution, "shall not make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts," is less strained in making money out of the immediate representative of Constitutional "coin" than a mere piece of paper with a promise to pay upon it.

Again it has been said that the standard dollars are so lacking in the elements of value as to be a fraud upon the poor man, and demoralizing of the tone of our mixed currency. If the name of all that is candid and honest, is not a silver dollar as good as a paper one? Congress has stamped each as good for 100 cents. The former being the redeemer of the latter, hence its superiority or seignority. National Bank notes have for their basis nothing but government faith, and are not legal tender money; yet they pass at par readily, simply because they are convenient and not in small denominations. When Congress has exercised its just powers in establishing our money of different forms, it is not in the power of any class of people to depreciate or discredit it, nor shall they attempt to do so.

There is still another view of the silver question to be presented. The mining and production of silver is one of the chief industries in this country. Many thousands of our hardy and resolute laborers are engaged in them at only remunerative wages, apart from the millions of capital thus invested.

The people in this country have a settled judgment that our industries, labor and invested capital, are entitled to protection by judicious legislation, and they are now profitting by it. American silver has its protection and encouragement in the laws, that make and maintain it as one of our money standards, and the compulsory coinage of a given quantity per month. But repeal these laws, and an unusual industry of $40,000,000—one larger than our coal interest—will be destroyed. Let Congress remove the duty or protection to coal and iron, ruin and consternation among the people will follow. Like causes always produce like results.

The production, however, of the precious metals are not like the other products, for instance, our great grain and cotton crops are perishable, here this year and consumed the next. But the yield of the precious metals is wealth to us this year and for all time to come. Each year contributes its quota to the imperishable stock, which has never yet nor never will be too large. They are inherent wealth, and the begetters of all other forms of wealth, prosperity and comforts. Dispense with gold and silver (the Constitution makes twins of them and where is the right to separate them) and we will drop from enlightened civilization down to barbarism.

In the time of peace and prosperity a nation can glide along with most anything called money, but when war (against which no people have an exemption) comes, all soft money shrinks and depreciates, and gold and silver will hide themselves because they are insufficient in quantity to meet the extraordinary demands and wastes incident to a state of war. Our own late struggle is a sad proof of all this. National securities were sold at a discount, or loss of a thousand million dollars to the producing people, most of which inured to the bond holders, more, however, through good fortune and wise government than their own foresight. There can be no greater security to the peace of a nation, which desires that condition, than an overflowing treasury. It is the nations with hollow vaults that are in danger of being overrun. The recent cases of Mexico, Turkey and Egypt, are in direct point.

Let the production of the precious metals continue, and if necessary enlarge our strong boxes. And if there are really those who think they see harm in the increase, compensate them with an abundance of pitty, but by all means let common sense have its sway.

DOUBLE STANDARD.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

As the days wear on the Democratic party finds the civil service reform shoe, into which its foot was unwillingly thrust, continually becoming more and more uncomfortable. It was fondly hoped at the time by the temporary friends of the party that the foot, though misshapen would become moulded to the fashionable shoe, while the enthusiastic members of the party had no doubt that the shoe would in a short while adapt itself to the foot. The latter expectation was certainly the more reasonable, for the former anticipated a consummation that was unnatural. However, neither has been realized. The more the Democrats see of civil service reform the less they like it. The mugwumps keep patting them on the shoulder and advising them to go slow; but the demands of the henchman are more exacting, and call upon them to go fast. The offensive partisanship device, and others of like character, have been tried to stretch the shoe, but it is still uncomfortable. There are incompatibilities between the shoe and the foot which even these effective agencies cannot remove. The Chenoweth-Kellar case has disclosed the inefficiency of this instrument. From the beginning there were some members of the party who felt convinced that the shoe could never be made to fit, and the experience of the new administration has so thoroughly borne out their views that there have been daily converts to this idea, and the pressure upon the party to cast off the ill-fitting shoe is daily increasing. From the Hoosier State, the home of the Vice President, comes the most plaintive cry. Great hopes had been placed upon the influence of Mr. Hendricks to check the progress of the new ideas; but, alas! his voice had been unheeded, and his views have not received the consideration that had been expected. Completely disgusted and disappointed, the Democratic editors of Indiana, in convention assembled, sign a resolution that the Pendleton act ought to be repealed. The mugwumps shout Peace! Peace! but, alas! there is no peace so long as the thousands upon thousands of Democratic workers who cannot pass the examination must remain out in the cold.—*Balto. American.*

The Wheat Crop.

Speculators resort to all kinds of reports to suit their purposes, and it is difficult to determine the results until the harvest is completed. An Eastern contemporary remarks that notwithstanding the fact that the report from the Agricultural Bureau respecting the condition and prospects of the crop of winter wheat throughout the country is so unpromising, it is by no means to be taken as discouraging. Just twenty years ago, in 1865, the winter wheat in middle latitudes was blasted in the bloom by the extremely hot April weather of that year, so that the final yield was not considered to be really worth harvesting. Prices were at that time low, as they are now; but in the interval to the next crop, or in the summer of 1866, wheat brought $4 a bushel and flour from $18 to $22 per barrel. We even imported wheat from Liverpool to supply our necessary wants. Our people may have forgotten all about this. Shipments from the Pacific coast were likewise diverted to the Atlantic ports. There can be no such deficiency this year, for the reason that the circumstances are so different from what they were then. We now have on hand a large surplus of wheat remaining from last year. The area of spring wheat planted is likewise very greatly extended. Consequently there is no danger of any such deficiency now as there was then. And it is still insisted that the condition of winter wheat has much improved upon that from which the bureau compiled its report.

The Maryland Wheat Crop.

The Baltimore *Sun* publishes reports on the wheat crop from the various counties of Maryland. They show that the wheat crop for 1885 is not the failure that was anticipated early in the season when, on account of the severe drought last fall, and the rigorous and protracted winter, the gloomiest prognostications were indulged in by the farmers of almost every county in the State. It appears that while there was a large falling off in the acreage planted last fall, owing to the drought, and also in the yield per acre, due in the main to "winter killing," the quality of the wheat is unusually good, the heads being reported, as a rule, as well filled and the berry plump. In some of counties—notably in Carroll and Dorchester—the falling off is not such as to be a matter of serious concern to the farmers, while in others there is much complaint of exceptional shortness of the crop. Frederick and Washington counties especially seem to have suffered greatly from the fall drought and the severe winter weather, and not more than half an average crop is reported. The farmers of Maryland on the whole, however, seem to have good reason to congratulate themselves on their escape from what seemed to be the inevitable failure of the crops to a much greater extent than now appears to have been the case.

Cremated by their own Carelessness.

BELFAST, Me., July 12.—Shortly before 1 o'clock this morning Wesley Twombley, John Casey and James McCabe returned from a drive. They were very drunk, and, while engaged in putting their horses in the stable of the Belfast Livery Stable Co., where Twombley was employed, one of their number kicked over a lantern, which exploded, and in an instant the building, which contained 20 horses, was in flames. McCabe succeeded in making his escape, but Twombley and Casey, instead of running out of the building, rushed upstairs, and their charred corpses were found this morning lying with the bodies of the horses, all of which were burned to death. From the stable the fire spread to the Atlantic House, owned by George Weeks, and before the flames could be extinguished 23 houses and stores in the center of the town, with the hotel, were totally destroyed. The insurance will not cover one-third of the losses, which amount to $50,000.

General Grant's Preface.

From Gen. Grant's Forthcoming Memoirs.

"Man proposes and God disposes." There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by their own choice.

Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs, I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly 62 I received an injury from a fall, which confined me closely to the house while it did not apparently affect my general health. This made study a pleasant pastime. Shortly after, the rascality of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure. This was followed soon after by universal depression of all securities, which seemed to threaten the extinction of a good part of the income still retained, and to which I am indebted to the kindly acts of friends. At this juncture the editor of the *Century Magazine* asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it. The event is an important one for me, for good or evil; I hope for the former.

In preparing these volumes for the public, I have entered upon the task with the sincere desire to avoid doing injustice to anyone, whether on the National or Confederate side, other than the unavoidable injustice of not making mention often where special mention is due. There must be many errors of omission in this work, because the subject is too large to be treated of in two volumes in such way as to do justice to all the officers and men engaged. There were thousands of instances, during the rebellion, of individual, company, regimental and brigade deeds of heroism which deserved special mention and are not here alluded to. The troops engaged in them will have to look to the detailed reports of their individual commanders for the full history of their deeds.

The first volume, as well as a portion of the second, was written before I had reason to suppose I was in a critical condition of health. Later I was reduced almost to the point of death, and it became impossible for me to attend to anything for weeks. I have, however, regained somewhat of my strength, and am able, often, to devote as many hours a day as a person should devote to such work. I would have more hope of satisfying the expectation of the public if I could have allowed myself more time. I have used my best efforts, with the aid of my eldest son, F. D. Grant, assisted by his brothers, to verify from the records every statement of fact given. The comments are my own, and show how I saw the matters treated of, whether others saw them in the same light or not.

With these remarks I present these volumes to the public, asking no favor but hoping they will meet the approval of the reader.

U. S. GRANT.

Mount MacGregor, N. Y., July 1, '85.

The "Pall Mall Gazette's" Charges

LONDON, July 14.—The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has received letters from the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, in which they heartily thank him for the recent exposures of the traffic in young girls for immoral purposes, and assure him that he has their full sympathy in the matter.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces this afternoon that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning and the Hon. Samuel Morley have consented to act as a committee of inquiry into the charges of aristocratic iniquity made by the *Gazette* in its revelations during the past week. The committee, which is looked upon as one of the most extraordinary in the high character of its members ever organized, will begin the work of investigation to-morrow afternoon. The *Gazette* will place in confidence before the committee every detail of the evidence gathered by the paper's reportorial commission on which it relies to prove the existence of the wickedness unveiled by it. Every reporter engaged in the *Gazette's* investigations will appear under oath before the committee, and each will produce all the memoranda gathered by him during the several weeks of inquiry, together with all the addresses, letters, portraits, descriptions and identifications of persons, certificates and agreements collected, and referring in any wise to persons, directly or indirectly implicated in the discoveries made. The committee will treat confidentially all the information placed before it, but will make a general report as to the truth of the *Gazette's* revelations.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, July 11.—*Bradstreet's* in its commercial summary says: "There has been no increased volume of moving merchandise during the past week. Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* from many of the larger trade centers report almost uniformly a midsummer dullness in staple lines. At Baltimore, as well as at New Orleans, although business is inactive, the tone is reported to be stronger under the influence of expectations of full crops at the South. This holds true at Galveston and others of the larger Southern cities, where at present buying is conservatively slow. At Minneapolis and St. Paul the country merchants are said to be buying in small lots only, but the prospects of a fair harvest of spring wheat, as reported by wire yesterday to *Bradstreet's*, encourages jobbers to look ahead to a good business in the autumn. The advance in eastbound rail rates on grain and provisions to 15 cents and to 20 cents per 100 pounds respectively did not result in any appreciable change in the movement of produce, owing doubtless to the existence of unexpired time contracts at low figures with heavy figures.

The leading financial centers of the country are as heavily charged with surplus funds as ever. At Chicago, as at New York, the lowest call rates known have been made, and large lenders on good securities are practically in the hands of borrowers. *Bradstreet's* calculates on the basis of production, exports, average domestic consumption, and increase in population for three years that there were about 116,000,000 bushels of old crop wheat still on hand on the 1st inst. Of this 58,000,000 bushels as wheat and 10,000,000 bushels as flour were accounted for in *Bradstreet's* visible supply of July 1, thus pointing to 48,000,000 bushels still in the first hands, of which about 28,000,000 may be considered available. This points to 96,000,000 bushels of available old crop wheat, allowing 20,000,000 for next year's surplus.

Dry goods are quiet. Print cloths are a little firmer, owing to the restrictions placed on production. At a number of points the volume of dry goods placed during the first half of 1885 was quite equal to that in a like part of 1884, but prices have been much lower.

BOSTON, July 11.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been more active. A more general inquiry has been made by manufacturers and more interest shown by them than for some time, There has been an advance in unwashed and unmerchantable and staple wools of about 1c. per pound over last week, and manufacturers have bought these very freely. Another feature of the market has been more confidence on the part of dealers, commission men and buyers of wool in the values now prevailing. It is evidently thought that for some descriptions prices are at bottom.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, July 13, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¼@5½c., that generally rated first quality 4¼@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 3½@4 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2½@3½ cts; extreme range of prices 2½@5¼ cts; most of the sales were from 3¾@5½.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,341 head, against 1,847 last week and 2,173 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were —— head, against —— last week, and 1,212 head the corresponding week of last year.

There is little or no improvement in the activity of the market to-day, as compared with that of last week. Prices for tops were off ½c., as to quality, and other grades much more, ¼@½ in some instances. The quality will not average near as good as it did last week, a smaller number of nearly as good tops, and a longer line of middle and common cattle, thin stockers and heifers, which were very difficult of sale, being fairly well represented among the offerings. Prices 2½@5½c., few at the latter, and none at or near the former figure. Most sales 3¾@6¼c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The receipts were rather light and prices a shade higher than they were last week, ranging from 5½ to 6¼c., with most of the sales at the latter figure, those under that—ranging from fair hogs to common rough sows and stags—as low down as 5¼c., at which there were not many sales. The quality will average about like last week's offerings, some dealers reporting falling off in that regard, and as many say their hogs were better than they were then. Same time last year hogs sold at 6¼@7¾c., with a fair number at the latter price,

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a fairly good supply of sheep in the market, and no improvement in the quality over last week's offerings. Trade is quite dull for most of the stock, which is not of a very superior order, while good sheep and lambs are in fairly good demand. There is no outside demand, our home butchers chiefly being the buyers. Prices range from 2 to 4½c., few selling at the latter price, and a fair number under 2; lambs 3 to 6c. gross. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4¼c., and lambs at 4@6½c., few bringing the latter price.

The railroad estimate of the Peninsula peach crop is 3,000,000 baskets.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—Jacob Brown, Esq., of Cumberland, paid us a pleasant call Monday.

—Mrs. General Crook and her sister, Mrs. Read, are at the Glades Hotel, Oakland.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—Mr. John A. Wolf has just received from Chicago a large lot of frames, mouldings, brackets, cornice polls, &c. Call and see his stock at his shop East end of Oak street.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, of Washington, D. C., is at his home in Oakland, where he will remain about two weeks. We hope Allen will not be considered an "offensive partizan" by the present administration.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard is now prepared, in his new gallery, to take pictures of all kinds. He has engaged the services of a first class re-toucher, and feels confidant that he can give entire satisfaction. Gallery in the new Pritchard Building, up-stairs.

—Alfred Howell, Esq., and his son, George D. Howell, Esq., of Uniontown, Pa., are at the Oakland Hotel. They will remain here a short time and return home by way of Berkely and Bedford Springs. We would be glad to have them here every season and make their stay more extended.

—We neglected to state in our last issue that we had received from Mrs. Jacob Mosser, of Accident district, a few specimens of strawberries raised by that lady this season. They were decidedly the largest berries that ever came under our notice, and would command a fancy price in any market.

—Joseph Paxton, a character well-known in Piedmont, was arrested there Saturday night by Officer Combs charged with assaulting Miles Long, a machinist, of Altoona, who had been doing some work in the Elk Garden region. Paxton was taken before Justice Maner Jenkins, who committed him to jail. It is stated that Paxton struck Long with a car coupling, knocking him down and then attempted to rob him. Before Paxton got any money, however, he was frighted off by persons whom Long's cries brought to the scene. The affair occurred behind the sand house in the Baltimore and Ohio railroad yard at Piedmont.—*Cumberland News.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of June:

George W. Smith and Mary E. Durst.

John McKinsey and Catherine Langley.

Andrew J. Oester and Lucinda Brenneman.

Charles A. Green and Lizzie Greene.

Charles H. Feaster and Annie Groves.

Ellsworth M. Golden and Annie L. Grover.

—List of names in Jury Box after drawing Jury to September Term, 1885: Charles Murphy, Henry Paugh, Alex. Fairall, Edward I West, John Ashenfelter, George W. Lee, J. Z. Browning, Allen Garlitz, Isaac V. Lansdale, George O'Brien, Wm. A. Coddington, Harrison Collins, Newton Guard, John T. Geary, Hiram Hileman, George D. Frantz, Wm. H. Frazee, Taylor Friend, Samuel Falkner, John M. Miller, Wm. McCabe, Jonas E. Gnagey, Gilead Broadwater, Freeman H. Graham, Michael Nathan, George Royer, Peter J. Stevens, Antony Layman, Patrick Garlitz, Josiah N. Patton, James Ravenscraft, Mark Fazenbaker, Henry Wagner, John Mellinger, Henry Muhlenburg, Lloyd Dawson, Thomas E Harrison, George L. Michael A. J. Warnick, Hanson B. Durst, Wm. R. Michael, Hanson N. Walters, Otho Bernard, Jacob Becket, John B. Harmon, James Paull, George Shartzer, Addison Frazee, Jeremiah Beeghley, Henry Kamp, Sr., Joseph DeWitt, Henry E. Friend, Eli McMillan, Jos. F. Frantz, Jonas Glotfelty, Andrew Sebold, Stephen Browning, M. J. Chrystal, A. J. Harne, Wm. Casteel, John T. Bowers, Ralph T. Browning, John A. Grant John A. Wolf, George C. Kildow, Chauncey Kimmell, Andrew Shartzer, John H. Chisholm, Wm. T. Sines, Edward Welch, John A. Sowers, Wm. P. Totten, John O. Thayer, Daniel L. Conneway, Wm. B. Hutson, John W. Lee, Peter F. Nine, Elisha Harvey, Alex. Kitzmiller, Marion Mc Kimmey, I. I. Thompson, Francis B. Graham, Thomas J. Johnson, Geo. L. Layman, Andrew Blocher, Daniel Carey, E. F. Droege, D. F. Graham, F. R. Nethkin, Jas. B. King, Perry M. Stemple, Benjamin F. Friend, Joseph Lashorn, Samuel C. Hoye, Daniel R. Harvey, Norman Jacobs, George B. McMillan, David M. Merrill.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of June:

J. W. Baker and wife to Abraham J, and J. H, Wilson, all their right, title and interest in a tract called "Little," 50 acres; $100.

Wm. Barnes to Bushrod White, lot No, 491; $4.00

Noah Wilt and wife to Samuel Warnick, lot No. 1978; $450.

Edward Orado and wife to Wm. M. and Mary Thayer, part of a tract called "Deep Creek Farm," 240 acres, excepting therefrom 80 acres; $1120.

Daniel E. Beckman and wife to Rudolph Beckman, part of a tract called "Hinches Discovery," 129⅝ acres; $400.

Andrew Sebold to Noan Pysell, 42 perches of land; $42.

John Warnick and wife to Jesse Warnick, part of a tract called "Warnick's New Settlement," 149 acres, 159¼ perches, also 2 acres adjoining the aforenamed piece; $2500.

J. P. Rodruck and others to Mary Ann Garvey, North half of lot No. 15 in the Town of Bloomington; $60.

Moses A. Ross and wife to Cassius N. and Homer Friend, part of Lots Mos. 3277 and 3278, 64¾ acres; $895.

Thomas Fike and wife to Mary J. Welch, 5 acres and 90 perches of land; $69.53.

Thomas H. Layman and wife to Michael W. and Norman B. Durst, lots Nos. 744 and 783, 100 acres; $700.

C. F. Funk to Jacob F. Stoner, an undivided 3-32 part of two tracts, one containing 436 acres, the other 180 acres; $197.90.

John P. Hubbard and wife to G. W. Stewart, lot No. 162; $300.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Louisa J. Merrill, their interest in a tract called "Bear Camp," and lot No. 5, also all that tract called "Correction," 100 acres; $958.

Mary Lish to Frank L. Lish, her interest in 33 acres in lot No. 493, no money consideration.

F. M. Conneway and wife to Geo. Shartzer, part of lot No. 4126, 12 acres; $60.

C. W. Hileman and wife to Asa and Wm. Durst, 176½ acres of land; $1000.

Susanna Beal and Wm. J. Beal and others to Lewis R. Learne, 3 acres of land on National Road; $150.

H. G. Davis and wife to J. W. Laughlin, lot of land in Deer Park; $180.

Smith Crane, special commissioner, to Henry Albright, 112¾ acres of a tract called "Livonia," or "Best Described"; $75.

Hetty Bowser to Noah Biddinger, her undivided interest in lots 2134, 2181, 2283 and 2293; $50.

H. G. Davis and wife et al to Jacob S. Sanders, part of a tract called "Strawberry Plains," 1 acre and 150 perches; $25.

Lochiel Lumber, Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company to Oliver K. Lapham, part of a tract called "Lochiel," 20 acres; $250.

John G, Knauer and wife to Wm. F. Welch, tract called "The W[illegible] ow's Fancy," 15 acres, also a piece called "Royal Charlotte," 8¼ acres, lot No. 2512 and one-half 2511; $1[illegible].

Gilmor S. Hamill, Mortgagee, to Wm. B, Hutson, 25 acres of lot No. 1228; $271.

Joseph R Anderson and wife to Argyle Twigg, part of a tract called "Latent Worth," 61¼ acres; $368.

George Schley and others to Johnson King, lot No. 1532; $575.

Margaret A. and Edward B. Fuller to Josiah W. Durst, lot ½ mile west of Grantsville, 114 perches, and another lot containing 2 acres; $282.

Wm. Wolf and wife to Reuben Liller, lot in Deer Park ½ acre: $300.

Reuben Liller and wife to Isaac I. Thompson, lot in Deer Park, ½ acre; $275.

John W. Shillingburg to Wm. P. Faherty, lot containing ¼ acre; $45.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

Died, at the residence of her son-in law, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, in Oakland, Wednesday night of last week, of neuralgia of the heart, after a brief illness, Mrs. Fairall, relict of the late Richard Fairall, in the 73d year of her age. Mrs. Fairall's maiden name was Taggart, and she was born in Romney, W. Va., March 12th, 1813. For more than fifty years she was a resident of this State. She had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for many years, and was highly esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. She leaves eight children surviving her: Mrs. Dr. Bartlett, Mrs. R. J. West and Wm. Fairall, of Oakland, Mrs. Drs. Carr and Welfley, of Cumberland, Mrs. Jennie Fairall, of Baltimore, Richard Fairall, of Swanton, and Truman Fairall, of Tecumseh, Neb. The funeral took place from the residence of Dr. Bartlett, Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M., the services being held in the M. E. Church, conducted by Revs. Benjamin Ison and M. W. Rider, of the M. E. Church, and Rev. P. Hamill, of the M. E. Church, South. The interment was in the Odd Fellows Cemetery. The funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends of deceased.

A Sad Accident.

ELKINS, MD., July 6, 1885.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Having observed that there has been no notice given through your worthy columns of the death of little Alma Harvey, we yet ask for space to report as given through the *Messenger*.

On Wednesday evening, May 20, 1885, near Camden, W. Va., Alma A., daughter of John W. and Mary E. Harvey, was found dead in a spring not far distant from the house, having fallen in and drowned before she was missed. Little Alma, whose age was just two years and eight months, seemed to possess more than ordinary knowledge and deportment for one so young. Her mother has been an invalid for over two years, but Alma seemed to understand it, and made but little trouble. She would show even patience and gentleness whenever she could not receive the accustomed maternal care. Quietly and demurely would she keep her seat during the course of Sabbath School or church service, as if fully comprehending the propriety of religious worship. Though young she will be missed. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community, for the sudden departure of their cherished little one was a sad stroke.

A Grand Picnic.

On Saturday last the most enjoyable pinic of the season came off at Wm. Browning's grove, three miles south of Oakland, The success of the entertainment was due to the skillful management and untiring energy of Mr. L. L. Conneway, who originated the idea, and is a host himself on such occasions. The *sole* inspiring music of "Steye" Browning's fiddle could be heard from 8 A. M., to 11 P. M., keeping the disciples of Terpsichore in lively motion during the day and night. Good order prevailed, and all present, including many of Garrett's fairest daughters, declared it to be "the boss picnic of the season," and mine host Conneway a prince of good fellows.

PHŒNIX.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Town Council Meeting.

A special meeting of the town council was held Monday night. Present Burgess Offutt and Commissioners Hamill, Helbig and Jamison.

The Burgess was authorized and directed to employ the county surveyor or to examine the plats of Wilson's First and Second Additions to the Town of Oakland, and to locate Wilson street.

Burgess Offutt suggested that the receipts for the present, to-wit: From uncollected tax bills of 1884, $236.14, from taxes for 1885, $1,053.08, from county $200, total, $1,489 22, be expended as follows: Set apart for Bailiff, $338.80, for lamps, $72.45, for election, $10.00, for Burgess and Commissioners $86.00, for clerk, $25.00 total, $532.25; which would leave a balance of $946.97. Of this amount $500 is to be set aside for the reduction of our present indebtedness, and the balance, $446.97, be used upon the streets.

Mountain Lake Park.

As was announced, the forty-first annual session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America convened here on last Wednesday, the eighth inst. There was a good attendance. Delegates came from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Ohio, Illinois, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Kansas, Ontario, Quebeck, District of Columbia, California, Minnesota, and Delaware. There were from one to eighteen delegates from the different states mentioned. They held their private meetings during the day, and at night held public meetings, which were very entertaining indeed. This entire body was made up of earnest and intelligent men and women, who are capable of accomplishing much good, and would be an honor to any community. Most of them left for their homes on Friday and Saturday, yet several stayed until Monday to attend the camp meeting, which began on Saturday morning.

The camp meeting started off grandly, and is increasing in interest and power. It could hardly be otherwise, from the earnest corps of workers present. Dr. Dugan Clark, of Richmond, Indiana, D. B. Updegraff, of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Captain Carter, of Chester, Pa., Miss Lizzie Smith, of Philadelphia, Miss Lizzie Boyd, of Wheeling, W. Va., Dr. I. D. Pepper, of Philadelphia, Smith Crane, of Kingwood, W. Va., and Rev. Hudson, the inspiring singer, with many others, are engaged in this grand work, which is to continue over next Sabbath.

Mrs. Hart, of Washington, D. C., is with us again to teach her elocution class, to begin July 15, but the demand put her to work last week.

Mrs. Eva Hubbard, teacher of Art in the Wheeling Female College, and pupil of Prof. Carrol Hecker, of N. Y. City, is opening a class of Art in this place. She will teach mechanical, landscape and crayon drawings and various paintings.

There are many visitors here now, who are delighted with the place. Lots are being purchased and improved property is being looked up.

J. A. E.

Accident.

Frost last week.

Rains badly needed.

Harvesters at work.

Too hot for anything now.

Politics way down below zero.

Mr. J. Miller is promised a house full of summer boarders.

Mrs. Stoffer is confined to her bed with a fracture in the hip joint.

Mr. Gnagey is selling quite a number of hay carriers and hay forks.

Mrs. Salem Lee, who has been quite ill with typhoid fever, is recovering.

The 4th was celebrated here after all by two church pic-nics, which were well attended.

Edwin Boyer, a son of Aaron Boyer, fell from a high porch and fractured his arm near the elbow.

Mr. Charles Troxele, formerly in the U. S. Internal Revenue service here, visited our merchants last week as a commercial traveller for a Hagerstown Manufactory Co.

Mrs. John C. Dunham lately visited friends and relatives in this vicinity. Mrs. Dunham has many warm friends in this section. Her daughter accompanied her.

We are under obligations to Mr. Abraham Turney for a fine specimen found in a lime kiln. We will be glad to receive and report on specimens of all kinds.

Mr. Gideon Miller is running the well drill. He has completed the parsonage well and gone to John Richter's. The drill got fast in the rock at 80 feet, and it seemed it was fast to stay, but it's a bad case if Mr. Miller can't overcome the difficulty, which he did in this case in rather short order.

The progenitor of the Miller family, Jose Miller, still lives near Grantsville, and was a mechanical genius, and the bent of the mind of the family all run in the same direction.

George Alt, Jr., and William Harden run the mail route between here and Grantsville. Charles Mitchell, of Addison, has the Petersburg and Oakland route.

The following young ladies and gentlemen are now taking music lessons from Miss Butler, of Washington: Misses Martha Glotfelty, Minnie Englehart, Laura Haman, Clara Gnagey, Bertha Glotfelty, Katie Garinger and Mr. Edwin McMillen.

Deer Park.

The Teachers' Convention last week was a very pleasant time for Deer Park, and some very interesting essays were read. The meetings broke up on Thursday evening, concluding with a ball at the Hotel. A part of the company went to Cheat River on an excursion Friday.

The Band of Hope met on Saturday evening last. Mr. Chas. Boyer and his sister, from Oakland, were present, and kindly gave some very excellent recitations.

Mr. George O. Lee fell from a haymow last week and injured his ankle very seriously, but is doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. C. H. Tillson has been unable to work for a week or two, in consequence of a severe sprain of the knee.

The B. & O. R. R. cottages very nearly finished, and the Hotel is daily increasing in numbers.

Misses Birdie and Helen Harrison, and Miss Annie Graham, of Piedmont, were in Deer Park during the Convention.

Mr. E. T. Sawyer, of Chicago, and Miss Maggie Schoolfield, of Baltimore, are visiting relatives at Wing-and-Wing.

Miss Mamie Jones, of Montgomery county, is visiting Miss Mattie Davis.

Miss Rosa Poesche, of Washington, is at Mr. John Friend's, near Altamont.

The glorious Fourth passed off pleasantly and without an accident. Fireworks were exhibited before the houses of Mr, Harrisan Garrett, Hon. S. B. Elkins and at Wing-and-Wing, and the Young Americans generally were independent.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Pittsburg, Pa.—M. A. Ross.

Johnstown, Md.—E. E. Enlow.

Baton Rouge, La.—J. Simon, wife and two children.

Piedmont, W. Va.—Miss Jennie Fazenbaker, J. A. Suter and wife.

Cumberland, Md.—John R. Diffenbaugh.

Accident, Md.—Miss Hattie Beachy

Baltimore, Md.—Prof. Wm. Elliotte, Miss Rigott, Miss D. Franklin, Miss J. Franklin, J. A. Wheeler, Edgar G. Jones.

Washington, D. C.—Misses L. Silver, O. Silver, O. Eastward, Agnes L. Daly, Mary O'Driscole and W. P. Moore.

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Maryland Items.

Sixty-four new buildings were erected in Hagerstown during the first half of the present year.

One hundred and eighty priests and scholastics are at St. Ingoes. They are principally from Woodstock College.

Mr. Austin Adams, of St. Ingoes, St. Mary's county, has 50,000 hills of potatoes planted. Other farmers have from ten to thirty thousand.

Mr. Hugh Harris, of Landing Neck, has a young turkey hen that has laid over a hundred eggs this season, and yet shows no disposition to set.—*Easton Ledger.*

A New England gentleman residing near here states that he saw no better wheat in Minnesota, where he once resided, than may be seen the present season within a circuit of ten miles of Federalsburg,—*Federalsburg Courier.*

Smithsburg has a lady resident who is a second cousin to President Cleveland and also a grand-niece of the late Martin Van Buren, but notwithstanding her Democratic ancestry she is a Republican.—*Hagerstown Herald and Torchlight.*

Mr. Elias Martz, living near town, lost two hogs last Friday evening, death being caused by eating locusts. Just before the hogs died they suffered great agony, as they jumped from the ground and would bite and snap as though mad. After they died a post-mortem examination was made, and nearly a peck of locusts were found in each hog's stomach. Those who performed the operation say that poison from the locusts existed in the stomach, which caused death. —*Boonsburo' Times.*

Sunday's American contained the following telegram from its special correspondent at Washigton: "For several days past the number of appointments made in the Treasury has been very small, each day that number has been growing less, until now the appointment clerk has not sent a paper or endorsement to the Secretary, nor did that Cabinet officer today appoint one of the usual Saturday budget. The sudden calling of "down brakes" has been noticed, and the Democrats have been busy within the last two days inquiring the why and wherefore of this sudden stoppage. Their inquiries have led them into other departments, and in all, except in the Postoffice, the same state of affairs has been discovered. In the Postoffice the fourth class postmasters are being appointed as usual, but a look over the list shows that they are appointed only to fill vacancies, and very few, if any, are being removed for offensive partisanship. The reason for this shutting off the food for the hungry masses is none other than an order from the White House. At a recent Cabinet meeting the question of discharging present incumbents on the ground of offensive partisanship was thoroughly discussed, and President Cleveland announced that the sword has two edges, and already it was beginning to cut the wrong way. The great delight with which this cause for removal was received promised good things, but it has proven a boomerang. It had already begun to hurt the administration, and the President called a halt for a time. His wishes were no sooner made known than his Cabinet bowed in obeisance, and that is why the appointments are now so few and far between. The Cabinet officers are looking up other charges than offensive partisanship to lay against office-holders. The course of the President is the result of advice and conferences with leading politicians who have seen the harm already done the administration by this cry."

"Thank heaven," exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir, "thank heaven you are not twins."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.

Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

He who would free himself of high priced extortions or oppressive Monopolists Must strike the blow himself,

—by buying his—

GROCERIES

—AT—

HARNE & LAWTON'S

GROCERY.

Don't fail to come and see our GOODS and compare our PRICES with others. You will always find a good line of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Flour, Meal, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

Try our X X X Sodas, and use Frank Siddall's, Ivory and Cottage Soaps.

☞ Dont forget the place,

HARNE & LAWTON'S

GROCERY.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,

Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.

Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in Americas. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD MOWER.

[Recently read before the Ruggles Street (Boston) Young Men's Union.]

In the days of my youth I remember
An old mower sang me this rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
And he said: "Whatever thy station,
Whatever thy hands may employ—
Be true to thy best inspiration,
'Tis thy Angel of Blessings, my boy."
Then swift rung his scythe, that old farmer's,
And fast fell the grass to the rune:
"'The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June.'"

The osprey's green wings drifted o'er me,
On the sun-tides, while glinting below,
The bob-o-links toppled before me,
And the wind blew the daisies like snow.
All nature seemed filled with elation,
And the old farmer whistled for joy:
"'Tis the fruit of life's young inspiration
That fills life with gladness, my boy."
And, his scythe all embedded with flowers,
He plied up the grass to the rune:
"'The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June.'"

The gray walls with roses were glowing,
The blue lilies breathing below:
Afar were the meadow brooks flowing
By the mill, in the high noon aglow.
And he said, while the herons wheeled over,
And screamed in the sun in their joy,
"The a r is all fragrant with clover,
'Twas clover I planted, my boy."
And on paced the red-shirted farmer,
And on fell the grass to the rune:
"'The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June.'"

"'Tis the spring-time that glows with endeavor,
And gives to young purpose its power:
The sun of the autumn will never
Bring forth the ripe fruit from the flower.
Though the aftermath springs from the clover,
The clover comes not from the fern;
Give thy hand to thy best inspiration,
Thy spring-time will never return!"
And on swept the scythe of the farmer,
And on fell the grass to the rune:
"'The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June.'"

One day, when September was burning,
I met the old farmer again,
The thin swathes of the aftermath turning
Where once the thick clover had lain.
And gone were roses and lilies,
One lone robin sung in the tree:
"It is clover that comes from the clover,
But the first cut was double, you see."
And he rifled his scythe, that old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"'The aftermath of the September
Is not the Sweet clover of June.'"

"Ah, youth is no season for leisure,
Too wide its horizons expand:
In thy purpose and struggle find pleasure
That is worthy the brain and the hand.
And cold as the wiles of the tempter
Whatever that purpose debars;
The lamps of the red billiard palace
Are not the white lights of the stars."
And rung his old scythe to the rifle,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

The years of my youth are all ended,
The old man sleeps under the fern,
But oft the long days of my childhood
And the rune of the hayfield return.
'Tis the seed of the spring that has promise,
The choicest seed, bounteously sown,
And the breath of the spring-time will never
Come back to the fields that are mown.
And over, and over, and over,
My years bring the thought of the rune:
That no aftermath sweet of the clover
Is like the sweet clover of June.

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

AN "INSANE" PATIENT.

The Charlatan and the Absconding Bankrupt.

Dr. Clarence Jones was an enterprising young gentleman who meant to succeed in his profession. He was not clever in the sense of being well read, and, in fact, he had only just managed to scrape through the qualifying examination. But he did not aspire to scientific distinction and took no higher view of his calling than to regard it as a means by which he might possibly make a fortune. He considered that he would only be wasting valuable time by seeking a hospital appointment for the sake of gaining experience. Instead, therefore, of going through the routine of a young doctor's early career he took the bold step of renting the ground floor of a large house in a fashionable quarter and setting up immediately as a consulting physician. He was shrewd enough to perceive that he was best qualified to succeed in that branch of practice, being at heart a mere charlatan. He had acquired the art of making a great show of a smattering of knowledge, he had carefully cultivated a bland and impressive manner, and he thoroughly realized that the great secret of amassing wealth is to be utterly unscrupulous in the matter of fees, and never to release a patient while he can be imposed upon by humbug. As though to aid his ambitious designs, nature had endowed him with a good presence, a high and shining forehead, which was enhanced by premature baldness, and a soft, melodious voice.

He found it uphill work at first, of course; but he had no real cause for dissatisfaction. He went as much as possible into society and made useful friends. He was always particularly careful to be polite and attentive to the wives and daughters of physicians in good practice. In fact he showed his sagacity by assiduously courting the suffrages of lady acquaintances. The consequence was that patients soon made their appearance, while neighboring doctors, owing to domestic influences, found many opportunities of putting stray guineas into his pocket. In a very short time he contrived to gain the reputation of having established a practice and soon came to be regarded as a rising man.

Dr. Clarence Jones did not hide his light under a bushel, but was rather addicted to boasting of his success. Some of his professional brethren smiled at this, knowing from experience how slow and laborious is the work of making a remunerative practice. But the wisdom of his tactics was proved by the fact that even these skeptics had no suspicion of the real condition of affairs. The truth was that at the end of three years Dr. Jones found himself hopelessly in debt, his professional earnings having fallen far short every year of his modest requirements. His practice was increasing, to be sure, and in all human probability the time was not far distant when it would yield him a decent income; but meanwhile, just as it was more than ever necessary to keep up appearances, bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face. He had spent his small capital, creditors were pressing, and he was literally reduced to providing for his daily wants by surreptitiously pawning his personal effects.

In such circumstances an elastic conscience is often a useful ally. Young Dr. Jones, having no scruples whatever on the subject of his liabilities, was enabled to devote all his energies to the difficult task of evading them. He was quite unmoved by the tailor's pathetic appeals, while he succeeded by sound argument in convincing that long-suffering individual that his only chance of getting paid was to wait. But his powers of reasoning and persuasion, though efficacious in some cases, often proved unavailing, so that the air became dark with writs and legal processes. The poor young man was thus fairly driven to his wits' end and saw no alternative but to make known his embarrassments and thereby jeopardize the success which seemed to be almost within his grasp.

One morning Dr. Jones was gloomily seated in his consulting-room, waiting for patients, when there came a knock at the door and a little, shabbily-dressed, bright-eyed elderly man was presently ushered in. Dr. Jones greeted his visitor with mingled feelings, being disappointed of a patient, yet relieved to find he was not a sheriff's officer.

"How are you, Mr. Graves?" he said, instinctively, adopting the condescending tone of a physician towards a general practitioner. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," said the little man, briskly: "but you can do yourself a turn, if you are so disposed."

"What do you mean?" inquired Dr. Jones, a trifle taken aback.

"Balmyre has asked me to go up to Highbury to give a certificate of insanity, and as he suggested that you might also be willing to take the job I called to carry you along with me?" returned Mr. Graves, putting his hands under his coat-tails and warming himself before the fire.

"Well, I am always glad to oblige Dr. Balmyre, but 'pon my word it is rather inconvenient," said Dr. Jones, with importance, but avoiding his companion's twinkling eye. "I expect half a dozen people here. Just the busiest time in the day, too," he added, glancing at his watch.

"They haven't come yet, and as the weather is bad I dare say they'll put it off till to-morrow," said little Mr. Graves, with a smile.

"Where did you say the place was? Highbury! That is a long way off," said Dr. Jones, endeavoring to look quite unmoved.

"We shall be back in less than an hour. My carriage is at the door, returned Mr. Graves, a little impatiently.

"Well, as I have said, I should be sorry to disoblige Balmyre; and as for my patients, if they won't keep their time, they must wait," said Dr. Jones, opening the door to his visitor and signifying that he would accompany him.

He felt relieved to escape the quiet and penetrating gaze of little Mr. Graves, for he was painfully conscious that his attempted air of superiority had been a failure. Of course, he was only too glad of the opportunity of earning a couple of guineas on a dull morning, but it was contrary to his creed to allow anyone to suspect it. Above all, he considered it essential to his dignity as a physician to appear a trifle condescending to a general practitioner and he honestly felt a tinge of contempt for little Mr. Graves. He might be clever enough—and, indeed, he was really a worthy disciple of the healing art. But what, he said, was to be thought of a man who, wantonly neglecting opportunities of amassing wealth and obtaining celebrity, went about in thick shoes and a shocking hat, visiting all the lowest and poorest parts of the district?

Little Mr. Graves showed he was a good fellow by not taking umbrage at the young man's impertinence and self-importance, and Dr. Jones insensibly began to adopt a more genial tone and manner during the drive. Their destination proved to be a small house in an unpretentious street near Highbury Station, and the formalities of the business on hand were quickly dispatched. The patient was a middle-aged man, whose behavior and conversation seemed to fully testify to the aberration of his intellect. Dr. Jones signed the certificate with a clear conscience, mentally contrasting the present case with others he had certified to for Dr. Balmyre when Mr. Graves had not been his companion.

When they took their seats in the carriage again to drive back, Dr. Jones glanced at the house they were leaving and said:

"I wonder who the patient is?"

"William Roberts," said Mr. Graves, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Yes, I know his name. But how the deuce can people in that position afford to pay Balmyre's terms? His asylum is one of the most expensive there is."

"Ah! That has struck you also, has it?" said Mr. Graves, meaningly.

"Well, it's odd, isn't it? However, I suppose his relatives will starve themselves to pay for him."

"Did anything else strike you?" inquired Mr. Graves.

"No. What do you mean?" said Dr. Jones, innocently.

"Have you any doubt of his being mad?"

"Good gracious, no! Have you?" demanded Dr. Jones, in amazement.

"I signed the certificate. I suppose it is all right, but when I reflect I feel a little uneasily," said Mr. Graves, seriously.

"I never saw a clearer case in my life—never!" cried Dr. Jones, slapping his knee emphatically. "I would stake my reputation that he is as mad as a March hare."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Graves, dryly.

"Look at his manner."

"Yes, his manner was eccentric enough."

"And his conversation. The man is a gibbering lunatic. You heard his answer when, on his saying he was the Emperor of Russia, I jokingly reminded him that a minute previously he had claimed to be the Grand Llama of Thibet. 'True,' he said, 'but that was by my first wife.'"

"Yes," returned Mr. Graves, pensively rubbing his nose; "I'm not sure I haven't read that joke before."

"Why, really, my dear sir," cried Dr. Jones, getting quite hot and angry, "what is it you suspect? I have not a shadow of hesitation that it is a clear case. At all events we shall hear what Balmyre says."

Mr. Graves smiled at this, but he only answered: "Well, there was no coercion. If the man is less mad than he appears to be he only has himself to thank."

With this remark the little man abruptly changed the conversation; but he had not succeeded, even when he set his colleague down at his own door, in completely restoring that gentleman's equanimity.

However, Dr. Jones did not long continue to marvel at Mr. Graves' extraordinary obtuseness, for the disagreeable discovery that in his absence a sheriff's officer had been placed in possession of his apartments effectually drove all other thoughts from his mind. As was quite natural he was considerably startled and upset, and for a time he lost his habitual fortitude and self-possession. The bailiff seemed a decent sort of man, and as he was decidedly disposed to be sympathetic, Dr. Jones could not refrain in his bitterness of spirit from inveighing against his evil fortune.

"Well, sir, it do seem 'ard, don't it? But, arter all, sir, wot is it? If you was as used to it as I am you wouldn't think nothink about it."

"But you are earning your living, remember. Meanwhile, how the deuce am I to earn mine with you about the place?"

"It's a small matter, sir, and will be easily arranged no doubt. Bring your friends to see me a-settin' 'ere. That always fetches 'em. Meanwhile, Lord bless you, sir, don't mind me. *I* won't interfere with your patients. For that matter, if you'll lend me a suit o' decent togs, I'll show 'em in and out as grave as a judge."

"I shouldn't mind so much if I owed twenty thousand, instead of a paltry hundred or two," groaned the unfortunate doctor, between his teeth.

"That's allus the way, sir," said the man, shaking his head. "It's the small fish as gets caught in the nets; the big 'uns break through 'em. Why, look at 'ere," he added, bringing forth a document from his pocket and unfolding it clumsily. "'Ere's a case in point. An absconding bankrupt got clean away with a 'undred thousand pounds. Just think o' that, and a livin' likea fightin'-cock in Americay!"

Dr. Jones mechanically took the paper which the man handed to him. It was an official hand-bill, containing a description of a certain Anstruther Meadows, a quondam city speculator of considerable notoriety, who had absconded with a considerable quantity of plunder, after ruthlessly robbing his customers and friends. Dr. Jones had heard of the man, and indeed his name had recently been on everybody's lips. The hand-bill was headed with an offer of a reward of £500 for his apprehension, and a full and detailed description was given of his personal appearance. Dr. Jones glanced through this abstractedly and then his eye lighted upon a rough wood-cut, purporting to be a likeness of the defaulter, which appeared in the margin. After a moment's scrutiny the young man sprang from his seat with an involuntary exclamation.

"Do you know him, sir?" inquired the bailiff, quickly.

"Know him! No. How the deuce should I?" said Dr. Jones controlling himself.

"I was 'oping, for your sake, you could lay your finger on him, for there's a nice little reward offered," returned the man.

"Five hundred!" said Dr. Jones, rather contemptuously, as he glanced at the document.

"Aye, a tidy sum, ain't it, sir?" said the man. "But, Lord bless yer! its all flummery—all a blind. He's hoff long ago, a-livin' in Americay, as I said just now."

"Well, wherever he is, he has got a fortune with him," said Dr. Jones, handing back the document with an animated expression. "Make yourself at home, my man," he added. "Order what you want. As you say, I daresay this little matter of mine will soon be arranged."

He hurried away as he spoke, and entered his consulting room, where, after locking the door, he commenced to stride about in a strangely excited manner. After a while, happening to catch sight of his flushed face as he passed the looking-glass, he paused and gravely addressed himself.

"Come, Clarence Jones, steady yourself. This looks like a stroke of luck. It may even be the foundation of your fortune. But you mustn't be too sure! You may be mistaken. In any case, you need a cool head to play your cards properly.

This soliloquy had a soothing effect, for he seated himself in the patient's arm-chair and deliberately knitted his brows to think. The result of his deliberations was that he started off with composure to his club, and spent some hours in going through the newspaper files of the past month or two. He met a city acquaintance, of whom he made particular inquiries concerning Mr. Anstruther Meadows. Altogether, he evidently considered that he had passed a profitable evening, for, upon his return, he saluted the man in possession with a friendly slap on the back, and promised him a five-pound note for himself if his hopes as to paying him out the next day were realized.

When he arose next morning, Dr. Jones wrote a little note to Dr. Balmyre, stating that he had a great desire to pay a visit to his asylum, and adding that having been summoned to attend a consultation in the neighborhood of the institution he should be glad of an authority to inspect it. He sent the letter round by a servant, who in reply brought back one of Dr. Balmyre's cards with a few words in the great man's handwriting scrawled on the back of it. An hour later Dr. Jones presented himself at the door of Dr. Balmyre's celebrated establishment.

He was civilly received by the medical gentleman in charge, by whom he was conducted over the spacious, gloomy building. Of course he expressed himself highly gratified and deeply interested in all he saw, though in truth his mind was entirely preoccupied with other matters. At length, as they were strolling through the grounds, he said, carelessly:

"By the way, I signed a certificate yesterday for Dr. Balmyre. Has the patient arrived?"

"What name, do you recollect?"

"Roberts, I think."

"O, yes!" was the reply. "He came yesterday evening. Would you like to see him?"

"Well—yes, I think I should," said Dr. Jones, carelessly. "His case rather interested me. Don't trouble to come if you are busy. He is quiet enough.

"Yes, he is quiet enough, so perhaps you'll excuse my running away from you. I must go my rounds. Hi! Edwards," to an attendant; "take this gentleman, Dr. Jones, to see William Roberts, No. 93."

A minute later Dr. Jones was ushered into a small sitting-room, where he found Mr. William Roberts, whose acquaintance he had made the previous day. Mr. Roberts gave a palpable start as his visitor entered, but immediately assumed a vacant expression and dropped his eyes on the book he was reading.

"You needn't wait," said Dr. Jones to the attendant, in a confident tone. "I want to have a little chat with my friend here."

The man, somewhat hesitatingly, withdrew, while Mr. Roberts, manifestly ill at ease, stole a hurried glance at the doctor out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Roberts. You remember me, I suppose," said Dr. Jones, pleasantly, when they were alone.

Mr. Roberts grunted without looking up.

"I see you do," replied his visitor, with increased affability. "But really—as no one is in hearing—there is not the least occasion for playing comedy. Yesterday I did not interfere, because it was, of course, desirable to deceive my colleague."

"I don't know you," said Mr. Roberts, glancing up at him and turning sulkily aside.

"That is quite immaterial. The important fact is that I know *you*, Mr. Anstruther Meadows," said Dr. Jones, in a low voice.

The moment his name was pronounced the man turned as white as marble, while beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead. He cast a terrified glance at his visitor's calm, determined face and apparently realized the uselessness of denying his identity.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped.

"My good sir, if you reflect you will remember that I am a doctor," remarked Dr. Jones quite soothingly.

"O, yes; to be sure," said Meadows, recovering himself. "Well, how did you find me out?"

"I recognized you yesterday the moment I set eyes on you, notwithstanding that you have shaved your mustache and whiskers and dyed your hair," said Dr. Jones, unblushingly. "You see I am not hostile to you."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the man.

"I suppose your design is to remain here until the hue and cry has died out, and then to quietly slip away when the police have given you up," said the doctor, smilingly.

"That was what Ainslie did," returned Meadows, mentioning another notorious rascal.

"Well, it is an excellent plan, no doubt. The police would never think of looking for you here," laughed Dr. Jones. "However, to come to the point. Of course I have no wish to denounce you."

"That is your game, is it?" cried Meadows, with a fierce oath.

"Well, you see your secret is worth something," said the unwelcome visitor, in business-like tones. "I should get the reward of £500 by raising my finger. But I prefer—for my own sake, as well as for yours—to make terms with you."

"I thought you were a gentleman," sneered Meadows.

"People used to think you were," said the doctor, quiet unmoved. "But, after all, the title is an empty one."

"Hang you, then, name your price!" cried Meadows, after a pause. "Balmyre has put you up to this; you are both in the swim."

"Dr. Balmyre has betrayed no confidence," said Dr. Jones, pricking up his ears. "No one has any suspicion of my discovery."

"Well, I suppose I can rely on you?"

"Implicitly. If you give me my price I shall be in your power."

"Well, you are a cool hand, anyhow," said Meadows, with a laugh. "But what you say is true enough. Come, what is it to be?"

Dr. Jones named his figure—an uncommonly stiff one, judging by the rage and indignation of Mr. Meadows. An angry argument then ensued, which, however, ended, through the doctor's firmness, in his terms being agreed to, Meadows, accordingly, gave him a letter to an individual in the city, through whose agency, in a round-about way, the requisite sum was to be paid.

"It is deuced hard lines that I should have had to pay twice for coming to this infernal place," grumbled Meadows at the conclusion of the interview. "However, as you declare Balmyre did not put you up to it I suppose it was an unlucky accident."

"Dr. Balmyre has never breathed a word to me or to any one else," said Dr. Jones, solemnly. "Remember he has his reputation to consider. My strong advice to you is not to frighten him by revealing what has passsed to-day. This for your own sake."

"And a little for yours, I dare say," laughed Meadows, who, apparently, could not help admiring his visitor's coolness. "However, perhaps you are right. Mum is the word for all of us."

Dr. Jones did not pause to exult over the success of his maneuvre. He went straight to the city in feverish haste, and never rested until the ransom paid by Meadows was safely lodged at his bank. Then, having got rid of the friendly bailiff, and sent round checks to his most pressing creditors, he indulged in delightful self-congratulations and reveled in the agreeable prospect of continuing his professional career with his debts paid and a substantial sum standing to his credit.

"It only shows," he murmured complacently to himself, "that some people are destined to make fortunes and others ain't. Look at that fool Graves. He suspected the man was shamming when I didn't, and yet he never troubled his head to get to the bottom of the mystery. Graves will probably die a workhouse surgeon, when I shall be a baronet rolling in wealth. For, by Jove! there is more to be made out of this business. I'm not going to let Balmyre off—the sly old Fox! I could ruin him if I liked; but I won't. I flatter myself I know a trick worth two of that! By Jove!" he added, energetically slapping his knee. "He has an only daughter, and he is as rich as Croesus. I'll keep his secret, but I'll be his son-in-law, or my name is not Clarence Jones."

—*London Truth.*

FASHION NOTES.

Some of the Elegant Trifles That Attract Attention in Fashionable Circles.

The Alameda is the newest parasol.

Flower weddings are the rage.

Arabian, Moorish and Egyptian household fancies are all the rage for London interiors.

The day of much-draped, much-cut-up, flounced, pleated, shirred and ruffled dresses is gone by.

To look well, tinsel braid must be of the finest quality, and must be put on by an artist-embroiderer.

Mittens and lisle thread gloves will drive *gants de Suede* and kid from the field from now until September.

The stuff of which a dress is made is of small moment compared with the cut and make, which must be now-a-days British, and by an English tailor.

Ecru canvas etamine and dark green velvet or velveteen are combined in the handsomest traveling suits, which must be tailor-made, of course.

Tailor cut and made suits are much more important as stamping the fashionable prestige of the wearer than costly fabrics made up by dressmakers of even fine ability.

There are ladies, and fashionable women, too, who utterly refuse to wear tinsel, high hats or bonnets, bustles or high coiffures, but they are the exception, not the rule.

From the description given in the London *Truth* of the Princess Beatrice's trousseau frocks, they are neither pretty nor sensible, even though made by the court tailor.

Little girl bridesmaids are the fancy of brides, and they are dressed in quaint Kate Greenaway styles and wear the flower adopted for the wedding, which must of course, be a flower festival.

The Alameda parasol is mushroom-shaped, with a depression in the centre, formed by attaching the ribs to the stick in a manner precisely the reverse of that of the canopy top umbrella.

The flower wedding is the fancy of the passing moment. One flower only is arranged in masses of decorative effects, other flowers forming dashes of another color at remote distances and long intervals.

A pretty fancy for a key rack is to cover a wooden rolling pin with plush, of any color preferred, adorn it with a spray of chenille and tinsel embroidery, and put into the roller a row of screw hooks. The roller is then hung on the wall, with ribbons attached to the handles.

Nothing can be more offensive than cheap gold braid put carelessly on cheap stuffs. It actually gives one a blow in the eye to look at some of the frocks thus decorated or defaced, worn along the retail business centre of the city, and which will soon put blots upon the beauties of nature along the seashore, among the mountains, and all over the country.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MERCERS OF OLD.

How the Silk Merchants of Ancient Times Were Esteemed.

Originally mercer was the name of a dealer in small wares; subsequently it implied one who sold silk. There was considerable silk trade carried on in England, even as early as the reign of Edward IV., and its consumption gradually increased. So numerous did the mercers become that, in 1182, they formed themselves into a guild, and so great was their importance that when the illustrious Whittington, who was a member of the fraternity, died, he left the mercers trustees of the educational and benevolent institutions he had founded.

The father of Thomas A. Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a mercer, and many distinguished families are descended from this honorable profession; among which are the Earls of Ormond, the Dukes of Somerset, the ducal family of Newcastle, the Viscounts Camden, and the Earls of Denbigh.

The mercers were remarkably liberal and public-spirited men. Sir Baptist Hicks, a mercer, who was knighted in the reign of James I., and who had made a large fortune by supplying the court with silk, built a hall for the Justices of Middlesex to hold their sessions in. Another mercer, Edward Rich, founded several almshouses. Hugh Clopton built the stone-arched bridge at Stratford-upon-Avon. Sir Rowland Hill built several bridges and causeways, and Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Royal Exchange, Gresham College and several almshouses.

The dress, or livery, as it was sometimes called, of the mercers' guild, was designed to show their connection with the silk trade. Their robes and hoods were faced with satin; the ushers wore velvet coats and silk scarfs.

The pageants or street processions of the mercers were on an elaborate and costly scale. On the inauguration of one of their number as mayor, the chariot in the procession was of Roman form, adorned with paintings and metals, and embellished with flashing jewels. Seated in the chariot were several richly dressed persons representing Faith, Hope and Charity, and other characters. The charioteer was attired in scarlet and silver, and wore a golden mantle and crown of gold. Nine white horses drew the chariot.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Buns: One quart of bread sponge, three pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar and milk as required. Into a pint of water stir enough flour to make a smooth batter, add nearly a pint of yeast, cover, set in a warm place and let rise. Cream the butter and sugar together, rub the flour in by handfuls, work smooth, add the sponge and milk enough to make a soft dough, knead well and set to rise over night. In the morning knead it lightly and roll into sheets half an inch thick, cut into small round cakes and put in a buttered tin to rise. When light bake in a quick oven. When done wash over with the yelk of an egg and dust with powdered sugar.—*The Household.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—It is the sinners who find the least satisfaction in the revised version.—*Philadelphia North American.*

—The Presbyterian General Assembly, at its recent session, reported receipts of $103,745 for the year by the ministerial relief board, which maintains 264 clergymen, 279 widows and 23 orphans.

—The Chinese authorities have agreed to pay $3,500 as compensation for the destruction of the mission premises belonging to the Union Methodist Free churches at Wenchow during the late riots.

—The clergy of Florida in the past ten years have increased from seventeen to forty, and the list of communicants from less than 700 to 1,994. There have been erected in the same period forty-two churches and chapels.

—The second anniversary of the Chinese Sunday-school Union of New York was held at the Madison Avenue Congregational Church recently. About 500 Mongolians were present. There are connected with this Union twenty-nine schools, having 700 scholars.

—The King of Belgium, the President of the African International Association, has decided to open an African Seminary in connection with the University of Leyden, at which young men will be prepared for missionary work in the newly opened districts of the Dark Continent.

—The General Synod of the Reformed Church adopted a resolution appointing a committee of leading ministers to examine the Revised Old and New Testaments, "and report to the next Synod whether it be wise and expedient for this body to recommend the same for use in public worship or private, or in both."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—It is not to the Methodists, as is generally thought, but to the Presbyterians, that America owes the word camp-meeting. Certain Presbyterian ministers held a sacramental meeting at a place called Cane Ridge, in Kentucky, in 1800. It was attended by more than 20,000 people, and was protracted for weeks. This was the first camp-meeting ever held in the United States.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Wycliffe Hall, at Oxford, and Ridley Hall, at Cambridge, were founded a few years ago by the Evangelical Party in the Church of England, for the training of graduates for the work of the ministry. The buildings have cost $200,000. The fees charged (twenty guineas) for each term pay all expenses, except the salaries of the principal and vice-principal, and for those purposes an endowment fund is being raised of $125,000.

—The Board of Trustees of Cornell University have made an appropriation of $1,600, to complete electrical apparatus on a large scale for the measurement of large electric currents. These experiments are considered of great importance, and Professor Anthony, the dean of the department of physics, will be assisted by prominent scientists from different educational institutions in the country. The experiments will be made during the summer.—*Buffalo Express.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An old soldier says a sudden sense of danger will put an end to all seasickness.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A New York lady had her dressmaker arrested for false pretenses because her wedding dress did not fit.

—A tough steak is something like an incorrigible boy. Both may be improved by pounding.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"An Indiana young woman has invented a piano-stool that rests the back." Her next-door neighbor will now be sure to move into another block.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In de bus'ness o' life er man mus' eider go up ur come down. Dar ain't no stand still. De sun doan stay at twelve er clock more den er minit.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—When a man nearly breaks his neck getting out of the way of a lightning bug, supposing it to be the headlight of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Hello, Dick; been to the lecture?" inquired a friend as they met about eleven o'clock in the street, outside of a public hall. "No, but I'm going to one now," replied Dick, as he made for home.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A family physician recommends those who expect to suffer from hay fever this summer to be careful in maintaining a health status, to live by rule, and avoid causes of excitement. Change of place is the most efficient remedy of the attack that has fully begun.—*Chicago Times.*

—Goaded by jealousy, a husband out in Ohio shot a professor of roller skating in the head. The physicians left the bullet where it was imbedded, plugged the hole up with a cork, and the professor now skates as well and knows as much as ever he did.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Poetry, a waxed mustache, mystery, long hair and a sweet tenor voice will often make a woman feel as if there was only a sheet of tissue paper between Heaven and herself, but it is the man with the wart on his nose and six figures in the bank balance who scoops her in and makes her happy ever afterwards.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—Bound to be foolish.—

Women have many faults—
Man have only two:
There is nothing right they say,
And nothing right they do.
But if naughty men do nothing right,
And never say what's true,
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do.

—A bashful young man who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart induced her to fire at him with a pistol, which he assured her was only loaded with powder, and after she had done so fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, called him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.—*Boston Post.*

—"O, I like traveling," said the fat passenger, as he snuggled his big body into one seat and his big feet beside his grip in another. "I like traveling, except that the noise rings in my ears rather unpleasantly." "Rings in your ears, eh?" spoke up the farmer man who was standing in the aisle; "that's queer. Out to my place when we want one to travel we put a ring in his nose."—*Chicago Herald.*

SCHOOL GIRLS.

The Effects of Over Pressure—Sound Advice to Mothers and Fathers.

A young girl of sixteen, of a healthy heritage, was brought into the consulting room of one of our Boston physicians for a slight lateral curvature of the spine. She never had been sick; she did not suffer from headaches or any of the functional disturbances sometimes seen in growing children. Her growth had been rapid, and she was pale, thin, and lacked the vigor of health. An inquiry brought out the fact that at her school she spent five hours a day, besides five hours' study out of school hours, stimulated to extra courses by ambition and the prospect of promotion.

A growth of three inches in a year, combined with ten hours' daily nervous strain, are component which will, as certainly as the formula of 2 plus 2 equals 4, produce an impairment of health, a diminution of force which, coming in the growing years, is so much taken from the eventual sum total of vital energy. The studies which were the most of a burden to this young girl were Greek and Algebra, and although the parents, if forced to choose, would agree that their daughters should forego the pride of possessing a knowledge of Greek, if that must be coupled with a certain amount of physical misery, yet nothing short of a dire necessity could justify the girl in falling behind her class or the standard imposed by emulation.

Such experiences lead us to believe that the root of the trouble is not so much in the school system as in the community itself, which, after all, creates the school system. With a certain amount of elasticity of requirements and an improved supervision of scholars, much of the evil of advanced courses and increasing stimulation could be avoided, provided the home influence were in the right direction. The ill effects are seen chiefly among the girls; for it is tacitly admitted that, books or no books, "boys will be boys," and the boy is largely an animal; but the American mother of the day not only wishes to stamp out what there may be of the animal in her daughter, to give her conventional manners, but, in the view of the lottery of American life, to teach her to support herself and also to shine socially as a possible mistress of the White House; and all this preparation is to be done during the pre-matrimonial years. Out-of-door sports are discouraged, and musical or intellectual pre-eminence considered desirable. Furthermore, among the girls themselves in a certain number the desire for distinction, the innate femininity, repressed by circumstances from finding vent in coquetry, prompts to attracting attention and admiration for proficiency as amateur musicians, for rank at school, for winning prizes in female colleges, for success in professions. Such a system of education may produce, in some instances, good results, and give us future George Eliots, Maria Mitchells, Mary Somervilles, Putnam-Jacobis, etc., yet the records of the nervous wards and the lists of the nervous prostrationists show that the success of a few individuals has been bought for the public at the price of many shattered lives of unsuccessful imitators.

What in our community is especially needed in regard to women is the better physical education of girls. A mother should be as much ashamed to bring up a flat-chested, round-shouldered daughter, to be a candidate for the Adams or other Nervine institutions, as if she brought her up unable to read or write. The introduction of any out-door game suitable for girls, and enjoyed by them, as base ball is by boys, would be an incalculable blessing, before which the joys of Greek and the aspirations for professional careers would be dust and ashes to the coming generation of mothers and the prospective generation of children.

A certain, and by no means small, proportion of our young women seems to be going through the same craze about mental forcing and professional careers which afflicted our young men of previous generations, and which with them was responsible for much ill health. Fortunately, a revival of athletics and sports, the war, and the development of more varied industrial pursuits created a revolution in this. It is already a long time since the dyspeptic, narrow-chested, pale-face, weak-eyed male became an object of interest by becoming a bookworm. A knowledge of Greek no longer condones a want of vigor and vivacity in the male, and we do not believe it is any more likely to in the female. Those who run any risk of health by pursuing advanced studies had best not trifle with the experiment.

The prophets of hygienic righteousness, as physicians have been termed, should throw the weight of their influence in favor of everything that improves the physical development of women. When they find the rate of growth is excessive or accompanied by an imperfect development in weight, when the chest capacity is small and the blood poor, they should prescribe more out of doors and a postponement of literary ambitions—more sunshine and fewer books. A good practical guide as to the physical condition in the rough is the relative increase of growth compared with the increase in weight. —*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Tough.

When it comes to toughness, Texas beef is entitled to the blue ribbon. The average Texas landlord usually manages to secure the toughest beef in the market.

"Is there a carpet beating establishment next door?" asked a newly arrived guest at an Austin hotel.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Well, then you must have a blacksmith's shop in the cellar. Do you shoe horses down in the cellar?"

"Why, no, stranger, what makes you think so?"

"What's all that pounding as if there was a boiler factory in full blast, or some coopers were driving down the hoops on a wooden cistern."

"O, that! Why that's the cook pounding the beefsteak for breakfast."—*Texas Siftings.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To prevent a door from creaking apply a little soap to the hinges.

—Laundry starch makes the best paste for scrap books, because age does not turn it yellow.

—Straw matting may be cleaned with cold water in which some salt is dissolved, using a coarse cloth and not a brush. The salt prevents the straw from turning yellow.

—Cookies: One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg or caraway seeds and flour to roll.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—It has been discovered recently by medical men that "lump-jaw," as it is called ,or lumps found on the jaws of cattle,are sometimes caused by decayed teeth. It is not known how much the poor brutes suffer with the toothache.

—A mixture of lard and snuff is the California remedy for lice on stock. This ointment does not need to be applied to the entire animal, but a ring of it two or three inches wide made completely around the neck will have the desired effect.

—Stuffed onions: Take three or four large Spanish onions, boil them slightly and cut them in half. Take out the centers, and the rings of the onions will form small cups, which should be filled with the same stuffing as that used for tomatoes. Fry or bake. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is not desirable to pasture cows in woodlands, especially in early spring. The grass grown under the shade is less nutritious, and the animals are apt to find many wild plants, the flavor of which spoil the milk for any use. This is especially true in woods where wild garlic abounds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs, try this way of serving them for breakfast: Butter a pie plate and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs, then break up enough eggs for your family and drop them on the plate and cover them with a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle pepper and salt over this and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.—*Boston Budget.*

—One of the best and most convenient receptacles for table cutlery is a canton flannel knife case tacked to the inside of a cupboard door—to be so constructed that there will be a separate compartment for each knife or fork. The flannel is sure to absorb any moisture left on a knife by carelessness or by accident, and the whole affair is ornamental. White canton flannel bound with scarlet dress braid is prettiest.—*Exchange.*

—Hens' eggs were in great veneration with the ancients. The Romans exhibited them with great reverence in their festivals of Ceres. The Greeks equally honored them. The Japanese are very fond of eggs. They eat them at dessert like fruit, and very often with oranges. The rich Japanese are very particular concerning them. They will not eat those of fowls which have full liberty and feed on what they pick up. They must be fed on rice, and they must lay their eggs in rooms prepared for that purpose.

STABLE MANURE

A Fertilizer That Contains All the Elements of Plant Nutriment.

It is important that the farmer should understand thoroughly the effect that fertilizers have upon the soil, and the advantages (if any) that one kind possesses over another. First, it must be understood that plants must contain phosphoric acid, nitrogen, potash, lime, magnesia, sesquioxide of iron, and sulphuric acid, and therefore these must be present in order to secure the healthy nutrition of the plant. It is rather rare that a soil is found that is deficient in lime, magnesia, sulphuric acid or iron, but as stable manure is formed from the growth of plants upon the farm, and contains all the substances mentioned, it appears that stable manure contains *all the nutriments for plants* by which they are nourished, and hence is a *perfect* fertilizer of itself.

Further than that, stable manure contains that *organic substance* which, by its decomposition, creates in the soil what is known as humus, which assists largely in loosening the same, keeping it moist and warm; stable manure is also chemically active, and tends to produce favorable outward conditions. By the use of coarse, strawy manure upon a compact clayey soil, or compact loam, if well ploughed in and mixed with the soil, the result, in breaking up and loosening the soil, will be very marked. This formation of humus and change of texture of soils by the use of stable manure is of the greatest importance. Now the question arises, How is it with artificial manures? What is their effect? Or have they any two-fold effect? Do they furnish a supply of plant food on the one hand, and on the other do they exert a favorable influence upon the soil as regards its condition?

To these questions the answer may be given that, inasmuch as they contain a formulated quantity of phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash, they furnish abundant nutriment if applied in sufficient quantity. But they do not exert any direct influence upon the nature of the soil, as they can not add any to the humus of the soil; nor can they change of themselves the mechanical texture of the same. By all experiments that have been made, it is pretty well determined that the greater the supply of humus in the soil, and the more favorable its external condition, the greater the effect produced by the application of special fertilizers; therefore, even by the use of green manures, or upon sod with a thorough working of the soil, rendering the external conditions as favorable as possible, artificial manures will prove efficient. Although it is possible to produce crops upon a poor soil by the use of special manures, the results bear no comparison with those where there is a liberal use of stable manure used in connection with the special. The more lasting effects of stable manures is a good reason why their use should be made as full as possible.—*Prof. Yeomans, in Boston Globe.*

FAW-TAW.

Chinese Lottery Methods—How the Fascinating Game Is Played.

The game is played with slips paper four inches square, on which written one hundred characters, t names of celebrated Chinese fema characters who have figured in the history of the many dynasties. Through the slip from right to left a line runs dividing the characters into five lines of ten each. The game consists in spotting out with India ink certain combinations of five each. For various sums, from ten cents to twelve dollars, the player may spot out from one to all the figures. Each day in this city, twice a day in San Francisco, a hundred sticks, marked with duplicates of the characters on the slips, are placed in a bowl, and twenty of them are drawn out by a blindfolded man and recorded. It looks like a comparatively easy matter once in a while to catch eight or nine in ten characters out of twenty, drawn out of 100, yet mathematicians have calculated that the chance of catching nine is about one in 1,000,000, and ten is such a remote chance that it is not worth calculating. To get five and six is comparatively easy. Five pay the holder twenty cents, six two dollars, seven twenty-five dollars and eight one hundred dollars. Other combinations are arranged, more difficult of securing, which may pay the player up in the thousands. Thus a player who pays seventy cents and spots out nine characters may get $1,200, if he gets all of them, while in combination games fortunes might be won, but they seldom are. The danger of Chinese lottery lies in the fact that its agencies spread all over a city. In San Francisco there are several hundred of these. Every laundryman is an agent, and even the Chinese house servants buy slips for their mistresses. So universal has the custom of playing with Chinese lottery become on the Pacific Coast that hardly a man, woman or child can be found that can say that at some time in their career they have not bought slips. In this city the passion for lottery is spreading. Laundrymen accommodate their customers, and the small winnings whet the appetite for more. The police usually ignore Chinese lottery until it fastens upon a town too strongly to be shaken off. Then they find themselves powerless. It is as hard as policy to stamp out, because the game is represented by slips of paper merely and the players need never visit a gambling resort.—*Philadelphia Press.*

How to Keep Cigars Fresh.

Ex-Congressman Paige, of Ohio, is a great smoker, and he uses the best brand of cigars. He has an especially good way of keeping his cigars, which he generally buys by the box. He has a close tin box about the size of a cigar box, with a close-fitting lid. When he gets a box of cigars he puts them into this, and then lays a piece of soft paper over the top of them. He next wets another piece of blotting-paper, lets the water drip off of it, and lays this on the top of the other. He then closes the lid and puts the box in the cellar. When he wants to use them he takes off the top layer and gets at those beneath. This keeps the cigars always moist and fresh, and Paige has never yet offered a friend a dry or a poor cigar. He learned the scheme, he says, from one of the most noted cigar-makers of New York—a man who has made a million out of tobacco and who is thoroughly posted on it.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

It's no secret that Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is composed of best genuine French Brandy, distilled Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger Root, with Camphor Essence, and constitutes, therefore, the best remedy yet known for colic or cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. By druggists.

A letter-writer from Naples says: "Standing on Castle Elmo I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow he must have had!—*Chicago Tribune.*

"The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body."

and causes the skin to become "barked about, most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake, it only makes the breath strong.

The man who thinks he can communicate freely by telephone is laboring under a hallucination.—*The Judge.*

The printer has a pick nick all the year round.

Song of the baking-powder man—"Dough, see dough."

To be happy eat plenty of care a way seed.—*Lowell Courier.*

Some one wants to know if a bee is angry when it stings. We are not sure about the bee, but the victim is.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Why is the mosquito like charity? Because it begins to hum.

If "nature abhors a vacuum" why should she create a dude?—*Buffalo Express.*

Rental value depends upon location, said the landlord when he raised a woman's rent when he found she could borrow meal of a neighbor.

Price controls purchase. Even low shoes are in demand.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A man who is blunt in his ways may be sharp in his speech.—*Brooklyn Times.*

A man does not like to appear in public in a stolen hat because it is not his style.

A cow has two lips, but cowslips and tulips are not at all similar.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A newspaper is like a human being. It must keep up its circulation or it will die. —*Brooklyn Times.*

"Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked," is a sign in a store in an Arkansas town.

When a girl is young she wants numerous dolls, but when she grows older her wants increase, and she desires several dollars.

AGUE-STRICKEN PLYMOUTH!

Is a Similar Danger Threaten Everyone Else?—How Public Attention is Directed to Personal Perils.

[Rochester (N. Y.) Correspondence Indianapolis Sentinel.]

"Judge," said a young lawyer to a very successful senior, "tell me the secret of your uniform success at the bar."

"Ah, young man, that secret is a life study, but I will give it to you on condition that you pay all my bills during this session of court."

"Agreed, sir," said the junior.

"Evidence, indisputable evidence."

At the end of the month the judge reminded the young man of his promise.

"I recall no such promise."

"Ah, but you made it."

"Your evidence, please."

And the judge, not having any witnesses, lost a case for once!

The man who can produce indisputable evidence wins public favor. I had an interview yesterday with the most successful of American advertisers, whose advertising is most successful because always backed by evidence.

"What styles of advertising do you use?" I asked H. H. Warner, Esq.

"Display, reading matter and paragraphs of testimonials."

"Have you many testimonials?"

In answer he showed me a large cabinet chock-full. "We have enough to fill Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia morning papers."

"Do you publish many of them?"

"Not a tithe. Wonderful as are those we do publish, we have thousands like them which we can not use. 'Why not?' Let me tell you. 'Warner's safe cure' has probably been the most successful medicine for female disorders ever discovered. We have testimonials from ladies of the highest rank, but it would be indelicate to publish them. Likewise many statesmen, lawyers, doctors of world-wide fame have been cured but we can only refer to such persons in the most guarded terms, as we do in our reading articles."

"Are these reading articles successful?"

"When read they make such an impression that when the 'evil days' of ill health draw nigh they are remembered, and Warner's safe cure is used."

"No, sir, it is not necessary now, as at first, to do such constant and extensive advertising. A meritorious medicine sells itself after its merits are known. We present just evidence enough to disarm skeptics and to impress the merits of the remedies upon new consumers. We feel it to be our duty to do this. Hence, best to accomplish our mission of healing the sick, we use the reading article style. People won't read plain testimonials."

"Yes, sir, thousands admit that had they not learned of Warner's safe cure through this clever style they would still be ailing and still impoverishing themselves in fees to unsuccessful 'practitioners.' It would do your soul good to read the letters of thanksgiving we get from mothers, grateful for the perfect success which attends Warner's safe cure when used for children, and the surprised gratification with which men and women of older years and impaired vigor, testify to the youthful feelings restored to them by the same means."

"Are these good effects permanent?"

"Of all the cases of kidney, liver, urinary and female diseases we have cured, not two per cent. of them report a return of their disorders. Who else can show such a record?"

"What is the secret of Warner's safe cure permanently reaching so many serious disorders?"

"I will explain by an illustration: The little town of Plymouth, Pa., has been plague-stricken for several months because its water supply was carelessly poisoned. The kidneys and liver are the sources of physical well-being. If polluted by disease, all the blood becomes poisoned and every organ is affected, *and this great danger threatens every one who neglects to treat himself promptly.* I was nearly dead myself of extreme kidney disease, but what is now Warner's safe cure cured me, and I know it is the *only remedy in the world that can cure such disorders*, for I tried everything else in vain. Cured by it myself, I bought it and, from a sense of duty, presented it to the world. Only by restoring the kidneys and liver can disease leave the blood and the system."

A celebrated sanitarian physician once said to me "The secret of the wonderful success of Warner's safe cure is that it is sovereign over all kidney, liver and urinary diseases, which primarily or secondarily make up the majority of human ailments. Like all great discoveries it is remarkably simple."

The house of H. H. Warner & Co. stands deservedly high in Rochester, and it is certainly matter of congratulation that merit has been recognized all over the world, and that this success has been unqualifiedly deserved. Pen Point.

"Why did you work out Rhoda's lesson?" demanded the teacher sternly. "To lessen her work," said the witty culprit.—*Golden Days.*

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When a man sees double, it is evident that his glasses are too strong for him.—*Boston Transcript.*

Young Men, Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

History tells us that one of the most learned of Scotch clergymen was born in the parish of Dull, educated at Dunse and first stationed at Drone.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

Some people who buy on time don't appear to know when time leaves off and eternity begins.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Humanity demands that omnibus, hack and team horses should wear the Boss Collar Pad.

At the recent Cincinnati candle fire the loss was $100,000. It seems wicked.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

It is a painful fact that the half-baked man is not rare.—*Puck.*

ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try S. S. S. She commenced seven weeks ago. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold. JOHN F. BRADLEY,
Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885. 44 Griswold St.
For sale by all druggists.
N. Y. 157 W. 23d St. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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Interview Your Druggist,

As this reporter is doing, and he will tell you some curious things. For instance,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is a perfectly genuine medicine; but there are plenty of so-called Sarsaparillas in the market that have no Sarsaparilla about them except the name.

I have been in the Drug business, in Lowell, for thirty years, and sell more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than of all other Sarsaparillas combined. Being thoroughly familiar with the analysis, of this medicine, and knowing the care and skill employed in its composition, I am certain it contains nothing that could not be recommended by the most scrupulous physician. It is made of the true Honduras Sarsaparilla, and of other blood purifiers, the best known to medical science, and is a grand specific in chronic cases, such as Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Erysipelas, Kidney Diseases, and troubles of the Stomach and Liver. Many so-called Sarsaparillas are such only in name: they do not contain a particle of the real medicinal Sarsaparilla root.—Geo. C. Osgood, M. D., Druggist, Merrimack, cor. Suffolk sts., Lowell, Mass.

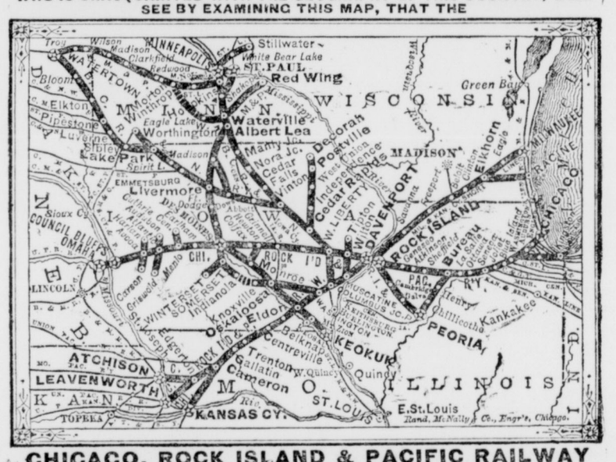
For all disorders of the Blood, use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

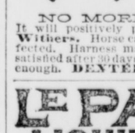
A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen ("Fever Cake"). General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

THE **BOSS COLLAR PAD** OF ZINC AND LEATHER.

NO MORE SORE NECKS.
It will positively prevent chafing and cure sore Withers. Horse can be worked while cure is perfected. Harness makers will refund money if not satisfied after 30 days trial. Be sure to get Pad large enough. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '86. Pronounced *cheapest glue known.* Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE.
Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.



LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt** and **Stocking Supporters.** Sample outfit **free.** Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

SILVER WARE on Monthly Payments. **ROGERS CELEBRATED.** We want a lady or gentleman of good character in every town to take orders. Excellent wages. E. GATELY & CO., 136 Ontario St., Cleveland, O.

ARTISTS OIL TUBE COLORS, 5 cts. Convex Glass Cabinet, 45 cts. a doz.; Card 25 cts. a doz. H. L. ROSS, 1216 Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

EDUCATIONAL.

Young Men If you want to become Telegraph Operators, and be guaranteed employment, address P. W. Ream, Ada, O.

Dolm's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

RIDGE'S FOOD

INVALUABLE IN SICKNESS.

In all cases of dysentery or any bowel complaints, Ridge's Food should be adopted as the dietetic. It is perfectly safe, being neutral in its action upon the bowels, and is easily assimilated. Moreover, it will be retained where everything else fails.

HALE & KILBURN'S Famous Folding **BEDS**

Stand Pre-eminent the world over. Greatest Variety. Richest Designs. BEST Adjusted. Most Simple. Most Cheap. Luxurious. Also EXTENSIVE MAKERS of the FINEST FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

RESERVOIR DESK WASHSTANDS No Pump. No Sewer Gas. No Toilet Set.

ODORLESS COMMODES Air-tight Joint. Best ever made.

Nos. 48 & 50 N. 6th St. PHILA. and No. 706 Broadway, N. YORK.

Send for Catalogue, and kindly mention this paper.

R. U. AWARE THAT **Lorillard's Climax Plug** bearing a *red tin tag;* that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings,** and that Lorillard's **Snuffs,** are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

DRUNKENNESS AND OPIUM HABIT.

These diseases absolutely cured and the system restored to health by C. C. Beers, M. D. In cases of intemperance the medicine can be successfully administered unknown to the patient. Send stamps for evidence to **41 Appleton Street, Boston, Mass.**

INVALIDS WANTED.—One in every neighborhood, to try, and also to sell the **Celebrated INDIAN BLOOD, LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY. Agents are well paid.** Address HOPKINS & CO., Three Rivers, Mich.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD for THREE live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

A. N. K.—C. 1038

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

Anecdote of Queen Victoria.

The following admirable trait in the character of the highest personage in the British realm is not generally known. When Princess Victoria, she is said to have frequently amused herself by going *incognito* in a carriage to different shops, and derived a great entertainment, when divested of the appendages which are attended upon royalty, in observing as a passive spectator the infinite variety of incidents and occupations with which London abounded. Being one day at the shops, she observed, among many objects that attracted her attention, one that fixed it. This was a young and intelligent lady, who was most sedulously employed in looking over different gold chains for the neck, which were presented to her for inspection. After she had admired several, she asked the price of one which seemed to have peculiarly struck her fancy. The price was named. It was more than she imagined it would have been.

"Can it not be offered cheaper?"

"Impossible was the reply."

The young lady seemed disconcerted, examined the chain again, and when she laid it down the second time appeared to part from it with reluctance. However, at length she admitted that the price was far too high, chose a much cheaper, which was ordered to be sent home, and went away. The young Princess Victoria, who had silently observed the silent workings in the mind of the lady, as displayed in her countenance, inquired who she was, and upon receiving satisfactory information ordered the firm to pack the gold chain which had so attracted her attention, with the one she had purchased, and sent it with a card, signifying that the Princess Victoria was so well pleased with observing that the young lady, who had been so much taken with the beauty and workmanship of the chain, had yet so much the command of her passions as not to suffer these to overcome her prudence, that she, therefore, in token of her approval, desired her to accept the chain she so much admired, in the hope that she would always persevere in that laudable line of conduct upon which female happiness so much depended.

A Missouri Colonel sees Mr. Cleveland.

Chicago Herald.

Colonel Veazy, of Pike county, Mo. passed through the city on his way home from Washington. He was in an unhappy frame of mind. "Yes, I saw the President, I saw him. I wanted the postoffice in my town, and he wouldn't give it to me because he said I had made no charges against the incumbent, who is a good man. Then I struck him for a consulship for my son, and he said there would be no more consuls appointed until 1886. Then I told him Major Ward, of my town, wanted a clerkship at Washington so as to be near his daughter, who is married and lives there, but he said he would have to pass an examination, which Major Ward can't do. Finally, I says: 'Well, I don't seem to have much luck here, and I guess I'll go home,' and he was bidding me good-bye so cordially that I thought I'd try him once again, 'Won't you give me that postoffice, eh?' says I. 'No, says he. 'Nor my son the consulship?' says I. 'No,' says he. 'Nor Major Ward the clerkship?' says I. 'No,' says he. Well, by cripes old man,' says I, 'will you come out to our county fair next fall?' 'No, says he. 'There's where your head's level,' says I, and I left. Oh, it's a good enough Democratic administration. Nobody's a kicking out my way."

One Thing that she Forgot.

A good story is told of a prominent member of society who has a habit of tying a knot in her pocket handkerchief when she wished to fix anything in her mind to be attended to. She was engaged in a desperate flirtation on a certain occasion and in her abstraction dropped the handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up her flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from the chair she stopped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing, as she did so, the knot in one corner. "What have I forgotten to-day?" she asked audibly. "That you have a husband," replied her hostess. The story was repeated, and the lady, who is a well-known member of the diplomatic circle, always keeps her handkerchief free from knots now.—*Washington Post.*

The holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing that faithful prayers implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Bananas.

It is astonishing how little is known of bananas, considering the extent to which they are eaten. New York gets every week an average of 30,000 bunches. From Florida? Not a single one. Florida only raises enough bananas for home consumption. All these yellow ones we get from Central America, principally from Aspinwall. Those big, fat, red fellows are from Cuba. Plantains? Oh! no; that's a general mistake, plantains are only edible when cooked; they are more vegetable than fruit. You didn't know there were 150 distinct varieties of bananas, did you? The fruit comes to us quite green, but in the summer will ripen in one or two days. Cool weather compels us to use artificial treatment and we hang them in a close room and apply heat. A green bunch will not be ripe under four days. With the bananas we import, duty free, are a good many foreign inhabitants. See that snake a yard long, it was taken alive from a bunch. And a spider came in another, bringing her nest with her. It contains a hundred eggs. She has come to a cold climate to hatch. Tarantulus are frequently found and the accompaniments are by no means rare.

The Desire to be Gulled.

Detroit Free Press.

Let a long-haired individual with a broad-brimmed hat, an Indian name a brass band and a peddler's wagon set himself up at the street corner and proclaim himself a wondeaful physician, with a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and he will attract hundreds of intelligent persons, who will pay their money to a man they never saw before for a compound concerning which they know nothing beyond his boastful assertions. The same person who put no trust in the advice of a physician whom they have known for years, and whose interest it is to advise them fairly and for the best, will swallow with avidity the advice and the nostrum of any loud-voiced quack who forces himself upon their attention. In some cases, no doubt, it is because the quack promises, having no responsibility, what the educated physician with a reputation at stake does not promise. But in the vast majority of cases it seems as if the impelling motive—the ruling passion on which the quack plays so successfully—is the desire to be gulled.

Contrary to orders, Bobby had taken the family Bible from the parlor table, where it was very carefully kept, and by the time he got through with it the signs of wear and tear were painfully apparent. For this act of disobedience he received a severe whipping and was sent supperless to bed. "It is a source of great gratification to me," said the minister, who was making a call that same evening, as he lifted the book from the table and discovered its condition, "to find that in this household, at least, the Bible is not neglected. It is too often the case, I regret to say, that the contents of the Good Book remain unsought. But I am pleased, Mr. Smith, to know," he continued, "that you find daily consolation in its pages." Mr. Smith devoutly acknowledged the pleasure and profit he derived from his frequent study, and after the minister left he took up to Bobby a glass of milk and a large slice of bread and butter with jam on it.

Words of Wisdom.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

A hovel well kept is a palace to the inmates.

Much learning shows how little mortal knows.

Better go round about than fall into the ditch.

A pleasant tone and a sweet smile costs nothing.

Virtue and a trade are the best portions for children.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it to be a part of the temperament.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

As they who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

Swedenborg says, "Words are things," They are more; they are spiritual forces—angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

If your hair is getting thin, the application of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will promote a thick, new growth.

He that seeketh forgetfulness of God in this life will reap the reward of being forgotten by Him in the world to come.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

She Had Confidence.

Mrs. H. C. Harshbarger, Manor Hill, Huntingdon County, Pa., writes: "Dr. J. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.: I have been afflicted for three years, caused by over-work too soon after confinement. My kidneys became seriously affected, could not retain my urine day nor night. It was high colored, thick and bloody. My monthlies had left altogether for fourteen months, during which time I was confined to my bed with a beating in right ovaries. The discharge from the womb was so offensive no one could stay in the room. The urine continued bloody, with pain in voiding it, and when in bed would pass from me in my sleep. I have had three doctors attending me regularly, one for four months, one of the others one whole summer, and the third all winter. We had two others in consultation with them, and used twenty bottles of different kinds of patent medicines, all to no good. I then got a bottle of PERUNA, and before I had three-fourths of the bottle taken I quit wetting the bed and could retain the urine sufficient to attend church, which I had not done for three years, and my monthlies came back as natural as ever; indeed, I considered myself a well woman again. Since that time I have had pneumonia. My confidence in PERUNA was so great that I did not send for a doctor. I followed the directions in your "Ills of Life" and am over it, as well as can be expected of one so delicate as I have been. Others in my neighborhood had the same disease, and among them were strong men, and had the best physicians, and yet died, while I sailed through in safety on PERUNA and MANALIN. I sincerely believe, and would say to all the afflicted in the wide world, that PERUNA and MANALIN are the only two medicines that any one needs in any disease, if used as directed in your book entitled "The Ills of Life."

J. E. Fleming, publisher of the New Dominion, Morgantown, W.Va. writes: "Some months since, I received some of your medicine in exchange for advertising. My wife has taken five bottles of it, and has derived great benefit from it."

Mr. M. C. Pershing, Bradenville, Pa., writes: "My wife has been using PERUNA for some time for weak lungs and liver and kidney complaint, and thinks it is doing her great good. Has used only one bottle as yet. Please send your book on the 'Ills of Life,' as we can't get any from our druggist."

Mr. John Denny, Mt. Vernon, O., writes: "We have a large sale in PERUNA. It gives satisfaction."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,

from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address

H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection or rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common bitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH GIVEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscured ailments, baffling the skilled Physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Call for terms of our Appliance.

WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the ELK Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,

5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tents, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,

6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia,** or **Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on B. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

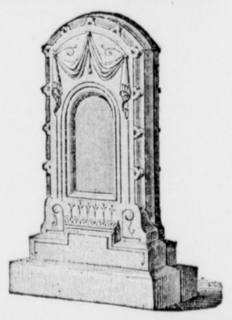
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885. NUMBER 21.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if the use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
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CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

In the Wilds.

From the Editor of Wheeling Intelligencer.

DAVIS, TUCKER Co., W. VA., July 18.—"This is the forest primeval." I am quite certain of it. If it were not that a railroad affords connection with the outside world the few of us who are here to-night would be literally inhabiting "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade." The ax of civilization has but blazed the rugged face of nature. Believe me, nature, grand, glorious and untamed, is doomed. The jockeys of trade have taken her in hand and will break her in—are breaking her in now. What are we going to do when there is no longer wilderness to flee to—no refuge of solitude from the ceaseless hum and strain of business, business, business, always business! As we were climbing the mountain by steam to-day, comparing this with that—what I saw with what I had left far behind—I was thinking how hard a man works, how much he frets, to buy a coffin.

At 7:25 this morning we left Deer Park—ex-Senator Henry G. Davis and his son-in-law, Stephen B. Elkins, the big Blaine chief, the President and Vice President of the West Virginia, Central & Pittsburgh Railway; Prof. I. C. White, who comes to make a geological survey for the government; three Messrs. Ledeau, who are prospecting with a view to locate a large tannery in this region of abundant bark. At 8 o'clock we were on board a West Virginia Central train at Piedmont, bound hither. At Piedmont we were joined by Col. Thomas B. Davis, General Manager of the road, and Superintendent W. E. Porter, an old Baltimore & Ohio official who is well remembered along that line. Capt. G. W. Harrison, agent at Piedmont, was at the train to shake hands all around. We caught sight of Auditor Woodrow and his father, Major Simeon D. Woodrow, who had inquires to make of old Wheeling friends and kindly messages to send. Cashier McCandlish, of the Piedmont National Bank (Davis) was good enough to say that if any one in the party ran short of ready money he would be glad to cash a check—well endorsed. My good friend Jimmy Little, who manages the Elk Garden mine and is proud of it, who fought for Blaine at Martinsburg and howled himself hoarse with the rest of us, gets on to offer us all free passes for a round trip over his incline up the sheer mountain side. Tempting as such offers always are, the angle of inclination was greater than the temptation. It was some consolation to know that the gallant old hero of Appomattox had declined a like tender from Brother Little. Therefore we were all able to conclude that it was not fear, but lack of time, that controlled our movements. Exploration of the big fourteen-foot vein we left for another time, and went on with our mountain climbing.

As we ascended the heavy grade, sometimes more than seventy feet to the mile, the gorge became narrow, the enclosing heights loftier, and I turned from the receding view to a seat in the locomotive cab beside Engineer Doughty, where I might come face to face with the wild grandeur of the wilderness as we dashed further into its wooded depths. As the conductor called out the stations it seemed that we must be in a mixed caucus of statesman, the conductor being in fact chairman of the caucus "recognizing" gentlemen as one after another they claimed the floor to speak to "the State of the Union," or something of that sort. For example, Barnum, Windom, Chaffee, Blaine, Schell, Elkins, Bayard, Camden, Davis. Perhaps I ought to include Fairfax, but that takes us too far back. At Elkins I saw the Blaine pole, the first one raised anywhere in this region and still pointed to with pride, notwithstanding "circumstances over which we had no control." Elkins' railway station and postoffice, lies on the Maryland side in Garrett county, though much of the settlement is on the West Virginia side, the two parts being connected by an excellent bridge. The friends at home will be the better able to locate Elkins when they are told that it lies at the foot of Fort Pendleton, where the Northwestern Pike crosses the North Branch of the Potomac into Maryland.

As we stopped at Elkins for a moment I recalled a conversation with the venerable father of Mr. S. B. Elkins. Seated on the piazza of his son's Deer Park cottage, last summer, Mr. Elkins told me how he emigrated from the Old Dominion to Missouri more than half a century before, going by way of the Northwestern road. Now in this later day of steam transportation his son is one of the leading spirits in building a railroad which crosses his father's path of the long ago, and the spot where his father may have rested on the further boundary of his native State bears the family name and a town rises as a monument to the energy of the son. In the new West the father devoted much of his time to staging across the plains. Now the son comes back to take an enthusiastic and sagacious interest in the development by railroad of a richly endowed part of the State which gave his father birth. This personifies the reflux of the tide of development which rolled over the middle country to the easier but not richer fields beyond. This backward flow is the hope of West Virginia. Good health to Elkins and to the Davises, and to Blaine and to Camden, and to every man who puts a dollar or a thought into the development of our West Virginia! A bumper, and no heel taps! The unregenerate who play at politics on the dead level of Bourbonism won't join me in this sentiment. Well, bless their benighted souls, their is small choice left to them—if they don't get on board they'll be run over, for the train moves fast and the way is narrow, and when a stone is flung off the track you can hear it splashing in the pool a thousand feet below.

"This is the big horse-shoe I was telling you about," said Engineer Doughty. I thought we had been seeing something of horse-shoe bends, but now we were making the first curve of one worth the journey to see. The station at this great bend is Hambleton. The road hugs the mountain side, and in the valley below lies a large saw mill busily ripping big logs into merchantable lumber. We are pulling up a heavy grade, leaving the saw mill behind. Now we take a sharp but easy turn and half a mile on, by a slight cleft in the dense foilage—perhaps a path down the mountain side—there is Hambleton again, still sawing logs. We have doubled back on the sawmill and are less than two hundred yards from the station we left behind. We could have reached this point ahead of the train by walking across from the station, if there is a path. We are not to take paths for granted in this region. Beyond, as below, we come upon some straight and level stretches, but they are "like angel's visits."

"See how she makes steam," says my entertaining friend, the engineer. "We are pulling up a steep grade, but I have to let her off. This coal is from our eleven-foot vein, and it is the best steam coal I ever saw."

"Best I ever fired with," says the fireman, "and I don't believe there is the equal of it anywhere."

"That vein," adds the engineer, "is almost a solid vein of pure coal without a flaw. There's no telling now much there is of it, but we know there is enough in sight to keep this road busy for years. See there," pointing to the gauge, "got to let her off again."

Here we are at Davis, at the junction of Black Water and Beaver, 3,100 feet above sea level, 700 feet higher than Oakland. It is 1 o'clock, and with a mixed train, freight and passenger, we have climbed 2,000 feet from Piedmont since 8 o'clock. We have come over 57½ miles of first-class road, well graded, splendidly ballasted, "ironed" with steel, iron bridges and trestle work built to last. I look on all this in admiration of the courage that has driven this probe of steel into the heart of the wilderness. That took nerve of high order. The Davises had lumbered on the Potomac. They knew of the coal and timber beyond. They concluded that the only way to open this wilderness was to split it open with a railroad. They induced other capitalists to join them. They put in the sparp point of the wedge and mauled away at it, As the forest parted coal veins opened, sawmills came into existence, human habitations sprung up. There was the life of productive industry. From the beginning to Davis is four years, and every year shows a profit on the venture,

Davis has only begun to be. There is a railway station house, and Bob Eastham has a hotel and grocery store and a good wife who makes the sojourner comfortable while the host spins "bar" tales. The company is building five five-roomed frame dwelling houses for its employees, who are now camped in box cars. Besides this, Davis is forty acres of birch and hemlock logs and roots and big stumps blackened from the burning of the laurel brush. It looks as though there might have been a big rise in the waters that flooded in and piled up helter skelter all the felled timber in creation, after which the whole thing was charred with fire. From all which you will infer that save for the bran new frame houses there is something like a scene of utter desolation. But wonders have been accomplished here in a short time. Up to May 15 there was nothing here but virgin forest and impenetrable jungle. Engineer James Parsons tells me that in this upper country the engineers had to chop their way to locate the line to Davis and beyond, cutting their path through an undergrowth so dense that human foot, of a white man or red, never could have trod it.

To-night we are having a mountain storm, The forest that shuts us in is a protection from the wind, but the thunder peals and roars and rumbles, and the lightening seems to be playing about every tree in the wilderness. The rain falls a continuous sheet, pelting and banging on the iron roof of the Hotel Eastham as though it would break its way through in mad determination to find refuge from the storm and dry itself before the blazing fire in the sitting room, where we are smoking and swapping lies and trying to keep up with the landlord. I rather enjoy all this, for I am going to sleep by and by with a good conscience and a fair lining of trout caught to order in Black Water and smoking on the platter before us scarcely an hour out of water. Such trout! This is what I call living.

I have something more in mind about this wild country and the railroad, and I think I can shake it out to follow hard upon this.

C. B. H.

Employment and Education.

"A good education," says Dr. McCosh, "qualifies a man to do a dozen different things, where an ignorant man could do only one. Education also enables a man to rise in any sphere of labor in which he is employed." The truth of this is especially valuable in these days of change in vocations. Science is specializing every employment; mechanicism is taking the place of manual labor, and in this approaching readjustment of vocations, will prove the only individual safeguard. What industrial future is there for the man who can use his hands only when a machine is invented that takes the place of a thousand pair of hands? Obviously, the practical need of intellectual qualification is far greater in this age, and will continue to increase with the progress of humanity. It is the tendency of every trade to become an art, and of every artisan to become an artist in his specialty. And in this lies the true secret of the great need of industrial education.—*Lilian Whiting.*

An Important Discovery.

The most important Discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough's, and Colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it possitively cure Consumption, but Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a Trial Bottle Free, at Nydegger's Drug store

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

There is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills promptly relieve the stomach, correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste, and cure constipation.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more in proportion to the worth of the thing given.

Though the presence of imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame;
She was the lassie who knew no fear
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier,
If deeds of daring should win renown,
Let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town,
Who braved the savage with deep disdain—
Bright-eyed, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

'T was more than a hundred years ago,
They were close beset by the dusky foe;
They had spent of powder their scanty store,
And who the gauntlet should run for more?
She sprang to the portal and shouted: "I;
'T is better a girl than a man should die!
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
Around her the foemen in ambush lay;
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
Then wildly shouted: "A squaw!" "a squaw!"
She neither swerved to the left or right,
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.
"Quick! Open the door!" she cried, amain,
"For a hope forlorn? 'Tis Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait,
Back she must go ere it be too late;
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste
And knotted it deftly about her waist,
Then filled it with powder—never, I ween,
Had powder so lovely a magazine;
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,
Like a startled fawn fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands fastened the oaken gate;
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears
That had there been strangers for many years.
From flint-lock rifles again there sped
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,
And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?
Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!
Hers is a record without a stain—
Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

—*John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas.*

AUNT POWELL'S WILL.

The Game Which Was "Kind of Played" on Attentive "Relatives."

You wouldn't believe me if I told you what an excitement it raised when Abner got Aunt Powell's letter saying how the doctor had ordered her away from the New England climate, and that she was coming to Pennsylvania and wanted him to look up a quiet little country house for her near by to Gloster. Nothing extravagant, she said: just a little home where she could end her days within call of her brother's children, and feel that she wasn't alone in the world. She wouldn't want to pay over $20,000, she said.

Law me! the buzzing there was in the family when we all learned the news! And it was nearly a whole day before we knew anything about it. Jennie Powell always was mercenary and selfish. I saw that, and said so, too, long before Abner married her, and she persuaded her husband to keep that letter a secret, so as to have Aunt Powell's affairs in their own hands. Just as though Aunt Powell wasn't as dear to the other children as she could be to a woman who never so much as heard of her until she married into our family. But Jennie was just as gossipy and talkative as she was mercenary, and more too, and she couldn't go to bed with such news as that and live through the night, and she knew it. So, before sunset, out it all came, in solemn confidence to half a dozen acquaintances and three or four relatives.

And then how we raced from house to house, and how our tongues run and run, and how we tried to find out everything and tell nothing! And the family consultations held in every Powell house that night after the children were put to bed! And the shower of letters that fell into the Gloster postoffice that night after all the town was asleep, addressed to Miss Lucinda Powell, Skenadoquonooksis, Maine! Lem said he was too sleepy to write for me, but I made him do it, and posted him off with it. And what should he do but go over to Abner Powell's and tell Abner he was going to the postoffice, and ask Abner if he had any letters to carry down and post for him!

Abner sat there at the table, up to his eyes in ink and paper. He stared at Lem, and then began to stammer, and finally looked at Jennie.

"No," snapped Jennie, "we haven't any letters you can post for us. What did you want to know for?"

And Lem laughed, and said he only wanted to be neighborly, and went on. And if that aggravating man didn't sit down on the office steps, and stay there in the dark till past midnight, waiting for the others to come! And they came right along, Abner Powell first one, and Jasper Blake and Hamer Powell and 'Siah Bradley and Warder Martin. And every time one of them men come along and began fumbling and feeling in the dark for the box, Lem would call him by name and say: "Good evening. You'll find the letter-box in the lower right-hand panel of the door."

Abner Powell jumped so when he called to him that he knocked off his hat and broke his spectacles against the door. Abner's a little near-sighted, and none of 'em thanked Lem for making them look so ridiculous; but when I told him I didn't think it was just the thing to aggravate the rest of them and get them down on us he said he was only a brother-in-law to this family anyhow, and he was willing to take his thirds out in fun. And next morning if old Bert Cramer, the postmaster, didn't asked Hamer, right before all the loungers in the store, if the Powell family had got special rates on letters to Skenadoquonooksis! As though it was any of his business how many letters people wrote to their own father's only sister.

To tell the truth, we hadn't none of us corresponded much with Aunt Powell, only for some five or six years back. She and father, you see, were only children, and were left orphans at an early age. Father came to Pennsylvania when he was quite a young man, married here, and settled down in Gloster. He didn't accumulate much of anything but a family, and he never felt able to go back to see the sister he left teaching school down in Maine. After mother died he wrote to Aunt Powell, offering her a home with him. It was very generous in father, for he was not a rich man—far from it. But Aunt Powell wrote a very sympathetic letter, and kind of incidentally asked how many children he had; and when he told her six, her next letter was just as kind as it could be, and she thanked him for finding time, in the midst of his numerous household and business cares, to remember her, and think of her so kindly in connection with his dear ones, but she was very comfortable, she said; she needed nothing; she preferred school-teaching to housekeeping, and was too busy to take the time for such a long journey. So we never saw her; but I don't think anybody was very much disappointed at the time, except father.

But by-and-by came stories of a very romantic chapter in Aunt Powell's history. We didn't hear anything about it until long after father died.

She was engaged to a young sea-captain, and that was before our mother died. One day he came to bid Aunt Powell good-by. He was going to India and Australia before he returned, and when he came back they were to be married. As he walked away down the little garden path that led from the cottage door he turned, and loosing the blue kerchief from about his neck, tossed it back toward her, where she stood trying in vain to fight back her tears, and called: "Dry your blue eyes with this while I'm gone, sweet-heart."

But a breath of wind caught the drifting bit of silk away from her outstretched hands and tossed it into the climbing branches of a rose-tree that arched above the window.

"O, my love-token!" cried Aunt Powell. "The wind takes away my lover, and then snatches his keepsake away from me!"

"Never mind," he called back, in his cheery way—"never mind, heart of mine; let it flutter aloft there till I come back."

And Aunt Powell threw him a kiss, and then the tears in her blue eyes shut out her lover like a mist, and the mist never cleared away. For summer and winter came and went, and the blue kerchief in the rose-tree paled in the sun and faded in the rain. The winds rent and tattered it, the roses came and hid it, and the winter days showed it a ragged signal of faded blue fluttering like a flag of distress from some storm beaten ship; but the hand that set the signal was gleaming white down in the red coral. The angry winds that had driven her lover's ship upon the pitiless rocks came in the June days and kissed the faded kerchief softly, and caressed it tenderly, as though in sorrow for what they had done; and in December they snatched and tore at it angrily, as though they would destroy every trace of the sailor from off the face of the earth.

But Aunt Powell never touched it. "Let it wave there till he comes back," she said: "he may see it yet, some day, and know that I am waiting for him."

And so it fluttered and faded, and little by little the winds tore it away, and the blue in her eyes faded with the silken token, and their light grew dim as the hope in her heart went out.

All that her sailor had in the world he had left to his sweetheart. He was an only child, and when his heart-broken old father followed him, in a few years, he, too, left his fortune, which was an ample one, to the girl he lovingly called his daughter, in his will. And so our dear Aunt Powell was very rich. But she never married. Lovers knelt at her feet, for she was still beautiful, but there was only one image in her heart. And so she grew old and rich and lonely.

But when, little by little, this story came to us, our hearts warmed to our father's only sister. We wrote to her often and most affectionately. We learned her birthday, and always remembered her with loving messages and such little presents as we could afford. I encouraged the children to write to her, and Lem went and told Abner about it, and if Jennie didn't keep every one of her four children away from Sunday-school, the very next Sunday afternoon, to make them write to Aunt Powell! I told Mrs. Roberts I thought she ought to be disciplined for it, if she was my own brother's wife. The idea that any woman should imperil the souls of her own children for her own mercenary schemes! For my own part, I loved Aunt Powell honestly and disinterestedly. Jennie, I know, was mercenary from the very start, and so was Hamer's wife, but they wasn't neither of them Powells. When Jasper Blake built his new house on Wayne Street Maria wrote to Aunt Powell that they had built the largest room in the house with a big bay-window especially for her; it would always be called "Aunt Powell's room," and whether she ever came to stay in it or not, no one else would ever occupy it. And for a very good reason, too; they weren't able to furnish it; and they didn't even paint it, for that matter, for nearly two years after they had lived in that house, and they used it for a general lumber-room. A nice time Aunt Powell, or anybody else, except the rats, would have living in that "nice large room!"

Well, at last Aunt Powell came, with seven trunks and a French maid. Abner drove over to the station to bring her home. He and Jennie had it all fixed up to take her right to their house, and shut all the rest of us out on the plea that Aunt Powell was fatigued and needed rest. But Jennie, as usual, confided her little plan to three or four confidential friends outside the family. She seemed more surprised than delighted to see us as we came dropping in about fifteen or twenty minutes before stage time, and when Abner came, leading Aunt Powell into a parlor just full to the windows with his brothers and sisters and their children, his face was a study for a photographer. He didn't even have the pleasure of being master of ceremonies in his own house, either, for before he could recover from his amazement we had captured Aunt Powell, introduced ourselves, and made the most of our first opportunity.

If ever Aunt Powell had been beautiful, it was a long time before we saw her. Her eyes were bright as diamonds, but one of them was a little "set," and she could pin you with that eye like a gimlet. She was tall and angular; dressed like a lady, but very quietly, and wore no jewelry save an elegant pearl pin at her throat. Her maid was the ugliest and crossest creature in all this world, I do believe, and as none of us understood a word of French, the bits of conversation those two used to have when we were with them were fairly maddening, especially if Aunt Powell happened to transfix you with her "set" eye, while she looked at her maid with the other.

In about a month Aunt Powell felt strong enough to look at the places Abner had selected for her. But none of them suited, and at last she grew weary of lawyers and agents and began to talk mournfully about going back to her home in Maine.

"Where I know I will die of home-sickness," she said, "because I have, for the first time in my life, learned how sweet it is to live among those of your own blood."

"Aunt Powell," I spoke up, quick as a flash, "why should you wear yourself out looking for a home when you always seem so contented in the little blue room at our house? It isn't what you've been accustomed to, I know, but if you like it, or will endure it, I can't tell you how glad we will all be to call it yours, and all the rest of your days you can——"

With that Aunt Powell stopped my words with kisses, and began to cry. When she could command her voice she blessed me, and said my home should be hers "for the little time," she faltered, "that I want a home."

And that very afternoon Aunt Powell and the seven trunks and the French maid were moved to our house, and I was hated most cordially and politely by all the sisters and brothers in the Powell family.

Once settled, I am free to say Aunt Powell was anything but a pleasant companion. She had her breakfast at all hours of the morning, sometimes in the dining-room, sometimes in her own room and sometimes in my sitting-room. She was generally irritable and imperious, and acted as though the house belonged to her. At other times she had a wonderfully sweet, winning way with her that charmed you in spite of herself. The children never liked her, however, and as she detested tobacco, Lem's one little weakness, his after-supper cigar was reformed in short order.

"Mark the perfect man," said Lem; but I caught him once or twice puffing away at a great black pipe out in the wood-shed, so I wasn't much afraid that his reformation was going to strike in on him. And Aunt Powell "couldn't abide a great blinding glare of light," so our cheery little home was shut up until it was as dismal as a spare room. She slept the greater part of the morning, and we had to sit up and entertain her late every night, so that we who had to rise with the lark nearly died of sleepiness. It was very wearing, but we bore it bravely.

"We can work a great deal harder than this for $50,000," Lem used to groan as he fell into bed at night, and the unmeasured envy of my brothers and sisters kept us bravely up.

After we had endured this for two full years, if Aunt Powell didn't up and go to Abner's! I was so mad I broke down and cried.

"Don't be so heart-broken about it, my dear child," said Aunt Powell, tenderly. And then she put her arms about me, and told me how sorry she was to go away from the little blue room that had become so dear to her; but some talk had reached her ears, she said, that convinced her the other children were jealous of her staying so long with me, and she could not bear to be the cause of any contention. She was going to stay with Abner for a little while to pacify Jennie (Jennie, I knew myself, was really outrageous, and talking dreadfully). "But it's only for a little while," Aunt Powell said. "Keep the little blue room for me."

And away went Aunt Powell, French maid, and the seven trunks—"the Pleiades," Lem called them. And vexed as I was about it all, the children were so delighted, Lem looked so comfortable with his cigar—for he fell from grace the minute the restraining cause was gone—and the house was so bright and cheery, that I felt half reconciled to it.

"Let's go to bed before supper," said Lem. "I haven't had a square ration of sleep in two years."

Aunt Powell led Jennie a dance and I was glad of it. Jennie, whatever other faults she had, and I do not screen her, even though she is my own brother's wife, is a model housekeeper. Everything goes by clock-work in that house. The very cat goes to bed at nine o'clock, and knows better than to get up before the alarm-clock rings at half past five in the morning. Jennie wouldn't put off her regular sweeping days not for a funeral in the house. But Aunt Powell, as soon as she found what were the sweeping days, settled upon those very days for taking her morning nap in the parlor. Abner Powell was afraid of a horse as a cat is of water, and Aunt Powell made him drive her out twice a week. I wonder the man didn't turn gray. I don't believe a single wash-day passed while she was living with Abner that she didn't insist on having some of us to dinner, although that was nearly as hard on the rest of us as it was on Jennie.

I think she lived at Abner's for two years, and then went to Warder Martin's, Sarah's husband. They refurnished the parlor for her, and gave up their own room to that hateful French maid. Aunt Powell ruled them with a rod of iron for ten months, and then actually quarreled with Sarah Martin, the sweetest, best-tempered woman in the world! It was the first quarrel, I believe, Sarah ever had in her life. None of us ever thought she knew how to quarrel, but Aunt Powell managed to goad her into it somehow, and then went off in a huff to Hamer Powell's, leaving poor Sarah heart-broken, and Ward Martin so mad that he tumbled the seven trunks out into the middle of the street in broad day-light, and let them stand there, a spectacle for the gossipingest street in Gloster, until Homer Powell heard of it, and came with a dray to get them. Hamer went to Ward while the man was loading on the trunks, and began to talk to him, a little severely, I guess, about the way he had acted; but Ward roared out that if he said a word to him he'd stand him and the whole Powell family on their heads alongside the trunks, to the great delight of the whole street, and the unbounded wrath of Aunt Powell, who heard of it.

That very night she sent for a lawyer, and before she went to bed we knew that a new will had been made, and Sarah and Ward were left out of it. Of course Aunt Powell felt so strongly in the matter we couldn't well go against her. She refused to see Sarah or her husband, or go where they were, and so we had to leave them out of the family gatherings, and cut them dead on the street if we met them when Aunt Powell was with us. They acted very unreasonable about it, and ignored the rest of us everywhere; all except Lem. Lem visited there just as usual, and told Ward he intended to divide his portion of the Powell fortune with him.

Well, our aunt lived with Hamer Powell a year. Hamer was a teller in the Gloster bank, and it was through him we learned that Aunt Powell had a big tin box, locked and sealed, deposited in the vault of the bank. She got along pretty well that year, for Hamer and Alice were young people, very lively, and had lots of young company, and didn't mind Aunt Powell's ways very much. They had no settled ways of their own to be rooted out of, and no children for Aunt Powell to train, and on the whole they seemed to have an easy time with her. From Hamer's she went to Ellen Bradley's, quarreled with Ellen straight along every day for two months, and then lived quietly enough for the rest of the year; and then went to Maria Blake's, revolutionized everything about the house, scolded the children, quarreled with Maria, and bullied Jasper, and just as I was beginning to hope she was coming back to us, she melted into her very sweetest temper, lived like an angel for a few months, and died one morning with her head pillowed in Maria's arms.

Well, the day after the funeral we all gathered at Abner Powell's to hear the will read. I know my heart was full of real sorrow, but if there was one throb of genuine grief in another heart in that room, their faces didn't show it. Jennie Powell's countenance was the very impersonation of greedy eagerness, and I thought 'Siah Bradley was going to snatch the will outo f the lawyer's hands. Lem sat with his face buried in his handkerchief, and I was really delighted with the way he was behaving until I saw him wink at Ward Martin—for Ward and Sarah were both with us now—over the top of his handkerchief. For my part, I think such an occasion as that is fully as solemn as the funeral.

Ward and Sarah, as we all knew, got one dollar apiece. The seven trunks, with all their contents, were left to the French maid. The rest of the will devised all her property in Maine. Abner Powell got some pine lands, her close carriage and black horses, and Jennie got a pearl necklace and $10,000 in bank stock. Hamer got 180 acres of land on the St. Croix River and $4,000 in mining stock, and Alice was left two houses in Bangor and $500. She gave to myself and Lem $40,000, $15,000 in money and the rest in Boston & Maine Railroad stock. Ellen Bradley and 'Siah got the manor house and grounds at Skenadoquonooksis, with all the contents and appurtenances thereunto appertaining, save a few trinkets and some bits of furniture especially bequeathed to old servants. Maria Blake got $10,000, and Jasper got the yacht and four town lots in Bangor.

It did seem too good to be true. I cried as I thought of the dear, loving soul who had planned all this happiness for us, and wished I could have known her and loved her in the earliest years of her lonely life. The rest of them were to cry, but it was easy to see that it was a false, strained effort, and none of them succeeded very well except Sarah. Poor Sarah! we were all so sorry for her. They all seemed to think I should do something for her, but I didn't see how I could spare $10,000 from what we got, when we had such a family on our hands. Our first duty was to our children, of course. Hamer said he couldn't say what he could do until he found what his pine lands and mining stock were worth. Ellen and 'Siah had no ready money, and they couldn't tell yet whether they would sell the manor-house or live in it; Jasper said he could let them have one of his town lots in Bangor for a reasonable price and on long time, if they wanted to go there and build on it. And so Ward got up, by and by, and took Sarah home with him, and Lem stepped to the front window and fired a wink at them as they went down the steps that brought a grateful smile through Sarah's tears and a grimace to Ward Martin's rough face. All the same, I made up my mind that Lem Wasson wasn't going to rob my children so long as they had a mother to love and care for them. And, after all, it was Ward Martin's own fault; we all agreed that if he hadn't acted the way he did about the trunks, Aunt Powell could have been reconciled.

Then, after Ward and Sarah went away, the French maid came in. She protested and stormed and vowed she would contest the will, and threatened all sorts of dreadful things, and at last she became hysterical, and screamed until the neighbors began to run out into the street. Finally the boys had us pack all Aunt Powell's trunks, and then they gave the maid fifty dollars to take them away and be satisfied, and so they sent the hateful thing away, and we saw her no more.

In due time Abner Powell and Lawyer Bonney started away for Maine to take possession of things. I wanted Lem to go, too, but he said it wasn't the thing for recruits to be too fresh, and he would stay home and sit up with Ward. The rest of us whiled away the long days of Abner's absence by planning and quarreling in the most excited manner, now and then tormented by the sight of Sarah's disappointed face, although she seldom met us now. Before Abner went away he resigned his place as superintendent in the paper mills, and Ward, who needed it so much, was appointed in his place.

"So that, after all," said Sarah, "we have got something out of Aunt Powell's will."

Seven long, long, weary days, eight days, nine days, and no Abner. We began to speak darkly in separate groups, and watch Jennie closely, for we suspected that Abner had embezzled all the property and run away to Europe, where Jennie and the children would join him. But on the tenth day, when most of the family was assembled in Abner's house, the stage drove up from the station and Abner staggered into the house.

Haggard, pale as a ghost, his beard unshaven, his eyes sunk in his head and glaring like a maniac's, his hair tangled, his clothing rumpled and awry, and his whole appearance rough and unkempt, the man looked so gray and ghastly we were afraid of him.

"What is it?" I screamed, seized with a horrible fear. "Abner Powell, what have you done with my forty thousand dollars?"

"Where is my bank stock?" shrieked Maria.

"Where is my wife's dollar?" roared Ward Martin.

"Man!" shouted Hamer Powell, seizing him by the collar, "don't tell me you have been gambling on the cars, for I'll strike you dead if you do!"

"Where is our aunt's legacy?" roared 'Siah Bradley, collaring the haggard man on the other side.

The wretched creature gasped twice or thrice, and said, in a hoarse, strange voice: "There ain't none."

"Then what have you done with it, you wretch?" we all screamed, gathering close around him.

The very life seemed to die out of his face, and only the glaring eyes turned toward us as he groaned: "There never was any."

"Liar!" everybody shouted. "O, you awful liar! You robber! You thief! O, you miserable scoundrel! You dreadful thief!"

And Hamer Powell started Alice's boy off on the run to bring a policeman and the burgess and the bank watchman to arrest the brazen-faced embezzler.

But just before the policeman made the arrest, Lawyer Bonney, who had stopped at the bank on the way to get Aunt Powell's tin box, came in and told us everything, for Abner was now incapable of coherent speech.

Aunt Powell's "manor-house" at Skenadoquonooksis was a little four-room cottage, swallowed up clear out of sight, Lawyer Bonney said, by two mortgages and a tax-title, and that was all. She never had a dollar in the world beyond her savings from her salary as a school-teacher, and those were all spent since she came to Gloster. The pine lands on the St. Croix, the railroad and mining stock and Bangor town lots described in the will, were pleasant fictions of Aunt Powell's brain.

There was one hope left. The sealed and brass-locked tin box. While we sat, stunned and dumb, staring at each other, the box was opened. It contained all our letters of years past, written to her when we thought she was very wealthy. Only these and nothing more.

There was a hollow groan run all around the room. "For mercy's sake," said Alice, "do pull down the blinds, somebody!"

And then the boys and Lawyer Bonney counted up all the expenses of the funeral and Abner's trip and the lawyer's expenses and fees, and we had to throw in and make up the amount. All but Sarah's husband, he only grinned when Hamer told him what his share would be.

"Not a cent," he protested shaking his resolute head. "Aunt Powell didn't leave me anything in her will."

"It seems to me," says Lem, by and by, breaking an awful silence with the welcome sound of the human voice, "that our Aunt Powell kind of played it on us."

"That ain't the worst of it," groaned Abner, rolling his hollow eyes up toward us—"that ain't the worst of it."

We caught our breath and waited.

"Tell us the worst, man," said Hamer.

"She ain't our Aunt Powell, and never was," said Abner, speaking like a dying man. "Father's sister Lucy married a ship-builder and moved down to Bath fifteen years ago, and she's living there now. This woman was her housekeeper when she lived in——"

If he finished the sentence nobody heard him. When four women faint and one goes into hysterics at the same time, nobody in that room pays much attention to conversation.

Well, Lem was tender as a mother to me that night. Once only, after he had put me to bed and got me quieted down, and was smoothing away my headache, he said, "Well, I'm only a Powell by brevet, and I never can take full rank, but——"

But I guess I looked too miserable to be teased, for he smiled, stooped to kiss me, and suddenly changed his tone.

"And, after all," he said, "Ward and Sarah are the only ones who got anything out of Aunt Powell's will. The guerillas are in luck."—*R. J. Burdette, in Harper's Magazine.*

CROCKFORD'S.

The Famous Gambling Establishment in St. James Street, London.

Among the witnesses examined before the Committee of the House of Commons was Mr. Crockford, the proprietor of the famous gambling club in St. James Street. Such an establishment would be an impossibility in New York, or indeed in London of the present day, but at that time the magnificent salons and gambling-rooms were crowded every night by the most distinguished men of London. The Duke of Wellington, Disraeli, Talleyrand, Prince Esterhazy, Lord Lyndhurst, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Raglan, afterward of Crimean renown, were among its constant habitues. Millions changed hands there every night. Lord Sefton lost $1,000,000 on one occasion. At another time, playing hazard from midnight until seven a. m., four noblemen lost $500,000 apiece, and half the best families in England came near being ruined. There was a costly supper served every night; the famous French cook, Ude, was chef of the establishment. As Theodore Hook somewhat blasphemously remarked of Crockford, "He filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich he doth send empty away." The large number of rich men addicted to sport who frequented his house enabled Crockford to make enormous books on the races, and it is said that he never was without $1,000,000 owing to him on bets.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Governor of California has recently selected a sight for the State Hotel at Yosemite Falls. It is to be built by the State, and will cost $75,000.

INDIAN WIDOWS.

A Remarkable Social Advance in Hindostan.

English papers, which come to us with several columns of extracts from the Indian press, tell of a very remarkable social advance effected under English rule in Hindostan. This is especially noticeable in regard to the condition of woman in India to-day, compared to her situation at the beginning of this century. It was only in 1831 that the practice of burning widows was abolished by the Government; and up to that time, as Max Muller observes, "women were burned wholesale, even in the immediate neighborhood of Calcutta." During 1823, in the Bengal Presidency alone, 575 widows were burned; in the very limits of the Calcutta Court of Circuit 310 were burned. Numbers of these were beautiful young girls under twenty; and yet the first effort to secure the abolition of the hideous custom was made, not by a European but an enlightened Hindoo, Rammohun Roy. He held, with good reason, that the practice of suttee was not ordained by the great teachers of Hindoo religion, and not justified by the ancient Sanscrit texts. In the controversy which he provoked he invariably came out conqueror; but controversy alone will not suffice to exterminate a national curse or to uproot an ancient superstition. Therefore it was that he established, about 1818, the "Society of Believers in the Supreme," or Brahma-Somaj. Immediately the orthodox Brahminical party founded an opposition society, called the "Society of the Law," or Dharma-Somaj, and this society at once petitioned the English Government against the abolition of suttee.

One would have thought that such a question could not have been long discussed in vain before enlightened English rulers—that the cause of humanity would only have had to plead once in order to triumph. But such was not the case. Governments act upon policy; and the abolition of suttee involved some social problems of the gravest character. It was only in 1831, when Rammohun Roy himself went to London, that the Government finally rejected the prayers of the orthodox party and decided to abolish the abominable and monstrous custom of burning women alive.

The new decree did not, however, do so much for women in India as had been expected. While the practice of widow-burning was indeed put an end to the unfortunate young woman who lost her husband was not protected against the cruelties of prejudice and superstition. Her very existence was considered an indecent fact; she was universally treated with contempt, deprived of whatever property she possessed, condemned to perform menial labor and often driven to commit suicide. Gradually this state of affairs ameliorated; but the idea of a widow remarrying was still considered shocking in the extreme. The next reform to be attempted was to make a second marriage popular, and a new society was founded for that purpose, which has already accomplished much good. It publishes a periodical devoted to its object, and this paper, entitled the *Social Reformer*, is full of matrimonial advertisements of a very sincere and decorous description. We cite some examples:

A WIDOW OF BENGALI BRAHMIN caste, 13 years of age, lost her husband six months after marriage. Her father wishes to give her in marriage to a Bengali Brahmin of high clan.

A BENGALI LADY, OF BRAHMIN CASTE, who became a widow when she was 11 years of age, and who possesses a fair complexion and long, beautiful hair, and whose moral character is most unexceptionable, is prepared to marry a gentleman of her own caste according to orthodox rites.

THE GUARDIANS OF A KHATRI (CASTE) lad of Kapur clan, aged 17, who is the scion of highly respected family, and is receiving education in English and Persian, are willing to encourage the system of widow marriage by marrying him with a widow of the same caste.

REQUIRED, A MATCH FOR A BENGALI widow of a Vaidya caste, aged 14, who had been married at her 11th, and lost her husband at her 18th. She is of wheat complexion, of good features, and can read and write Bengali tolerably well, knows the alphabet of English, and is very intelligent; can knit comforters, stockings, etc., pretty well, and is very willing to work. The candidate must be a member of the Vaidya caste, and of respectable family. He must be well educated and of good moral character.

REQUIRED, AN EDUCATED WIDOW, 12 to 15 years of age. She should be of good shape, feature, complexion, temper and health, and not suffering from any hereditary disease, daughter of a well-to-do gentleman and of respectable caste—for an enlightened young Bengal Zamindar (landlord) of respectable caste and family, accomplished, well-built, and free from every present and idiopathic malady. He is prepared to meet agreeable demands, and in order to encourage widow marriages amongst the nobles and gentries, he is desirous of presenting the bride at the wedding with jewels worth 10,000 rupees.

In England or America this sort of advertising is generally deemed either farcical or worse; but in India it is not so; and accomplishes much good for the cause of reform.—*Calcutta Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

A Good Idea.

A Griswold Street lawyer lately posted on his door a notice reading as follows:

"Yes, I'm going away this summer."

"O, for about two weeks."

"Yes, I shall take along my fishing-tackle."

"Well, I've caught 'em that weighed twenty pounds."

"Yes, I feel that the trip will do me good."

"I shall publish any gain in weight in all the papers as soon as I return."

"O, of course. I never go off on these trips without taking at least twenty sure mosquito remedies along."

"No, my wife isn't going."

"I generally bait with minnows, but have used flies and bugs."

"No; I never try to sell 'em to the hotel. I always send 'em home in a refrigerator car."

"Of course. Don't think I'd go to a summer resort which doesn't boast of a mineral spring, do you."

"Well, mostly pickerel and bass, though I don't object to a whale now and then."

"For further particulars see small bills, or call on me as soon as I return."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sitting Bull has sent the Pope a present—a magnificent buffalo robe covered with paintings, one of the scenes represented being the fight with Custer

AN INTERESTING MUSEUM.

A Berlin Establishment Where the History of Postal Intercommunication May Be Studied.

It is quite in keeping with the paternal character of state management in Germany that the postoffice should have established a museum showing the historical development of every appliance used in postal business. The Berlin postoffice museum is in charge of an officer of the chief secretary's department, and a skilled mechanic waits on visitors to furnish explanations and show the apparatus at work. Here one may trace the evolution of the means of letter conveyance, from the runner on stilts to the highly-developed railway sorting carriage. All nations are represented; we see the dashing royal mail of England, the dome on wheels which carried the mails of Denmark till 1842, and the primitive means of India and Japan. The moving adventures of the mails by flood and field are depicted in old prints and photographs. No detail is overlooked. Wagon-building is illustrated down to the spokes of the wheels; there are specimens of horseshoes and models of the pastern; there are saddles, lamps, horns, stamps, locks, letter-boxes, and weights of every period. Everything illustrates growth, and also, it may be said, the immense German capacity of borrowing and improving upon the ideas of others. A large amount of space is given up to models of the principal postoffices of the empire, some being accompanied by photographs and plans in section and elevation, so that the department, in setting about the building of a new postoffice, has a great wealth of experience and suggestion at hand. Field-post and field-telegraphy have a section, and a corridor is devoted to a complete Rohrpost line, which is shown at work, with post-cards of a reduced size specially printed for illustration. On the electrical side the museum is equally complete. The electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, are exhibited, and the interested visitors are presented with strips of the platinum sheet which has just given off several bars of a well-known volkslied. Telegraphy is fairly represented, and there is perhaps the greatest practical value in this section, which shows, for example, forms of insulators and house-top fixtures; the manufacture of wire and its common faults; the construction of telegraph lines and the tools used. The various stages of decay in poles are illustrated with the same fidelity. One pole is shown tunneled by the woodpecker; another contains a nest of the feathered depredator in situ. It would, indeed, be unsafe to assert that the museum omits anything, not even screw nails. Criticism is paralyzed before such a perfectly realized conception.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FRENCH DIVORCES.

Something More Than the Decree of a Court Necessary.

One of the peculiarities of the new divorce law is that the bonds of wedlock are not completely severed even when the court has granted the divorce. To be entirely rid of his or her chains the party in whose favor the divorce is pronounced is required, within the period of two months, to cite the other one before the same official who performed the civil marriage between them. Attendance, of course, is not compulsory, but in most cases the citation is obeyed, and monsieur and madame appear once more before Monsieur le Maire in the same Salle des Marriages where they were once pronounced *au nom de la loi*, man and wife. It is not unusual nowadays to witness at the large Parisian mairies wedding and divorce parties at the same time, each waiting their turn, and sometimes there are two or three of each. The former are always in full dress, the brides in white and with orange blossoms in their hair, and everybody is evidently bent on having a good time—the word *noce* in French is synonymous for a wedding and a spree. The "divorces" also make it a point to put on their best clothes on such an occasion, but black is *de rigeur* for the lady, and the ex-husband eschews white gloves. Each comes accompanied by two *temoins* and their friends and relations. But it is not good form to laugh or cut jokes. And they divide into two groups which take places as far apart as possible at opposite ends of the room. After a few minutes of waiting, during which the "divorces" remain lugubriously silent, Monsieur le Maire makes his appearance. He wears a tri-colored scarf, with tassels around his waist, and the usher shouts out, "Stand up!" an order which all obey. The Mayor takes up his stand behind a long, green table and begins with the marriages. These do not take long, and then comes the turn of the "divorces." The party draw up in line in front of the table, the four witnesses in the middle, the wife to the right and the husband to the left of the line. The clerk reads the decree of the court as rapidly as he possibly can, and then takes up a collection, just as he had previously done in the marriages, "for the poor of the ward." This done, the Mayor says: "In the name of the law we declare your marriage dissolved by reason of the divorce pronounced between you." This ends the comedy, and after exchanging ceremonious bows each go their own way, accompanied by their friends.—*Paris Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

—A Pittsburgh chiropodist says ladies are bothered with corns on their toes just as well as gentlemen, but they bear the pain more heroically. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that tight boots and shoes always cause corns. If that were so a lady's foot would be covered with these excrescences. It is the loose shoe which rubs against the protuberances that brings on corns. Some ladies do not get boots that fit their feet exactly, and the result is the same as for gentlemen. They do not, however, shriek and yell as the male sex. Years ago a lady would not think of consulting a chiropodist. Now, however, they seek relief from them just as the sterner portion of humanity. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

VACATION.

Vacation! I fancy, if you were a child,
And rules and examples had driven you wild,
You'd just be as joyful as I am to-day
At the thought of vacation and freedom and play.

Not a lesson to look at for ever so long,
Not a dull, puzzling sum, with the answer all wrong,
No dreadful dictation to write on your slate,
No teacher to frown if a second you're late;

But fun in the morning and frolic at night,
And the hours between full of mirth and delight.
Such races and chases, such laughter and glee,
You'd know if you only were little, like me.

There's only one trouble: you look very kind;
Perhaps you'll tell mother (you're sure you won't mind?),
If she wouldn't insist so on bed-time at eight,
She'd make it more jolly for Freddie and Kate.

Vacation! We're off with the birds and the bees,
We'll picnic in woods and have swings on the trees,
We'll fish in the brook and we'll ride on the hay,
And weeks upon weeks we'll do nothing but play.

Perhaps you are right—it don't seem so to me;
But we may by and by, having had so much glee,
Be pleased to return to the teacher's kind rule,
And willingly answer the summons to school.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

BAD HABITS.

These and Bad Companions Are Ruining Many of the Youth of the Present Day.

I was waiting in a carriage for a friend one day last summer. It was a quiet street, and near by were a number of boys having a game of ball. I was intently watching the sport, when one of the boys said: "See, boys, there comes 'Old John.'" Looking down the sidewalk, we saw a man approaching. The game was stopped for a minute, and the boys watched him as he passed by.

"Ugh!" said one, shrugging his shoulders, "isn't he horrid-looking?" And horrid-looking indeed the man was. The tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his mouth; his face was red and bloated, and wore a hard, wicked expression. His walk was unsteady, his clothes shabby, and altogether, a more debased, disgusting looking creature would be hard to find. I knew "Old John's" history well. We had heard it many times from those who had known him in his boyhood. He was once a bright, happy, cheerful boy, in a happy home.

I wish it were in my power, boys, to place that man before each one of you, and tell you that he was once young and pure like yourselves, and that the cause of the change in him was due to *bad habits and bad companions.* I think he would be the strongest warning against these evils that you could have. Those first little indulgences in bad habits when a boy seemed such a little thing. The first smoke, the first glass of strong drink, the first profane language, that were indulged in "just for fun," and to please his bad associates, was the commencement of his ruin. He had no fears from them then. He would have laughed at the idea that he would ever be ruined by such little habits.

Ah, but that tyrant, habit! Little by little it binds its chains closer and closer around its victims. Little by little a young man enslaves himself to impure and debasing habits, until almost before he is aware, he finds himself bound tighter than any prisoner in his cell.

Not long since a young man made his home with us for awhile. He was fast failing in health from diseased stomach and throat. When at the age of fourteen years, like many other boys who consider it manly and smart, he learned to smoke and chew; and by the time he was twenty he was much addicted to the use of tobacco. While staying at our home he was examined by several physicians, and all concurred in the opinion that he must give up the use of tobacco if he would get well. One day after telling of the physician's advice he said: "I don't believe I can do it. I believe it impossible for me to break off using tobacco."

"Do you know," I said, "when we used to talk to you years ago when you were a boy, about using tobacco, you used to say you were not afraid but that you could stop the use of it whenever you wanted to. That you just learned to smoke so that you could smoke with other boys occasionally. Where is that strength of will gone to?"

He sat for a long while in silence. Finally, he said: "I *will* do it now. I *will* leave it off. I should be ashamed of myself if I did not have manhood enough for that." And going to the mantel he took down a number of cigars and threw them into the fire. Two or three days passed by. We could not fail to notice the struggle he was having. He was pale and restless, and hardly knew what to do with himself. About the fourth morning he came very early from his room. His face was exceedingly pale and haggard looking. "My head is almost bursting," he said. "I've not slept a minute all night. I believe I shall die if I have to endure this two days longer. I know it will kill me, and I might as well die from the use of tobacco as from this terrible suffering."

I knew then that it was all over. "What do you think now," I asked, "of boys forming bad habits, trusting to their strength of will to break from them at their pleasure?"

"I think," he said, "that it is the merest idle talk for them to say such things. And my advice to every boy living is to abstain from every impure and injurious habit—to grow up a free, pure man, and not a slave such as I am to-day."

You see, boys, what a strong tyrant habit was in that case. He had been doing his work slowly, but oh! so well.

Would that I could impress upon your minds, boys, the true beauty of a pure character! Would that I could make you believe how much nobler a man may become whose life is untainted by vitiating habits! But it is a strange and sad fact that custom is not so careful in guarding the purity of a boy's character as a girl's. Actions that would be strongly condemned in a girl, can be indulged in by a boy with but little reproach. A boy can lounge around stores and street corners, listening to profane and vulgar language, and but little be said about it. But such acts in a girl must not be tolerated. This should not be so. The purity of a boy's character should be considered of just as much importance in a home as that of a girl's, and any habit that a boy would think a disgrace to his sister should be shunned by himself.

I have heard it said, that if a boy can be kept free from all evil habits until he is twenty, he will be apt to abstain from them through life. He will by that time have seen enough to know the great injury done to both body and mind by evil indulgences, and his strength of will for resisting temptation is stronger than when younger. So you see it is while boys are young, so young that but few of them have the strength of will to say *no*, when tempted, that the purity of their characters is destroyed.

The good character of many a boy has been ruined by the influance of bad companions. It is strange what a fascination a bad boy has for his associates. We once heard a man, in speaking of a bad boy, say: "That boy has done more harm among the boys of this community than the good influence of the whole neighborhood can counteract. He makes his evil ways appear smart and manly to the boys; and many of them, good and pure in character, have fallen into bad habits just through his influence." Boys, beware of such companions. Do not be afraid to say *no*, when they tempt you to do wrong. The boy who can withstand the temptations offered by his boy associates and abstains from bad habits, has in him far more true manhood than the boy who yields, however much the appearance of a man his indulgences may give him.—*Nellie Burns in Country Gentleman.*

A BOOK TO BE ASHAMED OF.

Tommy Tucker's Conscience and the Good Resolution Which He Made.

As I went down to the meadow this morning, whom should I see but Tommy Tucker half buried in a cozy heap of Farmer Brown's new hay. He was reading out of a book with yellow-paper covers; but when I came near he gave a little start, closed the book, and slipped it out of sight. Tommy and I are quite good friends, so I knew, when he put the book away so quickly, that it was something that he was a little ashamed of.

"A bright day to you, Tommy Tucker," I said. "Don't let me stop your reading. Indeed, if your book is so interesting as it seemed to be a minute ago, and if you don't object, I wish you would read aloud."

Tommy's face flushed crimson.

"I—I don't think you would care for the story, Mr. Earlston; and I'd—I'd rather talk."

Now, this was so unlike the straightforward Tommy Tucker, who tells me all his little secrets, that I said right out:

"Surely, Tommy Tucker dosen't read books that he is ashamed to let his friends see."

The blush which had begun to die out of Tommy Tucker's face came back with a deeper glow.

"I don't know that it's very wrong," he said. "It's only a book about a boy who went off to kill Indians, who fought six highwaymen single-handed and beat them all, and rescued a lot of soldiers who had been captured, and had a great many other wonderful adventures. I'll show you the book," continued Tommy.

"No, don't," I said. "I don't want to read any book that you think bad enough to hide from me."

Tommy looked hurt, but did not say anything; so I went on:

"You see, Tommy, I am just taking your own judgment on the book. It isn't so very wrong, you say; and yet it is so wrong that you would rather I hadn't seen it, neither would you like to go home and read it to your little brothers. If it isn't a wicked book, it is a foolish book. Who ever heard of a boy who did the wonderful things that your hero does in the story every day? It isn't likely that you'll ever be called upon to fight a band of highwaymen, and it isn't likely that you'll whip them single-handed if you have to fight them."

Tommy was still silent.

"May I ask you a question, Tommy? Does the reading of that book make you study your lessons better, or make you more content at home, or fit you better for the every-day work you have to do? Or does it take you away from your lessons, make you discontented with home, make you want to do impossible things, instead of the plain things that God gives you to do?"

"You are right, Mr. Earlston," said Tommy, forgetting that I had only asked some questions, and that he was really answering the accusation of his own conscience. "You are right. It is a foolish book; and if it isn't wicked, it was making me wicked. It was making me careless in everything. Mother doesn't know why my school averages were lower last week, and why I forgot some errands I had to do. She didn't know about the book. I didn't want her to know. I'll never read a book again that I don't want her to know of."

He took the yellow book from his pocket, and tore it to pieces.

"Tommy Tucker," I said, "you will never go far wrong if you don't hide anything from your mother."—*S. S. Times.*

—Admirers of the modest but intellectual codfish ball will rejoice to hear Lieutenant Schwatka affirm that codfishing banks exist along Alaska's shores so great in extent that they never have been completely outlined, and that they must exceed those in extent of the Atlantic banks probably in proportionate extent to the size of the two oceans. It will be an enterprise, he says, that will pay as much better to those engaging over the Eastern codfisheries, as average enterprises in the West, are better than those of the same kind among us. —*Boston Herald.*

—The signal officer on the summit of Pike's Peak says the highest velocity of the wind ever recorded there was one hundred and ten miles per hour, when the instruments broke and cord wood began flying down the mountain.

FASHION NOTES.

The Trifling Things That Please Those Who Would be Well Dressed.

The jersey is worn only for demi-toilet.

Canvas and lace-woven stuffs are all the rage.

Tucked skirts are much worn here and in Europe.

Jersey webbing cloth is used for many bathing suits.

Bathing suits grow more fanciful from season to season.

Copper, steel and lead tinsel braids trim many seaside ramble suits.

The scarf of gold shot etamine is the favorite seaside hat trimming.

The pretty Gretchen dress for little girls is as popular this as last season.

There is a steady tendency to return to the style of dress of fifty years ago.

Tinsel cord is to take the place of tinsel braid in dress and millinery next fall.

Fancy red bathing suits brought from Paris are occasionally seen on our beaches.

There is a tendency to retain the pouf and looped skirt drapery by Paris dressmakers.

Short jackets, opening over full baby waists, are worn at seaside and country resorts.

Mitts are not worn with dressy costumes this summer. They are relegated to the house and negligee toilet.

The Princess or Gabrielle form of dress for little girls is moribund. It can not survive another season.

Double folds of canvas etamipe, instead of linen collars, are worn as neck lingerie with traveling suits.

Fashions in dress are more various and individualized in Washington than in any fashionable city in the world.

Red and blue remain the favorite colors for combination in seaside wraps and frocks for ordinary wear along the beach.

Color on the edge is considered the proper and desirable thing in percale, linen, or lace collars and cuffs, for traveling wear.

Some ladies prefer a red silk bandanna kerchief, or one of plain Turkey red cotton, to any other covering for the head when bathing.

Sashes of moire, surah, and all sorts of soft, crapy silken and woolen stuffs are in high favor, and are worn in almost every style preferred.

Colored and white lawn collars, pleated and soft laundered, not stiff with starch, are taking the place of white linen bands for traveling and morning wear.

Bathing caps and hats are in fanciful shapes, and are variously of red and white-striped wool, gossamer rubber cloth, gray or black, and red or yellow oiled silk and coarse straw.

The latest fancy in bead ornamentation is to put pendant strands of copper or lead beads or porcelain imitations of the same on red serge and red flannel jackets for seaside wear.

Baby waists gathered on to yokes and belts at the waist line, worn with full gathered or pleated skirts, which may be tucked and trimmed with embroidery, but not flounced, are the features of little girls' dresses.

American bathing suits are very plain blouses with medium length skirts and half-long trousers; dark blue and gray are the preferred colors, with white or red braid for trimming. Serge flannel is the material.

The dress skirt, when not draped, is now generally sewed on the bottom of the bodice, whether it is round or pointed, and pleated are less fashionable on the other side than those that are shirred or gauges on to the waist.

Undressed kid or Suede gloves in tan shade remain the favorite wear for dressy toilets, but fine silk gloves in tan shades are also worn with such dresses, while fine lisle thread gloves are considered the correct wear with wash fabric frocks, no matter how handsome the make or material.

As a rule, hats for the seaside are fantastic and eccentric to the last degree, but some are seen in simple round shapes of white, soft Japanese straw, trimmed with only a scarf and bow of white or tinted mull or lace and fastened with gilt pins.—*N. Y. Sun.*

E. ST. JOHN.

The Well-Deserved Promotion of a Prominent, Faithful and Efficient Railroad Official.

President R. R. Cable, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, has issued the following important notice: "Mr. E. St. John is hereby appointed assistant to the General Manager. The General Ticket and Passenger Departments will remain under the jurisdiction of Mr. St. John as formerly, and all communications in connection with those departments should be addressed to him as General Ticket and Passenger Agent."

The above announcement of Mr. St. John's promotion will be read with interest and pleasure by the many who have become intimate with him during a very long career. He has been associated with the road so long that he is always considered a part of the system, good, reliable, and ever on time. Mr. St. John entered the railway service in 1862; was clerk in the General Ticket Office and Depot Ticket Agent of the Quincy & Toledo Railroad at Quincy, Ill., until its consolidation with the Great Western Railroad, when he assumed a clerkship with that company in its General Ticket Department at Springfield, Ill., remaining in its service until July 3, 1863; on July 4, 1863, and until November, 1864, he was employed as clerk in the General Ticket office of the Chicago & Rock Island Railway. November 1, 1864, to September 1, 1869, he was chief clerk in charge of the General Ticket Department; September 1, 1869, he was appointed General Ticket Agent, and January 1, 1879, he was appointed General Ticket and Passenger Agent, which position he continues to fill. On Saturday, July 4, Mr. St. John celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of his connection with the Rock Island Road. Mr. St. John's promotion is another illustration of the well-known fact that the Rock Island Road appreciates the merits of its officials, and gives tangible evidence of its appreciation.

—Switzerland abolished capital punishment a few years ago, but the effect was bad, and the penalty was restored.

SOME THRIFTY PEOPLE.

Millions of Dollars Accumulated—The Career and Business Operations of the Harmonists.

There has always centered about the sect of Harmonists a halo of interest because of their peculiarities and seclusive tendencies. The founder of this rich colony, located at Economy, on the banks of the Beaver River, was George Ray, who was born in Wurtemburg in 1870. Believing he had a divine call and was charged with a restoration of the Christian religion to its original purity, he organized a colony on the model of the primitive church, with goods and chattels in common. This soon involved him and his followers in trouble with his Government, and compelled him to transplant the community, in 1803, to the United States. They settled first on the Connequenessing Creek, in Butler County, where they founded the village of Harmony and employed themselves in agriculture and manufacture. By industry and thrift they acquired considerable wealth and in 1815 they removed in a body to Indiana, where they purchased and located upon 27,000 acres of land along the banks of the Wabash River. The settlement of New Harmony was even more prosperous than the first had been, but the climate was not satisfactory, and in 1824, after numerous councils, they sold out and moved back to Pennsylvania, this time locating in Beaver County, on the right bank of the Ohio River, where they purchased 3,500 acres of beautiful farming lands and where they soon afterward laid out the town of Economy. Here is where they are located at present, surrounded by peace and plenty.

They are a strange people—do not believe in marriage, but all live together as brothers and sisters and practice the strictest morality.

In 1835 the question of marriage was the leading one in the community and about two hundred members withdrew because they favored marriages and established the town of Phillipsburg; but the new colony did not prosper, and after a few years of struggling they sold out and disbanded, dividing the proceeds of their sales equally among all the members.

In the meantime the Harmonists were gradually becoming more and more wealthy, until at present they own jointly and in common lands, stocks, bonds and herds, the value of which is estimated at $75,000,000. Besides owning all of Economy and a large part Beaver, they own an entire county in Dakota, in the valley of the Red River of the North.

Out of their surplus moneys they built and equipped the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad, running through a rich and fertile country from Pittsburgh to Youngstown, and owned the controlling interest in it until the road was sold to the Vanderbilts. It is said that on this deal alone they made seventy-five per cent. on their investment, as the road turned out to be one of the best paying lines in the country. It is a matter of history that at the time the war broke out, in 1861, they converted all their bonds and available property into money and buried it, using the treasure afterwards in paying for the building of the railroad. The payments thus made put in circulation an immense amount of silver, many of the pieces dating back to 1800.

Owing to the law prohibiting marriage the sect has gradually diminished until at present it consists of only thirteen men and forty women, all of them well advanced in years. They employ over three hundred servants and farm hands, and these, with their families, make quite a village. Everything is owned in common. The grocer, the baker, the butcher, and the milkman go the rounds every day and supply the different families with the necessaries and a few of the luxuries of life. Nothing can be purchased in the village of Economy, and it is probably the only town in the world where a man can not, even if he desires, spend money. They are extremely liberal and philanthropic, and are constantly doing acts of benevolence. Their houses, which are all exactly alike, are an equal distance apart and are at uniform distance from the village street. They are painted pure white and have no front doors, claiming that if they had these conveniences the women folks would spend too much time looking at and gossiping with passers-by. A good story is related in this connection that the president of the community a score of years ago imagined that there was too much familiarity between the young men and maidens, and so promulgated an order that all females appearing on the streets after dark must carry lanterns, but still the merry-making continued, although no lanterns appeared. This caused an investigation, which developed the fact that the worthy old gentleman had neglected to order that the lanterns should be lighted.

As stated, there are now only thirteen men and forty women left of the once large colony, and they being old it is likely that the law against celibacy will cause the extermination of the colony in a few years more. According to their laws, as long as three of them hold together the property is to remain intact, but when one of the final trio dies the other two lose all right to the property and must leave. As there are no heirs, the $75,000,000 which they possess in real and personal property will come into the possession of the State of Pennsylvania, and will form a handsome legacy.—*Cor. Chicago Herald.*

—Agricultural Item. A few days ago Gilhooly was talking with four or five lawyers, when, during the conversation, he remarked that lawyers did more to cultivate the soil than any other class. "How is that?" asked one of the lawyers, somewhat mystified. "All I know is, that an Austin lawyer made my father fork over 320 acres of land in mighty short order. My father was holding it under a forged title. You bet he forked over that land. If he hadn't forked it over, he would have been in the penitentiary right now."—*Texas Siftings.*

—In Mexico they eat salt with their oranges, both because they prefer the latter so seasoned and because they are considered to be more wholesome with salt.

HE WAS WANTED AT HOME.

The Government Not Needing Recruits to Clean Out Indians.

He called himself Colorado Jack, and he looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the Recorder of the Dallas Police Court.

"You don't try a man for murder before the inquests are held, do you? Don't you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corpses."

"What remains? What inquest?" asked the Recorder.

"The corpses of the policemen who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the Recorder. "You didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital where his life is ebbing away. In Colorado they always take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who has tried to arrest me, so he can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the *ante mortem* of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the Recorder; "you were arrested and brought to the lock-up by a little sick tailor who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So I was arrested by a civilian, was I? O, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had disgraced myself. I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to take me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. A civilian can kick me and I'll not lay my hand on him. You can't make me destroy one. When I want a fight I want some two or three policemen to tackle me as an inducement. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. I never fish for sardines. In Colorado they usually bring out a battery on me and a company of infantry, and then the carnage begins, but here in Texas, as long as you keep your police force out of my way when I am drunk, they are safe. If a squad of policemen had tried to arrest me last night they would now be nestling in some silent tomb, but when a civilian, and particularly a tailor, comes at me I weaken right off. Let me off this time, Judge, I want to leave town right away. I want to offer my services to the United States Government to clean up those Apaches in New Mexico. I am the kind of a man they need."

"No," replied the Recorder, "Uncle Sam has got lots of just such officers as you after those Indians. You will stay here in Dallas, and help clean up the streets."

"Judge, please let me help the Government to kill off Geronimo and his band first.

His Honor refused to relent, and now the would-be Apache destroyer is chopping down weeds with a hoe in the streets of Dallas.—*Texas Siftings.*

A BURGLAR'S BACK-DOWN.

How He Began by Demanding Much and Ended by Accepting Little.

It was night—midnight. This indicates that there is going to be something goreful about this story. But there isn't. Wait.

The soft murmur of a sou'-sou'west zephyr was audible in the interstices of the darkness. Mr. Bucephalus K. Smock did not hear it. He was wrapped in the arms of slumber.

Beside the bed stood a solemn figure. It was a man clad in mystery, a paper mask, and a ten-dollar suit of clothes. The man was a burglar.

He had entered the palatial residence of B. K. Smock by means of a skeleton-key, and he carried in his hand a glittering stiletto.

While he was preparing to toss up a cent to see whether he should murder B. K. Smock or not, B. K. awoke.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Your money or your life!" replied the burglar, in a ghastly, corpse-like, Tombstone, Arizona, whisper.

"Well," said B. K. Smock: "this is where you don't get either."

And he drew a forty-four caliber navy revolver from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the burglar's soul.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the burglar; "I don't want all your money. I'll take three dollars, and let it go at that."

"No three," said Smock.

"Make it two-fifty."

"No."

"I'll take thirty-seven cents," said the burglar, desperately.

"Not a thirty-seven," said Smock.

"Now, see here," said the burglar, persuasively; "you aren't going to send me away without anything, are you?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Well, hold on; let's talk this thing over. I've come all the way down here from Saratoga County to get something or other, and I don't want to go back empty-handed. I should die of mortification. My mother and sister would blush at my want of success, and my little brother would call me a blamed big chump. I've got a girl up there, and she'd marry the other fellow, sure, if I went back without anything. Don't send me away like that. Think of my future. I'm new in this business. I want to get a fair start. There's no hope of success for a man in any calling if he doesn't get a fair start. You don't want to ruin my prospects now, do you?"

B. K. Smock was touched. He disliked to admit it, but his sympathy was aroused.

"What will you take?" he asked.

"I'll take a sheet of paper with your autograph on it," said the burglar.

"All right," said B. K.; "but tell me first how it is that you can begin by demanding so much, and then go away contented with so little."

"Well," said the burglar, wiping away a warm, salt tear; "I began life as an office-seeker."—*Puck.*

—It is said that there can be found people in this country who never saw a postage stamp. This may be true, but no one ever saw a woman who could not tell how another made her new basque.—*Boston Transcript.*

SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

The Cost in Human Life of the War of the Rebellion.

The results obtained by Mr. Kirkley, a statistician of the Adjutant General's office, compiling from all attainable sources a list of the deaths on the Union side during the war, possess a melancholy but very strong interest at this time. It has been a very difficult task to gather names for this roll. So many perished unseen and unknown; so many rotted away in Southern prisons of whom every trace is lost, that the compiler might well despair of ever completing his task with anything like an approach to accuracy.

Patience and perseverance have at last accomplished the difficult task, however, and we have in Mr. Kirkley's tables what is at least the most accurate and complete death roll yet published, if not one that is absolutely without error. The registers of a dozen Southern prisons have not been secured—those at Americus, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Lynchburg, Macon, Marietta, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Shreveport and Tyler—and only partial records were obtained from Cahawba, Columbia, Florence, Millen and Salisbury; but with these exceptions the roll is substantially complete.

One of the most remarkable results arrived at, at least to the reader who knows nothing practically of war, is that more than twice as many men died from disease in the army as from the shot, shell, bayonet and sword of the enemy. One hundred and ten thousand and thirty-eight officers and men were killed outright or died of their wounds; but 224,586 died of disease. The number of those who are known to have died in captivity reaches the appalling total of 29,498.

Another remarkable fact is that over fifty per cent. more men were killed in action than died of wounds, the respective numbers being 62,896 and 40,777. At least three-fourths of the wounded must have recovered, partially at least, so that they did not die during the period covered by the inquiry, which ceases with the mustering out at the end of the war. How many veterans there are still among us who carry about their bodies the marks of violence suffered during the war, let the long pension rolls testify.

Mr. Kirkley's tables are arranged by States, so that we can tell just how many lives each one contributed to the cause. New York, of course, heads the list, with a total of 46,534; Ohio comes next, with 35,475; then Illinois, with 34,384; then Pennsylvania, with 33,183, and Indiana, with 26,672. Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Iowa and Kentucky contributed between 10,000 and 15,000 each; all the rest less than 7,000 each.

It is worthy of remark that every State now in the Union, except South Carolina, is represented on the list, and every Territory except Utah. There are only 15 from Georgia, 42 from Virginia, 78 from Mississippi, 141 from Texas, 215 from Florida, 345 from Alabama, and 360 from North Carolina. Arkansas contributed 1,713 and Tennessee 6,777. This is exclusive of colored troops, of whom 36,847 died, and does not take in non-combatants of either color.

The grand total of known deaths in the Union army was nearly 360,000. Adding as many more for the rebel losses—probably not an overestimate—and taking into account the navies on both sides, and the prisoners who died unaccounted, we reach a total of at least 800,000 men as the cost of the war to this country—nearly one-eighth of its entire voting population.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

MEXICO.

Some Incidents of Life in the Neighboring Republic.

A Pittsburgh gentleman, who visited the "Land of the Montezumas" a few years ago, related to the writer in a recent conversation some of the strange scenes and incidents which he witnessed while there. The Mexican cart, as he described it, is, or was, probably, the most singular vehicle that ever was evolved since the barbarous ages. Neither iron nor steel enters into its composition, nor does the workman use spokeshave, plane, or augur in its construction. The only materials he requires are cottonwood and rawhide, and the only tool an axe. Two blocks, round or oblong, it makes but little difference which, form the wheels. Through these he burns holes for the axletree. The body of the cart consists of poles or flat strips of timber, fastened together with rawhide. A rough pole serves for a tongue. When in motion the wheels wabble in every direction but the right one, and for want of grease groan so as to be heard for miles. Breakdowns are so frequent that the roads are lined with the wrecks of these primitive vehicles.

Near a spring or water-hole in the State of Durango, many years ago, was found a large stone, the only one in the vicinity. It was very heavy, but a muleteer came along who had strength enough to lift it and throw it over his head. It fell in the direction of the City of Mexico. Since then every able-bodied native regards it a religious duty to give the stone a toss toward the capital. When our informant was there he was told that the stone had been advanced forty or fifty miles on its journey. If the same rate of progression is maintained, the stone may reach its journey's end by the beginning of the next century.

Hoop poles were a legal tender in one or two of the southern counties of Indiana—Posey County for one—before the war. Soap served a like purpose in Queretaro when our informant was there. He bought some fruit from a little girl, and handed her a dollar from which to take her pay. She counted out a number of cakes of soap, wrapped them in brown paper, and passed them over as change for the dollar. Protest was useless. It was the recognized currency of the place. The cakes were probably two inches long by one and a half wide, bore the official stamp of the town where issued, and also the name of the manufacturer. They were good for their face value as long as the stamp was visible.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—Eight hundred short-horn cattle, bred in the province of Ontario, Canada, were recently shipped from Montreal to Great Britain.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885.

Gen. Grant failed to rally from the exhaustion caused by his ride on Monday, and exhibited during the day Tuesday all the symptoms of approaching dissolution. The members of the family not present were hastily summoned by telegraph, and preparations made for the end. Tuesday night he rallied slightly, but not sufficient to give hope of a prolongation of life.

—As we go to press we learn that General Grant died at 8 o'clock Thursday morning.

We notice in the *would-be-if-it-could* organ of the Democratic party in Garrett county an inquiry as to the meaning of the word "cold" following the name of Handy Gipson in the list of jurors printed in this paper last week. The said word "cold" was intended for an abbreviation of colored, and should have been written col'd. Although the apostrophe was left out by mistake the *Democrat* knew what was meant and so did every reader of the jury list. The attempt of the *Democrat* to make Handy Gipson believe that it or the party it represents is his friend or the friend of his race, is rediculously absurd. It will require a journal with more brains than the *Democrat* to convince Handy Gipson that he would have been permitted to sit on a jury if the Democratic party could have prevented it. Of course the *Democrat* and its party fought to liberate the *cold* (beg pardon) the col'd race from the chains of slavery. Why certainly the *Democrat* and its party supported the civil rights bill and aided the colored people in obtaining their right of suffrage and in elevating them to the position of citizens. Of course the *Democrat* and its party has been fighting in every session of the Legislature of Maryland for years to strike the word "colored" from our statutes, and thus make all citizens equal before the law.

Why bless your dear soul, reader, it was not the Democratic party (was it) that made the law requiring the word "col'd" to be placed after the name of every colored voter whose name goes into the jury box. *It will be a cold day, indeed it will*, when the *Democrat* makes Handy Gipson believe that he or his race owes the Democratic party anything.

Give us something colder, Mr. *Democrat.*

"Why don't you give such and such an one thunder through the paper" is a question frequently addressed to newspaper men; but when the scribe answers it by asking: "Will you stand responsible by allowing us to bring your name in connection with the blood and thunder article that you request us to write?" they quickly answer, "No!" They are brave when they can vent their spleen on others by getting a newspaper to take up their cue and fight their battle while they are standing in the background safely concealed from sight, but when danger appears in the distance, and they are liable to be brought forward and take part in the contest, their courage oozes out at their finger ends.

No sign of those promised good times talked so much about by Democratic papers and orators before the late Presidential election! Instead of those promised good times we have discontent, low wages, and strikes among working men all over the country, and the end is not yet and no one can tell when it will be. The Administration is too busy reforming the country by turning out "offensive partisans" and putting in Democrats, to think of the financial condition of the country.

John Roach employed 2,500 men in his own iron works and shipyard, Many more were employed to furnish him with his raw material. From the mine and the forest to the completed ship there was an army of toilers disbanded by a stroke of the pen of the Attorney-General of the United States. John Roach gave work—the administration of President Cleveland has taken it away. It is a clear case of Democratic reform.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Riches are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is therefore thy best friend.

The John Roach Failure.

There can be very little doubt that the action of the Navy Department in the matter of the Dolphin has caused the failure of the firm of Roach & Son, and has thereby dealt a staggering blow to this branch of the iron trade. It should be a matter of regret to all right thinking people that the shipping interests of the country should have been so fatally damaged just at the time when the hopes of all were turned toward the creation of a navy worthy of this republic, and worthy to bear its flag upon the seas. But the administration seems to have gone into this question with its mind already made up to crush the John Roach shipyard. The rejection of the Dolphin was a foregone conclusion. It mattered not what might have been the performances of that ship, severer tests would constantly have been demanded. John Roach has been the chosen target of all the abuse and villification of the Democratic mud-slingers. He has been lampooned and caricatured, and assailed with coarse brutality and bitter innuendo, until there are many Democrats who consider that no treatment can be too cruel for him. The administration has fostered this feeling. Its every action in its relations to this shipbuilder has been a covert of open accusation. Its object has been to disgrace the preceding Republican administration by assailing it through John Roach. Its Naval Board was organized to reject the Dolphin, not to test her. It is not to be understood by this that any instructions were given, nor that any corrupt motive is ascribed to any member of the board. But we do mean to be understood that the members of that board knew that the rejection of the Dolphin would be more agreeable to the Secretary of the Navy than her acceptance; and rejected she accordingly was, and rejected she would have been if the objections they made to her had been removed.

What now is the outcome of this insidious attack upon the Republican administration over the shoulders of John Roach? It is this; The giving out of contract work by the government has become so unsafe to the contractors that hereafter the government will be the loser, as bidders will—since the opinion of Attorney General Garland has become the law of the administration—be very wary of placing their business under the blighting hand of the government. That is a serious loss to the whole people. Contract work will, at least, be more expensive, for contractors will have to indemnify themselves against government tyranny, and make their bids proportionately higher. A second loss is that the business of iron ship building has been seriously damaged and will not recover for years. A third loss is that the government has broken the heart of an old man and driven him into ruin. This is a loss not to John Roach alone, but to the country. Our republic cannot afford to be unjust and despotic in its cruelty to an aged mechanic who had built up a great business that employed twenty-eight hundred men. John Roach is over seventy years old. He began life as a common laborer. He worked his way up in life by his intelligence, his force of will and his solidity of character. He is one of the proofs of the worth of our political institutions. Americans have reason to be proud of a civilization in which such a career as his has been should be possible, and they have reason to blush for those of this administrrtion who could make the ruin of such a man a direct and immediate object.—*Balto. American.*

The Civil Service Reform Association of Maryland now has in course of preparation, and will shortly make public, a State Civil Service Reform bill, which will be duly presented to the next General Assembly of Maryland, and which is directed to the application of the principles and machinery of the competitive system to the selection of officers to conduct our local political business. "There is no State in the Union," to use the forcible words of Mr. Pleasants' address, "whose political condition calls more loudly for the use of this unrivaled moral and political disinfectant. Its government is a usurpation, begotten of the spoils system and sustained by it." The election for members of the State Legislature will shortly be upon us, and it is the earnest desire of the Association by all the means in its power to make its influence felt in the constitution of that body. We do not believe that any occasion will arise which will make it proper for the Association to put candidates of its own in the field, but it is thought that its large membership will act with unity and directness.

Sheep men should make an attempt to realize a profit from the feeding and fattening of mutton sheep this coming winter; and if sheep can be bought as low in the fall as now there will be money in it.

Roach's Failure.

NEW YORK, July 18.—John Roach, of the firm of John Roach & Sons, the famous ship-builders, has assigned to George W. Quintard and George E. Weed. The failure is ascribed to the refusal of Secretary Whitney to accept the dispatch boat Dolphin, constructed by direction of the U. S. Government.

He assignes all his property to George W Quintard and George E. Weed, with certain preferences. He first directs the payment of his laborers and other employes, as the law provides shall be done, and prefers William Rowland, of New Brunswick, N. J., to the amount of $62,-217.98, for money loaned and work done and materials furnished for shipbuilding operations. For a portion of this debt Mr. Rowland holds four promissory notes, made by Mr. Roach. He also prefers a promissory note made to him for $20,000, discounted by the Mechanics' and Traders' National Bank, date June 10, 1885, and payable in three months. P. W. Gallaudet & Co., of No. 2 Wall street, are also preferred, for money advanced as follows: $20,000 loaned June 27, 1885; $10,000 loaned July 2, 1885; $10,000 loaned July 11, 1885; total, $40,000.

CHESTER, PA., July 19.—The news of the failure of John Roach caused considerable excitement here, where his solvency had never been questioned. Up to within a year ago his weekly payroll was more than $15,000 distributed among 1,500 men and boys. Now the pay roll is over $70,-000, but this will be reduced to-morrow, as it is the intention of the firm to lay off about 400 in the morning. They will be paid all that is coming them. Only enough workmen will be kept to finish the ship Comal lying in the New Jersey channel. Workmen and material will be taken to her in a tug and the vessel will doubtless be completed where she lies. Her removal from the wharf was due to the assignment.

Representatives of the Chester Company say the ship yard is a separate corporation and was not included in the assignment. The yard will be affected, however, and as Mr. Roach is a large stockholder in the Chester rolling mills, blast furnace and Combination Iron & Steel Company located here, it is difficult to foretell the result on these places, each of which employs a great many men. Work on the cruisers Boston and Chicago and the Monitor Puritan will virtually be suspended and the heretofore busy yards will present a deserted and dull look. None but the kindest and most sympathetic expressions are heard for Mr. Roach, and the hope is that he will come through all right, as the city depends largely on the ship yard and other enterprises in which Mr. Roach is interested. The outlook for the coming winter is very gloomy and nothing but idleness and poverty stare many in the face.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Mr. John Roach, last night, in speaking of his assignment, said: "Now as to the causes which have led up to my assignment, strictly speaking, it is not a failure; that is to say my assignees will be able to pay two dollars for every one dollar of liabilities, if they realize anything like the real value of my property. I cannot now say what the exact amount of my liabilities are, nor what the sum of my assets will be to meet it, but if I were not so old a man, and if I had health awhile longer, I could pull things straight again. It was my great ambition, that our nation should recover its glory and prosperity on the seas. I wanted to prove that we could do business on our own bottoms, and that other nations with less resources were not more sagacious and enterprising on the seas. I have given my life and my fortune to that end, and even in the presence of the calamity, I am proud of what John Roach has accomplished."

In regard to his contracts with the Government, Mr. Roach said:

"I tell you, my friend, that those boats were condemned before their keels were laid. They were condemned in Congress. The Democracy dared not oppose the plan of a new navy, because it had become a very popular notion. The people as a mass wanted a navy. But they (the Democrats,) opposed the appropriation because, as they claimed in their Congressional speeches, the money would not be honestly spent. The appropriation was made against this clamor, and bids for the work were asked for. Mine was the lowest bid, because I had far greater facilities for the work than any other ship-builder. I secured the contracts, and began the work of construction. In the meantime, the Democracy had come into power, and prepared to prove their prophecy that the appropriation was not honestly spent. The Dolphin, a strong, substancial, excellent vessel, was condemned on the most puerile technicalities, and, to add to this injustice, Mr. Garland has repudiated the contract and practically said that there exists no binding agreement between me and the Government. That capped the climax. Consequently, in the best interests of my creditors and the Government, I judged it best to call a halt, pay off my men and surrender my property to trustees, who could pay my debts and leave me what balance there might be for my last days."

A Party of Cranks.

Mr. St. John has put on his warpaint and proposes to give battle on the prohibition issue in Ohio, where he thinks his friends can draw off enough votes to secure the defeat of Foraker, the Republican candidate for governor. He is said to be inspired not only by zeal for the cause which he professes to espouse, but also by hope of revenge upon his Republican critics, who charged him with selling out in the last Presidential contest to the Democrats.

It is also said that the campaign in New York State, which already promises to be picturesque, will be made more so by the Prohibitionists, who polled about 25,000 votes last November.

St. John has a grievance and is determined to make the most of it, and it is not unlikely that he will find a goodly number of cranks to assist him in wreaking his vengeance.

The term "crank" applies fitly to St. John and his followers because they subordinate the highest duty of the citizen to the pursuit of a theory which at best has but a slight foundation. Under our government, and in the presence of the two great parties which differ on fundamental principles of constitutional construction, the intelligent citizen must join one or the other. Otherwise he fritters away his influence. A man who favors woman suffrage might just as well subordinate all other questions to his hobby as the man refuses to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket because he believed that the suppression of the liquor traffic is the one great question before the people.

Prohibition, whether wise or unwise in theory, cannot be tested locally or generally save by the consent of either or both of the two great parties. Republicanism and Democracy divide the belief of the masses of the people, and it is folly to take neither side as a voter. The Republican party has, as a rule, given encouragement to the temperance people, when their claims were properly presented, and the cause of temperance can but suffer a reverse when its advocates seek to win without assistance. In the State of Georgia there is perhaps the most earnest, sincere and honest temperance sentiment that can be found in the country, and yet, with perhaps five sevenths of its population wedded to temperance, St. John and Daniel received the support of but a corporal's guard of the voters of Georgia. There is neither reason nor necessity for a Prohibition party while the right of local self-government is exercised by the people of every country in the Union. The party is a party of cranks.—*Balto. Herald.*

Her Hard Lines.

A young girl is under arrest at Lima, Ohio, charged with drowning her illegitimate child. —*Associated Press dispatch.*

In other words, this young girl is in jail on the terrible charge of murder. She has broken the law of her country and the law of God. Unless she can command shrewd counsel and make good use of the insanity plea, the case will go hard with her.

Brief as is the press dispatch it tells all that need be told of the young girl. Only the sentence of the court is wanting, and in good time that will come along. Yet the recital of this crime against the law and against nature is glaringly incomplete. There was an accessory before the fact,—Where is he?—Who is he? No word about him. He is not lying in jail charged with anything. He may be walking the streets of Lima, or of some other town, holding his head as high as the highest. He may be one of the bright lights of the first social circle in his community. If not already married there is nothing in this affair to keep him out of a desirable alliance. The probability is that his part in the crime will not be revealed. There is a kind of chivalry among women who suffer as this young girl has suffered. They make it a point of honor not to drag in the authors of their misfortunes. Drag them down they cannot, for society has decreed that the man does not sin when the woman falls.

Good men and good women will look with horror on the young girl's drowning of her child. Thoughtful men and thoughtful women will appreciate in some degree how strong must have been a woman's sense of shame to overcome a mother's love. Without a friend, without a refuge, no chance to get a foothold for herself and her child, is it strange that she had no courage to face the world with the evidence of her guilt in her arms? Who could have wondered if she had thrown herself with her babe off the bridge of Sighs, as thousands had done before.

Men and brethren, society has got to stop shamming. It cannot affect to be blind to what is going on under its eyes It cannot stuff its ears against the shrieks of despair. It cannot refuse to address itself to wrongs because they are unclean wrongs. It cannot refuse to talk about these things and to do something about them. They exist; everybody knows it—how many are doing anything to flush out with a pure stream of practical philanthropy the polluted sewers that flow past their own doors?

What are we doing in Wheeling? If a woman slips she breaks her neck—that is the end of all for her. She is too foul to touch with the helping hand. If she has already found her way into the house of woeful revelry society never meets her again except in the strict line of her degraded business, in the police court, in prison, or in the almshouse. Such a city as Wheeling ought to do something better than this. Wheeling has made a good record in the foreign missionary field.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, July 18.—*Bradstreet's Journal*, in its commercial summary, says: The general trade situation, as reported by special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* is characterized by the customary dullness observable at this season of the year. The plethora of money reported from the leading financial centers is as heavy as ever, and the late conference between the United States Treasurer and Comptroller of the Currency and the president of the banks belonging to the New York Clearing House, does not lend confidence to the future, so far as the condition of the National finances is concerned, except in so far as the growth of sentiment in favor of repealing the act compelling the coinage of silver promises early action after the meeting of Congress.

The industrial situation is less satisfactory, and strikes and industrial suspensions have increased. Mercantile collections are less prompt. There is a slight gain in the movement of general merchandise reported from Chicago, and leading dealers in various lines there look confidently forward to a good fall trade. At Boston general trade is very dull, and the prospect for the coming autumn is considered doubtful. There is a partial exception so far as dry goods are concerned. The lines of samples out are said to be extensive and already active, and some dealers look ahead to a good trade in the autumn.

BOSTON, MASS., July 18.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been more active, but the tenor is a little uneven, for while some houses have been very free sellers others have declined offers of the old prices. The tone is, however, fairly strong. The receipts are piling in upon dealers and commission men very heavy, so that storage facilities are in great demand, and the free sellers take the position that, with such, an advance cannot be readily established, and, even if it were, a run of a few dull days would effectually curtail the demands of the trade and create also a decline in prices. They point to the number of times that, within the past two years, higher prices have been hoped for and expected that the bottom had been reached, but each time something had occured to show that the bottom has not been touched.

Died in his Coffin.

EMMITSBURG, MD., July 14.—Forty years ago Mr. David Gamble, a wealthy farmer near here, made a coffin in which he slept every night without failure. His novel bed was chosen, he said, as a constant reminder that death is always near. His desire to impress this fact upon himself was owing to the sudden death of his wife, at the age of 30 years, by heart disease. Just before he made the coffin they had been to a ball, and after returning home retired to bed. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Gamble found that his wife had died in his arms. The shock was believed by many to have unsettled his reason. He always kept his coffin thereafter in the corner of his dining room. He would get into it every night and pull the lip up until only his face was exposed to view. One day he had a travelling photographer take a view of him as he lay in the coffin. This picture he had framed and hung over the dining room mantiepiece. Last night he retired to his coffin at the usual hour, but when the servant called him this morning it was found that he was dead. The body was not disturbed, and will be buried as it was found. Mr. Gamble was a charitable man and much liked.

Every man needs a true inward manhood. All the elements that are in us are insignificant except as they stand related to that.

Horrible Tragedy.

PITTSBURGH, July 20.—At 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning Patrick Flaherty, residing on Diamond St., McKeesport, after drinking to excess with several companions, started for home.

On entering the house he took a lighted lamp from a table and started up-stairs. In some manner the lamp was knocked from his hand and exploded, saturating his clothes with oil, and setting them on fire. He started out of the house and ran up the street for several blocks, when he fell exhausted, and slowly roasted to death, his screams for help being unheard, owing to the quiet neighborhood.

His body was found at daylight this morning, and presented a horrible sight, his flesh being burned to a crisp, and pieces of it, literally roasted, were found at his side.

The news of his death was sent to Mrs. Flaherty and her five children, and they immediately ran to the spot where he was lying. When Mrs. Flaherty beheld her husband's body she gave one piercing scream and fell prostrate across the body. When lifted up life had fled. The scene presented by the five orphan children weeping at the side of their dead parents was heartrending.

Swindling Wool Buyers.

The buyers of wool are operating extensively just now, and among a good many honorable agents of responsible houses, there are a few rascals who represent only themselves. One of these gentry, wearing kid gloves and gold eye-glasses, has been buying wool in Pennsylvania, and giving drafts at thirty days' sight. That means, thirty days after the draft has been presented for acceptance. The wool is ordered to be shipped immediately, and long before the thirty days have elapsed, it may have been sold a dozen times, and can not be recovered, Cash on delivery should be the terms on which business in produce is done with strangers, and any receipt, signed for a small payment, to bind the bargain, should be examined, to see that it does not cover a promisory note. —*American Agriculturist for August.*

The Buffalo, N. Y., *Commercial* has a level head when it says that, "in view of all the conditions of the case, the *Commercial* is of the opinion that the only wise course for the Republican party this fall is to get its face squarely and resolutely in opposition to every movement looking to tariff reductions. If there is to be any change let it be in the direction of an increase rather than a decrease, so that some life may be breathed into our languishing industries."

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, July 20, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@5 4-5c., that generally rated first quality 4@5 cts; medium or good fair quality 3½@3¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2½@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 2½@5 4-5 cts; most of the sales were from 3@5¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,828 head, against 1,315 last week and 3,059 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 939 head, against 894 last week, and 1,595 head the corresponding week of last year.

The continued warm weather has had a very depressing effect on trade to-day, and dullness has ruled accordingly on the Hill. The effects of the drouth are further seen in the character of the offerings, which consisted very largely—and entirely too much—of thin stock, which dealers advise those who have it to hold longer if they have any way of doing so, as the market is overstocked and ruinous prices have to be accepted. Quotations of the best cattle, of which there were few offered, show little change, quality considered; but other grades are off ¼@½c., and in some instances ¾c., as compared with quotations last week. Prices 2½@5 4-5c., with few at either extreme, the most sales ranging from 3 to 5¼c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The offerings number only a few less than those recorded last Monday. The quality is fully as good as it was then. Trade is fairly active, with the comparatively light run at an advance on last week's prices of fully ½c., and they range now at 5½@6½c., for rough hogs, sows and stags, to 6½@6¾c., for fair to good hogs. Same time last year the quotations ranged from 7@7½c., for common hogs, to 7¾@8c. for the better grades, with full sales at and near 8.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The offerings number about 1,000 head less than they did last week, and their quality is not as good as it was last Monday. Trade is slow for common stock and fair for the better grades, which have been mostly taken by Eastern buyers. We quote all the way from 2 to 3c., for common to fair sheep and 3½@4 for fair to good. Lambs 3@6c.; few selling at either extreme. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4½c., and lambs 4@6¼c., gross.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

--Our hotels and boarding houses are rapidly filling up.

—Mr. Wm. McSherry, of Gettysburg, Pa., is stopping at Miss Della Edward's.

—Mr. M. E. Howe and family removed from Oakland to Mountain Lake Park Monday.

—At least one thousand persons attended religious service at Mountain Lake Park last Sunday.

—The funeral of Mary Catharine, daughter of J. A. and M. A. Sowers, will be preached at the Bray Schoolhouse Sunday, Aug. 2nd, at 3 o'clock P. M.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—The article in our last week's issue--"A plea for Constitutional Money"--should have been credited to the Cumberland *Independent*, instead of the Cumberland *Civilian*.

—Died, at the residence of her mother, Mary Jane Arendt, in Shipman, Ill., Ida J. Arendt, aged 26 years, 11 months and 3 days. Deceased formerly resided in Grantsville, this county.

—Quite an exciting game of lawn tennis was played at the Oakland Hotel last Saturday afternoon. The champion players were Mr. Harry Buck, of Baltimore, and Mr. George D. Howell, of Uniontown, Pa., both guests of the hotel.

—A party composed of Messrs. Alexander Fleckenstein, John A. Wolf, Joseph Smithman, A. Leowenstein and John and Andy Helbig spent last week in the Black Water region trout fishing. They caught over two thousand trout, taking nine hundred on Friday. Their camp was located near Davis City.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Preaching at the Deer Park Chapel at 4 P. M. by Rev. J. S. Foulk.

Preaching at Terra Alta, by Rev. John S. Foulk, at 11 A. M.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 8 P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle by cash or note. All claims not settled by the 1st of June next will be given out for collection.

H. A. RASCHE.

Chance for Investment.

For sale or rent, two cottages, furnished, with use of horses and carriages.

MRS. E. A. KILBOURN,
4 11 Oakland, Md.

For Sale Cheap.

A second hand Smutt Machine in good running order, will clean from 15 to 20 bushels per hour. Call on, or address,

H. A. RASCHE.
Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Concert at Swanton.

In the interest of Anderson Chapel, in Swanton, the ladies will hold a "Pink Festival" on Wednesday evening, July 29th. Among refreshments will be ample supplies of the delicacies of the season. Pleasures of the concert will be heightened by the attendance of a Piedmont band of fifteen pieces. Midnight train east will stop at Swanton for visitors returning to Piedmont.

Bailiff Elected.

At a special meeting of the Town Commissioners Friday evening of last week, Mr. Thomas R. White was elected Bailiff, *vice* C. E. Boyer, resigned. Mr. White is to receive for his services—$15 per month for lighting and keeping the lamps in order, 5 per cent. for collection of taxes, one-half the fines, and $1.25 per day for every full day's work done upon the streets.

Base Ball.

The second of a series of games between the Oakland and Terra Alta clubs, was played at the latter place on Thursday of last week. As the Oakland boys had beaten the West Virginians on the 4th of July, considerable interest attached to this contest, evidenced by the number of people from the two places, who witnessed it. Notwithstanding the hot weather, a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen went out to the ground, and were rewarded by seeing a good game. It was chiefly a battle between the pitchers, and as it was the first time the Oakland boys had ever faced a "curve" pitcher, the visiting club was vanquished. It is but fair to say that the winning of the game was due to an imported pitcher, and had the Terra Alta club played their own men, they would have again fallen the victims, instead of winning.

The score by innings is as follows:

Oakland, ...1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Terra Alta,.....1 0 0 2 3 1 0 0 x—11

Umpire—Allen Ison. Scorer—Eli. Townshend. Time of game 2 hours.

[For THE REPUBLICAN.]

An Aged Pilgrim at Rest

Died, at Accident, Md., on the 16th of July, 1885, Margaret, wife of J. E. Stauffer, at the age of 78 years, 3 months and 24 days.

Mrs. Stauffer was a native of Lancaster county, Pa., and was born at Maytown, on the 23d day of March, 1807. Her maiden name was Geppfest, and she was the seventh among a family of eight sisters and one brother, all forming "a family of singers and players on instruments of music." Her only brother was a teacher of music, of the old school, and Margaret entered upon the profession of vocal instruction at the early age of sixteen years. She was confirmed a member of the Lutheran church in her native place at about fourteen years of age, and she loved the people of her choice, and the church of her fathers. It is remembered of her, that at a meeting of the old Pennsylvania Synod at Maryetta about the year 1827 she created a sensation by successfully leading a vocal voluntary, on which the leader of the choir, a certain Prof. St. John, of Mass., had twice "stuck" at the fourth note.

Margaret was married to J. E. Stauffer, also a native of Lancaster county, in the Spring of 1828. After her marriage she resided and taught vocal music, for some eight years, in Middletown, Dauphin county, Pa., subsequently she lived and was similarly engaged at Berlin, Somerset county, same state. During her residence at Berlin, Rev. Reese, her brother-in-law, was pastor of the Lutheran church there. In part through her sister's marriage to a Lutheran minister, and more through her work as teacher of vocal music among the children of our churches and Sunday schools, Mrs. Stauffer enjoyed a more or less intimate acquaintance with a large number of ministers in the Lutheran church, of a preceeding generation. Among those she delighted to speak of were, Drs. Hazelius, J. G. and S. S. Shumucker, A. Lochman, Oswald Sahm and Revs. Gotwald, Sr., P. Schindel and many others.

Forty years ago, Mother Stauffer came with her husband, to reside in the village of Accident, where she has continued to the day of her death.

As a resident of this place, she has been as well, as widely and as favorably known as any one among us, of her age. That her life was exemplary and useful, all gladly testify; that it was full of trials, hardships, losses and crosses, is recorded in heaven, and in the hearts of her dearest remaining friends on earth. No one in this community has exercised a more hearty charity, or shown a fairer example of neighborliness than she. And, in turn, it can be truthfully said, that no one has received freer and more frequent testimonies of chartiable remembrance. For this woman saw years of *want* as well as years of *plenty*. During some twenty years she was left to fight life's battle alone, and only during the last three years of her life has she again known the comforts of a competence. Happily, her last few years were free from care; yet her sufferings were many, varied and painful, but her patience was heroic and her complaints moderate. Of human kindness, Mrs. Stauffer, in her day, received freely; yet not always according to her need and deserving; but she knew a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and from Him she never failed to receive needed help and comfort. Indeed, it it was in that life "hid with Christ," that her strength lay, and thence, as from an unfailing well, she drew and drank refresing draughts of oft-needed consolation.

Mrs. Stauffer was the mother of eight children, five of whom never looked on the blue heavens, ere the "Good Shepherd" carried them thither in his arms. Another was taken at six months, and two daughters remain. These, with the aged husband, we commend to the tender care and unfailing comfort of a covenant-keeping God.

Though long in feeble health, and waiting death's coming, her departure was hastened by a fall on her kitchen floor, ten days before her decease, in which fall a limb was broken.

After suitable religious services by her pastor on the afternoon of the 17th, near the setting of the sun, and in the presence of a host of loving and sympathizing neighbors and friends, we laid her mortal remains to rest, quietly and peacefully, 'till God shall call His sleeping saints arise, to reign with Him in happy and immortal youth.

J. B. SHOUP.

Davis City.

The contract for four more company houses has been let, and work on them has been commenced.

There will be an excursion from Piedmont to this place next Sunday. Come over, ye Oakland lads and lassies.

The engine house will be erected immediately. Size, 60 by 120.

It is estimated that 100,000 trout have been taken from Blackwater this season.

The coal trade is dull.

August 3d, there will be an excursion from Davis to Piedmont.

Frankville.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wolf, of Chillicothe, Ohio, are here visiting.

We are sorry to announce the illness of Mr. Daniel O'Connell of this place.

The weather here is very hot and dry.

Mr. James Beard, our enterprising merchant is doing a good business.

Mountain Lake Park.

Our Camp Meeting closed last (Monday) night at about eleven o'clock. It proved to be one of the best, if not the best, ever held in this part of the country. Instead of it being confined to one or two demoninations, quite a number were represented, and they all spake with one accord as the spirit gave them utterance. There were hundreds who testified to full salvation in Christ Jesus. Even the young Japanese who are stopping with Miss Jennie Smith, under the tutorage of Mrs. Hart, gave unmistakeable evidence in their best possible use of the English language, that they were fully given up to Christ. The children were carefully looked after. Three or four special meetings were held for them, in which there were from one to two hundred each time. These were grand meetings. They sang very sweetly, and nearly all repeated verses of scripture. But the most successful and gratifying one was held last Sabbath afternoon, when about fifty or sixty of these dear children knelt at the altar to give their young hearts to Jesus. This they can do so readily "before the evil days come." I would just delight to give to your patrons, in detail, all the proceedings of this meeting, but as I cannot do this, I will say that it was far better enjoyed than heard of, to associate with the grand workers and listen to their burning words and almost irresistible appeals. Although the burden of the care of the meeting fell on Bro. Thompson, if one could be more happy than another I would say that he bore away the laurels. No doubt many will be greatly disappointed not to have been here, but we hope and believe they will have a like opportunity next year.

Improvements are yet going on. Judge Hamill has put up a back building. Mrs. Mills is having one put up now, Mr. Bardall has had the Fullerton cottage completed and re-painted and a handsome porch added to it. Mr. M. E. Howe's cottage is completed and he is now moving into it. Mr. Lafetra's is completed, also, and is being occupied by guests from Grace cottage.

Starbuck & Bundy are here with their engine sinking wells. They have just completed one for Rev. Joseph Lee and are now sinking one for Weaver & Bardall.

I am glad to state that Dr. Logan and family are with us again. Mr. D. C. List has returned to his cottage.

Rev. N. L. Reynolds, of Homestead, Pa., might not be inappropriately called the patriarch of a goodly company dwelling in tents on the beautiful rise of ground just north of P. T. Garthright's store

Prof. C. F. Himes, of Dickinson College, is with us again and will open the second session of the Summer School of Amateur Photography on the 22d inst.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention opens Thursday, and will likely continue over next Sabbath. From the past I can bespeak for the success, and profit to all who may attend.

The Mt. Lake Park Assembly begins August 6th, which promises many rare treats. J. A. E.

Somebody tells the Lonaconing *Review* that we have two live A. M's among the teachers of Allegany county.

It is news of this character that makes us proud of the community in which we dwell.

Had we our say, however, there would be more A. M's among the men and more M. A's among the women.

Thus would popular education be magnified and the multiplication table extended according to the rule laid down in Genesis.—*Frostburg Journal.*

Small versus Large Farms.

Our own notion is that small farms, well cultivated, are almost invariably the most profitable; and hence, we firmly believe (what has so often been asserted,) that if many a farmer would sell half or two-thirds of the acres he now occupies, and poorly tills and manages, and devote his entire time and energies to the care and cultivation of the remainder, he would derive far more profit from his labor and inyestment, with much less yexation of spirit. The fact is, as somebody truly asserts, we have too many farmers who are "land poor"—who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner, so that it will pay for the money expended in keeping it free from taxes, weeds, and other encumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural life. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to one hundred acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he cannot walk over them daily—where rods of fence corners are never cultivated or otherwise utilized—lives a life of anxiety and worry. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserly manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be wise for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas, and look more to the comfort and happiness of their households, and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable—which we deny—small ones are to be preferred for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are the comfort, peace, and general welfare of the owners and their families.—*D. D. T. Moore in American Agriculturist for Aug.*

Notes About Horses.

A collar should never be placed on a horse without first being thoroughly cleaned. Dirty collars are a fruitful source of sore shoulders.

If your horses have sore shoulders, cure them up as soon as possible. A day or two off duty may prevent a sore that would be annoying all season.

Don't attempt to go through the summer without fly nets. The satisfaction they afford the horses will more than repay for the trouble and expense of getting them.

Give the horses the best pastures on the farm. They will be refreshed but little in the morning if they are obliged to hunt all night in order to get all they want to eat.

Never drive a horse, no matter how quiet he may be, with a flexible rubber bit. If his mouth is tender and a soft bit is required, use the rubber bit, or a leather-covered one.

To break a horse of the habit of cribbing, nail a strip of long woolen sheep-skin some eight inches wide along the entire length of the manger and sprinkle it with cayenne pepper.

It is useless to try to teach as intelligent an animal as a horse kindness by beating it, yet there are fools enough in the country who think it can be done, and try it at every opportunity.

In cleaning stables give the mangers and troughs a thorough cleaning as well as the stalls. A little water and a scrubbing brush can be used to advantage in the feeding boxes occasionally.

A wet sponge on the top of the horse's head may save a sunstroke this hot weather. If your horses are expected to do much hard work when the weather is sultry they must have the best of care.

The lighter the harness the cooler it will be for the horses. There is no use in loading horses down with harness for farm work. All unnecessary trappings should be dispensed with in warm weather.

Under the shade of a tree where the air cannot reach them is a warmer place for horses than in the sun where a good breeze is stirring. When resting your teams give them all the benefits you can. They need it.

In changing from old to new hay care should be taken not to feed too plentifully. Horses will eat more than they should because it tastes good, and are thus likely to become injured. It is not best to give them all they will eat.—*Exchange.*

Wool and Sheep Notes.

It is claimed that the Texas clip is 25 percent short of last year.

When everybody wants to sell is an unusually good time for somebody to buy. Then buy sheep.

Another drought is reported in Australia, calculated to still further deplete the wool industry there.

A single commission house in Chicago sold over 100,000 pounds of pulled wool the last week in June.

A car load of Omaha slaughtered sheep is reported as having arrived in Boston, only six days on the 2,000 mile journey, and in good condition.

Good young sheep are a good investment for those farmers who have plenty of feed and pasture—one of the best in the line of live stock.

Do not forget to clean out the springs and watering places in the sheep pastures often enough to keep the green scum off, which collects on water during hot weather.

In breeding, aim entirely at one type or class of sheep, if the best results are to be reached, and do not change from one class or breed every year or two. By continually changing no one can build up a fine flock, as that requires years of careful breeding.

The State of Missouri in 1882 had 1,798,925 head of sheep; in 1884 the number was only 1,542,514 head, a difference of 256,111, and no doubt 1885 will show a much greater decrease in the number of sheep in that wool-growing State.

A Kansas shepherd has a flock of 17 head of Cotswool sheep that clipped an average of 17½ pounds to the head. These are good sheep. A flock of their merits on every sheep farm would make sheep husbandry profitable in spite of low tariff and hard times.

Those handling wool in the London market assert that there is too much of a tendency at this time towards producing wools of an inferior grade—from which it is inferable that when a reaction in sheep husbandry occurs high-class wools will get the best of it.

The *Michigan Farmer* says: In answer to a number of inquiries we report that Diamond the champion shearing ram of Michigan or any other State, this year cut a fleece of 38 pounds 8 ounces, eighteen days less than a year's growth, making an aggregate of 148 pounds 3 ounces for his four fleeces.

The best means of insuring a profi from any kind of stock is to make that stock the object of special attention and care, and the avoidance of frequent changes from one kind of stock to another as the markets go up and down. This is very applicable to the sheep business at the present time.—*Pittsburgh Stockman.*

Religion Imperishable.

Religion is reproached with not being progressive; it makes amends by being imperishable. The enduring element in our humanity is not in the doctrines which we consciously elaborate, but the faiths, which unconsciously dispose of us, and never slumber to wake again. What treatise on sin, what philosophy of retribution is as fresh as the fifty-first Psalm? What scientific theory has lasted like the Lord's prayer? It is an evidence of movement that in a library no books become sooner obsolete than books of science. It is no less a mark of stability that poetry and religious literature survive, and even ultimate philosophies seldom die but to rise again. These, and with them the kindred services of devotion, are the expression of aspiration and faith which forever cry out for interpreters and guides. And in proportion as you carry your appeal to those deepest seats of our nature you not only reach the firmest ground, but touch accordant notes in every heart, so that the response turns out a harmony.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Liver Complaints, Female Disorders, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., July 22d, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, August 3d, 1885,

for the purpose of transacting business.

By order
G. W. MERRILL,
7 25 2t Clerk.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to
EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—tf.

Have you read our advertisements
And have you profited by them?
Remember we are selling very cheap
Now for the cash, and
Each article is guaranteed.

And if you have not found it out
Now is the time to do so.
Don't put it off any longer.

Last week we sold apples at 5 cents a can;
And this week best corn at 10 cents a can.
What is cheaper than this?
To live and let live, is our motto.
Our goods are the best in the market; we
Never buy any but the best goods and
Sell them at a close profit, and

Give our customers the benefit of the
Reduction, and thereby insure them
Only first-class goods.
Call and be convinced that
Every article is just what we
Represent it to be, and
You will be pleased with your purchases.

☞ Don't forget the place—

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.

Under "Republican" Office Oakland, Md

W. A. WORTMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
PRITCHARD BUILDING,
OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS
Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

JEWELRY STORE,
—BY—
F. G. HYDE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the
CELEBRATED
RUMSEY & Co's
PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED
Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NEBULOUS PHILOSOPHY.

She came from Concord's classic shades, on Reason's throne she sat,
And wove intricate arguments to prove, in language pat,
The Whichness of the Wherefore, and the Thusness of the That.

She scorned ignoble subjects—each groveling household care—
But turned her lofty soul to prove the Airiness of Air,
And twisted skeins of logic 'round the Whatness of the Where.

To lower natures leaving the dollars, and the sense,
She soared above the level of commonplace pretense,
And moulded treatises which prove the Thatness of the Thence.

Her glorious purpose to reveal the Thinkfulness of Thought,
To trace each line by Somewhat on the Somehow's surface wrought,
To picture forms of Whynot's from the Whatnot's meaning caught;

To cultivate our spirits with the Whyfore's classic flow,
To benefit the Thereness with the Highness of the How,
To flood the dark with radiance from the Thisness of the Now.

"What good has she accomplished?" O, never doubt her thus!
It *must* be useful to reveal the Plusness of the Plus,
To illustrate with corkscrew words the Whichness of the Us.

Mock not, poor common mortal, when thoughts like these appear,
Illuminating our labor with the Howness of the Here,
And blazing like a comet through the Nowness of the Near.

Some day in Realms Eternal such grand mist-haunted souls
Inscribe their words of Whichness on Wherefore antic scrolls,
In that great world of Muchness which through the May be rolls.

Then shall we each acknowledge the Whyness of the Whence—
Each understand completely with Sensefulness of Sense—
The Thusness of the Therefore, the Thatness of the Thence.

—*I. Edgar Jones, in Chicago Current.*

FORESTS OF STONE.

Probing for Logs Beneath the Surface in New Jersey.

Trying to Chop a Tree of Rock—Trunks, Boughs and Leaves Turned to Stone—A Description of Some of Nature's Wonders.

"If you want to see something curious," said a friend who was a member of a Government survey, "go down with me to Woodbine." Four miles beyond Woodbine, out on the sandy stretch of old sea bottom or beach that is termed the Cape May Peninsula, we came upon Dennisville, where all the Dennises of all time had evidently settled. A local Dennis said there were twenty-five hundred of them and nine-tenths were evidently children. They lived in scattered shanties or houses on a long narrow street, on each side of which malaria stalks abroad from the great swamps that constitute their boundary. The latter, however, that are perhaps over twelve square miles in extent, are the means of providing a living to nearly all the inhabitants of Dennisville, though the nature of their occupation would never be suspected from external observation.

"We're all in the loggin' business," said a tall, thin Dennis, yet as far as the eye could reach not a tree could be seen standing that would make even the ghost of a fair log. "They ain't a-growin'," continued the man. "They're underground. We dig for them, or spear them, as you might say. Here's the tool," and stepping into a low hut he brought out a crowbar that, like everything else, seemed attenuated and was stretched out into a long, slender-pointed rod. "We wade along," continued the man, "and probe with this feeler, and when we strike a log we feel around, and if it's a good one we dig her up, and if it ain't we let her soak; that's about the way of it."

"So down in Jersey you burrow for your logs?"

"That's about it," replied the man. "You know we're obliged to be a whit odd or so; we've got the name of it, onnyhow."

"The secret of this business," said my friend, the geologist, "is that ages ago all this area was covered with a fine growth of large trees, and the same are found growing in some parts of the swamp yet, but they have died out and fallen down and sunk into the soft mud, and so been covered up by mould and mud, until many other layers have grown over them; but in some remarkable way the wood is preserved and these sunken ancient logs are just as good for shingles and other articles as they were when alive; hence, for many years there has been a steady hunt for them, and Dennisville is a result of the industry. To the botanist the tree is the evergreen white cypress or cypressus thyoides sempervirens, and the numbers that once grew over this swamp and that have been entombed are beyond conception. The trees upon or near the surface are the only ones available, and fortunately are the best, but far below there are probably myriads of others turned to stone and representing the past geological ages of the earth. The logs were worked out by the men who are nicknamed 'Swampoodles,' and who live in the midst of the malarious district all their lives. When a log is found a ditch is made about it, into which the water soon flows. A great saw is then applied and the roots removed, and as a rule the log will rise to the surface and can be cut up and carried off, though in many localities the shingles are made right on the spot and dragged over the swamp on roads in many cases made of boughs and twigs. This curious business is not confined to New Jersey, but over in Delaware and Maryland there are similar swamps, where the shingle business has been carried on for years. One of the swamps in Delaware extends over twenty-five square miles, and hardly a house in Sussex County but what is shingled with the ancient deposit."

"I tell ye," said an old farmer from this region, "that we're a-livin' on a curious kind o' crust round here. In pi'nt of fact, my farm might be said to be perched on a reg'lar wood-pile; there ain't no end to it. I built a foundation to a barn some years ago down in Delaware on the swamp lot, and the further down I dug the more logs I came on to, and I reckon way down it's clean, solid wood, and when a fire breaks out in the swamp you want to keep your eyes peeled, now I'm a-talkin'. How so? Well, I'll jest give you a little of my experience. When I first married my old woman I bought a patch right on the edge of the swamp, and the land ran right into it about half a mile. That summer it was monstrous dry, and after awhile the fires began to break out, and afore we knew it it had crept up to within a thousand feet of the house. But we got at it with brush, and, as we thought, put it out, and did; but that night I was awoke by hearin' a crash so loud that you'd a-thought the hull house had gone down, and when I got out there was a blazing fire right over by my fodder house. I got there in about two minutes, and I tell ye I was scared. There wasn't hide nor hair of the house, but a deep yawnin' hole about fifty feet across, and the Lord knows how deep, and burning red hot, just like a volcany. I tell ye I got my folks out of that diggin's for a while now. Fortunately it came on to rain the next day and soaked it out, and I ain't a drawin' the long bow when I tell you that that hull kentry had been tunneled by the fire. You see, it had crept along under ground for nigh a thousand feet, eating away the wood, and finally when it got under the fodder, the weight of the stuff broke the crust in and down it went into a reg'lar pit of fire. I tell you it was an unsartin place to live on and I was thankful enough that it didn't get under the house. We'd never have known what hurt us; we'd just melted down quick. Yes, there's heaps of places in the swamp district that's eaten out jest the same way. The fire will run along for miles, sometimes, and then crop out where it's least expected. I knew of one case where a party of shinglers left their hut one morning and when they came back it was gone and a fourth of an acre with it. If it had happened twelve hours later they'd have gone in. In the Delaware swamp you will find heaps of such places and green hands when they go down there always think there has been a volcany, and so there has, after a fashion."

"The subject of underground forests," said my geological companion, on our way back, "is an interesting one, and in the west there are some strange sights to be seen. I remember especially one locality about the headwaters of the Lithodendron River; there are thousands of trees lying about, as if some hurricane had swept over the spot and leveled them to the ground, but in every case the tree has turned to stone and the trunks now weigh tons where they formerly could be tossed about by the wind. A miner that I met told me that in one locality that he had visited the trees were standing, and they came to camp there. At first they did not notice it, as it was late in the fall, when all the leaves were off the trees, but he sent a darkey out to chop some wood, and as the fellow struck a tree the axe glanced off and streams of fiery sparks flew off in such numbers that he was frightened half to death, and came rushing into camp shouting that the place was haunted. He finally went out again, but was terrified by finding that even the twigs that he picked up on the ground were as heavy as lead; they had all turned into stone. He described the place as a weird one, the great trunks standing around here and there like monuments, some of them being fifty or sixty feet high. The two most famous localities are at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and the Lithodendron, about twenty miles from the Navajo Springs, Arizona. From these localities a fine collection has been taken for the National Museum at Washington.

"A detail was sent out under the charge of Lieutenant J. T. C. Hegewald, of the Fifteenth Infantry, and they secured some magnificent specimens. The Navajoes that were tending their sheep in the vicinity believed the fallen trunks to represent the bones of former giants that their ancestors had killed, and could not understand why the 'Great Father' at Washington should want them. In this place they actually covered the ground in some spots, the trunks often being of great size. All through the valley of the Lithodendron they are found, thousands of tons lying scattered along the slopes. The majority were in pieces of twenty or ten feet long, so broken by changes of heat and cold. Other trunks were intact; one measured by the Lieutenant was two hundred feet in length and nearly five feet in diameter, the cores often containing wonderful specimens of quartz. The specimens were hauled to Sana Fe. N. M., and there shipped East by rail; but in a year or go not a specimen will be found, as a company has organized to secure them, as, when cut and polished, they make fine table tops It is said that a house in Washington is to have pillars at the door made of two of these giants of a former age, that, when polished, showing the rich coloring, will make something entirely new in the way of decoration.

"Last summer," continued the geologist, "I took a run up the valley of the east fork of the Yellowstone. There is a country for you, and, fortunately, in the National Park and to be saved from destruction. In going up the valley you have the beautiful Yellowstone Mountains to the north and to the south the famous Amethyst Mountain, that for its fossil or stone forests is extremely remarkable. Directly opposite the valley of the Soda Butte Creek rises the mountain, with an exposed strata at least two thousand feet high. The summit is about nine thousand feet up. As you follow up the trail you will at once be struck with the curious surface of the mountain, and there in one section you can count distinctly at least twenty-five forest levels formed in this way. The first forest, perhaps a million years ago, grew and died down; soil accumulated and then another forest grew on that, until finally the twenty-five have grown. In the meantime strata to the depth of two thousand feet has been deposited—that is, the distance from the present trees growing on top to the first one below is two thousand feet. You can count up to suit yourself how many years it took to accomplish this. For the first four hundred feet the display is not very striking, as the trunks are partially covered, but as your eye rises you are presented with a geological illustration that is a marvel. At 500 feet from the bottom the levels are as distinctly marked as if they had been made by hand, every trunk and the roots standing out in bold relief—the bas-reliefs of nature. Many are thrown out and prostrate, from fifty to sixty feet in length and from five to six feet in diameter. In cases where the roots are seen penetrating the solid rock the sight is an impressive one, showing how many years it must have taken to accomplish such results. Some of the trees imbedded are over twelve feet in diameter and, as only the tops show, they must have rivaled the great sequoias of California. One remarkable feature is that the bark-texture of the wood, grain, etc., are all as distinct and well preserved as if they had been taken from living trees.

"The trees, however, are not conifers; the solid rock about them shows this. Once covered with a soft green matting of grass, it received the falling leaves and seeds, and now they are found just as perfect as in life, only turned to stone. From these the botanist is enabled to determine what they were and how long ago they lived upon the earth. Lesquereux made the first examination, and pronounced them as belonging to the lower pliocene or upper miocene time of geology. They include such species as aralia, magnolia, laurus, tilia, fraxinus, cornus, pteris, alnus, ferns, etc. All around this locality the same old remains of forests could be found, and the fine collections of quartz and calcite that were spread about undoubtedly were all formed in the trunks of trees. On the opposite side of the river the same condition of things was noticed, and the trunks here were, if anything still larger and more certainly higher up, as the range was by actual measurement over eleven thousand feet high and contained the stony trees to the very summit. These forests are found in various parts of the world. In Heard Island there is a cave that contains a number of extremely large trees, and in most all coal mines large trunks are found that date back millions and millions of years. In some mines terrible accidents often occur from the presence of these great trunks, as when the bottom of the trunk is cut off down shoots the stony tree upon the miner without warning. In some mines where the trees are solid they are left to support the ceiling. I have seen a tree taken from a mine at Newcastle (the Jarrow mine) that was forty feet in length and thirteen feet in diameter. It was worked out of the coal as carefully as possible, but it could not be all removed as the trunk divided at the summit into over twenty large branches. The name of this coal giant was Lepidodendron Sternbergii. Some of the ferns of this time were gigantic, and in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences there is a fine collection, showing many specimens from all over the world.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Composing Under Difficulties.

In October, 1787, after his return to Vienna, Mozart produced his greatest opera, "Don Giovanni." As late as the night before the performance the overture had not been copied. Mozart wrote on until late into the night, and his wife could only keep him awake by telling him the old fairy tales, such as he loved when a child; at times he would break from laughter to tears, until, growing more and more weary, he fell asleep. At seven the next morning, he arose and finished the score, the ink in some parts being scarcely dry when the copies were placed on the musicians' desks. The musicians had to play the overture at sight, but its beauties aroused the greatest enthusiasm both in the players and the audience. Mozart superintended all the rehearsals, and inspired the singers with his own ideas and feeling. He taught the hero to dance a minuet, and when one of the singers failed to conquer his score, Mozart altered it on the spot. At last the Emperor bestowed a court position on Mozart, but the salary was so meager—it was less than $500—that it was of little help to him, while his duty, to compose dance music for the court, was humiliating. Well could he reply, when asked his income by the tax-gatherer, "Too much for what I do;" too little for what I could do."—*Agatha Tunis, in St. Nicholas.*

A Queer Superstition.

Abram Reed, a farmer living in Beaver township, Pa., cut down a large oak tree on his farm, and in cutting it up he found, imbedded in the trunk, seven or eight feet from the ground, a small glass bottle and what had the appearance of a lock of hair. The bottle had been inserted in a hole in the tree made by an auger, then a pine plug was driven into the hole over the bottle, the hair also being held in the hole by the plug. The bottle was corked and contained a colorless liquid. Over the plug had grown six solid rings of wood, besides a thick bark. There was a superstition among the early settlers, and it is held by many of their descendants, that asthma and other affections could be cured by the victim standing against the tree and having a lock of his hair plugged in it while the hair was still attached to his head. It must then be cut off close to his head, and the afflicted person walk away without looking at it or ever passing by the tree again. While the use of a bottle was not included in this treatment, it is believed that the one with the hair discovered in the heart of the oak tree was put there in the early days of the settlement by some believer in the superstition to cure an ailment of some kind.—*Lumber World.*

—Arabs use the expression, "My shoe at you," as a token of contempt. The same thing occurs frequently in this country, only the shoe is used instead of the expression.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A new county in Dakota, Brown by name, has 109 schools and ninety-seven school houses.

—General Eaton estimated that there are now 18,061 young women students in the colleges of the United States.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The first Protestant Episcopal ordination in America was held by Bishop Seabury, in Christ Church, Middletown, Conn., on August 3, 1785.—*Hartford Post.*

—The Law Department of the University of Virginia has ninety-one students the present session. Last year there were thirty-one graduates.

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly forty-five millions of dollars in increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

—The pupils of the Sandwich (Mass.) High School recently dedicated two elm trees of their own planting to the honor of Dr. Oliver W. Holmes and John G. Whittier.

—A New Testament, of 1618, containing notes in Baxter's handwriting, was lately presented to the corporation of Kidderminster, England, where Richard Baxter was settled in 1640.

—Despite the approaching publication of the Revised Version, the British Bible Society last year issued no less than 4,161,032 Bibles, Testaments and portions.—*Chicago Current.*

—In a late sermon, Sam Jones, the Southern wonder, said: "A man needn't burn down churches and curse preachers in order to stay out of Heaven. All he has to do is to refuse to go on the gospel train."

—The benediction of the Hospital of St. Barnabas, and the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New Jersey, took place recently. The Bishop and large numbers of the clergy and laity were in attendance.

—The University of New Mexico has for one of its departments an Indian Industrial School. The American Missionary Association has voted it an annual appropriation of $3,000 for the support of teachers. Congress has voted $25,000 for the erection of buildings. Considerable amounts have been given by private persons.

—In an article in the *Journal of Education* it is stated that the City of Mexico has a system of municipal schools for both sexes, with a course of study extending to preparation for professional study. The schools occupy in great part old convents and other ecclesiastical edifices which have been secularized. The salaries of teachers range from five hundred to two thousand dollars a year. In the highest institution there are eleven hundred pupils.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The log drives on the Mattawaumkeag River, in Maine, aggregate 10,000,000 feet.

—The private path of elopement generally leads to the public highway of the divorce court.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The Dark Ages:

In those old days when wrangling men
Flung down their clanging gages
There were so many knights, since then,
They have been called dark ages.

—*Life.*

—Judge—How old are you, madam? Witness—I have no personal knowledge of my age, and hearsay testimony, I understand, is not accepted in this court.—*Boston Beacon.*

—A successful dentist in a Western city is named Leggo. When he began to pull, the other day, the owner of the tooth which had been hunted down cried out "Hold on!"—*Chicago Current.*

—A Bridgeport druggist claims to have discovered a compound which, applied to a base ball, will make it luminous. Such a compound will fill a long-felt want, for with its help base-ballists can play all night long.—*Boston Globe.*

—A Burlington boy, who can imitate a cat to the life, has secured quite a number of boots and shoes, besides other bric-a-brac, by the exercise of his talents under people's windows after dark. He supplies the whole family with footwear.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—At the Museum of Fine Arts. Fashionable Young Woman: "Is that a good picture?" Fashionable Young Man: "I'm sure I don't know. If they had any sense they would mark 'em, at least in the catalogue. G might stand for good, B for bad, and so on, you know. Would help visitors immensely."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Gone to the Bad Place. "Good mornin', Mrs. Murphy." "Good mornin', Mrs. Gilhooly." "Hev yer heard the news, Mrs. Murphy?" "Phat news, Mrs. Gilhooly." "The O'Lannihans has gone ter Chicago." "Ter Chicago?" "Yes." "Och hone, och hone! I always thought that family wud come to some bad ind."—*Toronto Mail.*

—W. F. Andross, of Hartford, Conn., believes that potato bugs do a service for the farmer in pruning the vines, if they are not allowed to go too far. That's just our opinion exactly, but when the bugs get into our potato field we consider that they are going too far. So long as they confine their operations to our neighbor's premises we haven't a word to say against them.—*Boston Transcript.*

DIDN'T KNOW HER.

Reasons Why an Arkansaw Negro Couldn't Swear That He Was Well Acquainted With His Wife.

"Do you know this woman?" asked a lawyer of a negro who had been summoned to testify before court.

"Yas, sah, I knows her."

"Do you know here very intimately?"

"No, sah, kain't say dat I do."

"How long have you known her?"

"Wall, I got er 'quainted wid her er short time before I married her."

"She's your wife, then?"

"Yas, sah, sorter."

"Thought you did not know her intimately?"

"Dat's whut I jackerlated."

"I don't understand, then, how she can be your wife."

"Wall, yer see, sah, she 'longs ter de church, de singin' s'ciety, de Sisters o' de Sacred Broom, de Daughters o' Ham an' two or three little side shows. Er 'oman whut is kep' so busy, sah, ain't got no time ter fool er roun' home."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

TEMPERANCE.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide; the rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming, humming, up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like, hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!—the Plague has slain its ten, and War its hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I"—'twas thus the bottle spoke—"but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come ye youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up; that puts to shame the conquerors that slay her scores below; for I have deluged millions with my maya tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, such ruin have never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road to death."

—*Exchange.*

TEACHING THE CHILDREN.

Scientific Instruction in the Nursery—Early Comprehension of Physical Laws Relating to Health and Development.

"Temperance is God's law for the body."

Accepting this broad definition, we can not overestimate the value of "Temperance teaching in the schools." But this part of the child's education should not be committed entirely to the public school. The best, though perhaps not the most immediate, result of the Scientific Instruction bill will be the education of mothers. The agitation and discussion necessary to place this law upon the statute books of fourteen States must prove educative; and in those States where the movement has failed the labor is not lost. The seed sown shall soon spring up.

Whatever the child learns grows into his mind, becoming part of it, and forming the grain of his character. The learning of latter years is adventitious—it lies upon the surface. It is the difference between veneer and "real wood." The same current of blood that stamps an impression upon the youthful memory carries building material to the growing brain, and these early impressions enter into the solid masonry upon which manhood is built, while the knowledge acquired in maturity is but paint or whitewash.

If our premises be true, we should teach first that which is most important in the realm of the child's comprehension. Can anything be more important than knowledge of the habits upon which depend health and vigorous physical life? Fortunately the young mind can understand the physical law at a very early age. Teach the child the true value of the body that is not him, but his—the house built of God, which he is to occupy during his earthly life. He will see while very young that a fine house is desirable; and, too, that people are judged somewhat by the houses in which they live, and by the way they keep their houses. Don't let him think you send him to bed early to get rid of his noise; but tell him of the tiny cell-workmen who are building his house; how they do most of their work when he is asleep, and the very best in the first part of the night. He can understand that we need less sleep because our houses are finished, and they have only to keep up repairs for us, while for him they are really building up flesh and bone. His imagination will make these wonderful little laborers more real to him than the microscope makes them to us. Tell him how they have to get building material from the blood, just as the mason has to use brick and mortar for a wall. Each set of cells, or workmen, select the material for their special use. The bone builders use lime and the brain builders phosphorus and many other substances, but all must get supplies from the blood. All use a great deal of water. Alcohol takes the water supply as a great thirsty beast might drink the water from the mason's tank, leaving none to mix the mortar with; then the work stops. Then it saps the water from tissue already formed, leaving it tender and brittle, just as a wall begins to crumble after fire has burned the water out of the cement. Doctors call that "fatty degeneration." A great deal of oxygen is necessary, too. There isn't much oxygen in tobacco smoke! Before this your little philosopher will ask, "what is blood made of?" When he hears it is made from what we eat, he will have interest as well as pleasure in his food, and you will have power over his appetite. He will begin to exercise self-control, that divinest force in human nature. Explain that the tooth builder must have lime phosphate for the enamel of a tooth, as surely as a mason must have plaster-of-paris to hard-finish a wall. The chief source of lime phosphate is the grains, but only a very little is found in the white part of any grain.

He will soon learn to like brown bread, corn bread and the grits, especially if his mother cultivates her taste as well as his. Tell him the meat makes so much waste the builders have to stop work to clear away the rubbish. Milk does not hinder them so. Even pups and little wolves and lion whelps, who eat flesh entirely when grown, eat only milk when they are small and their mothers take care of them. Or you may save him from forming that unnaturally carniverous appetite which leads to the craving for stimulants, and of itself causes some kinds of fatal disease. Four of our teeth are "flesh-tearing." From this we may get a hint of the proper proportion of meat in our dietary.

Tell him coffee and tea hurry and worry the nerve builders so that they can not possibly do their work well, while beer and whisky maze them so dizzy that everything they do is crooked. Thus every fact and law is idealized, or rather materialized and physiology to the imaginative child—and mother, too—is a fairy tale. To do this the mother must acquire the hard scientific facts, and let her imagination play with them till she can give them to the child in pleasing form. Every woman has a touch of Mother Goose in her nature. The trouble is, mothers neither learn nor think of these things. They may understand the movements of the heavenly bodies, but they know very little of human bodies. I do not underrate "higher education" for women, but I do affirm that the highest education for woman is that which makes her the best mother. And if I were talking to men instead of women, I would say: "that is the best culture for you which fits you for the priestly, kingly function of fatherhood."

Inspire the child with ambition for a fine body, and he will do what has to be done to secure it. Show him what is involved in physical culture. The body is the instrument; not the music, but the melody of life largely depends upon the perfection of the instrument. He may make it a noble creature, with every nerve steadied and every muscle trained to do his bidding, or he may neglect and abuse it till it becomes jaded and mean-spirited; or, most disastrous of all, he may allow it to become his master. Then both horse and rider go down in the hot sea of sensualism.

Teach by precept and example that physiological law is God's law, and transgression is sin.—*Dr. Bessie V. Cushman, in Union Signal.*

BEER DRINKING.

A Dangerous Place for Boys—A Few Words of Warning.

Now, my boy, tell me just one thing I want to know. Why should a boy drink beer? You say you don't know? Well, neither do I; though I know a good many reasons why a boy should not drink beer.

I often notice at eating-houses and lunch-counters a thing which has a bad look. There are a great many boys drinking beer with their noonday lunch. They are clerks, errand-boys and boys who are earning their living in various ways. They see men drinking beer, and so they imitate the men. Whether they like the taste of the beer or not I don't know. But they think it looks manly; and you know boys will put themselves to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to do what men do. You see this in the trouble boys take in learning how to smoke and chew tobacco.

I want to whisper in the ear of every boy who takes a glass of beer at his lunch that he is in danger. I do not say that one glass of beer will make him dangerously drunk or leave him lying insensible in the gutter or on the pavement. But a boy who has an afternoon's work to do is very likely to be unfitted for it by one glass of beer. This beverage makes him stupid and thick and sleepy. It may not put him actually to sleep, nor affect his tongue so that his speech sounds like that of an old toper; but it beclouds his brain just enough to make him a different boy from what he ought to be, either for his own advantage or for that of his employer.

Then think what the beer leads to. There are a great many stronger drinks sold at the lunch-counter, and you know boys are fond of trying experiments. A fifteen-year old boy sees some eighteen-year old who is near him trying a glass of sherry or a pony of brandy. He thinks that what the bigger boy is doing is manly, and therefore he will do it, too. The novel feeling of the stronger drink is a new revelation to him. His stomach is warmed, and presently his head has a curious feeling of lightness, and he wonders if these drinks always make a fellow feel that way. He tries, and tries, and tries again, and finds just how they make a fellow feel. It is easy to see that the lad is in danger of walking in crooked ways.

It is a pity that a boy should have to get his lunch at a place where strong drinks are sold. There are so many of these places in our big cities, and so few of the "dairies" and such places where liquors are not to be had. The boy who eats among drinkers is in danger. He is likely to fall into their ways. Better go to a place where strong drinks are not sold if you possibly can. Or if you are living at home, where you have a good mother or sister, bring a neat lunch in your pocket and keep out of the eating and drinking shops altogether.—*Rev. Alfred Taylor, in Christian at Work.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

AT the recent great anniversary of the Church of England Temperance Society, in London, Temperance sermons were preached in two hundred and eighty Episcopal churches of the city.

A WOMAN that marries a man with whisky on his breath is the biggest fool in the world, except the one who stirs his toddy for him after she marries him. If you don't like that sort of talk you can rack out of here.—*Sam Jones.*

A MODEL Temperance community is to be found in the Parish of Cameron, Louisiana. There is no place where liquor is sold, the jail is utilized for a corn-crib, and the public sentiment is unanimous in favor of prohibition, being a law in itself, and enforcing the law with complete success.

TO THINK of people calling themselves intelligent, at this time of day telling their fellows to drink beer and wine in order to be healthy, happy and sober, is too absurd for anything. I don't question the honesty of those who do so; but, in that case, alas! for the soundness of their judgments, and their knowledge of what beer and wine-drinking has really done.—*Toronto Globe.*

SUPPOSE the liquor traffic could be blotted out of existence and society at once restored to such a condition as is possible with drink eliminated, how vastly would the work of legislation be reduced. As matters now are, nearly one-third of the time paid for out of the people's money is spent in enacting and fighting laws made necessary because of the existence of the drink traffic and the drink habit. A saving at this point is no small item in the tax list, and one not often counted in when we sum up the country's losses through this great sluiceway of waste.—*Union Signal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In Sinaloa, Mexico, a woman is being exhibited who is seven feet high and weighs five hundred pounds. She is as young as she is charming, being only twenty-six years of age. She was born in Pachuca.—*Chicago Times.*

—Chief Chemist Bradley, of the Brooklyn Health Department, has discovered pickle manufacturers who use copper sulphate, or blue vitriol, in coloring pickles. Three small pickles are equivalent to a dose of sulphate of copper.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—In the city of Trinidad, Mex., a hen has died which, according to her owner's statement, first saw the light in 1857. Maria Francisco, her owner, has received from her since then 6,371 chickens, of which 2,427 grew up to be hens.

—Big fish swim the waters of the Pacific coast. The Port Townsend *Argus* says that a halibut was recently caught in Scow Bay by an Indian which weighed 202 pounds and was six feet eight inches long, three feet ten inches wide and fourteen inches thick.

—The total annual catch of menhaden in the United States is about 700,000,000. This seems to be a great number, but blue fish alone are said to consume about 3,000,000 menhaden every day of the summer months on the coast of New England alone. As a matter of fact, menhaden are so prolific that they are practically inexhaustible.

—Can one man be a mob? A Yonkers, (N. Y.) man was ordered to "disperse," and upon refusing to do so was arrested. The legal experts decide that the law applying to a mob or riotous gathering does not apply to this individual, who seems to have been justified, therefore, in not dispersing.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Chinese regard an attack of epilepsy as the occupancy of a man's body by the spirit of an animal, usually a pig or a sheep. They try to keep such spirit by stuffing the patient's mouth with grass, for if it leaves before the return of the man's own spirit—which must be absent during the fit—the man will die.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—There are more subscribers to the telephone system in New York and its neighborhood than in the whole of Great Britain, notwithstanding that the charge in New York is about double what it is there. The number of transmissions by telephone in Great Britain last year was about 41,000,000, and the average cost per message a little over one cent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Little five-year-old had been watching the flag for celebration. Toward evening, as he looked at the sun, he said: "How does the sun set, anyhow, Grandma?" "When you are older you will understand," was the reply. "O, I know," said the irrepressible, after a moment's pause, "God pulls the string and the sun goes down."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Harrison Hahn, of Wind Gap, Pa., has a two-year-old daughter whose ears are bent forward and grown fast to the face. The girl was deformed when born. When she became two months old two doctors separated the ears from the face, and tied them back to their proper place, but they returned to their former position and are there to remain undisturbed. Both ears are without the orifice, but deafness is prevented by the girl hearing every sound, no matter how light, through her nose and mouth. —*Philadelphia Times.*

—The two new craters in Mt. Vesuvius, from which lava has issued abundantly, were opened on the southern side at a height of about two hundred meters above the upper station of the funicular railway. The lava flowed in the direction of Pompeii and Torre del Greco. The stream descends in a straight line for about half a kilometer, and then, turning sidewise, is directed toward the crater of 1872. The new craters present the appearance of a great cleft. The lava has not spread beyond the side of the mountain.

—Among librarians and book-publishers no word is more often used than the term, "Cataloguer." John Winter Jones, librarian of the London Museum, uses this word four times on one page. It occurs frequently in the reports of the proceedings of the International Conference of Librarians at London, and yet it is not given in Webster's or Worcester's or the Imperial Dictionary. It has certainly been in use for thirty years among well-educated men, yet every one of the dictionary makers have either missed or ignored it.—*Boston Journal.*

—The Pembina (D. T.) *Express* observes this incident, which can best be understood by one who has seen the half-breeds and their primitive teams: "A novel sight was witnessed here last week. A half-breed living on the mountains came to town for a hog, with his pony and Red River cart. He found his two brothers in town, both rather full of profanity, whisky, and combativeness. After considerable difficulty he loaded the two into the cart, in which they soon fell asleep. He then got the hog and placed it carefully between the other two, and began his journey for home."

—Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, but she boasts of being first in respect of manufactured products according to population. Rhode Island makes $373.07 worth of manufactures for every one of her inhabitants, while Mississippi makes only $6.64, or in the ratio of $1 to $56.18. Taking the area instead of the population, the contrast is even greater. Rhode Island produces $79,757.75 per square mile, while Mississippi produces only $159.43—about 500 to 1. Rhode Island may congratulate herself upon being so small that there is no room for waste land within her boundaries.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

—The latest theory concerning Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys is that they are due to the immoderate use of ice-water and other chilled beverages. Thirty or forty years ago, a physician asserts, when people slaked their thirst with fresh water from well or pump, kidney disease was virtually unknown. Now, however, the general use of ice-water in every household and saloon and the multiplication of soda fountains, cause thousands of persons to abruptly shock their heated internal organs with freezing draughts, and kidney troubles have become very prevalent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Corns and bunions may be helped and oftimes removed by the constant employment of the oleate of copper, spread as a plaster.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Fowls like newly-cut grass. They should have all they want of it. The clippings from a lawn mower are just the thing for them. Sunflower seed, which can be easily growa without trouble, forms a food of which fowls are extremely fond.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Stones may be made very useful by placing them around plants and trees as a mulch. Thus used under trees, especially evergreens, they are very valuable. One advantage over ordinary mulch in using stones is that weeds are not so likely to spring up among them.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—If your children should get peas, beans or pebbles in their ears, do not use pins, knitting needles or anything of that kind in removing them. The safest way is to use a syringe and warm water. If insects should lodge in the ear, fill the ear with sweet oil, which will kill the animal and float it out.—*Albany Journal.*

—Roll Jelly Cake: Four eggs beaten very light, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half-teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Bake in long tins in thin sheets, spread while warm with jelly and roll and wrap in a towel to keep moist. It is very good.—*The Caterer.*

—Stewed Lamb: Take the neck or breast, cut into small pieces, and put in a stew pan with some thinly sliced salt pork, and enough water to cover it; cover closely and stew until tender, skim off all the scum, and add a quart of green peas, adding more water if necessary; when the peas are tender, season with pepper and butter rolled with flour.—*The Household.*

—To kill bugs in peas pour almost boiling hot water upon them, let it remain about ten seconds and then pour off. This will not hurt the peas—they will sprout all the quicker for it and it will destroy all the bugs at once. We have practiced this method successfully for years, says the *Orange County Farmer.* We should do it just before planting the peas.

—Professor Arnold says a cow holds up her milk because of the involuntary action of the muscles that tighten about the milk reservoirs. The cow is a very nervous creature. It takes but little to excite her, and when she is being milked the utmost care should be exercised by the milker, and her surroundings should be quiet. Permit no unusual noises. Have no dog running or barking about her.—*Troy Times.*

DRAINAGE.

The Need of Thorough Drainage Fully Demonstrated This Year.

The need of thorough drainage on farm lands has been most fully demonstrated the present season, which all through planting time has been rainy, rendering all low lying lands too wet for tillage the greater part of the time. Hundreds of farmers have been compelled to helplessly look on while their teams and workmen lay idle, waiting for the soil to dry out fit for plowing. And doubtless many cornfields to-day have but a meagre "stand" through the soil being wet and cold, which might have been otherwise had the land been thoroughly underdrained, and the consequent higher temperature existed, which that would be certain to bring.

There are to-day many cornfields overgrown with weeds, from which the cultivator has thus far been excluded, only through being too wet for the work to be done, which but for that cause would now be cleaned out, and giving fair promise of a handsome outcome.

It not infrequently happens that the start given in the spring through early planting, and a consequent early growth, determine whether the corn crop shall fully ripen before the advent of an untimely frost. There are few seasons indeed which will not favor corn-planting on well underdrained land in the late days of April, and scarcely one that this work need be deferred later than the first of May, so far as fitness of the soil or seasonable weather are concerned. In many fields the present season planting was compulsorily delayed until into June; the one only cause for such delay being the unfit condition of the soil on account of the rains.

There is at present but slight excuse over the greater portion of the prairie country for the neglect of this needed improvement. Within easy reach of most communities tile factories have been established, where the necessary materials may be obtained at but moderate cost. Men skilled in the business of digging the necessary ditches and laying the line of tile in a workman-like manner are moderately plentiful and do the work at an astonishingly low price.

When understood how important a factor corn has become in keeping the wheels of domestic commerce in motion and how severe is the check on all other industries when the yield of this one grain falls considerably below an average, some sort of conception may be formed of the responsibility that rests upon those who occupy the land as producers, to see that all necessary means shall be employed to insure success.

In any of the several adverse seasons of late years, in which the corn crop fell much below an average, can any one point to a single field of well underdrained land on which, in the season most unfavorable, it was not practicable to grow a full crop of corn? And if this be true, as we verily believe, does not the single word "underdrain" have a talismanic meaning, and become the key to a complete solution of the whole problem?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The action of dynamite in exploding is very simple. It has no preference at all as to the direction in which its force shall be exerted. Its explosive power depends, as in the case of all other explosives, on the sudden formation of a large volume of a gaseous body, whose immediate recondensation causes the air to rush in violently to fill up the vacuum formed. —*Philadelphia Press.*

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a wayside home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found fault with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it and two other bottles, and now—" "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

—John Bach McMaster, the historian, thus describes the American beau of 1800: "The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and, when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting on an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Russian illustrated paper represents a number of young women seated at a table, each examining meat for trichinæ. It is stated that women make efficient microscopists. Last year they thus examined 30,650 carcasses. The diseased meat is at once destroyed.

—There are only three newspapers in Persia, and yet there are persons in this country rash enough to start a paper in a town already supplied with half a dozen journals, instead of going to Persia to fill a long-felt want.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An Erie, (Pa.) base-ballist after seven trials caught and held a ball thrown from the top of the waterworks stand-pipe. The height was 248 feet. He says the ball must have weighed a ton.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The great naval powers of the world rank as follows: England first, France second, Italy third, Russia fourth, Turkey fifth.

—A double white rose flower on a red crab apple tree is one of the sights of South Farmingham, Mass.—*Boston Post.*

"What is the difference between a newspaper man and a pitcher?" asks a base-ball writer. About $2,000 a year. —*N. Y. Herald.*

Mosquitoes are free from one vice at least. They can't stand smoking.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It Astonished the Public

to hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart-disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

A rose bush is thought to be exceedingly modest, but yet it wants the earth.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to Reach Colorado.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) is the only line with its own tracks from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis direct to Denver. Every day in the year it runs elegantly equipped through trains between above mentioned points. For tickets and rates via, or general information regarding same, call on any Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada, or address Perceval Lowell, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Wagner composed only eleven operas. It is believed he would have composed more, but he had used up all the noises.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"A few boarders taken in for the summer" is a sign often seen, but very few seem to realize how much truth there is in it.—*Boston Post.*

Precise young lady to her little brother: "Willie, don't do that way. Don't kick the ankle of the table, you disturb me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"The Secret of the Brook" is a late poem. The secret of the brook must be the knowledge of what is going on between the banks.

The elephant is a very bad-behaved animal. He turns up his nose at everything that is given him to eat.—*Boston Transcript.*

A household journal prints directions for serving spring chicken. Another good way is to serve it before it celebrates its ninth birthday.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Why are those things on your dress called bugle trimmings?" George wanted to know. "O," Emily replied, lightly, "because pa blows so over the bill."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An umbrella with a pistol at the end of the handle has been invented. The old-fashioned umbrella "goes off" easy enough for us.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?" To the woods, dear; to the dark, deep, damp, dangerous woods.—*Boston Post.*

A conductor on an Austin street-car said "fare" to a negress, who was blacker than the ace of spades, and the smile she smole caused her head to appear as if it was all off except a small strip at the back of the neck.—*Texas Siftings.*

A medical journal asserts that the application of hot water will prevent fainting. That's it; that's it exactly! This explains why men seldom faint. Their wives keep them in hot water.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

"Ah, but my lot is hard!" groaned Tom, as he tried, with pick, spade and hoe, to put in order a half-acre of stony land.

The Worst Urethral Strictures
speedily cured by our new radical methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A flourishing business—that of the writing master.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

Cranberries will cure dyspepsia. That's sour opinion.—*St. Paul Herald.*

HAY-FEVER.
For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventative I have ever found. Hay-Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy.—Frank B. Ainsworth, of Frank B. Ainsworth & Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
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BEDRIDDEN FOR LIFE.
Mrs. Anna Ramp, of Belair, Ga., under date of Nov. 6, 1884, says: "I have been using your wonderful remedy, Bradfield's Female Regulator, in my family a long time, and I would to God that every afflicted woman in our land knew of its wonderful virtues and curative powers as I do; there would be a great deal less suffering among our sex. I am sure I would have been *bedridden for life* had it not been for the Regulator. I recommend it to every woman I hear of who is suffering with any womb trouble, no matter of what description, and I have yet to hear of a single failure to cure."
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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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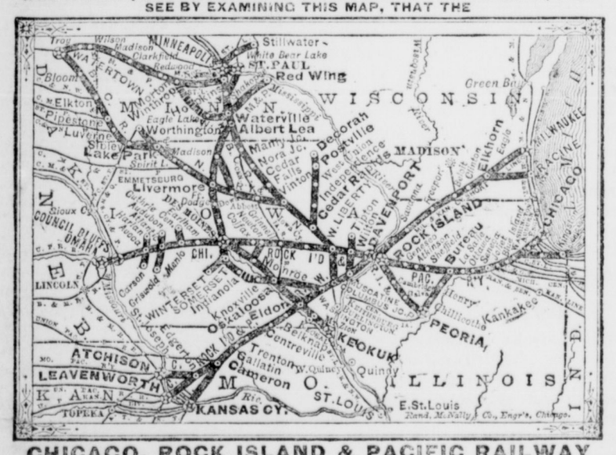
If You are Driven Wild
With itching, take the advice of a friend, (though he calls you aside at an evening party to give it), and rid yourself of the trouble by the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
A few weeks since I was attacked with a severe and distressing form of Eczema. The eruptions spread very generally over my body, causing an intense itching and burning sensation, especially at night. With great faith in the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I commenced taking it, and, after having used less than two bottles of this medicine, am entirely cured.—Henry K. Beardsley, of the Hope "Nine," West Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. B. W. Ball, the well known journalist, writes from Rochester, N. H.:
Having suffered severely, for some time, with Eczema, and failing to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has effected a complete cure. I consider this medicine a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases.
For all disorders of the Blood, use
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE


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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.
The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peru, Depue, Princeton, Mollne and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.
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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.
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Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.
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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures
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It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.
☞ Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York, for "False and True."

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."
The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature Statue six inches in height of the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at One Dollar Each.
This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a perfect fac-simile of the model furnished by the artist.
The Statuette in same metal, twelve inches high, at Five Dollars Each, delivered.
The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can only be furnished by this Committee. Address, with remittance,
RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
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BIDGE'S FOOD
Dr. Barker, of the Brighton, England, Hospital, says: "Bidge's Food resembles the mother's milk so closely that infants are reared, and *well reared*, exclusively upon it." Another physician, at the head of an orphan asylum, says: "I have been using this preparation for five years or more, and have the most unbounded faith in it as a diet for infants up to, say, eighteen months old."

THE BOSS COLLAR PAD OF ZINC AND LEATHER.
NO MORE SORE NECKS.
It will positively prevent chafing and cure sore Withers. Horse can be worked while cure is perfected. Harness makers will refund money if not satisfied after 30 days trial. Be sure to get Pad large enough. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

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Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Band and Drum Corps Uniforms. 20 colored and 50 other fashion plates. Illustrations and prices of Hats, Helmets, Caps, Pouches, Belts, Drum Major Outfits, Pompons, Plumes, Epaulettes, Shoulder Knots, Gold Cord and Lace, Buttons, Ornaments, Band and Presentation Flags and Banners. Cut Lowest. Mailed free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.
UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd. only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can sent by Mail, 25c.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

KANSAS FARMS Improved and unimproved. A correct County Map published by us, containing many valuable facts—average yield per acre of various crops and prices realized for 1884, populations of Towns, Counties and States, together with location, parties and price of several desirable bargains, mailed for 2 cents. We can suit most anybody. M. M. BROWN, Wyandotte and Sixth Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

A. N. K.—C. 1039

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

A Typical American.

From a sermon by Dr. M. A. Richards in Green St. M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

"The best example of what true Americanism can do is seen in Jas. A. Garfield. With the exception of the figures in the Old Testament, who now appear more heroic on account of their antiquity, there never has lived a hero of a more ideal Christian character than Garfield. So grand was he that it is necessary for me to consider him to-night from three different standpoints;—first, that of his education and training; second, that of his connection with the Christian Church, and third, that of his political career and final martyrdom.

"According to the old Greek legend, Minerva sprang full-formed from the head of Jupiter. She was the personification of learning—of the arts and sciences, and as such her image was erected in all the libraries and schools of learning. Now I venture to assert that the bust of James A. Garfield should be placed in every school and library and lecture hall in the country as being the personification of the Christian ideal of self-education. Garfield's scholarship did not spring into existence in a moment, as did Minerva. It was the growth of years of hard labor, begun when he was a poor boy and continued until he sat in the presidential chair.

"His connection with the Christian Church was always close. He was never ashamed to rise in any church and testify to his belief in the Lord. One such great man is worth an army of those who refuse to come forward before the world and declare their dependence upon Christ. He belonged to the Church of the Disciples, a religious organization which dispenses with all creeds and doctrines except the Bible, and his life was a proof to all the world that the Bible is still all the guide mankind needs to lead them through a perfect life. Through all his political career he remained unspotted, and when at last came the inevitable revolt of the people against the corruption and demoralization of the National Government he was selected to lead them on to victory But the victory was too easily won, the lesson too easily learned. It needed some startling tragedy to impress upon the national mind that the old diabolical principle of 'to the victors belong the spoils' was not yet dead. And so to the long list of martyrs who have died for the cause of humanity, James A. Garfield's name was added by the Lord. During all that weary Summer in which he lay on the threshhold of death the principles which he had so perfectly represented were burned in upon the popular mind so deeply that they will, I trust, never be effaced."

British Solidity--American Grace.

John Burroughs in the Critic.

When I was in England, whether in lodgings or in a hotel, one of the hardest things to get at table was a teaspoon to eat my dessert or sweetmeats with. They always brought a dessert spoon, which seems large and awkward to the American mouth. Neither were there any small dishes, such as we have at home. They brought you jam, or preserves, or strawberries on a plate as large as a dinner plate. In England nearly all the arts and appliances of life show, to American eyes, a superabundance of material. There is more timber and iron in the wagon, more bulk in the horse that draws the wagon and more leather in the harness the horse wears—yes, and more hair in the horse's coat. Our domestic animals, our tools, our vehicles, our architecture and our women look trim and slim compared with the English. There is probably material enough in an English van to make two of our farm wagons. Easy roads and heavy vehicles are the rule in England and poor roads and light vehicles with us. John Bull does not know the virtues of hickory, a tree native to this country. Hickory gives us the most strength with the least bulk, and this is, no doubt, one reason of the lightness and slenderness of our tools and vehicles. Compare an English axe with an American axe; how crude and awkward the former looks beside the latter; how shapely our tool is! Our tools suggest a more deft and supple and lighter race. The tendency in us to pare down and cut away every superfluous ounce is very marked. We are great whittlers. Did we not whittle away at the hulls of our ships until we made the swiftest sailing vessels in the world? This lightness and airyness is becoming a fixed national trait, and is a keeping with the general tendency of all natural forms of this country. Nearly all organic growths here show greater refinement of form than in the British isles. Our wild flowers are more graceful and delicate. Our climbing plants, the foliage of our trees, the trees themselves, our grasses and wild weedy growths are all more slender and fluent in form than the corresponding English species. English trees, English groves, have a wonderful expression of solidity and repose. The leaves are larger and stiffer and adjust themselves with more ease to the fainter light. Even the British bumblebee is a coarser and more hairy creature than ours, and the fox and the squirrel, as well as the domestic animals, are less sleek and trim than with us.

A Boy Should Have a Trade.

What about the boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you, the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish as may be easily caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in a brick-yard to-day, and in the harvest field to-morrow. He does the drudgery, and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead broke.

The other evening I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, and carrying a pick on his shoulder. "Tired, John?" "More so than any horse in Detroit." "What do you work at?" "I'm a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers." "Get good wages?" "So good that my family never has enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for that street car to run over me." "Why didn't you learn a trade?" "Because nobody had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am, working harder for $8 or $9 a week than many a man does to earn $18.

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters, and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades, keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled workmen. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with a determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skin along from one week to another without being discharged, but make your services valuable by being such a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Model of Resignation.

There has just died here a cripple whose case has attracted the attention of physicians, scientists, and specialists all over country. This man for twenty-nine years has not moved from his chair by day or night. When he was 6 years old his spine was injured by an accident, and his neck, body, and limbs became paralyzed. He could not move a joint in them. All his fingers became disjointed, and the only movable joint in his frame was in one thumb. He could not turn his head a hair's breadth. He sat in his chair near a window, and by an ingenious contrivance of mirrors he was enabled to see what was going on out of doors and in the room. At night his chair was tipped back a little, and in this position he got his sleep. Any attempt on his part to move his limbs caused him the greatest agony. He suffered pain nearly all the time, and everybody wonders that he lived so long in this horrible condition. Many prominent physicians studied his case and gave it up as unaccountable.

He was so remarkably patient and devout in the midst of his sufferings that he won notoriety by serving as a text from which a large number of sermons have been preached by different clergymen who had visited him. A young sister of his had devoted her life to taking care of him. —*Boston Cor. New York Herald.*

How Disease is Spread.

Every one knows that scarlet fever is infectious, but it is not often one is able to trace the progress of the disease through simple carelessness so easily as in a case which has just come under the notice of the *Sanitary World*. The story is told as follows: A young Scottish lassie, in domestic service not far from the town of Elgin, died from scarlet fever in her "place." Her clothes were carefully packed up, and her "kist" containing them was conscientiously sent home to her native village. On its arrival at the station there was the usual difficulty of getting it conveyed over the hills to the place of its destination, so there it had to remain awaiting a friendly lift. Meanwhile the infected kist formed a happy hunting ground for the station master's children, who, in due time, all fell ill with scarlet fever. At last the friendly lift came, and the box (a large wooden one) was carried home, and the contents generously distributed among the neighbors. Needless to say that an outbreak of scarlet fever in the village was the result; and as to the station, where people do congregate and often have long to wait, it would simply be a center from which many a fever track would radiate, exciting the usual wonder whence and how the fever came.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gratefulness.

Mr. H. Sampsel, Ottawa, Kansas, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.—Gentlemen: I have suffered for seven years; have tried every thing and many physicians, and all have failed. I went to Pittsburgh, and while there fell on the street, my breath seemed to leave my lungs, and numbness overpower me. I determined to give PERUNA and MANALIN a fair trial. I used four bottles of each, and my trouble left, never, I hope, to return. I left Pittsburgh three weeks ago for Kansas, and thought, as I was going to a new country, I had better take a bottle of MANALIN with me, on account of bad water, etc. I arrived here with one-half bottle. I found one of my friends in a pretty bad condition. The doctors were treating her for chills and fever. I did not know what her trouble was, though I persuaded her to use the MANALIN. She did so, and the first day she was up doing her work. Now this seems strange, but it is, nevertheless, a candid truth. She used it all, and has never had cause to lie down during the day since she took the first three doses."

A Case that was Pronounced Incurable.

Miss C. C. Peck, 714 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co.—Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in stating to you the benefit I received from your valuable PERUNA. I have been suffering for about fifteen years with a severe cough and bronchitis (so the doctors call it). I was treated by different physicians, and spent considerable money for different kinds of patent medicines, but received no benefit whatever. Dr. Fox, of this city, claimed I had consumption, and there was no hope for me ever getting better. I was so bad that I coughed almost continually. Mrs. Henry Ellis, a friend of mine, induced me to try your PERUNA. I am happy to say I began to notice a change after I had taken my second bottle. I took eight bottles in all, and now I feel like a new woman. If it hadn't been for PERUNA I think I would be in my grave now. It is a wonderful remedy, and I recommend it to all my friends."

Messrs. Baker Bros., Mt. Vernon, O, write: "Your PERUNA sells well. Customers speak of it as being a good medicine."

Mr. Daniel R. Spry, Portsmouth, O., writes: "I have a good trade in PERUNA, it sells well and gives satisfaction."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds,

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents, Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

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Sign and Ornamental Painter,

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PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.37 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, Decay, and numerous obscured diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance.

WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and 6 out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,

5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,

6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

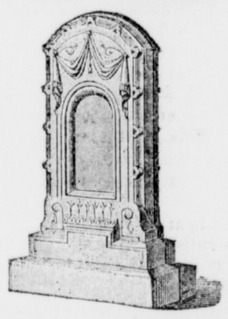
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Da Costa, Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Harbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

2 26 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1885. NUMBER 22.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 417 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20, 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Woolan d Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of exceilent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe **cold**, which terminated in a dangerous **cough.** I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since **then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 531 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y]

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up-stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

How it Struck Folger.

A story is told of Judge Folger which is said to have happened at one of the Cabinet meetings at the White House. President Arthur, it appears, wanted a certain thing done. I forget what it was. It was not material, anyway. He had laid out his plans, considered the subject carefully, taken the advice of competent persons, was sure that what he was about to do was right and simply wanted to submit the whole to his Cabinet, so as to be able to say, if possible, that he had had their support. When the Cabinet sat down in the little room adjoining the library he presented the subject to them and gave them his views. He spoke frankly and forcibly throughout. He made it appear that he had made up his mind about the matter and was going to act accordingly, whether his Cabinet agreed with him or not. As he was about to reach the close of his remarks he went through the form of asking the advice of his Cabinet and wound up by saying:

"Gentlemen, what is your opinion on the subject?"

Nobody answered. Frelinghuysen looked at Brewster, Lincoln frowned inquiringly at Teller, Chandler wiped his eye-glasses and Gresham stroked his beard. Finally Folger, who had been quietly rubbing his chin in a corner of the room, returned to the table.

"That reminds me of a story," he said. Everybody looked up at him. "That reminds me of a story," repeated Judge Folger. "There was a man in my town once, whom I knew well, who had a collection of pictures of which he was very proud. He was a man of culture and means. He had traveled extensively in Europe. He considered himself a connoisseur of pictures and his collection, which it had taken him years of toil and labor to bring together, was the special object of his care and attention. He delighted in showing it to his acquaintances; in fact, on every possible occasion he invited their criticism of it. One day a friend called whose opinion about the collection he was particularly anxious to know. He had heard that his friend was considered an art critic of the first order. After dinner, then, he led him into the gallery. They passed from picture to picture, the host explaining the merit of each, the time and circumstances under which it was bought and so on. He considered this and that picture very fine; in fact, the whole collection. But he invited his friend to express openly and without reserve his opinion. 'Do you know,' he said, turning suddenly to his visitor, 'that man Brown was here the other day, and, would you believe it, he had the impudence, when I asked him what he thought of my pictures, to tell me they were mere daubs, not worth the canvass they were painted on, and to use similar expressions of appreciation. I felt like kicking him down those stairs and out of the house,' and mopping his excited brow, the host once more asked his visitor, 'Now, what do you think of my collection?"

Here Judge Folger stopped. The members of the Cabinet sat quiet and looked rather embarrassed for a few moments. The President colored slightly, but said nothing. Finally Frelinghuysen smiled in a careful and diplomatic manner; Brewster raised his frilled sleeve to brush the hat behind which he was concealing a horrid grin; Chandler's eyes twinkled with merriment through his glasses; Gresham's mouth twitched; Lincoln relaxed his stern and forbidding features and Teller ran his hand over his laughing countenance. The President joined good naturedly in the laugh at his own expense and the meeting broke up without further business having been transacted. The subject which the President had broached that day was never afterward alluded to at a Cabinet meeting.—*New York Tribune.*

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia. says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles free at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

The Cathedral in the city of Mexico is said to be the finest church building on this continent.

Mr. Douglas and the War for the Union.

New York Tribune.

Edward Larned, of Greenfield, Mass., at one time president of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, gives a new version of the famous Douglas incident of 1861. He was called to Washington by a telegram, from Douglas, sent immediately after the latter had heard of the firing on Fort Sumter. Douglas was sick with diptheria. His physician, his wife and a Catholic priest were there. As the doctor went away he said to Douglas: "Now, no talking or excitement, Senator," But he was no sooner gone than Douglas arose, dressed himself, and began reading to Larned, who had just arrived, a long and carefully written letter. He was discussing its points when a telegraph message was brought in. He read the message and immediately began to use emphatic language in denunciation of the telegraphic system, and the liberties it permitted to be taken with public men. Then he read the message aloud:

"Do you approve and sustain Lincoln's war policy? Missouri will not."

"I said," recounts Mr. Larned, "that I would not answer a dispatch, and he rejoined: 'This is the penalty for being a public man. It is from the editor of the leading paper in St. Louis. I cannot refuse an answer.'

"He wrote a reply, which he read to me. I will not attempt to repeat it. It was a politician's despatch.

"'I wouldn't send it, Senator,' I said. 'The entire Democratic party of the country is waiting to hear from Stephen A. Douglas. Your constituents in Illinois are resting secure in your ability to meet the emergency of the hour. But if you send that despatch the heart of every friend you have in the North will sink. It seems to me impossible that a man born in Vermont should vacilitate or be unsound on this great question.'

"Said he, 'I am as sound as any man in this country.'

"And I replied, 'Yes, Senator, but unfortunately, your despatch is not.' He protested again, and taking up the paper, read his despatch with a punctuation and emphasis that were sufficient to give it the true ring. But I told him plainly that the telegraph wires would not punctuate, or transmit the tones of his voice; but the words he had written might be twisted in a good many ways. I took the despatch and read it with my own emphasis, putting a contrary construction upon it.

"He said: 'That does sound d——d equivocal as you read it.'

"He tore it up and wrote another, which he read aloud. I burst out laughing, and, when he turned on me inquiring, explained that I was laughing at his ability to write a second despatch that was worse than the first. Then he said, somewhat petulantly: 'Well, I am ill; my head is perhaps not clear. Sit down here and write out what you would send.' I sat down and wrote these words:

"'I deprecate war. But if it must come, I am with my country and for my country under all circumstances and in every contingency. Individual policy must be subordinate to public safety.'

"He read it carefully, signed his name to it, and sent it away."

"That is the true history of Douglas' famous St. Louis despatch.

The Soldier's Joke.

We were lying in winter quarters, and had days and days of nothing to do. I did not play cards, but my tent-mate did. He also had three special friends who played, and their special place was in my tent. There they met day after day—in the afternoon, and in the evening until late at night. Our tent was built for permanent quarters. In one end was made a door eighteen inches wide by three feet high. On the opposite side was a fireplace built outside of small sticks, like stonework, and covered inside with clay mortar.

The boys, as usual, were at their cards. I took a friend into my counsels, and we procured a shell which had blown the load out without bursting. We fastened into this shell a long fuse. I then told my friend to go away a few rods to an empty dry goods box, and strike upon it so as to make it sound like the booming of a distant cannon. "Hark!" said one, "d'you hear that? That's from Lee's battery on the left. We may have other business than card playing by daylight."

Just then "boom!" went the old dry goods box, and instantly I dropped the shell, with the burning fuse, down the chimney. The shell fell upon the fire and rolled under the bunk on which the boys were sitting. "Tch—tch—tch" went the burning fuse. The boys thought it a message direct from Lee's battery. Two tried to jump through the door at the same time, and blocked up the narrow door so that neither was able to get out. A full evacuation of the tent was finally affected, and a retreat made—not, however, in good order. No one was killed; but the boys waited behind trees for more than thirty mortal minutes, momentarily expecting to see the tent blown to atoms. After awhile the heroes came together, and in the council of war they held on the field of fright it was decided that they had been the victims of fraud. But there was no more card-playing in my tent.

A Marvelous Millionaire.

Mr. Moses Fraley, the millionaire, is proud of his wife. She is a Mrs. Merdle to him, a living, walking and wondrous illustration of his power of money-getting and money-spending, and with each successive change of toilet, which occurs three, four and five times a day, he beams approval.

Though he seems unconscious of it, Mr. Fraley is regarded as more marvelous than even his wife's clothes, as the millionaire, who, but a short time ago bankrupt, paid his creditors dollar for dollar, though he chose to do it in his own peculiar way.

Soon after he failed, I am told, he sent to Chicago, where most of his creditors resided, asking that three of them be appointed a committee to visit St. Louis and come to terms of agreement. His request was complied with, and the three gentlemen chosen met Mr. Fraley at the Southern hotel, where he put them the unvarnished question:

"How much will you take on the dollar?"

After some debate and argument the gentlemen agreed to accept 50 per cent.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed their debtor, "50 cets; it is an impossibility; say 20, and I'll listen." More arguing followed, and without much avail, and finally, with a feeling that they were being "done by a little Jew," the sum of 30 cents on the dollar was accepted.

"It's settled, then, 30 cents on the dollar?" chuckled the sharp speculator.

"It is," mournfully echoed the Chicago conferers, thinking of their brethren in grief at home.

"Well, then," said Moses Fraley, having for his amusement indulged in the instincts of race, "I will show you I am an honest man. Fifty cents on the dollar you shall have to-day, and in thirty, sixty and ninety days the other fifty shall be paid in." And he kept his word, and made it honored. Since then, I am told, he has made $3,000,000 in grain speculations.

Daniel Webster's Son.

Col. Fletcher Webster, who is well remembered by many of our old citizens, was in many respects a remarkable man. Inheriting to a great extent the good as well as the reckless qualities of his distinguished father, Daniel Webster, he led a rather erratic life. He lacked the solid dignity of his "illustrious predecessor." "A chip of the old block" in many traits of character, he failed to reproduce the stately manner which so distinguished the parent. He was generous, chivalrous and impulsive, yet his temper was hot and his pugnacity almost uncontrollable.

Shortly after the war of the rebellion commenced he was appointed colonel of the Massachusetts Twelfth regiment, and proceeded to the front. At the second battle of Bull Run his regiment, and that of Col. S. H. Leonard of the Massachusetts Thirteenth, were engaged in the battle of Centreville, in which Col. Webster was killed. Col. Leonard states that in the early part of the day, before the engagement began, he visited the camp of Webster and found him standing before a tree, on which was fastened a small looking-glass, busily engaged in shaving himself. "It appears to me," remarked Leonard, "that you are sticking up a little." "Yes," replied Webster, "I expect to be killed this afternoon, and I wish to make a clean-looking corpse!" He was killed during the first part of the engagement.—*Boston Budget.*

A vegetable product used only in Ayer's Ague Cure, has proved itself a never failing remedy for all malarial disease. Warranted.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BOTH WERE WILLING.

"Come, Teddy," said she,
"And listen to me;
I've a little proposal to make;
Talking slang, as you know,
Is just now the go,
And the slangiest captures the cake.

"Now, I think that if we
Should together agree
That we wouldn't sling slang any more,
Every one of the rest
Would pull down his vest,
And would brace up as never before."

"O. K.!" replied Ted;
"Let's go right ahead,
And for penalty I propose this:
The first one that slips
Shall punish his* lips
By giving the other a kiss."

With a blush she replied:
"Kee-rect!" and he tried,
Of course the sweet forfeit to take;
She feigned to resist,
But he wouldn't desist,
Though she threatened the contract to break.

In the very next place
He, too, fell from grace
By declaring "his face he'd relax,"
She shyly advanced—
All around her she glanced—
And for punishment gave him—two smacks.

Well, the scheme was so good;
Try hard as they would,
The punishment urged them to crime,
For the fine was a treat
So deliciously sweet
That they both chattered slang all the time.

*Or, her. —*Somerville Journal.*

LOCKWOOD'S FATE

A Youth Who Knew How to Keep the Secret Intrusted to Him.

In the gloomy winter of 1779 General Putnam, with his army, was stationed in the quaint old town of Reading, Washington, wishing to support West Point in case of attack, and at the same time cover the country that skirted Long Island Sound, commanded the irascible old warrior to choose some place from which both purposes could be easily accomplished and then go into winter quarters. The town of Reading was thus favorably situated, and "Old Put" made his headquarters at the farm house of a patriot, Marvin by name, who was a cousin of the General. The venerable and mossy brown house has been for many years an object of historical interest by reason of this fact. It has stood almost unchanged, save that the rains and snows of a century have obliterated the vivid red which was its color once, excepting under the eaves of the long sloping roof, where dull patches of the tint remain.

One stormy afternoon in March, when the snow and sleet beat fast and furious against the little window panes, weaving thick curtains rapidly thereon, General Putnam sat at his rude table in the front room below. An ugly scowl indicated that he was greatly displeased, probably with the information that he gathered from the reports that he was busily examining. A young man of handsome features, and whose tall and sinewy figure was garbed in a uniform that was faded and sadly worn, stood listlessly at the window. He seemed to be idly waiting the pleasure of his commander, and he found nothing better to do than to look out upon the white-sheathed trees and dreary fields, and upon the rough huts of the soldiers, that stretched away to the edge of the forest. A few sentinels, battling with the storm with bended heads, and the heavily hanging smoke that issued from the roofs of the cabins were the only signs of life. The young man knew that within these huts were discontent and anger that were fast ripening into mutiny, because of the scanty clothing, poor and insufficient food, and long arrearages of pay.

The furious scratching of a quill pen at the General's table was interrupted by a sudden sharp, crackling sound, that indicated that the points had caught in a defect in the paper, and had thereby frescoed the sheet with blotches of ink. An impatient ejaculation, rounced off with a vigorous oath, confirmed the suspicion.

The young man turned to the General:

"Can I not help you now, sir?" he asked, scarcely able to restrain the smile that showed in his eyes, as he saw the great unconquered General overcome by so trivial a thing as the perversity of a quill pen.

"Yes, you can mend my pen and get a light."

"It grows dark early to-day, sir," said the young officer as he mended the pen.

"Not so dark here as it grows over in that camp. This discontent is getting very dark. It threatens mutiny, but I'll have none. I'll crush it, if I have to blow 'em to eternity."

"Do you think the discontent so threatening?" the officer asked.

"Threatening? Yes. It's getting terribly hot, and the worst of it is, the men have reason for it. I don't care so much about their pay; they'll get that some time; but their rations are bad and scarce, very scarce, Whitney, and some of these fellows are doing duty barefooted. It's a deuced disgrace. But they're my soldiers, and by Heaven this mutiny has got to stop. Why, the Connecticut brigade are proposing to march in a body to Hartford and get redress from the Assembly at the point of the bayonet. They ought to have it, too, but there'll be no mutiny here as long as I command these men."

Major Whitney lighted two tallow candles and placed them on the General's desk and was suggesting that he was ready for any further service, when the dull, quick resonance of hoofs upon the frozen earth was heard.

"Dispatches?" said Putnam, interrogatively.

"Yes," replied the young officer from the window, "and the bearer has ridden fast, for the horse steams from the flanks and nostrils."

"See that I have them, quick," said Putnam.

In a moment the dispatches were placed in the General's hands, and the bearer was bidden to shelter his horse and then find such comfort as there was in a big fire, a mug of hot rum, and something to eat, and he joyfully went his way, first to the barn, then to the kitchen.

The old warrior glanced at his messages, and then, with his sandy hair in disheveled fury falling over his eyes and upon his puffy cheeks, his long arms waving with passion, so that ill would it have been had they come in contact with anything, and with stampings that made the oak floor tremble, he foamed and choked, uttering the most emphatic oaths.

"The infernal British have been informed of this threatened mutiny, Whitney, and Washington himself sends me word that he has reason to think they contemplate a sudden attack on us, taking advantage of the discontent. Let 'em come, mutiny or no mutiny. I'll give 'em a skin full of lead. We haven't got much bread, but we've plenty of powder and ball, thank God!"

"Why, then, do you become so furious?" asked Whitney, who was such a firm friend of Putnam's that he feared not at times to check the outbursts of passion, senior member of his staff and secretary as he was.

"Furious! Why, don't you see that there's either a spy or traitor in this camp, who has been taking reports to the enemy in New York? I can fight every mother's son in King George's army in open field and fair fight, but I can't fight spies and deserting traitors."

Here Putnam seated himself with vicious energy at his desk, rapidly wrote a few lines, and then, handing the paper to Whitney, commanded him to see that the order was promulgated that evening. The young officer, as he copied it, saw that it instructed that all sentries should be doubled until further notice, that special pains be taken to apprehend spies or deserters and all suspicious persons, and announced that every deserter or spy would be shot or hanged on the finding of a drum-head court martial, and without an hour's delay.

For a half hour thereafter Putnam and Whitney examined such rough maps of the country as they had, and, with the quick inspiration of a true soldier, the General at the end of that time had, as he believed, fathomed the plans of the enemy.

"They'll come across from White Plains by the Danbury pike, Whitney. They can't get here inside of three days. If it wasn't for this incipient mutiny I'd go out and meet 'em. If I could only hold 'em off for a week I'd put down this trouble of ours and then whip the life out of these confounded red-coats."

"If I might suggest," said Whitney, deferentially, "might it not be a good plan to give them a dose of their own medicine?"

"What's that—bullets?"

"No. They seem to be fond of spies and deserters. Give them one."

"By thunder, that's worth thinking about. It shall be done. I'll give them a deserter who'll send them scurrying off over the Norwalk pike on a false scent, and that'll give me two or three days' more time. But," added Putnam, thoughtfully, "our man is away now, and I don't know another I can trust."

"Shall I try to find one?"

"Yes, but be discreet."

A gentle tap at the door seemingly needed no voice to reveal to Major Whitney who it was that thus begged entrance. He went quickly, and lifted the old brass latch. There on the threshold he beheld a slender, graceful figure, which dropped the quaint recoiling courtesy of the time. But though her body was thus bended, her head was erect, so that Whitney saw the flash of mirth in the brown and mischief-loving eyes, and in the arch, coquettish smile of the full though sensitive lips, upon which emotion vibrated with revealing touch.

"Ah!" said Whitney, returning the courtesy, "the enslaver comes for the hungry captives."

"Nonsense, Major Whitney. Hunger and pride are your only captors, and if one be so easily enslaved as you intimate, why, he has many captors. Therefore I will make no such pretension."

"O, ho!" came forth from the room in a gruff though not unkindly voice. "Is it the maid? Surely she brings, with her own, the fragrance of the kitchen. Come here, my girl."

She went with graceful step to Putnam, and took his great rough hand.

"Do you know, little missy," said he, "that I've a notion to put you on my staff. I've never had such a commissary. What have you been getting for me that tempts me to eat to-day?"

"Something you'll not leave untouched."

"Is it porridge? Come, now."

"Ah, General," said Whitney, "she'll not brave your wrath and her own reputation for kindliness by setting that before you. Have you no nostrils, sir?"

"Aye, but I've eyes now, and the maid is fair. I wish every one of those soldiers out there had a sweetheart like you, missy. There'd be no mutiny then. Come now, what more can the old General say? There's nothing like a sweetheart to spunk up a soldier."

"Then yours must have been a witching one, sir," said the girl. "But come; you know what I've got in the kitchen, and if you dally here they'll soon be like your own cannon balls."

"'Tis dumplings, Whitney, as I'm a rebel. Come here, missy, that I may give you a kiss to pay you," the General said.

"That is cheap payment," said she, archly. "Do you think because you've beaten the red-coats so often that a maid like me prizes such caresses? Humph! But here, your hair's awry, and you've been in a passion, for I did hear you stamping about and using such vigorous language that I put my hands to my ears."

With deft and delicate touch she arranged the warrior's tangled tawny locks, Whitney the while watching with admiring glances, and wondering whether he envied more the General's great fame and abilities, or the modest attention of this girl.

She led them to the table, where the snowy dumplings exuded fragrant steam that, mingled with the aroma of Medford rum, was most bewitching expectancy for the taste as it was exhilarating realization for the nostrils.

"Where is your father, missy?" said the General, as she laid a dumpling upon his plate.

"He's taking supper with General Poor and his officers to-night."

"Ha! ha!" roared Putnam. "Poor's feasting him on porridge while you are starving us on dumplings. By—ahem! By the powers, Whitney, I never ate such fine ones."

"No porridge at all has General Poor. For I placed a dozen or more dumplings in the milk pail, and, with a blanket over them to keep the steam within, sent them with my best compliments, and father has taken a gallon of rum, too," said the girl.

"You're a good and brave girl, missy, but the Lord help Poor and the rest of them if your father makes hot flip for them to-night. 'Tis well there's no business on hand. We know what Marvin's flip is, eh, Whitney?"

The young officer smiled, but as he cast his eyes upon the fair Mary Marvin it seemed as though there were for him greater potency and persuasiveness for intoxication in her glance than in the stiffest mug of flip he ever drank.

Putnam then paid little heed to his companion, for he ate as he did all else, with all his energy absorbed in the occupation at hand. At length, his meal being finished, he said to Whitney: "I wish, Major, that you could make some inquiries at once for this fellow of whom we spoke awhile ago."

Major Whitney glanced about with some abstraction of manner, as though he had already put his wits to work. Then happening to meet the searching and mischief-loving brown eyes that he had grown to regard as the choicest prize in the world for a young soldier, it occurred to him to speak to their owner.

"You know the lads hereabouts," he said, with sudden inspiration. "Is there one who knows the country below, who is brave enough even to be your lover, and therefore brave enough to penetrate the enemy's land?"

"There's no lad brave enough to be my lover, though peradventure worthier a better maid than I."

"Ha! ha! She has you there, Whitney. Bravery alone will not win you, missy. That is right. Bravery isn't such a great thing. It's the lack of it that makes men conspicuous. But, Mary, there's sense in Whitney's nonsense. Is there a brave young lad, with brains to back his bravery who knows this country well enough to take a message within the enemy's outposts? If you will name me such a one it will be well with him, and you, too."

She looked at him curiously for a moment, that she might determine how much of sincerity was concealed beneath this seeming jest.

"Are you trifling with me?" she asked.

"No, missy. There is serious business to be done, and, the Lord knows, I do not know where to look for the man to do it."

"Suppose I find him, will you do what I ask?"

"Aye, a dozen favors if you wish. Put your wits to it, and I'll warrant you'll find him. Here the General quitted the room.

"Tell me, sir, does the General mean it?" she asked Whitney, who was finishing his meal.

"You're too quick-witted not to perceive that he does."

"Is it a dangerous mission?"

"Yes."

"It would not be dangerous for a Tory?"

"It would not, of course. But, surely, you have some one on your mind, or you would not thus question me."

"I'm but curious." Then she added, "Twould help our army?"

"More than you can realize."

"And 'twould injure theirs?"

"We hope so."

Suddenly she broke into a merry laugh, and, when Whitney looked at her in some amazement at this change of manner, she said: "I think I know such a man as you desire. He will do it if I ask, and 'twill punish him a bit, and yet reward him greatly."

"Is he young and handsome?"

"What matters that?" she asked.

"Ah, I have it! 'Tis some fellow who has set his heart on you and you on him, or you would not show such spirit at my question."

"And if I have set my heart on a brave youth 'tis well with me these times, and if he has so considered me 'tis——"

"Far, far better. But this is a dangerous business. If 'tis really your lover, spare him."

"Do you think I'd have a lover who feared danger? But, whether you judge rightly or not, no harm can happen him I have in mind."

"Bid him, then, come to the General in the morning," said Whitney.

"No, he shall not; he can not. Give me your message and instructions, and I'll warrant they'll be carried out."

When the young officer informed the General of her purpose, the bluff old man to Whitney's surprise, seemed encouraged.

"'Tis the maid's way," said Putnam. "She has some fellow, no doubt, that she fancies with a maid's foolishness, and she trusts to win favor and promotion for him. She's a brave girl and a wise one, Whitney, and she has Putnam blood in her veins."

So the General briefly sketched his plan and instructions. The young fellow was to leave as soon as possible, make his way within the enemy's lines as a deserter, and when in their hands declare that Putnam was making preparations to quit Reading and retire to the Sound as speedily as he was able.

"Let her send her sweetheart on this chance, and, to make sure, find some one else to send on a similar errand."

By dawn of the next day Whitney had procured another trustworthy fellow and sent him on his mission, and had also given to the maid the instructions of the General. She demurely received her commission and promised faithfully to execute it.

When the darkness of that evening settled down upon them, Mistress Mary, having muffled her slender figure, sped by the sentinel, who knew her well, and made her way in the direction of the house of her pastor, Mr. Bloss, where, she said, she had made promise to spend an hour that evening. But when she came to the old pasture lot she darted quickly by the little path through the narrow ravine that led to the cleared space beyond, and in a moment went beneath a rough shed that had been erected as a rude shelter for cattle. As she stepped within a tall figure appeared from somewhere in the darkness by her side.

"Mary," it whispered.

"Robert," and the tall figure, bending over her, took her muffled head in both his palms, uplifted it, and kissed her.

"Robert, have you waited long, and are you all safe?" She put out her hand to touch his cloak, seemingly to assure herself.

"But a few moments. I feared the inclement weather or some chance might keep you."

"Keep me, Robert, when you have traveled all these miles, full ten at least, to meet me!"

"Ah, ten miles; twice ten would I come daily if I could but hear you say, 'My Robert!' and receive your sweet kiss of hope and trust."

For a few moments they chatted with the nervous haste of a hurried meeting, and then she said: "Robert, do you hear my good news? After this we need not meet in secret, for I have a way to rid us of all such annoyance hereafter. The General will permit you to come. I shall win his consent."

"Ah, little one, you will be more victorious than others have been if you get him to permit that," he replied.

"But I shall. Robert, is there not a Colonel Bliss of the British army encamped not far from your home?"

"There is."

"Then take this message that I have written and see that it is delivered to him. You pass in and out of their lines easily, do you not?"

"Yes. But what is this?" he said, doubtfully.

"Trust me, Robert. I can not tell you now. Do it for my sake, and come again, say Friday next. After that you will be free to come and go," she said.

"I trust you, Mary, though this is a mysterious thing."

"And, Robert, on no account reveal that you have seen me or received it from me."

"Is it so important as that?"

"For me, yes."

"Then I'll keep it secret with my life."

"Yes, do," she said, with a solemnity that impressed him greatly, though had he been able to see her eyes and smile he would have surmised there was no such great concern about it. Then she bade him go.

"You will wait for me Friday night?" he asked, and she replied yes.

A few moments later Mary was demurely chatting before the parson's fire, and an hour after she sent a message to her father that she should spend the night at the parsonage with Betsy Bloss, her only mate.

General Putnam and his young secretary were preparing to retire for the night, when a commotion without checked such preparations. There was a heavy knock, the trampling of feet, the sound of excited voices, and in a moment an officer with two soldiers and a tall, handsome civilian stood before the General.

The old warrior realized at once what such proceeding meant, but he calmly said:

"Who is this?"

"He was captured by the sentry," said the officer, "as he was leaving the pasture lot below, where he had been in consultation with another whose form the men dimly saw, but who escaped them. When captured, he, by a quick, unsuspected motion, thrust a bit of paper in his mouth and, though the men choked him, he swallowed it."

Putnam's face was like a thunder cloud, but he checked any other manifestation of his passion.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Robert Lockwood, of Ridgefield township."

"Have you any permit to be within my lines?"

He shook his head, and Whitney, who was watching him closely, was deeply impressed by the grace of his manner and the saddened expression that tempered his manly face.

"What were you doing here?"

"That I can not say, except that it was purely a private matter that brought me, with which neither you nor your army had anything to do?"

"Then why sneak here secretly at night?"

"Because you made that method the only possible way of getting here."

"I suppose you know what that means for you? Tell me, are you a patriot?"

"No," he said sadly. "I do not sympathize with you in rebellion against our King. I am a Royalist—a Tory, you call us—but I have been a man of peace ever since this war begun."

Then up rose General Putnam, setting free the mighty tempest of his wrath. His passion was terrible, and it seemed as though even in his fury he might strike down this man there. With oaths and imprecations he cursed him and all like him, until at length the prisoner said:

"Sir, you are to do with me as you will, but you are too brave a man to insult me."

"I will do nothing more but hang you. Hanged you shall be at sunrise to-morrow."

"Hanged! For what?"

"As a British spy found in my camp, and unable to explain his presence there."

Here Whitney said a few words in a low tone to the General.

"Yes, yes. That is so. See here. There was some one with you. Some of my men giving you information. That's the traitor I want. He gave you some message. Tell me who it was and I'll spare your life, and hang him before the whole army."

The prisoner's head dropped till his chin fell upon his bosom. But he said nothing.

"Come, be quick about it," roared Putnam.

"I have done no wrong. I am not guilty. But I can not tell you what you ask."

"Take him away. Whitney, see that my orders are carried out. Hang him at sunrise."

"Sir," pleaded the prisoner, "you are making a terrible mistake. Suspend your sentence for two days. Let me appeal to Washington, and you will find I have done no wrong."

Putnam's only answer was to eject the man with vigorous thrusts into the custody of the soldiers without.

At sunrise the next morning, while the air was warm with the first breath of spring, they led this prisoner forth to the gallows. Putnam himself was there, and commanded the condemned one to mount the ladder, full twenty rounds.

"Now jump, you spy!" roared the old warrior.

"No, General Putnam, I am innocent of the crime, but I will pray Heaven to forgive you and receive my spirit."

With drawn sword Putnam, raging with anger, commanded the soldiers to pull the ladder from under the condemned, and when they, impressed by the manly, sorrowful bearing of the man, hesitated, the old soldier rushed toward them with his sword. So they executed him.

At noon of that day Mistress Mary returned from her visit at the parsonage, and with blooming cheeks and exultant manner presented herself to Putnam.

"I have come, sir, for you to redeem your promise."

"My promise, missy, what was it?"

"Did you not say that if I found a lad to take your message within their lines you'd grant my request?"

"In truth I did."

"Well, I have fulfilled my part."

"When, missy?"

"Last night."

"And who was the lad?"

"A brave young man," she said, demurely.

"And you met him slyly, that you might take all the credit of this thing yourself?"

"No; but because you would have been furious had you seen him, for he is a Royalist. You perceive, General, that thus I punished him for abiding by the King, by making him take a message whose contents he did not know into their lines; and now I will reward him with your favor."

"You're a brave girl, missy, and, by the powers, your little trick deserves reward. What is it you want?"

"That you give a permit to Robert Lockwood to pass in and out of your lines at pleasure. He will not betray you, General. He will make me happy by coming."

Here Major Whitney, with grave face, spoke: "Mistress Mary, call upon us in a half hour; at this moment the General is busy."

She looked at him wonderingly, for this was an unusual request, but she went away.

"What is the matter, Whitney?"

"Sir, did you hear the name?"

"It escaped me."

"Robert Lockwood!"

"What of that?"

"General, you hanged Robert Lockwood this morning as a spy, when 'twas her message he had, and 'twas to visit her he came in secret, because of your command respecting the Royalists," the officer replied.

"My missy's lover?" The rough old General moaned. "He seemed a brave fellow, too, Whitney. My God, 'twill kill the girl." And the old man's passion was as nothing to the agony which Whitney now saw he suffered.

"My little missy, my little missy, your innocent mischief has killed your lover." He moaned and moaned this over and over again with a piteous wailing. "What shall I do, Whitney? I love that girl as my own."

"Give her the permit and keep her in ignorance of what has happened."

It was small comfort, but it was all that was possible, Putnam, with infinite tenderness, gave the girl the permit, kissing her, and then rushing from her presence, shut himself into his little bedroom for an hour. When he emerged he was quieted, but he never spoke of the affair again.

With exultant heart Mary went to the trysting place to meet her lover. But he came not, and when a few weeks after the army went away, no enemy having attacked, Putnam, as he bade her good-by, seemed to have been stabbed to the heart by the sad, reproachful look that went from her eyes to him. But she said nothing, and Putnam never knew whether she learned why she so wearily waited.

After the war was over Major Whitney sought the fair maid's hand, but she answered him gently: "No, Major Whitney, I am waiting for Robert to come back."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHY HE FAILED.

A Kentucky Teuton Who Mistook Emotion for Stuttering.

"Mr. Yager," said the young man, "I come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"Der 'handt' fon mein tochter. Fur why you say der 'handt' fon mein tochter? You dinks Katrina only vone handt got? You vas peen a fool. Katrina got dwo handts."

"Well—yes—excuse me. I—I—I of course mean two hands."

"'I—I—I!' You peen a schtutter feller, eh? I no schtutter feller in mein family vant. I dinks it vas petter ouf you gone home und learn dot schtutter pisness schtop."

"Excuse me, please; but——"

"Dere don'd vas no oxuse fur dot schtutter pisness. Ouf dot Gott make you dot vay, you don'd gan'd hellup it, dot vas so; aber it vas petter ouf you don'd got marriedt und don't no schillern haf. How you dinks dot look out you a house full schtutter schillern got, goin' all der time 'I—I—I?' I purdy near got schtutter meinsellef dalkin' mit you. Go vay mit yourselluf."

And the young man then went away with himself in great sadness.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—A stately naval official, glorying in the glittering trappings of his place, jumps onto the front platform of a Charleston car. The abstracted leather merchant, without taking his eyes from the quotations of the evening paper, but seeing by a quick corner glance that a man with brass buttons stands beside him, mechanically pulls a nickel from his pocket and shoves it under the upturned nose of the haughty and horrified patrolman of the seas. "Huh!" snaps the oceanic policeman. The leather merchant's eyes are taken from the figures and turned to his companion. The former indulges in a mild "Oh!" and the latter gives him his back to size up.—*Boston Globe.*

—The Italian coral fisheries employ 4,200 fishermen, who annually secure 56,000 kilograms of coral, valued at $840,000. The manufacture of this coral into beads and crosses, in which form it finds its way to every part of the world, adds millions every year to the wealth of the Italian people.

A BRIGHT LIGHT DIMMED.

Why Eli Perkins Became an Inmate of a Lunatic Asylum.

What ruined me and got me into an Idiot Asylum was this: I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long cross-examinations were brainless dialogues for no purpose. But ever since Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case I have had a better opinion of the lawyer's skill. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and commenced examining me.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," he began, "how much wood do you say was cut by Mr. Hall?"

"Just ten cords, sir," I answered, boldly. "I measured it."

"That's your impression?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury—f-a-c-t-s, sir, facts!"

"The witness will please state facts hereafter," said the Judge, while the crimson came to my face.

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, pointing his finger at me, "will you swear that it was more than nine cords?"

"Yes sir. It was ten cords—just——"

"There! never mind," interrupted Johnson.

"Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?"

"Two cords, sir."

"How do you know there were just two cords less, sir? Did you measure these two cords, sir?" asked Johnson, savagely.

"No sir, I——"

"There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected. All guess-work. Now didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood?"

"Yes sir, but——"

"Stop, sir! The jury will note this discrepancy."

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, slowly, as he pointed his finger almost down my throat, "Now, sir, on your oath, will you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, meekly.

"Well now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer—a truthful answer, sir: How much wood was there?"

"T—T—Ten c-c cords," I answered, hesitatingly.

"You swear it?"

"I—I—d—d—do."

"Now," continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, "do you know the penalty of perjury, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I think——"

"On your oath, on your s-o-l-e-m-n oath, with no evasion, are you willing to perjure yourself by solemnly swearing there were more than nine cords of wood?"

"Yes, sir, I——"

"Aha! Yes, sir. You *are* willing to perjure yourself then? Just as I thought (turning to the Judge); you see, your Honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such testimony as this." The jury nodded assent and smiled sarcastically at me.

"Now," said Johnson, "I will ask this perjured witness just one more question."

"I ask you, sir—do you know—do you realize, sir, what an awful—a-w-f-u-l thing it is to tell a lie?"

"Yes, sir," I said, my voice trembling.

"And, knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath that there were about nine cords of wood?"

"No, sir, I don't do anything of——"

"Hold on, sir! Now how do you know there were just nine cords?"

"I don't know *any such thing*, sir! I——"

"Aha! you don't know then? Just as I expected. And yet you swore you *did* know. Swore you measured it. Infamous! Gentlemen of the Jury, what shall we do with this perjurer?"

"But I——"

"Not a word, sir.—hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer!—

"Call the next witness!"

This is why I am now keeping books in a Lunatic Asylum.—*Eli Perkins.*

A New Kind of Bank Note.

An entirely new kind of bank note, printed in colors instead of the black and white of the Bank of England notes, is being prepared for issue by the Bank of Scotland. The promise to pay in the body of the note is surrounded on two of its sides by a broad ornamental band, and on the other two sides by a border in which the value of the note is printed a great number of times. On one border the seal and counter seal of King William II. of Scotland are printed in brown on a yellow ground, and between them are the royal arms on a blue ground. On the upper border are the arms of the bank in brown on a yellow ground, with the date of the establishment of the bank, 1695. The chief novelty of the new note is in its colors, which will, of course, make reproduction by photography impossible, and it is believed will prevent forgery. The paper on which the new note is printed is made by the same firm as produces the Bank of England note paper.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Mannerism.

"Billings ought to be ashamed of himself," said Alf Rainey.

"Why?" Spellers asked.

"He knocked me down."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did."

"What for?"

"Because I disputed his word."

"Was that the only cause?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say something else?"

"Not a word."

"Perhaps he did not like your manner."

"May be he did find fault with my manner-isms."

"What did you say?"

"Told him that he was a blamed liar."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Cheese, when excessively acid, is likely to produce alarming gastro-intestinal irritation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HUDSON, N. Y.

A City Which Is to all Intents and Purposes a Rhode Island Colony.

It is not generally known that the city of Hudson, New York, was founded by a colony consisting of several respected residents of Providence, belonging to families still deservedly prominent in our local history. The two most active in the work of settlement, about 100 years ago, were Thomas and Seth Jenkins, and the object of the voluntary exile, as we learn from an interesting contribution in the Hudson *Register*, was to seek a site for commercial purposes on the North, or Hudson River. A granddaughter of Seth Jenkins, now dead, has left a letter, in which she states:

"While visiting Nantucket some years ago, I found an old paper among the archives of that city, giving this account of the pioneer enterprise to Hudson: Seth and Thomas Jenkins, of Nantucket, sailed from Providence to New York to find a place of settlement on the Hudson River.' On their arrival at the City of New York they called upon Colonel Rutgers, an old friend of my grandfather, to whom they unfolded their plans, whereupon Colonel Rutgers proposed that they should buy his farm. They talked over the matter, and finally concluded to make him an offer, which they did. After some day's negotiation they came within $200 of striking a bargain, but at this point, no concessions being made on either side (both were obstinate), and as neither would yield further, the trade fell through, and they started up the Hudson, reconnoitering all the way up until they came to Claverack Landing, where they finally purchased and settled."

The two merchants appear to have scanned the ground carefully and taken note as to where on the river they could find the most advantageous site for commerce. They foresaw, with a sagacity not frequent in that day and generation, that in the vicinity of New York would center the traffic of the continent and that the wharves of the East would in time be deserted for the superior facilities offered by the great river which made Manhattan an island. It was not by any chance that they settled upon the site of Hudson. According to Winterbotham's history, they found the stream up to that spot navigable for vessels of any size, and perhaps they dreamed that they were founding a city that would attract the commerce of Europe and of the Indies. Their dream, if such it was, has not been realized; but Providence has no reason to be ashamed of her thrifty and flourishing colony which constituted one of the most substantial communities in the Empire State of New York.

The mayoralty of the new city, which was incorporated in 1785, was held for many years in the Jenkins family. Seth held the office until his death, in 1793, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas, who also held the position until his death—consecutively for fifteen years. Robert Jenkins, son of Seth, succeeded Thomas, and, with a lapse of two years, was Mayor until his death in 1819. Like their kinsmen in Rhode Island, they embarked early in domestic manufactures, Robert, and his brother Seth and John F. Jenkins establishing the first manufactory of cotton fabrics in the State of New York, at Columbiaville. They also owned vessels which carried their goods to the principal markets. Under the enterprising direction of the Jenkins family, Hudson rapidly grew in prosperity, until it became the third city in the State. While it has since been outstripped by some other municipalities, it has never lost the sound and solid character impressed by its founders.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

HER LITTLE MAN.

The Nearest Approach to Heaven the Love of an Honest, Faithful Heart.

"Here comes my Little man." The voice sounded pleasantly on my ear, and I turned to look at the speaker. She was a ruddy cheeked woman of some forty years, plainly but neatly dressed; a clean, comfortable looking body. She was standing at the garden gate of a small house, and the words spoken were not spoken to any visible person. I then looked ahead, and lo and behold! her little man was approaching. He was a little, feeble looking body, rather shabbily dressed, with a little round red nose and little twinkling eyes. I should put him down as a clerk with a by no means gigantic salary. There was nothing romantic or particularly lovable in his appearance, but at the moment the face of the woman was beautiful to look upon by reason of the pleasant and strong affection that beamed from it. "Her little man." He ought to have been proud of it, and I dare say he was.

It is good to be somebody's little man, or big man, if you like that better—to feel that your heart is filled, and not empty and withering for want of the glory of the warmth and light of true love. If, as many of the poets have sung, the nearest approach to heaven is true and honest love of one dearer than all, love that never wavers and is returned in all its satisfying fullness, what a long way from Heaven must an old bachelor be, with his heart full of nothing but missing shirt buttons, smoky club rooms, cheerless lodgings and vixenish landladies.

We laugh at the pictures of those old bachelors sewing on buttons and making their own gruel, but some of these pictures darken into a very somber background, as the weary and uncared for old fellows gradually drop into petulant decay.

Nobody's little men. I know some of them by sight. Day after day they may be seen wearily plodding through the same streets, with the same pipe and the same umbrella, and the same look of grim dissatisfaction on their faces. Deeper down dip the corners of their mouths, higher up go their shoulders and thinner grow their noses and cheeks. They go home and there's never a kindly soul with a pleasant smile or kiss or word of love. Nobody's little man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is not the sole aim of people in this world to endeavor by hook or crook to place each other under the yoke, and it is no excuse for the grabber and jobber of to-day to say that his exploits may be equaled or surpassed by somebody else in the future.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

POLLY'S QUIET FOURTH.

Did ever you hear of Miss Polly Shannon
Who nearly goes mad at the sight of a cannon?
Just outside of Bristol she lives all alone,
And hasn't so much as a cat of her own?
While dreading the thought of the Fourth of July,
She said to herself: "I shall certainly fly!"
Then suddenly there popped in her head the way
Most serenely to spend our National day.

At evening, she plugged all the key-holes with wax,
And over each window hung blankets from tacks,
Then, filling her ears full of pink cotton-batting,
She tied on her night-cap, all ruffles and tatting,
And said to herself: "Now we'll see if that cannon
At four in the morning will rouse Polly Shannon!"

The Mayor of Bristol however was sick,
And even so low as to mind the clock's tick,
And, therefore, the Council made haste to proclaim,
By means of great posters, in letters of flame:
"Because of His Honor the Mayor's condition,
Pronounced very critical by the physician,
To-morrow no cracker, gun, cannon, or pistol
Shall once be shot off in the city of Bristol,
Police are instructed, and will, without fail,
Most promptly remand all offenders to jail."

Just think of the grief of those poor Bristol boys
When reading this placard which vetoed their joys!
But Polly slept sweetly, for no thunderous roar
Of cannon terrific awoke her at four!
'Twas late when she rose, with supreme satisfaction
Preparing herself for a day of inaction,
For how could she work—the house dark as a pocket,
And mercury going 'way up like a rocket?
But when perspiration meant peace and protection,
She felt she could stand it with little objection.

So all the day long in the darkness and heat
She sweltered and worried, while outside the sweet,
Ripe fragrance of summer pervaded the air,
The birds gave their concerts, all nature was fair,
While never a gun, a torpedo, nor pistol,
The ghost of a sound woke in solemn old Bristol!

The next morning came. With a sense of release,
Which filled her whole soul with contentment and peace,
She tossed wax and cotton far out of sight,
Threw wide doors and windows, and gazed with delight!
Her neighbor, Dick Jones, came and lounged on her gate:
"Good mornin'! How are ye? You're up rather late.
I thought you was sick, 'twas so sort o' shut up!"
Too bad on the boys thet 'are bill they put up!"
"What bill?" "Ain't you heard? Thet's why 'twas so still!
They put off the Fourth 'cause the Mayor's so ill."
"And didn't they shoot off the cannon at all?"
Cried Polly amazed. "Not a gun, great or small;
There ain't been a day, as I know on, this year
So dead level still as 'twas yesterday here!"

Miss Polly said only: "Well, there! I declare!"
Then slammed-to the door, and dropped into a chair.
With look very sheepish, and manner less curt,
She thought: "After this I won't cry till I'm hurt."

—*Fannie E. Newberry, in Wide Awake.*

THE SPIDERS' ENEMY.

How It Builds Its Houses, and the Disposition It Makes of Its Victims.

"What a beautiful spider, Cousin Allie!" exclaimed Katie; and then she added, with a face full of amazement; "why, where has it gone?"

"As you turned to draw my attention to it, dear, an enemy came and took him away," answered Cousin Allie.

"An enemy?" said Katie, with a puzzled look that made three lines right down the middle of her forehead; "have spiders enemies?"

"Yes, a great many, not only of their own kind, for they are cannibals and eat one another, but men, and birds, and other insects also."

"Which is their worst enemy, Cousin Allie?"

"From all that I have observed I should say that the enemy the spider fears the most is a little insect that people who are very wise about such things say belongs to the genus Sphex, and in talking or writing of it they always give it its hard scientific name of Sphex Sabulosia Lin. But I shall depart from this rule, and call the spider's enemy by its every-day name of Dirt-dobber, because I know you will then understand of what I am speaking."

"Please go on," said Katie, as Allie paused.

"First let us walk down to the pond and see if we can not find out something there about our dirt-dobbers," answered Allie, gayly.

After a few moments' watching from among the reeds Allie pointed to a dirt-dobber who had just alighted on the wet bank. After settling herself, the dirt-dobber took a piece of earth with her feelers, or hands, and rolled it into a small ball no larger than a pea, but quite as smooth and round. Taking this ball between her jaws, she flew away with it.

"Now," said Allie, "if you will come up to the garret with me I will show you what the dirt-dobber does with those little round balls, my dear."

"Allie, it will sting us!" cried Katie, drawing back as her cousin bade her sit down upon a pile of cotton seed that lay just opposite to, and very near, a dirt-dobber's nest.

"No, no, Katie, they do not sting. I have had them in my hand. Wait a moment or so, and the owner of this tiny dirt house will commence work. She is afraid of us, but her fear will be over as soon as she sees that we are not going to harm her." After several uneasy flights in and out of the window, near which the nest was, the dirt-dobber decided to go to her home, one cell of which was already finished and sealed up. Her first act was to crawl carefully over the finished cell, as if to assure herself that it had received no crack or injury during her absence; then she began work on another cell by laying the ball of earth close to the side of the closed one, and then with her feelers, or hands, spreading the earth out and molding it into the proper shape, making a sharp, buzzing noise as she did so. Having worked up all of the dirt she had brought, the dirt-dobber flew down upon the window-sill and carefully washed her feelers by putting them into her mouth and then rubbing them together. This she did every time before going for a fresh supply of earth. After two days' constant work the cell was finished. It was perfectly smooth and round inside, and quite dark.

The third morning found Allie and Katie at their post in good time to see Mrs. Dirt-dobber begin her work. Indeed, Katie began to fear that something had happened to her, when she flew in heavily laden with a spider half as large as herself. This she carefully stuffed into the very back of the cell, and, after washing her hands, was off once more.

"Allie, how does she catch the spiders without them stinging her?" asked Katie.

"Very easily, my dear. When the cell is ready for the spiders she flies into the woods or down on the marsh, and as soon as she sees one lying in or near its web, ready to jump upon the first luckless fly that attempts to rest on its net, she says to herself: 'Ah, you will do,' and pounces down upon the spider before he can say 'Good gracious! what's the matter?' catching him by the back of the head or neck, buzzing very loud. As she does so she flies away with her victim, and by the time she reaches her house the spider is stiff and dead. Sometimes I have seen the spider show fight, but generally the dirt-dobber is too quick to give him a chance.

"How many spiders does she put in one cell, Cousin Allie?"

"I have found from six to ten. It depends, I think, upon the size of the spiders."

"When it's full of spiders what does the dirt-dobber do?"

"She then deposits a tiny egg, that looks almost like a wee, wee worm. I have read that the egg is laid in the body of the dead spider, but this spring I have examined some thirty or forty nests almost as soon as they were closed up, and in all cases I have found the egg on, not in, the spider."

"What does she do when the egg is laid, Allie?"

"As soon as the egg is laid she goes to work and seals the cell up air-tight with dirt, and then begins a new one."

"But what becomes of the egg and the spiders, shut up in that dark hole?" asked Katie.

"Out of the egg comes a tiny worm, scarcely so large as a rose thorn, and it begins and eats the spiders up."

"Oh, dear! it will starve when the last spider's gone," exclaimed Katie.

"No, it will not, for as soon as it has eaten all of the spiders it weaves out of its body a silk white sheet, and, rolling it all about itself, goes to sleep for about two months; at the end of which time the ugly white worm has become a beautiful dirt-dobber, with wings and legs and feelers and eyes, and a body like, but far more graceful, than a wasp's."

"But it is still in the dark prison?" said Katie.

"Yes."

"And still rolled up in the sheet?"

"Still rolled up, but the silky sheet has changed, too; it is now a thin brown shell, very brittle and easily broken."

"How does the dirt-dobber get out of his prison, Cousin Allie?"

"By boring a round hole through the wall of his cell."

"Did you ever see one come out, Allie?"

"Oh, yes. Only a few weeks since. I had taken a nest down, so that I could look at it more closely, and about eleven o'clock that night I heard such a buzzing in one cell that it startled me. Ten minutes after the buzzing began, a bit of round earth fell from the upper side of the cell and out crawled the dirt-dobber. It was very unsteady on its legs at first, and its wings seemed damp and stiff for awhile, but in a few minutes I had to put him inside of the net, because he would insist upon flying on the hot lamp chimney. The next morning, when I opened the window, no one who had seen it come out of the little dark cell would ever have believed that it was a brand-new dirt-dobber, to see with what an at-home air he flew away into the sunshine and the great outside world."

"Does the nest have to be air-tight, Cousin Allie?" asked Katie, as she watched the dirt-dobber sealing up a cell.

"I think it does, for I have noticed that if the nest gets cracked, the dirt-dobber stops all other work and patches every crack carefully; but it is not often that even after all this trouble the worms come to life. I have examined several of these mended nests, and nearly always found the worms dead. I have also noticed two other species of dirt-dobbers, besides this one that we have watched," continued Allie, "but there is not very much difference in their habits, although some in their looks. You see this one is black and hairy, and builds its nest in the cells lying side by side."

"Real one-story houses," said Katie.

"Yes, that illustrates my meaning very well. Besides these, there are the more common kind, with the yellow legs and handsome body, which build their cells one on top of the other, sometimes having three layers."

"Three-story houses, you should say, Allie."

"Very well, dear. The third kind are black and slender. If they can not find a suitable hole they build a rough three-storied house of dirt, but close it up with a fine white sunstance, which I think they make from their saliva, but of that I am not sure. This kind seems to use only a small round black spider, with scarlet dots on it, as food for their young; while the other dirt-dobbers use any kind of small wood or house spider that they can find."

"Do they live on spiders only?"

"No, they make a rough honey, but they never store it away as the bees do."

"What becomes of them in the winter, Allie?"

"They hide in cracks and crannies, lying torpid until Spring comes, when such as have escaped the frost and cold come forth to build houses which they never live in themselves."—*Lillie E. Barr, in Christian Union.*

—America may be a little tardy in building pedestals for monuments, but when it comes to going out to the front gate and shooting off guns of welcome she is always on hand.—*Chicago News.*

—People seldom improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Baltimore street vender invites the liberal patronage of passers by with a sign on which is inscribed the feeling invitation: "Kum buy or Ile bust."—*Baltimore American.*

—"If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it!" laments a Texas editor. He could, if he only understood fishing as well as he does lying.—*Chicago Daily Business.*

—The actual number of persons engaged in agriculture in the United States, including their families, is placed at 25,000,000, an increase of 3,000,000 since the last census.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—During the American civil war five hundred horses were destroyed or rendered useless for every twenty-four hours. The Confederate army was crippled for want of horses, while the Northern army was able to secure its supply from the Dominion of Canada.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The little town of Lafayette, Chambers County, Ala., is taking on airs. A horn is blown at six o'clock in the afternoon as a signal for the closing of stores, and a few minutes thereafter scarcely a soul is seen on the streets. The boys play base-ball from six o'clock until dark.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

—The London *Truth* gives the following original observations on astronomy from a sermon of a Welsh curate preaching to an English congregation: "A starr is but a l'dl dot in the skyee. Saw many starrs mek one plannat. Saw many plannats mek a constelesshon. Saw many constellesshons mek one milkee we. Six milkee wes mek one rorriborriallis."

—The Austrian Government has refused to authorize the establishment of private cremation societies, on the ground that they might encourage crime. The decree states that murders are often detected by the exhumation of bodies, and that, even if bodies were to be examined before cremation, there would be no time to apply in every case those delicate chemical tests which are used where poisoning is suspected.

—It is related of a distinguished lawyer who observed that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, being loath to lose so much precious time daily, he commenced the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while he was thus kept waiting. The result was at the end of fifteen years a book in three volumes quarto, which has met with a large sale and is much needed.—*Tidbits.*

—The hedge-hog is very fond of fruit, and adopts a curious way to obtain it. It is known that they often climb walls and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The first of the five-inch breech-loading rifle guns built at the Washington Navy Yard for the new steel cruisers was recently tested at Annapolis with powder invented and manufactured by a prominent American powder maker. This gun, designed by the Naval Ordnance Bureau and built of American steel, developed an initial velocity of over 1,900 feet a second, with a pressure of only twelve and a half tons per square inch, which is better than has been done by any other gun of its size.—*Washington Post.*

—An almanac three thousand years old, found in Egypt, is in the British Museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian, who had doubtless regarded it with as much reverence as he did the Egyptian Bible —"The Book of the Dead"—and, indeed, it is strongly religious in character. The days are written in red ink, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian manuscripts, it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns.

—If walking alone is adopted as the means to counteract the effect of too much sitting, then care should be taken that system enters into the walk. A slow, desultory sort of walk is of no earthly use; it simply tires one without any beneficial result. The walking should be brisk, with the head up and the chest thrown forward. The breathing should be regular and as free as the swing of the limbs. The distance is optional, of course, but two miles ought to be no task for the man who wants to improve his health. The distance can be increased as the pedestrian begins to feel the benefit of the walking.—*N. Y. Star.*

—It is a singular fact that the population of France is decreasing instead of increasing. The mortality among infants belonging to the poorer classes is appalling. So, also, is the death rate among the orphans or foundlings left to the charge of the communes, who are placed out to nurse, and drop out of life in large numbers during the first year of their existence. This can hardly be wondered at when babies in the first year of their existence are paid for at the rate of only six to fifteen francs a month, and of this sum of from four to ten sous a day the nurse is supposed to lodge, feed and care for the child.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pride of Character.

"Register and I'll accommodate you, sir," said the keeper of a one-horse hotel in a wayside place to a traveler from the city as he applied for a room.

"Never mind that. I'll pay in advance."

"But you must register."

"No, I'll be sizzed if I do."

"Why not, sir?"

"Some friend of mine might happen this way some day, and I wouldn't have anybody that knew me find out I'd ever degraded my manhood by stopping at such a confounded beastly place as this for a thousand dollars, sir. No, sir; money wouldn't induce me to take such an awful risk, sir. I'm poor, but gad, sir, I've got a little pride of character for all that."—*Chicago Ledger.*

GREAT GAMES OF CHESS.

A Caliph Who Played While His Enemy Assaulted His City—A Civil War Which Owed Its Origin to a Game of Chess.

In the history of the Saracens, it is said that when Al Amin, the caliph of Bagdad, was besieged in his city by his hereditary enemy, Al Murum, he was engaged in a game of chess with his freedman and attendant, Kuthan. The enemy was advancing in tremendous force upon the city gates. Terror-stricken, the courtiers rushed in to warn the caliph of his danger, but he would pay no attention to them. "Let me alone," he said, "I see a checkmate against Kuthan." This ruler was so devoted to chess that he had his kingdom searched for all the good players, and had them brought to his palace, where, whatever their rank, he made them friends, and heaped gifts upon them. Among these was the slave Kuthan, who became the caliph's favorite antagonist in the game. The case of Al Amin furnishes a by no means singular instance of the absorption of interest possible in this fascinating game. King John was at chess when the deputation at Rouen came to tell him that Philip Augustus had besieged the city, but he refused to give them an audience until the game was done. Charles I. was engaged in playing chess when the news was brought to him that the Scots were going to sell him into the hands of the English, and manifested no interest whatever in the intelligence until his game was finished. So, too, John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, when imprisoned in 1547, was beguiling the time by playing chess with a fellow-captive at the moment when a messenger came to tell him that the Emperor had sentenced him to be beheaded before Whittenberg. He betrayed no agitation at the news, but proceeded with the game, and expressed the heartiest satisfaction at the close over the fact that he had beaten his opponent. The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subjects for his safety. Oriental chess is of two kinds, Chinese and Indian chess. The Chinese game is played generally in eastern Asia; but in India and the adjacent islands, and, with some slight modifications, all over the civilized world, Indian chess is played. The bishop is the elephant in India, the castle the boat, and the queen the minister; otherwise the pieces are identical with those known to us. There is a chess school in India with its salaried professors, and success in the game is held in very high regard. Monesh Ghutuck, it was said, could play a fabulous number of games when lying on the ground with his eyes closed. The complications of the game called the Indian problem are known all over the Occident as among the most difficult ever devised. The Chinese chess-board has sixty-four squares and a broad strip called the River Ho across the middle. The castle is known to them as the war-chariot, the bishop as the elephant, the knight as the horse, and for the king and queen they have a general and two officers. They have but five soldiers or pawns, and two cannon, the latter being able to move over the heads of the others. The general, cannon and chariot can not pass the river. The Persians call chess Timour's game, because of the favor in which it was held by Timerlane, the great Tartar ruler who lived in the fifteenth century. This king found the game so easy that he introduced additional men and moves to complicate it. This was the origin of what is known as great chess in Persia, in contradistinction from little chess, the common game. This is played on a board with 110 squares and fifty-six men. A Persian emperor is said to have called one of his sons Sehahrohk because at the moment he received the intelligence of the infant's birth he was playing chess, and had just given check with his rohk (castle) to his adversary's king (sehah.) Kings and potentates have usually delighted in chess. Charlemange delighted in the game. So did King Canute or (Knut) the Dane. Ivan the Terrible, of Russia, died in 1584 of an apoplectic fit, caused by rage at a checkmate received from a subject. Queen Elizabeth was very fond of chess. So was Napoleon I. He opened his games badly, his biographer assures us, but when warmed up to the game he made some very brilliant moves. At St. Helena he played daily, going over on the board the battles that he had fought, and more than once declared that he ought to have won at Waterloo. Louis XII. of France was so fond of chess that he played it in his carriage.

Casimir II., King of Poland, in the twelfth century, prohibited the playing of chess in his dominions. A similar law was enacted by the Turkish Caliph Hakim, in the year 1025, punishing with the bastinado all who disregarded it. Louis IX. of France (St. Louis) forbade the playing of chess at court under the penalty of a fine, and Edward IV. of England had a law enacted strictly prohibiting chess throughout the kingdom. James I. detested the game. The Knights Templar abhorred chess, and so did St. Bernard, and very many other church dignitaries, but this was probably for the same reason that Montaigne gave, that he hated chess because it fascinated him so.

A civil war in France owed its origin to a game of chess. Regnault, a nephew of Charlemagne, and Berthelot, a knight of the court, had a quarrel while at the game. Berthelot struck his opponent in his anger, whereupon Regnault lifted the chess-board, which, as the story goes, was of solid gold, and struck him dead. A factional war of several years followed, which involved half the kingdom.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—The Yuma tribe of Indians, in California, has decreased from 6,000 souls to 1,500 since their contact with the whites. Yuma understand from this that they do not take kindly to civilization.—*Norristown Herald.*

KEEPING MUM.

Curious Speculations on the Origin of the Common Phrase.

In the fifty-third chapter of "Don Quixote" the Barber says: "Por mi, doy la palabra bara delante de Dios de no decir laque veuftra merced dixere a rey no a roque." Literally: "As for me, I give my word before God not to tell what your Worship shall tell me to king nor to rook," which latter clause is a Spanish phrase meaning nobody. Shelton, the first English translator, in 1652, has rendered it, "neither to king nor to kaiser" (emperor).

The French translators say, "a roi ni a roc." The Dutch have rendered it, "I shall tell it to neither cat nor king." Yet none, not even Cervantes himself, quoted the proverb correctly, which should be rendered, "Before God and your Worship, I'll tell neither king, knight or rooks."

I ascribe its origin to Sacchetti's pleasant novel of the Curate of Valdipea, who often played at chess with a gentleman of his neighborhood whom he used to checkmate five times out of six, notwithstanding which the gentleman would not only allow it, but often boasted of his score with the curate. One day it happened that the curate checkmated him in the middle of the chess board with nothing but a knight and two rooks. This the gentleman, ashamed and displeased, would not allow, which the curate perceiving, ran to the bells, which he began to ring. The peasants, hearing the alarm ran toward him in crowds and wanted to know what was the matter. Said the curate to them, "I want you to see and bear witness that I have given him checkmate in the middle of the board with a knight and two rooks!" The clowns began to laugh, saying, "Master curate, you make us lose our time," and went away. This the curate repeated so often that the peasants at last paid no attention to the ringing of the alarm bell. At length the curate's house took fire and the peasants, hearing the bell, said one to another, "The curate is again playing chess; let him ring; he had better mind his prayers." And so the house burned down. The next day the peasants apologized, saying, "We thought you were playing at chess;" to which the curate answered, "I was playing at chess with the fire, which has given me checkmate and ruined me."

From this incident, doubtless, arose the common proverb, "Non e tempo da giuocar a scacchi quando la casa brussia;" or in English, "It is a time to leave off chess when a man's house is on fire."

The former proverb must have had its origin in the exclamation of the defeated friend of the curate: "Explain the secret of mating in the middle of the board with only a knight and two rooks, and as for me, I give my word before God not to tell what your Worship shall show me, not even to king, knight or rooks."

It is strange that this anecdote, with a curious problem involved, should have been criticised in all languages and yet stood the test of centuries before anyone thought of the simple and common-sense plan of utilizing the chess board and finding out how to checkmate the black king in the middle of the board with only a knight and two rooks. It is a pretty little problem, the solution of which does much toward explaining the exuberant spirit of the victorous curate.—*Chessman, in N. Y. Telegram.*

HOW THIEVES ARE CAUGHT.

The Methods In Vogue by Detectives to Secure Arrests—Thieves' Slang.

"When a detective makes an arrest on suspicion he generally relies on the prisoner to criminate himself," said a Central Station detective. As soon as such a prisoner is locked up a fly officer is sent to talk with him, and, although you may not know it, it is a fact that a man behind the bars is more confidential and confiding to an officer than to any one else. Of course, I make an exception to this rule in the case of old offenders. Many of the latter, however, unconsciously betray themselves during these interviews. I can illustrate that best by citing a case that occurred here several weeks ago, when three men, named Davis, Jones and Henderson, were arrested on suspicion of robbery. Henderson claimed to come from Ohio, and protested that he had never been East before. When arrested a revolver was found in his possession. An officer was sent to interview him, and, after a time, asked him: 'Did you attempt to use your gun when they arrested you?' 'No,' replied the thief; 'the flatty was on top of me before I could pull.' The use of the word 'flatty' betrayed him as a New York crook, and he was afterward identified as a criminal from that city. 'Flatty' signifies, among New York thieves, a policeman. In Philadelphia policemen are called 'cops,' and in Baltimore 'guys.' The detectives are known to thieves throughout the country, by the uniform appellation of 'fly cops,' in contradistinction to 'flat cops,' or patrolmen. Thieves' slang varies as much throughout the United States as does the English language in the different counties of England, and in this way we are often able to locate the home and particular 'lay' of a visiting criminal."

"How about detectives' slang?" was asked.

"O, that varies almost as much as the slang employed by the thieves, and, as a matter of fact, is influenced greatly by them. If several smart thieves are operating in town we would speak of them as a 'mob of good people.' If they are burglars in their profession we would refer to them as a 'gang of chumps.' A 'good mob of guns' indicates a clever party of pickpockets. One expert pickpocket is known as a 'knucks' or, in New York as a 'wire' or a 'good gun.' When we speak of 'good store men,' or 'good night men,' we mean fearless burglars. 'Good day men' are clever thieves, who lack, however, the nerve to become burglars, or 'night men.' This list could be carried out to the extent of columns, but I have told you enough to illustrate my meaning. Colloquial thieves' slang undoubtedly gives us many important clues in tracing a criminal's antecedents.—*Phildelphia Times.*

REPORTORIAL ZEAL.

How Too Much of It Came Near Hanging Its Possessor.

Probably one of the most remarkable instances of reportorial zeal ever heard of, which came near ending very seriously to the main actor, was the exploit of a young man named Armstrong, connected at the time with the city staff of a morning paper in New York. The incident transpired about sixteen or eighteen years ago. Armstrong lived across the East River, just back of Williamsburg. At that time the outlying district was sparsely settled, and many pretty little cottages were rented cheap. One summer night the reporter left the office about midnight. After crossing the ferry and going to the end of the street car line, Armstrong had quite a piece to walk before he reached his cottage. A portion of the way led through a dense grove. On the night in question, while the reporter was sauntering leisurely through the grove, his attention was suddenly attracted to an object suspended from the limb of a tree about a dozen yards from the road he was traversing. It was a bright, moonlight night, and there was little difficulty in seeing objects near by. As he passed over to examine what had caught his gaze, he was startled upon coming up to it to find the dead body of a man swinging from a very low limb of a tree. His feet were not above twelve inches from the ground. A knife was plunged to the hilt in his left breast. The reporter was in a quandary. Here was a big item and it was too late to get a line in about it. What should he do? He was the discoverer of this first-class sensation, and he hated to be cheated out of the sweet privilege of "beating" all the other papers by giving it to his own first. He thought only of this, and finally resolved upon a very strange proceeding. He deliberately cut the body down, carried it off to a huge log near by that lay upon the bank of a little brook, and covered it entirely with leaves, sticks and other debris. He then departed with the intention of "discovering" the body at an hour in the afternoon of the next day too late for any publication in the afternoon papers. As Armstrong struck the road he was not aware that two neighbors were jogging along just behind him, both of whom had seen him come from the log near the brook. As the reporter was several rods ahead they did not hail him, so he walked rapidly to his cottage and went in at the front door. About ten o'clock the next day, while the sun was streaming through the window of the reportorial bedroom, where Armstrong lay, possibly dreaming of his big sensation, a constable and two men called at the cottage and told his wife that they wished to see him on important business. She aroused her husband, informed him what was wanted, and he at once got up, dressed himself, and went out into parlor, where the visitors were waiting. He was then informed by the constable that he had come to arrest him on the very serious charge of murder, and a request was made that Armstrong accompany the officers at once to a neighboring justice of the peace. Before reaching that functionary's place, the reporter was made aware of the fact that the body he had so carefully concealed the night before had been discovered, and that he had been arrested on suspicion of knowing how the man came to his death, the neighbors who saw him come from the brook, as related, having testified to what they had witnessed. There was intense excitement for a time in the locality. Armstrong told his story, but there were a good many suspicious glances thrown at him. Fortunately, however, a letter in a pocket of the deceased man's coat, and other supplementary facts, proved that he was a suicide, and that he had put a rope about his neck while sitting on the branch of the tree where he was found, and subsequently drove a knife into his heart. Armstrong kicked up a bigger sensation than he at first imagined he build.—*Cor. Hartford Courant.*

HE BEGAN TOO EARLY.

The Sad Fate of an Ambitious Young Man Who Was Too Fresh.

"Is this the first time you ever killed a man?" asked an Arkansaw Judge of the prisoner he was about to sentence.

"Yes, sir."

"First offense, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever stab anybody?"

"No sir."

"Ever steal mules?"

"No, sir."

"Ever claim that you were a wild Texan with three horns and four tails?"

"No, sir."

"Ever drink a gallon of whisky on a bet?"

"No, sir."

"Ever allow that you could dive deeper, come up drier, and holler louder than any five men in the Southwest?"

"No, sir."

"Ever hold five jacks and two revolvers in a game of poker?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you lived in Arkansaw?"

"Two weeks."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three years old and have lived in the State only two weeks, and yet you have killed a man. My young friend, you hang on Friday week, rain or shine. A young man like you should begin at the foot of the ladder, not at the top. You are too ambitious. Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels. Next case."—*St. Paul Globe.*

The Shortest Way.

Old Friend—"You made your money very fast, Mr. Goldleaf?"

Goldleaf—"Yes, sir, very fast. Ten years ago I was not worth five cents; now I can count my millions."

"That is a very smart son of yours. I suppose he will be making money as fast as you did?"

"He will make it faster. I am going to give him a trade."

"A trade! What trade will it be possible for him to accumulate more money than you in so short a time?"

"He is going to be a plumber."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1885.

Death of General Grant.

Just as we were going to press last week we received the news of Gen. Grant's death. This sad event has been looked forward to and watched for during a period of many months, and, although it has been generally known for a long time that his disease would prove fatal, still the blow to his family, friends and country, was none the lesss severe on that account.

A great man has fallen, and the Nation weeps by his coffin. In this hour of sadness and darkness, when so many hearts are torn with anguish, it is consoling to know that it is not the North which mourns, nor the South which laments over the dead hero, but the united people of a restored Union who mingle their tears, showing their esteem for the dead patriot and their sympathy for each other in the great sorrow which has come alike to all.

As a statesman Gen. Grant would, perhaps, hardly be considered great as greatness is generally understood when taken in connection with statesmen. But whilst this may be and perhaps is true, it is altogether probable that the one thing which detracted more from his greatness, or rather which prevented him from being great in the sense above refered to, was the fact that he was a man who always stood firm and true to his friends. He was never known to desert a friend because that friend made an error or fell into trouble, and whilst his unbounded confidence in his friend may have prevented him from being considered a great statesman, it showed conclusively that he was great in those qualities of heart which are so rarely found in great men. He was twice elected President and his two administrations were among the most eventful in the history of the country, and although eventful, his party associates and warmest admirers do not claim that his administration was faultless. Whilst his devotion to friends often led him into grave errors and frequently brought upon him the severest criticism, still the success of his administration compares very favorably with any which had preceded it.

As a soldier Gen. Grant was preeminently great. He rose from the captaincy of a company to the Generalship of the army in an incredibly short time. His military achievements and successes followed each other in rapid succession. His career as a soldier is without a parallel in the annals of war, and when we look the whole field over we find there is no chieftain of modern times who equeals him. His greatness as a military commander, his wonderful foresight in planning campaigns, and his signal ability in executing his plans must not be judged entirely by his success, but must be considered in connection with the immense difficulties which he overcame, the times in which he lived and the peculiar circumstances under which his campaigns were planned and executed.

The greatest, the grandest, the crowning glory of his military career, the one thing in which he showed himself to be great without a parallel, that beside which all his other military achievements sink almost into insignificance, was his magnanimity to his foes, when the great civil war between the States was brought to a close. All the mistakes of his military career, all the errors of his civil administration, all the faults of his life are, in the effulgent splendor of this grand and glorious magnanimity rendered invisible to mortal eyes.

In the walks of private life Gen. Grant was greatly beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He was tender and affectionate in his domestic relations, true to his friends, magnanimous to his foes, and generous to a fault; and whether in the Presidential chair or on the victorious field of military glory, he was always the true, quiet, dignified, unassuming man.

He was not only honored by his countrymen, but distinguished honors were confered upon him by kings, princes and potentates of foreign countries, and his name was a household word at home and abroad. But he is gone to the "grave where all fallacies are detected, where all ranks are levelled and where all distinctions are done away." Our hearts are sad, our eyes are moist, and whilst we drop the sympathetic tear let us throw around his feibles, whatever they may have been, the broad mantle of a Christian's charity and strive to emulate his many virtues and noble qualities of heart and keep them green in our memory.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 23.—General Grant died at 8:08 A. M., surrounded by all his family. He passed out of life peacefully and without evident pain.

At 3 o'clock, though he frequently attempted to do so, Gen. Grant was unable any longer to clear the gathering mucus from his throat. It accumulated and remained, and as four o'clock drew on and the daylight came a point had been reached when expectoration was impossible. There was not left enough of strength, and from four o'clock on there was in the throat the significant rattle of mucus that was filling the lungs and clogging the throat.

At three o'clock the General asked for water, and after that it is not remembered that he uttered any word. At four o'clock the breathing was quickened and reached fifty to the minute. An hour later the respirations had reached sixty, and between five and six o'clock the finger nails had become blue and the hands gave further evidence of the progress of the numbness at the extremities. At every breath the mucus clogging in the throat was growing more noticeable.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Drs. Douglass, Shrady and Sands stood on the cottage veranda conversing of the condition of General Grant and discussing the probabilities of his death, and the limit of life left the sick man. Mrs. Sartoris and Stenographer Dawson were conversing. The nurse stepped hastily upon the piazza and spoke quietly to the physician. He told them he thought the General was very near to death. The medical men went hastily to the room where the sick man was lying and approached his side. Instantly upon viewing the patient face Dr. Douglas ordered the family to be summoned to the bed side. Haste was made and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Jones and wife, U. S. Grant, Jr., and wife, and Mrs. Col. Grant were quickly beside the doctors at the sick man's cot. Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Dawson had followed the doctors in from the piazza and the entire family was present except Col. Fred Grant. Hastily summons were sent for him, but he entered the sick room while the messenger was searching for him. The Colonel seated himself at the head of the bed with his left arm resting upon the pillow above the head of the General, who was breathing rapidly and with slightly gasping respirations. Mrs. Grant calm, but with intense agitation, bravely suppressed, took a seat close by the bed side. She leaned slightly upon the bed resting upon her right elbow, and gazed with tear-blinded eyes into the General's face; she found there, however, no token of recognition, for the sick man was peacefully and pleasantly passing into another life. Mrs. Saratoris came behind her mother, and leaning over her shoulder, so witnessed the close of a life in which she had constituted a strong element of pride. Directly behind Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Saratoris, and a little distance removed, stood Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands, spectators of a closing life their efforts and counsel had so prolonged.

On the opposite side of the bed from his mother and directly before her stood Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., and near the corner of the cot on the same side as Jesse and U. S. Grant and near to each, was Mr. N. E. Davison, the General's stenographer and Confidential Secretary. At the foot of the bed and gazing directly down into the General's face was Mrs. Colonel Fred Grant, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., and Mrs. Jesse Grant, while somewhat removed from the family circle, Henry, the nurse, and Harrison Tyrell, the General's body servant, were respectively watching the closing life of the patient, their master. Dr. Newman had retired to the hotel to breakfast, and was not present. The General's little grandchildren, U. S. Grant, Jr., and Nellie, were sleeping the sleep of childhood in the nurse room above, otherwise the entire family and household were gathered at the bedside of the dying man. The members of the group had been summoned not a moment sooner than was prudent. The doctors noticed on entering the room and pressing to the bedside that already the purplish tinge which is one of Nature's signals of final dissolution had settled beneath the finger nails. The hand that Dr. Douglas lifted was fast growing colder than it had been through the night. The pulse had fluttered beyond the point where the physician could distinguish it from the pulse of health in his own finger tips. The respiration was very rapid, and was a succession of shallow pouting inhalations, but happily the approaching end was becoming clear of the rattling fullness of the throat and lungs, and as the respirations grew quicker and more rapid at the close, this fact was in its results a comfort to the watchers by the bedside, to whom was spared the scene of an agonizing or other than a peaceful death. The wife almost constantly stroked the face, forehead and hands of the dying General, and at times, as the passionate longing to prevent the end so near would rise within her, Mrs. Grant pressed down his hands and leaning forward tenderly kissed the face of the sinking man.

Colonel Fred. Grant sat silently but with evident feeling, though his bearing was that of a soldierly son at the death-bed of a hero father. U S. Grant, Jr., was deeply moved, but Jesse bore the scene steadily, and the ladies, while watching with wet cheeks, were silent, as befitted the dignity of a life such as was closing before them. The morning had passed five minutes beyond eight o'clock and there was not one of the strained and waiting watchers but who could mark the nearness of the life tide to its final ebbing. Dr. Douglas noted the nearness of the supreme moment and quietly approached the bedside and bent above it, and while he did so, the sorrow of the gray-haired physician seemed closely allied with that of the family, Dr. Shrady also drew near.

It was seven minutes after eight o'clock and the eyes of the General were closing. His breath grew more hushed as the last functions of the heart and lungs were hastened to the closing of the ex-President's life. A peaceful expression seemed to be deepening in the firm and strong-lined face, and it was reflected as a closing comfort in the sad hearts that beat quickly under the stress of loving suspense.

A minute more passed and was closing as the General drew a deeper breath. There was an exhalation like that of one relieved of long and anxious tension. The members of the group were impelled each to step nearer the bed and each waited to note the next respiration, but it did not come then—it never came. There was absolute stillness in the room, and a hush of expectant suspense, that no sound broke the silence save the singing of birds in the pines outside the cottage, and the measured throbbing of the engine that all night had waited by the little mountain depot down the slope.

"It is all over," quickly spoke Dr. Douglas, and there came heavily to each witness the realization that General Grant was dead.

Then the Doctor withdrew, the nurse closed the eyelids and composed the dead General's head, after which each of the family group pressed to the bedside, one after the other, and touched their lips upon the quiet face so lately stilled.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 24.—This afternoon Mr. Turner, Mayor Grace's chief clerk, received a message which determined the question of General Grant's burial place in favor of Central Park, New York.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 24.—The Stein Manufacturing Company, of this city, yesterday received an order for the casket in which the remains of General Grant are to be laid in their last resting place. The casket will be the finest ever made in this country and the first of its kind manufactured. It is called the Style E State casket, covered with metal, and will be six feet long, covered with the finest purple silk velvet, banded with solid silver frames and portals. The metallic part which is inside the red cedar covered shell, will be of highly polished copper. The top will be French plate beveled glass, open full length. The inside of the casket will be lined with cream colored satin and an elegant pillow of the same material. The handles will be of solid silver. The outside box will be of red cedar, lined with lead and highly ornamented with silver mountings. The casket will be completed by Sunday.

NEW YORK, July 24.—The canopy to be used above General Grant's coffin was sent to Saratoga to-day. It was last used at the funeral of Bishop Simpson. It consists of four heavily carved mahogony posts with black broadcloth and silk curtains looped with silk and chenelle tassels.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—President Cleveland was to-day advised by telegram from Adjutant-General Drum, now at Mt. McGregor, that he had delivered the President's letter to Mrs. Grant, and that she and the children expressed a desire to have Gen. Grant buried with national honors.

Their wish will be respected and the ceremonies will take place as already indicated in the press dispatches, President Cleveland and members of the Cabinet will attend the funeral in New York, Saturday, the 8th of August.

MT. MCGREGOR, July 26.—It is desired that friends and the public should know that on the morning of Tuesday, August 4, they will be free to view the remains of General Grant in the cottage parlor where they will lie in state that day. On that day the principal funeral service will be held at the cottage where Dr. Newman will deliver a funeral oration and at that time the President and State Governors are expected to be present. The interment services in New York will be confined to the Methodist ritual.

MT. MCGREGOR, July 25.—While in conversation to-day with the correspondent of the Associated Press, Dr. Douglas very kindly read to the writer the following remarkable document, which was written by General Grant in Dr. Douglas' presence on Thursday, July 2.

"I ask you not to show this to any one, unless the physician you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it, and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and by reflex it would distress me.

"I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weahter toward winter. Of course, there are contingencies that might arise at any ttme that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking.

"Under the circumstances life is not worth the living. I am very thankful (for thankful, 'glad' was written but scratched and 'thankful' substituted) to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength to review and make additions and substractions that would suggest themselves to me, and are not likely to suggest themselves to anyone else. Under the above circumstances I will be happiest the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself.

I would say, therefore, to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work.

"I am further thankful, in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expression toward me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religious and of no religion, of Confederate and National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure.

"So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness of having brought me through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to enable me to witness these things.

U. S. GRANT.

"*Mt. McGregor, July 2, 1885.*"

LONDON, July 23.—United States Minister Phelps, on being handed a copy of the Associated Press dispatch announcing General Grant's death, expressed the greatest concern at the sad event. He instantly ordered the building of the American legation draped in mouruing and the flags at half-mast.

The newspapers contain long obituary notices of General Grant, many of them taking up most of their available space in accounts of scenes and incidents connected with the old patriot.

The *Times* this morning, in an editorial says: "With all his faults General Grant loomed larger in the people's eyes than any of his rivals or contemporaries. If his nature was of metal of far more mixed alloy than that of the founder of the Republic, as even his warmest admirers must admit, it may be fairly pleaded that he was in this only the creature of his time. If his faults were those of his age and country, the military qualities on which the fortunes of his country at the critical moment depended were his own.

The *Telegraph* devotes two columns to a review of General Grant's military career, and editorially says he was the greatest leader whom the United States has produced.

The *News* says: "There have been few brayer men than Grant. England will sincerely regret his death. It is as a soldier that he will be remembered. His name will ever be associated with the great and righteous struggle of which Lincoln was the brain and heart and Grant the arm and weapon."

MT. MCGREGOR, July 26.—"I have heard many persons since his death comparing General Grant with the great generals of history," observed General Porter this afternoon while chatting quietly with the writer, "but to my mind the fact that such comparisons are sought to be made best proves that General Grant was most unlike any of them."

"No," added General Porter; "he was cast in a different mould from any of the hisiorical generals. I think he was the most ready man I ever have known. Persons have come to him while busy and asked for letters upon some subject, and instead of putting them off General Grant would nearly always immediately write what was requested, and it would be so clear and compact as though done by some literary man who had studied it out and revised it twice. I recall an instance of General Grant's readiness in emergency: On the night of the second day of the Wilderness fight, when Sedgwick's corps had been broken and Shaller and Seymour captured, General Grant sat in his headquarters and listened to fastcoming reports of perplexity and trouble, but he turned to one and another and talked off his orders with as much precision and display of judgment as though he had been studying that unexpected situation for two months and all who saw him watched and listened and wondered. And again General Grant was called upon to give a hearing unexpectedly in a case he had not before heard of. The case involved a quantity of cotton, and in its decision it also involved questions of international and maritime law, and also of contraband laws and cotton in foreign bottoms. Well, the lawyers came before the general and argued at length, and when they had done he turned and rendered a decision that left no room for further argument, so clear and cogent were its points. Afterward one of the lawyers came to me and asked where that man, meaning the general, had studied law, but I told him General Grant had never studied law, and his comprehensive grasp and information were facts that I could tell nothing about.

"Did General Grant ever grow nervous or excited, you ask? I never saw him angry but once, and that was when he saw a brutal fellow clubbing a horse over the head. The general seized the man, told him he was a brute, and punished him for impudence, of which he was guilty to the general, but I never heard him utter an oath, nor any approach to it, and I was with him nine years without ever being away from him two weeks. Grant was a splendid rider and a fine whip as well. He could ride 40 or 50 miles and come in perfectly fresh. He was much attached to a little horse that was called Jeff Davis, because he was secured on Jeff Davis' plantation. He was an easy animal to ride and was easily guided through ins and outs, but when fording streams Jeff was at a disadvantage. There was, besides, a noble, big bay-colored fellow named Cincinnati, which General Grant used to ride. That horse could ford a stream magnificently. It was on little Jeff that General Grant, accompanied by myself and an orderly, rode out to the front on the morning when there was that hour of delay in the explosion of our mine at Petersburg. The general wore a blue blouse that morning, and many of the men as we passed to the front did not know that its wearer was General Grant. The firing was getting very heavy and I suggested to the general that we dismount, because we could get about much easier. I did not say that the firing was terrific, for that would have been to him an argument for dismounting. So we dismounted, the orderly holding little Jeff by the bridle, and then General Grant made his way through the lines and works clear out to the front, where the firing was heavy, indeed. He was a man who never winked in the face of missiles, and the only one of two men I ever saw who would not involuntarily do so. General Grant enjoyed being among his men during the war, and in private life, when riding in a special car, perhaps, he would go forward and take half a seat with some passenger in the front car when he wanted to smoke."

NEW YORK, July 25.—Rabbi Browne, as a personal friend and admirer of General Grant, this morning preached a sermon eulogistic of the deceased in the Temple Gates of Hope, in this city.

He said: "I wish to say from this sacred spot that the Jews have lost a great friend in the death of General Grant. I know a great deal of irritation was at one time caused by 'Order No. 11,' and in reference to that order I will speak the whole truth. Last April, you may remember, I wrote an article on the subject, quoting my conversation with General Grant in his cottage at Long Branch, August 27, 1884. General Grant later read my communication to the press, and said to Dr. John P. Newton: 'I consider it now my duty to make known a secret that I have kept these twenty years, and locate the responsibility upon the proper parties. That order came to me from Washington direct. I protested against it, but had to promulgate it against my will. I shall make this statement in my book likewise.'

"Mr. Newman communicated that message to me in the name of General Grant the following Monday in his own house. Grant was a providential man, and was carried providentially around the world, so that all nations and religions should see the noblest American. Moses liberated three millions of people, his own brethren, from Egyptian bondage. Grant liberated three millions of people, a race not his own, from American bondage, over the dead bodies of his own brethren breaking the negros' chains. These three millions of broken chains the angels of heaven have been linking together, so that our American Moses might climb on his self-made path to the realms of bliss and shake hands with his prototype—our Moses of old. The day of Grant's death comes so near to the anniversary of the fall of Jerusalem, that the fact is thus fixed in the Jewish calendar to be remembered by all Jews."

At the conclusion, Rabbi Browne prayed for the departed soul, the whole congregation, by order of President Frey, rising and reciting with the Rabbi the Kadish.

"This is a prayer," said Rabbi Browne, "never recited for a non Jew before."

"We only say it for our death priests," said one of the officers, "and no Rabbi ever bestowed such honor on a Gentile."

Rabbi Browne and the congregation shed tears during the eulogy and prayer for the dead.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 27.—Reports which have been sent out in regard to the condition of Mrs. Grant are unduly alarming. She expects to accompany the remains to Albany, and no reason is known to the family why she should not do so. Mrs. Grant has not till the last days become convinced that no remarkable cure was to be effected in the General's case, as she had believed, and when his death occured the effect of disappointed hope, combined with the natural shock of her bereavement produced a reaction from which she has not yet recovered so as to enable her to mingle as freely with the family as before the General's demise. She is not confined to her bed; on the contrary, she yesterday felt that she would like to descend to the cottage parlor and view the remains. From this purpose, however, Mrs. Grant was dissuaded by those who felt that the experience would further trouble and depress her. She cannot be said to be sick nor absolutely prostrated, There has been a reaction and no unusual prostration from the cause stated has followed.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Col. Fred. D. Grant, Mayor Grace and the President of the Board of Aldermen, visited various points in Central Park to-day with a view to selecting one for the final resting place of General Grant's remains. Mayor Grace favors an elevated spot in the as yet unfinished Riverside Park, on the Hudson river. Colonel Grant said he could not decide without first consulting with the other members of the family. He left for Mt. McGregor this evening.

MT. MCGREGOR, July 27.—At this time everything showing how General Grant bore himself in his last days is of peculiar interest. In conversation Dr. Newman related some personal recollections of the General in his sickness.

"In looking back over his illness," Dr. Newman said, "I think that which is most strikingly characteristic is the fact that he left nothing unprovided for. He was just as comprehensive in arranging for the future when he would be dead as he was in arranging his campaigns. He even designated what the burial services were to be, wishing to relieve his family of as much care as possible. All that Colonel Fred. has to do is to follow out the written direction of his father, and thus far nothing has occurred to suggest an addition. Another more beautiful thing is a letter which he wrote to the family before his death for their future guidance. If it should ever be made public it will show the General in an aspect which entitles him to the highest esteem. One morning in the spring, about 5 o'clock, he was seated in his chair, and death seemed very near. I knelt beside him,

and he said. 'Doctor, I am going.'

"Said I, 'I trust that the prospect of the future is clear and bright.'

" 'Oh, yes,' said he, speaking feebly, but with the most entire assurance. In a subsequent conversation he said; 'Three times I have been down in the valley of the shadow of death,' evidently referring to the words of the Psalmist. I said to him, 'What was your supreme thought when you supposed you were going?' His answer was, 'that I had tried to lead a good and honorable life; that was my chief consolation.' Another time, I think in that same connection, he said: 'In one of those extreme moments I had a dream or a vision, I could not well understand which; but it seemed that the lower part of my house was a church, and that I had the keys to it. I looked around the room, but there remained that strong impression that beneath me was a church.' Most significant, too, I think, was that letter which he wrote to Dr. Douglas, where he spoke of his thankfulness that he had been spared to finish his book and make all arrangements for the future, so that he could say that he was *fully prepared to die whereas so* many people are never prepared to die."

MT. MCGREGOR, July 28.—The day broke bright, and on the mountain passed without event until 10 o'clock, when the train arrived at the summit. Col. Fred Grant was one of the passengers upon it. He proceeded at once and alone, upon his arrival, to the cottage, his brother Jesse having remained behind. The colonel immediately repaired to his mother's apartment, where the family gathered to hear the result of the colonel's trip to and conference in New York. He detailed his movements and explained that there seemed to be reasons for the choice of some other than Central park. Riverside park had, at the time of Gen. Grant's death, been suggested as the spot of interment, and it seemed best to the colonel, after seeing and hearing all, to change the place of sepulture to Riverside park. The matter having been thus presented to the family, a conclusion was reached in accordance with the colonel's suggestion.

The President's Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

The President of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex President of the United States, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at Mount MacGregor, in the State of New York, to which place he had lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life.

In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the President is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader, who was in the hour of victory magnanimous; amid disaster, serene and self sustained; who in every station, whether as a soldier, or as a chief magistrate twice called to power by his fellow countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty, undeterred by doubts, single-minded and straight forward.

The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy.

The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth.

The great heart of the nation that followed him when living with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead, tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the loss occasioned by his death.

In testimony of respect to the memory of General Grant, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments at Washington be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that all public business shall on the day of the funeral be suspended; and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-third day of [s. s.] July, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-five and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President.

T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

We are under obligations to Hon. S. B. Elkins for a bound copy of his able address on "The Industrial Questions in the United States," delivered before the Alumni Association of the University of the State of Missouri, June 3d, 1885. It will be remembered by our readers that we published a portion of the address shortly after its delivery.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4 00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—Hon. Simon Wolf is at the Glades Hotel.

—Judge Hoffman was in town Tuesday.

—Hats, hats, hats at cost, at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Mr. R. S. McCulloch is among the guests at the Glades Hotel.

—Rolled white oats and oat meal at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Rev. S. E. Jones will preach in M. E. Church Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and conduct a general class meeting at 2:30 P. M. No services at night.

—Don't fail to go to Harne & Lawton's Grocery and get 16 pounds sugar for $1.

—The funeral of Mary Catharine, daughter of J. A. and M. A. Sowers, will be preached at the Bray Schoolhouse Sunday, Aug. 2nd, at 3 o'clock P. M.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—Mr. Lewis Grauer, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. of Maryland, attended a special meeting of Shealtiel Lodge, Wednesday evening of last week, and exemplified the unwritten work.

—Use Frank Siddalls, Ivory and Cottage soaps at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—The game of base ball between the Oakland and Mt. Lake Park clubs, played at Mountain Lake Park Saturday afternoon last, resulted in the defeat of the Oakland team by a score of 9 to 12.

—Miss Mollie Monroe, of Kingwood, W. Va., is visiting friends in Oakland and Altamont this week.

—Reopening services for the Methodist Church at Terra Alta will be held Saturday and Sunday, August 8th and 9th. Rev. George McGrew and Mrs. McGrew, returned Missionaries from India, and Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, will officiate. The public are invited to attend.

—A military and civic ball in honor of the officers and honorary members of the Second Battalion, M. N. G., was given at the Oakland Hotel Tuesday night last. About 50 Cumberlanders were present. Excellent music was furnished by Prof. Jungnickel's orchestra. The Piedmont cornet band was also present and played at interyals during the evening, to the delight of the large crowd in attendance.

—Died, at the residence of Geo. P. White, Mountain Lake Park, July 7th, 1885, Bani G. White, aged 44 years, 1 month and 25 days. Deceased was converted at the age of 12 years, during a camp meeting held near Oakland, and joined the M. E. church of which he lived a consistent member, and died leaving bright evidence that he has gone to the realms of the blessed. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, Pa.

—Tuesday last two cases were tried before Esquire A. B. Gonder, which were of considerable local importance, and brought together quite a crowd. The first case was the State of Maryland vs. John Miller, Jr., and the other the State of Maryland vs. Dr. B. T. Keller, each on a charge of violating the Local Option Law. The cases were submitted for trial before the above named Justice, who, after hearing the evidence, promptly rendered a verdict of not guilty in each case. The State was represented, in the absence of State's Attorney Veitch, by Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and the defendants by G. S. Hamill, Esq.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk, and at 8 P. M by Dr. Norris, (Union Service) in the interest of the Maryland Tract Society.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The Stockholders of Mt. Lake Park Association will hold their annual meeting on Tuesday, August 25th, at 10 A. M., in their office, for the purpose of electing a President, Board of Directors, and the transaction of other business.

J. M. DAVIS, Secretary.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md, August 1ts, 1885.

Barbee, Joseph,	Hazen, E.
Bransky, Jacob, (For.)	Jones, W. H.
Barry, M. C. Miss,	Jones, Wm.,
Barnhart, J. Rev.	Luckey, Lee,
Coates, Charles,	Lincoln, W. B.,
Donald, Fredrica,	Messenger, E. Elena,
Farmer, May,	Mosser, Virginia E.
Gould, Samuel C. 2,	Robinson, William,
Green, Carrie,	Sigler, Jacob E.,
Goodwin, Agnes,	Tolson, Mary,
Glaeser, Henry,	Williams, Rebecca,
Hairbon, Joseph (For.)	Wilson, John,
Holloway, H. D. and package,	Wise, George,
	Winters, Theodore P.,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M

Advertise

If you want a farm put a small advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN; you will get more information in that way, in spending $3 or $5, than you would by spending $50 in traveling. If you want to sell your land, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN; it goes to all parts of our county, as well as to adjoining counties in Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is seen by those who are looking for new homes. If you have anything to sell or buy, any wants, advertise in the paper having much the largest circulation of any paper in the county. It gives value received, and can not fail to reach the most desirable parties, and bring excellent results.

"You Will get Left"

If you don't go to Pritchard's Gallery and have your photos taken at once and without delay. Bring your babies. Success made sure by our instantaneous process. First class work guaranteed to all for the next ten days. I shall only remain during the extreme hot season. Come before the rush and get your "lookness tooken" as quick as you could snap your finger, an opportunity that will not often come. Gallery near the post-office.

A. A. ROGERS,
Late of Frostburg, formerly of Washington.

For Sale--Thoroughbred Short Horn Bull, Jerome.

(REGISTERED 42111.)

Bred by Gen. N. M. Curtis, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Dropped March 2, 1881. A very fine animal. Weight now, in good service condition, 1600 pounds. His get are famous in this section. His owner desires to dispose of him because he is making a specialty of Jersey cattle, and has not room for both breeds. Will sell cheap for cash, or will exchange for a young Jersey cow with a good butter record, or for a second-hand portable steam engine in good order, of three or four horse power. Pedigree of Jerome runs back sixteen generations to Hubback, 319. Is perfectly kind and gentle.

Address

CHAS. H. GREENLEAF,
Brookside, Preston Co., W. Va.

Friendsville Cullings.

Mr. Gabrial Friend was badly hurt one day this week by falling from a barn. He is now better.

Mr. J. T. Garey is building a fine dwelling house, which will add very much to the appearance of our town. By the way we will soon have a corporation.

Mr. John A. Steele is home from Ohio, where he has been attending school for a long time. His many friends gave him a right royal welcome.

The good people here are making extensive improvements on the M. E. Church at this place, by way of new carpet, &c.

Mrs. S. M. Friend, of Sang Run, who has been visiting her parents at this place, returned home last Sunday.

Miss May White, who has been at Petersburg, Pa., for a few weeks, returned home last week.

Mr. Wm. Ryland, our genial and enterprising merchant, has erected a fine large store room, and is doing a very extensive business.

Miss Huldah Sterling, of near this place, has gone to Petersburg, Pa., where she will remain a few weeks.

BETSIE.

Deer Park.

The thermometer during the past week has indicated the hottest weather ever known in Deer Park. The maximum was 93°.

Hon. H. G, Davis and wife are at present sojourning at Bedford Springs. Miss Ella Warfield of Washington is visiting Miss Kate Davis.

Miss Leigh Jones, of Richmond, and Miss Kate Downey of Piedmont are visiting at Mrs. W. R. Davis'.

Miss Willie Plant, of Washington, and Miss Laura Dunnington of Fairmont, W. Va., are at Mrs. A. C. Lott's.

Mrs. A. S. Steele and daughter came last week from Chattanooga, Tenn., where they have been spending the winter, and will leave for Boston in a day or two.

Masters Willie Davis and Frank Schoolfield had a delightful trip to Blackwater last week. They were gone from Monday until Saturday and caught a great many trout, and Willie was fortunate enough to shoot a large deer. Quite an achievement for a 13 year old boy.

Mr. Malcolm Sinclair and son, of Cumberland, were in Deer Park one day last week.

A Ladies' Aid Society has been organized in our town by members of the Lutheran church. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. E. J. Tice; vice-president, Miss Ella Hoye; secretary, Mrs. C. H. Tillson; assistant secretary, Miss Georgie Hoye; treasurer, Miss Mona G. Tillson.

Mr. D. F. Graham will move to Elk Garden in September, where he will join his brother Mr. Jas. Graham in business. Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of Baltimore, will succeed him in Messrs. Davis & Bros. store.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Baltimore, Md.—A. C. Hopper.

Philadelphia—Geo. W. Brown and wife, Edwin C. Young, John Bennett.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Chas. Chadduck.

***

Mountain Lake Park.

Instead of the Jubilee of Song being simply an evening of pleasant pastime, it was a gospel sermon in song, and it had a telling effect upon the audience. Upon Prof. Hudson's invitation quite a number came to the altar for prayers.

Very good cottage meetings were held during the week.

On Thursday the Y. M. C. A. Convention began, and closed Friday evening. Although the delegation was small, their meetings were very good. The influence of these young men with us was very good, and I hope they will be more than successful in their home work.

On Friday there were between 700 and 800 people from Lonaconing and Piedmont, from the various Sunday Schools. Although it rained hard during the day at different, times they all appeared to enjoy the day greatly, all the more, perhaps, because they had had no rain at home for some time. Two good meetings were held during the day which added greatly to make the occasion a very joyful one.

The Sabbath was spent very pleasantly. Rev. Pierce, of Baltimore, preached for us in the morning and Miss Harris, of Franklin, Va., conducted the meeting in the evening.

The Sabbath School is prospering under the supervision of Hon. G. W. Atkinson.

The schools of Art, Elocution and Photography are progressing nicely.

The Directors met to-day (Monday). They are selling a number of building lots.

Mrs. Lamb, of Wheeling, is occupying the Tarr cottage. Mrs. Atkinson and Rev. S. E. Jones, of Wheeling, are occupying cottages in Cosey Row.

Our population will be greatly increased next week by persons attending the Assembly. If persons living in the country and the adjoining towns cannot attend regularly, perhaps they can come at night, and enjoy those rich intellectual feasts provided for every day and night. If you have not a programme apply to J. M. Davis, who will furnish to any who may wish to attend.

Application was made to the Board of Directors by the State Superintendent of West Virginia, for the use of the Hall for the meeting of the Educational Association next July. The request was granted, as was also the request of the "Friends" to repeat the camp meeting next summer.

J. A. E.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, July 25.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: There is some encouragement in the general feeling in commercial circles reported in special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* this week. This is found mainly in dry goods. The display of autumn samples at Boston is large and attractive, and dealers there claim that sales have been rather better than they had reason to expect. The disposition of autumn prints has been noticeably free, but it remains to be added that liberal discounts have been necessary in order to stimulate purchasers. At Philadelphia as well as Boston the feeling in dry goods circles has materially improved, though no cause there has been cited. This situation brings to mind a like one early in the current year, when a steady improvement in the spring trade was freely predicted. There was some activity shown, of course, as there doubtless will be this autumn, but it was not followed by evidences of an enlarged demand.

The movement of general merchandise is of moderate proportions, the prolonged season or extreme heat serving to check business. At the West the beginning of harvesting operations tends to check operations of country buyers, particularly in those districts where the wheat crop prospects are not favorable. No improvement is reported in carrying rates by rail, lake or canal, the lowest terms recorded having been made within a week, without stimulating the movement of produce or merchandise.

At Chicago a "better feeling in iron" is reported, which is noticeable from its isolation. The surplus bank funds there give no signs of returning business, nor do they at Eastern money centers.

Grocery staples move slowly, with lower prices on sugar and tea. Dairy products are dull and in buyers' favor.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, July 27, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¼@5 4-5c. that generally rated first quality 4@5 cts; medium or good fair quality 3¾@4 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 3@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 3@5 4-5 cts; most of the sales were from 3½@5¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,576 head, against 1,828 last week and 2,927 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,002 head, against 939 last week, and 1,744 head the corresponding week of last year.

The offerings to-day will average a fair improvement on last week's receipts. The tops, though better than were those of last week, were fewer in number, but the lower grades were of a better order than they were then. The state of the weather after the welcome and refreshing rain of yesterday and to-day, made trade much more satisfactory than last week. Prices for tops and the better grades—eight head selling at our extreme top quotations, 5 4-5c.,—show no appreciable change from last Monday, while other grades are a shade off. Prices 3@4 4-5c., with most sales from 3½ to 5¼c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The receipts number a few less than they did last Monday, and their quality will average a little better than the offerings then. The supply is about equal to a moderately fair demand. Prices are generally expected by the trade to range higher next week. Quotations of nearly all the sales range from 6 to 6¾c. though there are a few rough sows and stags quoted as low as 5¼@5¾.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The market is fairly supplied with sheep, the number being about 100 more than there were last week. There is but little difference, if any, in the quality of the offerings, as compared with those of last Monday. There is no outside demand, and trade is reported dull in all the yards. We quote sheep at 2@4c., as to quality, and lambs at 3@5¼c. few selling at either extreme.

Odds and Ends.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

A writer of newspaper communications who signs himself "Justice," "Old Subscriber" and "One Who Knows," has just been sued for $10,000 libel damages. This should be a warning to "Civis" and "Taxpayer."

Father (getting ready to go down town). "Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has told you, and always say 'please.' It's a little word, my boy, but full of meaning, and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat; and be quick about it."

"I hear your wife left you, Mr. Biff?" "Ya-as, 'Riah's gone." "Left for good?" Ya-as, 'Riah's left for good." "Don't it make you feel kind of anxious?" "No, 'Riah was a woman of strong determination. I ain't got no anxieties. She won't come back."

A man in Kansas has started five newspapers, each of which died within a short time. He has just started another and calls it *Kind Words*, because, he says, kind words can never die.

An eagle kept in Vienna, Austria, died after a confinement of 114 years. Swans on the River Thames have been known to live 159 years and more.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

BUY YOUR GROCERIES —AT— HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1334. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.
TERMS—Part cash, part time.
Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.
July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., July 22d, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, August 3d, 1885,

for the purpose of transacting business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
7 25 2t Clerk.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.
Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Kleanzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. BALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NO MORE TO ME.

Alone and silent I sit in my room,
When the garish light has fled,
And wait to hear, through the gathering gloom,
The footsteps of the dead.
But no sound I hear, and no sight I see,
For my love comes back no more to me.

How soft the light of her tender eyes,
As she smiled in her sad, sweet way;
As we stood beneath the glowing skies
At the close of that blissful day!
That smile, when I close my eyes, I see,
But my love comes back no more to me.

Too fond for kisses or warm embrace,
What could we do but stand,
And give and take, with tender grace,
The thrill of a clasping hand?
That hand no more in mine shall be,
For my love comes back no more to me.

If love and pity go hand in hand,
How quickly they may learn
What grief remains for those who stand,
And wait their love's return.
That grief in my heart must always be,
For my love comes back no more to me.

—*Henry Schell Lobingier, in Current.*

STEP-MOTHERS.

A Few Words in Behalf of This Misjudged Class.

The world is every day growing more humane, more just and charitable. The narrow, social, secular and religious walls that have so long divided man from man are breaking down. Human sympathies are broadening, ample elbow-room and fair play seems to be the motto of the present generation.

But amid all the humanitarian progress of our age there remain a few prejudices that like rank weeds defy all efforts at extermination, and foremost among these is the old-time prejudice against step-mothers, a class that with mothers-in-law may justly claim to be the most ill-treated portion of the human race.

The step-father and the father-in-law awaken none of this antipathy which society, with an unpardonable lack of chivalry, visits upon that so-called weaker sex it claims to protect and cherish.

The very word step-mother recalls a series of portraits now pathetic, now repellent—portraits stowed away in most memories from fairy tales and picture-books that were both the delight and torture of childish days. On the one hand we see the step-child, half-clad, half-fed, groaning under the lash of a cruel task-mistress and tyrannical usurper—a pale, sad, forlorn, ghostly little creature, who, after the arduous tasks of the day are ended, steals softly to the grave of the own mother to pour forth unavailing plaints and tears upon that senseless sod—to pray in agony to be laid at rest from life's sorrows by the side of the one heart that has beat in unison with its own.

The reverse of this doleful picture is the step-mother—a grim, remorseless female with cast-iron features and Medusa glance, with a nose and chin sharp as her temper and almost meeting over the toothless jaws, with long arms ending in skeleton fingers that delight in blows, with a heart hard, preverse and hideous as its outward tenement.

The world abounds in step-mothers. We all know them, but who has ever seen one answering to this picture? The actual step-mother is no being apart; like men and women in general, she has her full share of faults and virtues. But in her case the faults are exaggerated, the virtues scarcely recognized. She is a martyr to whom few are willing to accord the martyr's crown; a tragic heroine who may never expect to find her poet. Her history, save in exceptional cases, may be sketched as follows:

By marrying a widower she has become at the same moment both wife and mother. She enters the new home with a heart full of kindly sentiments, with a sincere desire to take the own mother's place to the child or children Heaven has bereft of maternal care. The more children there are, the harder and more complicated becomes her task. We will take the easiest case and suppose there is only one, but that this one is a girl—a less facile subject for step-motherly management than a boy.

The step-mother's first meeting with her little charge (whom its father's fond eulogies had led her to believe an angel all but the wings) is not encouraging. She finds averted glances where she had hoped for the gaze of truthful, trustful eyes; her caresses are repelled, her loving words awaken no response.

"The little one is shy and distant like most children in the presence of strangers," says the father; "she will soon learn to love you."

Months pass. The child has grown accustomed to the new mother's presence, to the new atmosphere of care and tenderness, but she remains distant. The little soul, that should warm to these caresses as the spring soil warms to the sunlight, is still cold and unresponsive. The sweet cherub has smiles for others, sunny glances, kindly words and merry laughter for all the world but her step-mother. Her gayety abroad is in strange contrast with her sullen obstinacy at home. Her heart seems an Æolian harp, responsive to every kindly outside breath, echoing every voice of affection save that from her step-mother's lips.

The step-mother broods over all this, asking herself the reason, and questioning her own conscience as to any remission in duty. She little dreams that some outside Penelope is all the while busy unraveling her home-work. This Penelope is presumably a relative or bosom friend of the first wife, who from a misguided sense of loyalty to the dead thus wrongs the living.

The child, on her visits to these old friends and relatives, finds herself the constant object of tearful lamentation. The one theme upon which they ring all sorts of changes, is her own mother—the one mother who loved her so dearly, who, were she living, would do so differently from the stranger who has usurped her place; this stranger whom it is nothing less than sacrilege to call by the sacred name of mother. In short, the child is given to understand, more by covert insinuation than by direct words, that any love or respect she awards the living mother is robbery of the dead.

Perhaps she learns this lesson at home from some old family servant or governess—a person not bad at heart, but the victim of a suspicious nature that magnifies molehills into mountains, or of a mawkish sentimentality that discerns in the dear departed—rendered doubly dear and sacred by death—virtues that would be impossible to any inhabitant of this world. "Poor motherless little creature!" "Sweet, forsaken darling!" "Lovely innocent!"—these words—uttered in every note of the gamut of sympathy—form the constant refrain of the tune the child hears early and late, and it is no wonder that she ere long comes to regard herself as the most forlorn and ill-treated of human beings. Thus early schooled in self-pity, in distrust and hatred, she is indeed an object of commiseration.

For the wisest reasons the step-mother denies the child some wonted yet harmful indulgence, and thereby rouses a revolt among the whole circle of spies and meddlers. Their manner declares to the object of their jealous care, even though words be wanting, that this woman, who has thrust herself into the own mother's place, takes a malicious delight in crossing her, and grudges her even the most harmless pleasure.

How is this young creature to believe in one whom all around her distrust! How, in her inexperience, can she be expected to obey that golden rule of love even to one who despitefully uses and persecutes her?

Now comes the Christmas and fairy story books, with their gaily-colored pictures, to confirm what all the world says about step-mothers. These stories and illustrations are of all grades, from that of the step-mother who clothes herself and her own daughters in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, while the little step-child occupies a sort of Cinderella's place in the household, to that crowning atrocity of a step-mother, who murdered her little step-son and set his heart, nicely cooked and placed in a daintily covered dish, before his own father!

Credulity is the leading trait of early youth. To the child, printed books and painted pictures never lie. This child fairly groans under the weight of so much cumulative evidence against step-mothers, and learns to doubt at an age whose supreme happiness is unquestioning faith; to hate when the most beautiful privilege of the human heart is to love.

This poisoning of the very sources of the child's love and trust must needs react upon the step-mother. The noblest woman is still human. The Danaides of the old Greek myth, doomed through all eternity to attempt to fill a bottomless cask with water, were assigned no more hopeless task than that of the unloved step-mother.

The strongest sense of duty, the most unselfish magnanimity, are likely, in the long run, to succumb to ingratitude. To give out love, the heart must receive love. The stream not replenished from a living fountain soon runs dry. The kindest and most affectionate nature grows unsympathetic if it meet only indifference, and a slighted affection often changes into dislike and even hatred.

The wicked step-mothers of the story-books and of the popular imagination have now and then found their counterpart in real life, but in only exceptional cases. The care of children, even if not one's own, tends to call out the best, rather than the worst, traits of womanly character.

Many a woman, in taking upon herself the office of step-mother, seeks to kindle on the altar of a deserted temple the holy flame of a new affection and reverence. She sets for herself the high task of re-creating a domestic hearth in the midst of loneliness and desolation; of being a true mother to children who have suffered that supreme earthly affliction, the loss of an own mother.

She gives to this work the best years, the best energies of her life, only to find the result estrangement, perhaps hatred. This state of things, deplorable as it is for her, is unutterably more so for the step-children, who are now forming characters for life, who must in after years look back upon childhood which should have been to them "a moment of God," as to a period of unrest, discontent and bitterness. Silent, intangible influences have been at work undermining the happiness of the home which might have been an Eden, but which has become a desert.

Who is to blame for all this? The common verdict of society, constituting itself both judge and jury, would condemn the step-mother, while the father and the step-children would be pronounced innocent. In the step-mother all family sins find a convenient scapegoat. We contend that while all these three parties may be at fault, the burden of guilt rests with outside people, with those influences of which we have spoken which come from without the home.

Let the woman who is not prepared to steel her heart against the steady assault of outside enemies, who is not confident of her power to conquer by love and good works the foes that may arise in that new household, remain far from the home where a bereaved husband bewails his loneliness, and where children, every one, most likely, an angelic being in his love-blinded eyes, await a step-mother.

If she feels within herself the spirit of both hero and martyr, she may venture to assume this cross, hoping for the crown that in the end awaits faithful endeavor and pious sacrifice. It may be given to her to perform that miracle possible but to few step-mothers—to win the entire love and confidence of the children confided to her care.

When she, too, lies beneath the sod, they may cherish her memory as that of a ministering angel who came to them in life's sorest need and desolation to replace the angel they had lost. And when light lips profane the name of step-mother, these step-children, burdened yet with an unpaid debt of affection and gratitude, may attest that next to the name of own mother it is the most sacred word on earth.—*Francis A. Shaw, in Chicago Interior.*

—A horse should neither be watered nor fed solid food when tired out. Prepare four quarts of warm gruel, and after he has taken that in half an hour he may be fed, first allowing him half a bucket of water to drink.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Atlanta has raised $75,000 for the erection of a building for the Young Men's Christian Association.

—A church in Jersey City, N. J., has been deeded to trustees on condition that instrumental music shall not be allowed in the services.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, is of the opinion that a child's mind is best fitted for the beginning of school education when the child is twelve years old.—*Newark Register.*

—The annual report of Commissioner of Education Eaton shows that the school population of the thirty-eight States is 14,227,784. Of this number there are in daily attendance 4,919,408.

—A recent report of the French Minister of Public Instruction shows that in January last 23,222 schools had a school savings bank, and that 488,624 schoolboys were depositors in these banks, and possessed there the sum total of 11,285,046 francs.

—A young Japanese nobleman has graduated from the Rutgers College grammar school, at New Brunswick, N. J., receiving the prize for the best oration, and another for the cleverest work done in history during the past year.

—Professor James D. Dana, of Yale College, has been made an honorary member of the Royal Society of England. Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard College, is the only other American who enjoys this distinction.—*Boston Journal.*

—The Southern Baptist Convention does not believe in rotation in office when the best men are once in position. At the meeting in Augusta, it re-elected as President, Dr. P. H. Mell, who has filled the chair for so many years, and who, among other works, has written a convenient manual of parliamentary usage.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Although a state of war exists between France and Madagascar the Malagasy Government have in no respect relaxed their efforts in the cause of education. Two Malagasy youths of considerable promise, who have been educated in London during the last four years, will return to their own country in a few days in order to occupy a position as teachers in the public schools. Since the war there has been no interruption of educational work in Madagascar.

—In Germany teaching is evidently regarded as its own reward. At Easter the schoolmaster Schnell, in Fleeth, aged seventy-six years, was put on the retired list, with the grant of an annual pension of 144 marks ($36 United States currency) and seven metres (measurement) of firewood, after having faithfully and conscientiously served for over fifty-two years, and for nearly three years supported from his own means an assistant, to whom he was obliged to furnish free board and lodging, inclusive of light and washing.

—When Rev. Mr. Rainsford, of Cambridge University, England, was offered, in 1883, the rectorship of St. George's Church, New York, on the retirement of Dr. Tyng, Sr., he accepted on one condition—that the seats should be made absolutely free. This was acceded to, and during the year 1884 the church raised over $48,000. The congregations fill the church at every service. Mr. Rainsford said recently that "the way to hold people to the church is to give them work to do, and not to try and hold them by the tie of a seat or the tie of fashionable associations."—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Boston young lady has married a German Baron with an unpronounceable name. Her maiden name was to capture him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Is the man honest?" asked old Hyson. "Honest as the day is long." "Ye-es," said old Hyson; "but then he won't do at all. I want him for a night watchman."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child; that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."—*New York Citizen.*

—Somehow or other everybody some time or other wants to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and only one man in a million knows the words. And he only knows the first verse, and he doesn't sing it right.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

—"Waiter!" cried Fogg, "bring me a quail on toast." "Sorry, sir," replied the waiter; "but we are all out of quail." "Well, then, bring me the toast. I'm not the man to make a fuss about such a little thing as a quail."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Pennsylvania girl recently jumped rope two hundred times, and then died. The moral of this event would seem to be that a young woman should confine her jumping to jumping at the first offer, and offer to jump no more.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The Good-natured Girl:

I do not sigh for the stately maid,
Though her face be o'er so fair,
For the truth to tell, I'm half afraid
Of the girl with the haughty air.
There's a sweeter charm, a rarer grace,
That homage will always win;
'Tis found in the bright and smiling face
Of the girl with the double chin.
—*Boston Courier.*

—"What makes you look so down in de mouf?" asked Uncle Mose of Jim Webster. "My wife done broke anudder plate dis mawning." "Dat's nuffin. De plate don't cost you more den a dime. Dat don't hurt much." "Hit don't hurt! I reckon yer don't know dat hit's my head she busts de dishes on." "Yes, dat's rough on de crockery."—*Texas Siftings.*

—First funny fellow—"I saw some horses run away to-day, and they knocked the wagon speechless." Second funny fellow—"Knocked the wagon speechless! How absurd! A wagon can't be knocked speechless." First funny fellow—"That's where you're mistaken—they knocked the tongue out of the wagon, and so I say it was speechless."—*Golden Days.*

—Miss Betty was a remarkable young and handsome-looking woman for her years, and she never told anyone how old she was. "Gracious me, Miss Betty," said an old acquaintance admiringly one day, "how well you keep your age." "Thanks," she replied with a smile. "How do you ever manage to do it?" "O, easy enough; I never give it away."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE IMPROVISATORE.

Italy the Fatherland of the Species—A Peculiar Italian Product.

Nothing is more easy than to rhyme in Italian—the difficulty is to abstain from doing so. The absence of the apparently inevitable jingle is one of the chief charms in the prose of such writers, as Dante, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli: and its natural and easy recurrence was probably one of the causes which rendered the earlier critics of the country so exacting with respect to the external form of the verses they considered worthy of their attention. But what the critic loathes the amateur loves, and the half-cultured will often listen agape with admiration to declamations that are neither prose nor verse, and admire the man who produces a torrent of unreasoned and badly-rhymed twaddle as if it were a work of art, though it has neither the substance nor the form of poetry. Thus Italy was for centuries the fatherland of the improvisatore. He has fortunately fallen with other and better things before the strong inflow of a larger and healthier national life, and, like Prince Florizel, been compelled to shift for himself; but, being unfortunately without the genius, the force of character, and the most admirable moral sentiments of that inimitable prince, he has continued his old business of intellectual princelet, though on a sadly reduced scale.

Occasionally when you are seated in the Villa before one of the cafes a man will appear, and glance furtively round to see if Germans are present. His coat is seedy and his air dejected. The quick eye at once recognizes in him all the tokens of a misunderstood and somewhat damaged genius. He seems to be a note of interrogation, a being who passes his whole life in silently apologizing for his own existence. The Germans are supposed to be sentimental: they have certainly a habit of being kind to the man of talent whose wardrobe is less perfectly adjusted and fully furnished than his mind, and it is to them that the shabby genteel improvisatore makes his appeal. If he finds a company likely to recognize his merits, at least to the amount of fivepence, he steps forward hurriedly, takes a fitting place, and begins to declaim a suitable piece. He knows three or four of them by heart. One treats of the greatness of Germany, another of the unity of Italy and the efforts by which it was accomplished, generally with a passage referring to the speaker's own real or imaginary deeds. This is rather out of date now in Naples, but it is still effective in radical country towns, and often with Germans who are enjoying their honeymoon, and sometimes look as if gall had been substituted for the honey. The most forcible of these introductions, however, deals with the misfortunes of genius and the want of liberality in our own age. When his first part is finished he moves round among the guests, and receives such soldi as may not be wanted for better purposes. If no one gives him a comparatively large sum he moves off in the same sad, undecided way in which he came; if he receives more than twopence from any table, he informs the occupants of his true character, and offers to rhyme on any subject they may suggest. If they accept his proposal, he expects a lira for the first piece, and half a one for each that follows. If he gets more, he is pleased; if less, he is apt to become disagreeable in his own shy, apologetic manner. He thanks his patrons profusely for their bounty, and then begs leave to add just one more piece, not for any profit, but merely to amuse them. If the request is granted, he ridicules every one at the table, and concludes by an ironical praise of their generosity, announcing and showing the sum he has received; if not, he moves to some table near, and delivers the same address, after the permission of its occupants has been asked and granted, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the guests.—*London Saturday Review.*

LATE STYLES.

Excerpts from the Book Most Diligently Read by Fashionable Women.

Short skirts are very fashionable.

Black grenadine dresses broche with velvet remain in vogue and rival those of etamine and lace.

Lace flounces are worn on grenadine dresses, the trimmings of the corsage being also of lace.

The Marquise Catogan style of coiffure is much in favor in Paris. It is worn low in the nape of the neck and formed of light fluffy loops of hair.

Lace flounces on grenadine dresses are very wide, laid flat, and are only slightly felled, or not at all, and form the tablier and pouf in the back, sometimes panels and side robes.

White mohairs figured with small designs in color are among the pretty, inexpensive dress fabrics that make up tastefully with trimmings and combinations of velveteen of the color of the patterns.

Some women—fashionable ones, too—wear their dresses long enough to touch the ground in the back. This is a graceful fashion for the house, but in the street it is inexcusable, or worse—it is disgusting.

Women with small and pretty feet, especially the women of St. Louis and along the Mississippi River to New Orleans and Baton Rouge, will rejoice over the present style of very short, coulisse skirts; but the Chicago girls need not despair, for the English women are rejecting this style, and are even trying to introduce the skirt that touches the pavement in the back for street as well as house wear.

A pretty combination for a dressy summer frock consists of cream-colored Beaupre veiling and a small quantity of the same kind of veiling and in stripes of blue and cream made up thus: A coulisse skirt opening on both sides with panels of the stripes for borders falls over a petticoat of dull red velveteen. This same velveteen appears in the form of an open waistcoat, showing a blouse chemisette of blue surah in the short bodice jacket or corsage, a large sailor collar under one of blue surah falling over a high neck band of the velvet; in narrow band cuffs at the wrist, repeated in bands on the sleeve just below the elbow. The cuffs and bands on the sleeves are edged with a piping fold of blue surah.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE.

WHO FOOTS THE BILL?

Figures that Demonstrate the Enormity of the Drink and Tobacco Waste in the Country, and Upon Whom the Burden Bears Heaviest.

The economic aspect of the drink and tobacco waste, already presented in these columns, show that the direct burden thus unnecessarily laid upon labor is something enormous. As already stated it amounts to fully one-sixth of the entire productive labor of the United States, so that the wonder is not that we occasionally have hard times, but that we ever have anything else. When we divide the community into its representative groups, or units of commercial relation, we find that we have four—the "agricultural," the "manufacturing, mechanical and mining," the "personal and professional services," and the "trade and transportation." Attending to these more minutely we find that the first two groups furnish the substance of commerce, and that the second two groups derive their support from services rendered to them, in the way of facilitating the interchange of products or of performing certain personal services for them and for the more prosperous of their own members. The proportions of these groups are nearly as follows: agricultural, 16; manufacturing, etc., 8; personal and professional services, 8; trade and transportation, 4. In the third group seven of the eight are in service or in semi-servile relations and do not earn to exceed an average of $300 a year; the eighth is a professional man whose value we may fully estimate at $1,000 a year. So, also, in the fourth group there are three in trade, at an assumed income of $800, and one in transportation at not to exceed $400 a year. Whatever there is of necessary hard times must be traceable in the condition of these elementary relations, and if the drink and tobacco waste have any injurious influence upon commercial prosperity it must be possible to show how and where. The tables last presented already do this to some extent, but largely by inference. We readily admit that the figures themselves are not infallible. The grouping of facts in the census returns are imperfect, and no doubt the aggregates are wanting in accuracy. There is no reason, however, to suppose that these imperfections affect one part of the conclusions more than another. Some of the positions are wholly reliable, especially the following:

Upon the average the total annual production of the farms will not exceed $465 per head for each worker. The wages in manufacturing range from $260 in some lines to $460 in others, the average for the whole country being $358. The average consumption of farm products is $60 per head for every man, woman and child, or $180 per year for every person engaged in wage-earning occupation. The aggregate of manufactured products of all kinds amounts to an average of $100 a head for every man, woman and child of the population, or $300 a year for every worker. It is plain from the facts already given that certain large classes of workers do not and can not take and pay for their quota of manufactured goods. The unused surplus must be worked off as "luxury and extravagance" by the favored few, or lie in warehouses as overproduction. We may also add that in the present state of things the manufacturing operatives can not expect an increase of wages, for the reason that manufacturers are not making money. These are the essential conditions of the industrial situation as it exists.

The fatal disturbance which waste brings into the commercial world is intensified by its unequal distribution. Unfortunately it is quite certain that the expenditure for drink and tobacco amounts to $20 or $24 per year for every man, woman and child in the country. This, too, in the face of a growing prohibitory sentiment which in many localities amounts to substantial unanimity. Twenty dollars a year is not the drink tax upon the laborer, but only a third of it, for, since every worker has two other persons dependent upon him he has to pay $60 or even $72 a year for this waste, which if evenly distributed would be a most burdensome tax but when unequally distributed becomes ruin. Here, for example, is the agricultural group, which, at the most liberal estimate, can not be supposed to consume more than half of its pro rata of drink. It is in the rural communities that abstinence is the rule rather than the exception, the farming class being in fact the sheet anchor of Temperance reform. It is even doubtful whether the farmers use so much as half of their pro rata of drink; but whatever amount they may leave, it must be charged over to the account of the other classes, the aggregate amount of the consumption resting upon evidence which does not admit of our discounting it at all.

We have, therefore, in our tables of elementary commercial relation an error in the drink estimate equal to a half quota for sixteen agriculturalists, which must be added to the consumption of the other classes. Now it is evident that the trade and transportation class can hardly be expected to do more than to drink its average, although possibly it might smoke considerably beyond the pro rata. Drink is not the vice of this class. One-fourth of its members are railway operatives and employes, who upon many roads are abstainers by contract if not upon principle. The remaining three-fourths are the retail merchants of every sort and their employes who drink but little, the habit of drinking being generally recognized by the proprietors as detrimental if not destructive. Thus we are compelled to divide among the second and third classes the unused drink quota of the farmers, the result being a set of tables like the following:

Sixteen agricultural producers at $465 each		$7,440
Food consumption for 48 persons @ $60	$2,880	
Drink and tobacco at half rate, $30 per worker	480	
	$3,360	
Balance		$4,080
Pro rata of manufactures		$4,800

Here we see that drink cuts off enough of the manufacturer's market to employ one additional worker for about every thirty-two farmers, or more than 239,000 workers in the country. What this means may be inferred from the fact that the number of operators in 1880 employed in making agricultural implements was 39,580; in boots and shoes, 131,967; in carriages and wagons, 45,304. For the farmers to stop drink and tobacco would liberate money enough to double these industries and still have enough left over to add half to the present production of woolen goods.

Eight manufacturing producers @ $400 earn		$3,200
Food for them and their dependents costs	$1,440	
Whisky and tobacco at 1/5 pro rata $90	720	
Balance for other uses		$1,040

This is in place of $2,400 which would be the pro rata of manufactured goods for this class.

Eight in professional and personal service gives:

Seven @ $300		$2,100
One @ $1,000		1,000
Food, 24 persons	$1,440	
Drink and tobacco	720	
Balance		940

In place of $2,400 which this class should use for manufactures.

Trade and transportation:

Three in trade @ $800		$2,400
One in transportation @ $400		400
		$2,800
Food	$720	
Drink and tobacco	240	
Balance		$1,840
Pro rata for manufactures		$1,200

Thus we see that this class is the only one that comes out of the comparison in a solvent condition.

The burden which drink lays upon the third class is even greater than here shown, owing to the larger number of women and children belonging to it. While in the whole country the proportion of women and children among wage-earners is 2.5, in trade and transportation it is only 1.22 but in professional and personal service it is 7.10 or nearly three-fourths of the whole. It follows therefore that if this class drinks anything like the aggregate we have computed the results of it must be well nigh totally destructive to the men who belong to it.

Thus all the considerations together point to the conclusion that the drink and tobacco wastes disarrange exchanges, cut off the manufacturers' markets and condemn one-sixth of the wage-earners of the country to a condition of absolute misery, and another sixth to a condition but little better through the unfair diversion of their earnings for buying food and fuel for the unfortunate victims of drink.—*Union Signal.*

A GLORIOUS WARFARE.

A Victory Which Brings Blessedness and Prosperity—Temperance Recitation for Boys.

Friends: It is my pleasant duty to explain to you the object of our coming together and banding ourselves into a society called "The Band of Hope." First of all, we are volunteers, and they are always the happiest and readiest soldiers. One brave, willing recruit is worth ten pressed men. We do not wear any uniform, except the uniform desire to do good. Our bands are not often of brass, but always of hope. Our music is not particularly martial, but when we stand to sing in martial order the melodies are more heartily and earnestly rendered than those performed at military reviews and sham fights. The oath of allegiance is our pledge. We have no regulations about height or age. Nothing disqualifies for service except desertion.

Our warfare is against no man, but for the benefit of all men. We fight the foes of disease and crime, of poverty and wretchedness. The only arms we use are the weapons of facts and truth, and arguments for sobriety, economy, health and happiness. We neither kill nor wound any; we only seek to annihilate the foes that slay our countrymen by thousands and fill our hospitals with the sick and wounded. We contend for peace. Our victory brings blessedness and prosperity as surely as the morning sunshine banishes the darkness of night. Is not ours a glorious warfare? Will you enlist with us to carry it still further on?—*Christian at Work.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THERE is a Temperance Insurance Company in Scotland; and by its regulations a total abstainer can obtain insurance at ten per cent. less premium than a moderate drinker.

JOHN MILTON said: "Reformers look small in the eyes of the world, they are so far in advance, but large in the eyes of God, they are so much nearer Him; for all real reform is Godward."

DON'T drink, treat or be treated. No man ever made an ounce of reputation or money by doing it, and enough has been lost to make a paradise of the United States, and pave the streets with gold.—*National Educator.*

OCCASIONALLY a mad dog rushes through the street, and forthwith the authorities are called upon to muzzle or kill every dog. And yet whisky kills 300,000 people, and brings millions of others to misery and want, where a single one is killed or injured from a rabid dog. The moral is plain. Do more muzzling of whisky.—*Inter Ocean.*

THERE are, at the very latest accounts, 11,827 total abstainers in the British Army in India. The Duke of Connaught, in a letter to Rev. Mr. Gregson who is the founder of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association, says: "Experience has taught me how much of the crime in the army in India is either caused or aggravated by drink, and one can not too often impress this upon the men themselves." Evidently the men are being impressed.

THE London Temperance Hospital, which has just celebrated its anniversary, finds a death rate during the past year of only five per cent. The number cared for in the hospital was 584, of which 309 left the institution cured and 109 had been relieved. Abstaining and non-abstaining patients are received in about equal numbers, and in only two cases since establishment has alcohol been administered. A new wing, with accommodation for seventy patients, has been added during the year.

BAALBEC.

Description of the Ruins of the Ancient Damascene City.

The ruins of the ancient city of Baalbec, situated on the plain forty-three miles northwest of Damascus, are the wonder of modern architects.

Everything is colossal. The area is larger than that of the temple at Jerusalem. We may begin with the walls, which are half a mile around, and of such height and depth as are rarely attained in the most tremendous fortress. Where from within I climbed to the top, it made me giddy to look over the perilous edge to the depth below; and when from without the walls I looked up at them, they rose high in the air. Some of the stones seem as if they had been reared in place, not by Titans, but by the gods. There are nine stones thirty feet long and ten feet thick, which is larger than the foundation stones of the temple at Jerusalem, dating from the time of Solomon, or any blocks in the great Pyramid.

But even these are pygmies compared with the three giants of the western wall, sixty-two feet, sixty-three and a half feet, sixty-four feet long. These are said to be the largest stones ever used in any construction. They weigh hundreds of tons, and instead of being merely hewn out of a quarry, which might have been on the site, and left to lie where they were before, they have been lifted nineteen feet from the ground, and there embedded in the wall. Never was there such cyclopean architecture. How such masses could have been moved is a problem with modern engineers.

Sir Charles Wilson, whom I met in Jerusalem, is at this moment in Baalbec. Standing in the grounds of the temple, he tells me that in the British Museum there is an ancient tablet which reveals the way such stones were moved. The mechanics were very simple: rollers were put under them, and they were drawn up inclined planes by sheer human muscle—the united strength of great numbers of men. In the rude design on the tablet the whole scene is pictured to the eye.

There are battalions of men, hundreds to a single roller, with the taskmasters standing over them, lash in hand, which was freely applied to make them pull together, and the king sitting on high to give the signal for this putting forth of human strength en masse as if an army were moving to battle. A battle it was in the waste of human life it caused. These temples of Baalbec must have been a whole generation in building, and have consumed the population of a province and the wealth of an empire.—*Rev. Henry M. Field, in Evangelist.*

CHEAP MONEY.

The Woman Who Mistook the Character of a Broker's Shop.

She pushed her way through the little crowd of ex-capitalists that was congregated about the "ticker" and set her shopping-bag down upon the counter with a slam.

"I see by the papers that money is cheap," she began.

"Never so cheap as at present," replied the broker, affably.

"How are you selling tens?" she continued.

"Tens, madam?" said the broker in surprise.

"Yes, ten-dollar bills. Where do you keep them? This doesn't look at all like a bankrupt sale. I expected to find them in little baskets ticketed: 'Anything in this basket $5,' and so on. Have you any remnants—quarters, halves, and all that—at a great sacrifice? What is the cause of this fearful reduction, anyhow? Must you close out your entire stock of money within the next thirty days, regardless of cost, to make room for fresh goods? Or is your stock damaged by fire?"

"We have some stocks that are damaged by water that we can let you have at a very low figure," said the broker.

"Yes? By the way, you didn't tell me what you get for the ten-dollar bills."

"O, wine and cigars and theater tickets," said the broker, absent mindedly.

"I mean, how much do you sell them for?"

"Ten dollars."

"Do you call that cheap?"

"Yes, I do," growled the financier. "I've seen the time when I had to pay $15 for the use of ten on my personal note at thirty days, and it was dirt cheap, too, considering the security. What did you expect to pay?"

"O, not more than five. I'm looking for bargains. Good morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY WON'T STAND IT.

A Michigan Farmer Who Complains of the Æsthetic Ways of His Hired Men.

"Yes, I come in after a hired man," said the old farmer as he sipped his root beer on the market yesterday, "but I've got disgusted and shan't try very hard to find one."

"What's the matter with hired men?"

"Too high-toned and important. Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plow, so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths! At the end of a week he quit. Said that labor was ennobling, and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his taste."

"Yes."

"Wall, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going to work and he quit at the end of a fortnight, because we didn't have a pianner in the house. Why, that chap never got up till seven o'clock and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every other evening.

"The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bedroom winder. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted to paint all the roofs red and put pea-green on the corn-cribs. He suggested a hog-pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the wind mill to milk the cows. I found him writing poetry in the cornfield, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his boots and sent for a coupay to bring him to the city."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Raisin pie: One cup of raisins, remove seeds, and boil in one-half cup of water fifteen minutes, add a small piece of butter and two teaspoonfuls of sugar; bake with two crusts.—*Hartford Courant.*

—It used to be an old joke with farmers that more corn grew on crooked than on straight rows, simply because they were greater in length. In the best farming districts straight rows of corn are now the rule and crooked ones the exception.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Hot water gingerbread: One cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon ginger, one of butter melted, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup boiling water, two cups flour. Mix in order given and beat well. Bake in a deep cake pan.—*Boston Globe.*

—A white birch, cut in March or April, and left exposed to the weather without splitting, will, by August, often be so rotten that no axe will be needed for dividing it into stove lengths; but birch bean poles, cut in midsummer, we have used two seasons and then found them comparatively sound, and so tough that they would bend almost double without breaking.—*New England Farmer.*

—We can not burn stubble where land is seeded with clover or grass without injuring these. We would not burn it under these conditions if we could, as it is worth more to remain on the ground. But dry stubble ploughed under is apt in a hot summer to do more harm than good, and it is better economy on most kinds of soil to turn it into ashes where it grew.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Lemon jelly cake: One cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs; put sugar, eggs and butter together and beat them; add one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder; this makes three layers and is to be put together with jelly. The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg; cook it over hot water, as custard, till it boils.—*The Household.*

—The Indians had no almanacs, nor any means of knowing the day of the month. But their rule for planting corn was a very simple and good one, and that was when the leaves of the hickory or butternut were of the size of squirrels' ears. At this time the ground has become warm enough to germinate the seed and push it forward. Corn is a semi-tropical plant, and more impatient of cold than the smaller grains.

—An exchange remarks that a hand hoe which is never ground will wear much longer than one which frequently comes in contact with the grindstone, but the extra amount of labor that can be performed with the sharp implement will be sufficient to pay for a new hoe every three days, to say nothing of the saving of muscle. It is poor economy to work with a dull axe, scythe or hoe.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

SHEEP MINING.

The Golden Fleece Not Repeated as a Fable, but as a Newspaper Fact, in Montana.

A local sheep raiser has lately discovered that the wool of his sheep is very rich in gold, and it is now thought that sheep mining will become the most profitable industry in the territory.

A man who owns a thousand sheep averaging forty ounces of gold to the sheep has a bonanza. Unlike the ordinary mining bonanza, the sheep bonanza will be practically inexhaustible. Sheep breed rapidly, and a man can increase his flock almost as easily as he can water the stock of a silver mine, and with much more profit. His mines, so to speak, will double in number at least every year, and the number of his gold yielding sheep will be limited only by the extent of his pasture land.

The sheep mine is far easier to work than is any other mine. The miner does not have to sink a shaft or to drive a tunnel in his sheep. He simply cuts off the wool—a process easier than surface mining in the best days of early California gold hunting—and separates the gold and the wool. This may be done either by smelting the wool in a bonfire or by mixing it with mercury. In the latter place the gold amalgamates with the mercury, and the wool is left as a residuum. The mercury is afterward driven off by heat, and as a result the miner has both his gold and his wool.

How the gold gets into the wool of the Montana sheep is a problem. There is a theory that the sheep in cropping grass take a certain amount of gold-bearing earth into their mouths, and that the gold afterward exudes from the pores and is caught by the wool. There is, however, no reason to suppose that gold taken into the stomach will find its way out through the pores. If this were the case, there can be no doubt that gold would be largely consumed by girls anxious to dye their hair easily and permanently. Then there is the theory that the gold in the wool of the sheep has been deposited there in the same way that gold has been deposited in the strata of the earth. It is needless to say that this theory is held only by persons who derive their idea of the longevity of sheep from the spring lamb of boarding houses. The Montana sheep does not live through long geological periods, and hence gold is not deposited in its wool by the same process by which it is deposited in the rocks.

The simplest explanation of the matter is that sheep roll on ground impregnated with gold dust, and thus fill their wool with gold. However this may be, there can be no doubt that gold-bearing sheep are desirable animals, and that Montana is lucky in possessing them.—*N. Y. Times.*

—In the *Outing* there is a good argument in favor of the tricycle for the health and pleasure of girls and women. The argument is full of both theory and fact. The fresh air, the exercise and the inspiration of these wheeled toys are better than any three doctors. The tricycle costs less than a trip to Newport, and is much more valuable.—*Chicago Current.*

WOODLANDS.

A Little Judicious Attention Will Immensely Increase Their Value.

While we make great exertions to improve our cultivated lands by the introduction of food-producing plants, and by the destruction of all undesirable plants, we make no effort to improve the condition of our woodlands, but let nature have her own way. If, by chance, a few seeds of an undesirable tree find their way to a desirable timber lot, they are permitted to grow, though they may be of a character to crowd out all the other more desirable trees. This is a great wrong that ought to receive immediate attention. That it should for so long a time have escaped the attention of farmers can only be accounted for by the fact that our country is comparatively new, and has been covered by large quantities of good timber, and that until within a few years, even in the older States, wood large enough for lumber has been cut and reduced to ashes, to clear the land. While such a state of things existed it was very natural that no effort should be made to encourage the growth of the better class of trees, and discourage the growth of the poorer. But now when we have more cleared land than we need for cultivation, and when we find ourselves running short of many kinds of lumber, and at the same time overrun with firewood, we naturally turn our attention to our woodlands to discover some way, if possible, to so improve them as to turn the surplus firewood into valuable timber, and thus, not only supply our pressing wants, but at the same time greatly increase the value, as well as income of our farms.

The moment our attention is turned to this subject we begin to realize how great has been our neglect, and the great loss we have already sustained by permitting nature to have her own way. What would be thought of a farmer who should make no effort to destroy the undesirable plants in his cultivated fields, but let the thistles, milk weeds and wild carrots to grow in quantities sufficient to overshadow all desirable plants? Would it not be said that such a farmer did not make the best of his farm, in fact, that his farming must be a failure? Now the farmer who lets nature take her course in the woods is not much in advance of the farmer who lets her take her course in the cultivated fields.

Since the general introduction of coal firewood has become very cheap in comparison with the price of timber; for while the price of timber has continued to rise the price of firewood has remained stationary, or has dropped to a lower price; so that to-day, in all parts of the State, the difference between the price of trees that are only suitable for firewood and those that are fit for timber is so great that the farmer can not spend his time to more profit than in assisting nature in filling his woodlands with such trees as will make timber instead of firewood. At first thought this may be considered to be a work very difficult to perform, but a little investigation will show that with forethought the work is comparatively very trifling. We can not change a forest at once from undesirable to desirable trees, but it must be the work of years. Our first efforts should be to cut out all undesirable trees that interfere with the desirable ones, especially if they produce seed. For example, when a pitch pine and a white pine stand near each other, the pitch pine should be cut and the white pine left to seed the land, because, if the pitch pine be left, all of the surrounding territory will in a few years be covered with seedling pitch pines; but if only the white pine be left, then the surrounding territory will be covered with white pines, which are far more desirable than the pitch pines.

There are many thousands of acres of land, which are now covered with pitch pines, that might have been covered with white pines if our fathers had spent a few hours time on each acre, in cutting the first seedling pitch pines, and setting in their places white pines. A single white pine to the acre is sufficient to seed the whole land in a few years after it begins to bear seed, providing the undesirable trees be kept down to give the young seedings a chance.

The chestnut tree is a very desirable tree to have in a timber lot, it makes timber that commands a ready market at a good price wherever there is a railroad. It will grow from a seed in twenty-five years large enough for railroad ties, and the stump will send up sprouts that will grow very much more rapidly than the seedlings; in this respect, it is better than the white pine; therefore, wherever the land is rocky, and so unfit for cultivation that it is to be kept continually in wood land, the the chestnut is really the most profitable tree, not excepting the white pine.

In deciding what trees to encourage on any lot, there are many things to be considered. If the white pine grows naturally and a few large trees are scattered over the land then it would not be best to supplant them with chestnut until one crop of pine was obtained, then chestnut might follow to advantage, unless when the pine was cut it be found, as is often the case, that young oaks were scattered over the land, ready to grow as soon as let into the sunlight, then the oak should be encouraged.

Before deciding what to cut, and what to encourage to grow, the value of each kind of timber should be considered. In some localities the poplar commands a ready market at a good price, in other localities it is almost worthless. As this is a rapid growing tree, where it commands a good price it should be encouraged, but where it will not, it should be cut when small to leave room for better trees.

The white pine, chestnut, oak, walnut, butternut, beech, spruce, hemlock and maple are all valuable for timber in all of the settled portions of the country. Therefore, these varieties of trees should be encouraged wherever woodland is to be continued; and such trees as the grey birch, pitch pine, red cherry, and all other trees unfit for timber, should be cut down and kept out of the wood lot.

Is it not our duty to commence this work of selection, that our children may reap the benefit of our labors?—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I'se watched it forty years an' its as I sez: De fust of May an' Christmas day of de same year allers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most incredulous person. Chancing to mention Dr. Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heerd 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss, sho's you born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into de glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an de ball jes drawed togedder, which, in course, brokes de glass—dat's de trick!"

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat line fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident." Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach responded:

"Look a here boss, you sholy don't 'spect me to b'leeve dat foolishness? Why, de biggest harricane whatever blowed couldn't stop dis train, runnin' forty mile a hour. An' you think I gwine to b'leeve a little pipe full of wind under de kyars can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs who judge everything simply by appearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but power and efficiency are not necessarily equivalent to bigness and pretense.

Phillip Beers, Esq., who resides at the United States Hotel, New York City, and is engaged in raising subscriptions for the New York *World* Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, was once upbraided by a distinguished relative who was a physician, for commending in such enthusiastic terms a remedy that cured him of bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profession, with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that can cure this terrible disorder?" No, no, that is true; there is no mistake about it but that Warner's safe cure is really a wonderfully effective preparation. That remedy is an "air-brake" that every man can apply, and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thousands of lives.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

WHAT is regarded as inspiration by the poet is by the editor regarded as insanity.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It Should Be Generally Known

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the cur with a can tied to his tail.—*Weekly Mavertick.*

Pile Tumors

when neglected or improperly treated often degenerate into cancer. By our new and improved treatment without knife, caustic or salve, we cure the worst cases in ten to thirty days. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE dentist always goes armed to the teeth.—*Burlington Free Press.*

DON'T hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A BARE possibility—That any one may become bald-headed.—*Boston Transcript.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A CONVICT, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

CAN it be said that a fish is crazy when he is insane?—*Hatchet.*

THE BOSS Collar Pad is universally recommended as being the best.

A CYCLONE is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WE contracted a cold last week, but it has spread all over us again.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE woman question: "Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE best way to find people out is to let them know you are about to call on them with a petition.—*Chicago Current.*

A MAN writes to ask how his nose can be stopped from increasing in size. Let him try water for a few weeks.—*N. Y. Herald.*

IT seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest when he is himself the "shortest."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THERE is a time when even a preacher is excusable for swearing. It is when he is on the witness stand.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"DO YOU enjoy good health?" asked Cross. "Why, yes, of course. Who doesn't?" replied Ross, tersely.—*St. Paul Herald.*

THE Stock Exchange does not deal in live stock, although you can always find plenty of bears, bulls and lambs about the place.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SIDE issue—Palpitation of the heart.—*Evansville Argus.*

THE silent watches of the night—Those not wound up.

"PEOPLE who raise green apples have only their labor for their pains." People who eat green apples generally have pains for their labor.—*Troy Times.*

WHY should not the Bartholdi statue have been brought over here packed up in sections? "Liberty Enlightening the World," is intended as an emblem of piece.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE man who advertises in hot weather is the man who sells goods the first cool day. This wise man reverses the usual rule. When it's a cold day he doesn't get left.—*N. Y. Herald.*

KANSAS FARMS Improved and unimproved. A correct County Map published by us, containing many valuable facts—average yield per acre of various crops and prices realized for 1884, populations of Towns, Counties and States, together with location, particulars and price of several decided bargains, mailed for 2 cents. We can suit most anybody. M. M. BROWN, Wyandotte and Sixth Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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"That Minds Me,"

Says Sandy, "o' that awfu' Eczema I had, before I left home, in Scotland. I was maist covered wi' eruptions, when I saw an adverteesment o'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

in a Glasgow paper. The itchin' fairly drove me mad, but I took the Sarsaparilla, an' it worked like magic. Man, it wrought a perfect cure."

Several years ago I was troubled with Nettle Rash, which itched so badly I could not rest day or night. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla entirely cured me.—John Lehmann, Editor and Proprietor *Freie Presse*, Crown Point, Ind.

I have had a dry scaly humor, from which I suffered terribly. As my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume it was hereditary. Last winter Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.), said to me: "Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year." For five months I took it daily; and, had you seen my condition before I commenced its use, I would travel a thousand miles to show you the wonderful effects of your remedy. I have not a blemish upon my body, and I attribute my cure wholly to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialities of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and the sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

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I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated with the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen and full of pain. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought it would be a good time to test the virtues of Swift's Specific. I improved from the very first dose. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the first of October, 1884, I was a well man again. LEM McCLENDON.

Lem McClendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statements to be true. W. B. CROSBY, Manager Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.

Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

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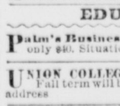

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NO MORE SORE NECKS.

It will positively prevent chafing and cure sore Withers. Horse can be worked while cure is perfected. Harness makers will refund money if not satisfied after 30 days trial. Be sure to get Pad large enough. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

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HOMES MADE HAPPY by our new book. A lady or gentleman wanted to introduce it in every town. Every family will buy it. Big profits. Address at once for circulars E. GATELY & CO., Cleveland, O.

BAALBEC.

Description of the Ruins of the Ancient Damascene City.

The ruins of the ancient city of Baalbec, situated on the plain forty-three miles northwest of Damascus, are the wonder of modern architects.

Everything is colossal. The area is larger than that of the temple at Jerusalem. We may begin with the walls, which are half a mile around, and of such height and depth as are rarely attained in the most tremendous fortress. Where from within I climbed to the top, it made me giddy to look over the perilous edge to the depth below; and when from without the walls I looked up at them, they rose high in the air. Some of the stones seem as if they had been reared in place, not by Titans, but by the gods. There are nine stones thirty feet long and ten feet thick, which is larger than the foundation stones of the temple at Jerusalem, dating from the time of Solomon, or any blocks in the great Pyramid.

But even these are pygmies compared with the three giants of the western wall, sixty-two feet, sixty-three and a half feet, sixty-four feet long. These are said to be the largest stones ever used in any construction. They weigh hundreds of tons, and instead of being merely hewn out of a quarry, which might have been on the site, and left to lie where they were before, they have been lifted nineteen feet from the ground, and there embedded in the wall. Never was there such cyclopean architecture. How such masses could have been moved is a problem with modern engineers.

Sir Charles Wilson, whom I met in Jerusalem, is at this moment in Baalbec. Standing in the grounds of the temple, he tells me that in the British Museum there is an ancient tablet which reveals the way such stones were moved. The mechanics were very simple: rollers were put under them, and they were drawn up inclined planes by sheer human muscle—the united strength of great numbers of men. In the rude design on the tablet the whole scene is pictured to the eye.

There are battalions of men, hundreds to a single roller, with the taskmasters standing over them, lash in hand, which was freely applied to make them pull together, and the king sitting on high to give the signal for this putting forth of human strength en masse as if an army were moving to battle. A battle it was in the waste of human life it caused. These temples of Baalbec must have been a whole generation in building, and have consumed the population of a province and the wealth of an empire.—*Rev. Henry M. Field, in Evangelist.*

CHEAP MONEY.

The Woman Who Mistook the Character of a Broker's Shop.

She pushed her way through the little crowd of ex-capitalists that was congregated about the "ticker" and set her shopping-bag down upon the counter with a slam.

"I see by the papers that money is cheap," she began.

"Never so cheap as at present," replied the broker, affably.

"How are you selling tens?" she continued.

"Tens, madam?" said the broker in surprise.

"Yes, ten-dollar bills. Where do you keep them? This doesn't look at all like a bankrupt sale. I expected to find them in little baskets ticketed: 'Anything in this basket $5,' and so on. Have you any remnants—quarters, halves, and all that—at a great sacrifice? What is the cause of this fearful reduction, anyhow? Must you close out your entire stock of money within the next thirty days, regardless of cost, to make room for fresh goods? Or is your stock damaged by fire?"

"We have some stocks that are damaged by water that we can let you have at a very low figure," said the broker.

"Yes? By the way, you didn't tell me what you get for the ten-dollar bills."

"O, wine and cigars and theater tickets," said the broker, absent mindedly.

"I mean, how much do you sell them for?"

"Ten dollars."

"Do you call that cheap?"

"Yes, I do," growled the financier. "I've seen the time when I had to pay $15 for the use of ten on my personal note at thirty days, and it was dirt cheap, too, considering the security. What did you expect to pay?"

"O, not more than five. I'm looking for bargains. Good morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY WON'T STAND IT.

A Michigan Farmer Who Complains of the Æsthetic Ways of His Hired Men.

"Yes, I come in after a hired man," said the old farmer as he sipped his root beer on the market yesterday, "but I've got disgusted and shan't try very hard to find one."

"What's the matter with hired men?"

"Too high-toned and important. Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plow, so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths! At the end of a week he quit. Said that labor was ennobling, and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his taste."

"Yes."

"Wall, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going to work and he quit at the end of a fortnight, because we didn't have a pianner in the house. Why, that chap never got up till seven o'clock and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every other evening.

"The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bedroom winder. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted to paint all the roofs red and put pea-green on the corn-cribs. He suggested a hog-pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the wind mill to milk the cows. I found him writing poetry in the cornfield, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his boots and sent for a coupay to bring him to the city."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Raisin pie: One cup of raisins, remove seeds, and boil in one-half cup of water fifteen minutes, add a small piece of butter and two teaspoonfuls of sugar; bake with two crusts.—*Hartford Courant.*

—It used to be an old joke with farmers that more corn grew on crooked than on straight rows, simply because they were greater in length. In the best farming districts straight rows of corn are now the rule and crooked ones the exception.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Hot water gingerbread: One cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon ginger, one of butter melted, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup boiling water, two cups flour. Mix in order given and beat well. Bake in a deep cake pan.—*Boston Globe.*

—A white birch, cut in March or April, and left exposed to the weather without splitting, will, by August, often be so rotten that no axe will be needed for dividing it into stove lengths; but birch bean poles, cut in midsummer, we have used two seasons and then found them comparatively sound, and so tough that they would bend almost double without breaking.—*New England Farmer.*

—We can not burn stubble where land is seeded with clover or grass without injuring these. We would not burn it under these conditions if we could, as it is worth more to remain on the ground. But dry stubble ploughed under is apt in a hot summer to do more harm than good, and it is better economy on most kinds of soil to turn it into ashes where it grew.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Lemon jelly cake: One cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs; put sugar, eggs and butter together and beat them; add one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder; this makes three layers and is to be put together with jelly. The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg; cook it over hot water, as custard, till it boils.—*The Household.*

—The Indians had no almanacs, nor any means of knowing the day of the month. But their rule for planting corn was a very simple and good one, and that was when the leaves of the hickory or butternut were of the size of squirrels' ears. At this time the ground has become warm enough to germinate the seed and push it forward. Corn is a semi-tropical plant, and more impatient of cold than the smaller grains.

—An exchange remarks that a hand hoe which is never ground will wear much longer than one which frequently comes in contact with the grindstone, but the extra amount of labor that can be performed with the sharp implement will be sufficient to pay for a new hoe every three days, to say nothing of the saving of muscle. It is poor economy to work with a dull axe, scythe or hoe.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

SHEEP MINING.

The Golden Fleece Not Repeated as a Fable, but as a Newspaper Fact, In Montana.

A local sheep raiser has lately discovered that the wool of his sheep is very rich in gold, and it is now thought that sheep mining will become the most profitable industry in the territory.

A man who owns a thousand sheep averaging forty ounces of gold to the sheep has a bonanza. Unlike the ordinary mining bonanza, the sheep bonanza will be practically inexhaustible. Sheep breed rapidly, and a man can increase his flock almost as easily as he can water the stock of a silver mine, and with much more profit. His mines, so to speak, will double in number at least every year, and the number of his gold yielding sheep will be limited only by the extent of his pasture land.

The sheep mine is far easier to work than is any other mine. The miner does not have to sink a shaft or to drive a tunnel in his sheep. He simply cuts off the wool—a process easier than surface mining in the best days of early California gold hunting—and separates the gold and the wool. This may be done either by smelting the wool in a bonfire or by mixing it with mercury. In the latter place the gold amalgamates with the mercury, and the wool is left as a residuum. The mercury is afterward driven off by heat, and as a result the miner has both his gold and his wool.

How the gold gets into the wool of the Montana sheep is a problem. There is a theory that the sheep in cropping grass take a certain amount of gold-bearing earth into their mouths, and that the gold afterward exudes from the pores and is caught by the wool. There is, however, no reason to suppose that gold taken into the stomach will find its way out through the pores. If this were the case, there can be no doubt that gold would be largely consumed by girls anxious to dye their hair easily and permanently. Then there is the theory that the gold in the wool of the sheep has been deposited there in the same way that gold has been deposited in the strata of the earth. It is needless to say that this theory is held only by persons who derive their idea of the longevity of sheep from the spring lamb of boarding houses. The Montana sheep does not live through long geological periods, and hence gold is not deposited in its wool by the same process by which it is deposited in the rocks.

The simplest explanation of the matter is that sheep roll on ground impregnated with gold dust, and thus fill their wool with gold. However this may be, there can be no doubt that gold-bearing sheep are desirable animals, and that Montana is lucky in possessing them.—*N. Y. Times.*

—In the *Outing* there is a good argument in favor of the tricycle for the health and pleasure of girls and women. The argument is full of both theory and fact. The fresh air, the exercise and the inspiration of these wheeled toys are better than any three doctors. The tricycle costs less than a trip to Newport, and is much more valuable.—*Chicago Current.*

WOODLANDS.

A Little Judicious Attention Will Immensely Increase Their Value.

While we make great exertions to improve our cultivated lands by the introduction of food-producing plants, and by the destruction of all undesirable plants, we make no effort to improve the condition of our woodlands, but let nature have her own way. If, by chance, a few seeds of an undesirable tree find their way to a desirable timber lot, they are permitted to grow, though they may be of a character to crowd out all the other more desirable trees. This is a great wrong that ought to receive immediate attention. That it should for so long a time have escaped the attention of farmers can only be accounted for by the fact that our country is comparatively new, and has been covered by large quantities of good timber, and that until within a few years, even in the older States, wood large enough for lumber has been cut and reduced to ashes, to clear the land. While such a state of things existed it was very natural that no effort should be made to encourage the growth of the better class of trees, and discourage the growth of the poorer. But now when we have more cleared land than we need for cultivation, and when we find ourselves running short of many kinds of lumber, and at the same time overrun with fire-wood, we naturally turn our attention to our woodlands to discover some way, if possible, to so improve them as to turn the surplus firewood into valuable timber, and thus, not only supply our pressing wants, but at the same time greatly increase the value, as well as income of our farms.

The moment our attention is turned to this subject we begin to realize how great has been our neglect, and the great loss we have already sustained by permitting nature to have her own way. What would be thought of a farmer who should make no effort to destroy the undesirable plants in his cultivated fields, but let the thistles, milk weeds and wild carrots to grow in quantities sufficient to overshadow all desirable plants? Would it not be said that such a farmer did not make the best of his farm, in fact, that his farming must be a failure? Now the farmer who lets nature take her course in the woods is not much in advance of the farmer who lets her take her course in the cultivated fields.

Since the general introduction of coal firewood has become very cheap in comparison with the price of timber; for while the price of timber has continued to rise the price of firewood has remained stationary, or has dropped to a lower price; so that to-day, in all parts of the State, the difference between the price of trees that are only suitable for firewood and those that are fit for timber is so great that the farmer can not spend his time to more profit than in assisting nature in filling his woodlands with such trees as will make timber instead of firewood. At first thought this may be considered to be a work very difficult to perform, but a little investigation will show that with forethought the work is comparatively very trifling. We can not change a forest at once from undesirable to desirable trees, but it must be the work of years. Our first efforts should be to cut out all undesirable trees that interfere with the desirable ones, especially if they produce seed. For example, when a pitch pine and a white pine stand near each other, the pitch pine should be cut and the white pine left to seed the land, because, if the pitch pine be left, all of the surrounding territory will in a few years be covered with seedling pitch pines; but if only the white pine be left, then the surrounding territory will be covered with white pines, which are far more desirable than the pitch pines.

There are many thousands of acres of land, which are now covered with pitch pines, that might have been covered with white pines if our fathers had spent a few hours time on each acre, in cutting the first seedling pitch pines, and setting in their places white pines. A single white pine to the acre is sufficient to seed the whole land in a few years after it begins to bear seed, providing the undesirable trees be kept down to give the young seedings a chance.

The chestnut tree is a very desirable tree to have in a timber lot, it makes timber that commands a ready market at a good price wherever there is a railroad. It will grow from a seed in twenty-five years large enough for railroad ties, and the stump will send up sprouts that will grow very much more rapidly than the seedlings; in this respect, it is better than the white pine; therefore, wherever the land is rocky, and so unfit for cultivation that it is to be kept continually in wood land, the the chestnut is really the most profitable tree, not excepting the white pine.

In deciding what trees to encourage on any lot, there are many things to be considered. If the white pine grows naturally and a few large trees are scattered over the land then it would not be best to supplant them with chestnut until one crop of pine was obtained, then chestnut might follow to advantage, unless when the pine was cut it be found, as is often the case, that young oaks were scattered over the land, ready to grow as soon as let into the sunlight, then the oak should be encouraged.

Before deciding what to cut, and what to encourage to grow, the value of each kind of timber should be considered. In some localities the poplar commands a ready market at a good price, in other localities it is almost worthless. As this is a rapid growing tree, where it commands a good price it should be encouraged, but where it will not, it should be cut when small to leave room for better trees.

The white pine, chestnut, oak, walnut, butternut, beech, spruce, hemlock and maple are all valuable for timber in all of the settled portions of the country. Therefore, these varieties of trees should be encouraged wherever woodland is to be continued; and such trees as the grey birch, pitch pine, red cherry, and all other trees unfit for timber, should be cut down and kept out of the wood lot.

Is it not our duty to commence this work of selection, that our children may reap the benefit of our labors?—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I'se watched it forty years an' its as I sez: De fust of May an' Christmas day of de same year allers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most incredulous person. Chancing to mention Dr. Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heerd 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss, sho's you born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into de glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an de ball jes drawed togedder, which, in course, brokes de glass—dat's de trick!"

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat line fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident." Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach responded:

"Look a here boss, you sholy don't 'spect me to b'leeve dat foolishness? Why, de biggest harricane whatever blowed couldn't stop dis train, runnin' forty mile a hour. An' you think I gwine to b'leeve a little pipe full of wind under de kyars can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs who judge everything simply by appearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but power and efficiency are not necessarily equivalent to bigness and pretense.

Philip Beers, Esq., who resides at the United States Hotel, New York City, and is engaged in raising subscriptions for the New York *World* Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, was once upbraided by a distinguished relative who was a physician, for commending in such enthusiastic terms a remedy that cured him of bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profession, with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that can cure this terrible disorder?" No, no, that is true; there is no mistake about it but that Warner's safe cure is really a wonderfully effective preparation. That remedy is an "air-brake" that every man can apply, and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thousands of lives.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

WHAT is regarded as inspiration by the poet is by the editor regarded as insanity.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It Should Be Generally Known

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the car with a can tied to his tail.—*Weekly Maverick.*

Pile Tumors

when neglected or improperly treated often degenerate into cancer. By our new and improved treatment without knife, caustic or salve, we cure the worst cases in ten to thirty days. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE dentist always goes armed to the teeth.—*Burlington Free Press.*

DON'T hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A BARE possibility—That any one may become bald-headed.—*Boston Transcript.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A CONVICT, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

CAN it be said that a fish is crazy when he is insane?—*Hatchet.*

THE BOSS Collar Pad is universally recommended as being the best.

A CYCLONE is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WE contracted a cold last week, but it has spread all over us again.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE woman question: "Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE best way to find people out is to let them know you are about to call on them with a petition.—*Chicago Current.*

A MAN writes to ask how his nose can be stopped from increasing in size. Let him try water for a few weeks.—*N. Y. Herald.*

IT seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest when he is himself the "shortest."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THERE is a time when even a preacher is excusable for swearing. It is when he is on the witness stand.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"DO YOU enjoy good health?" asked Cross. "Why, yes, of course. Who don't?" replied Ross, tersely.—*St. Paul Herald.*

THE Stock Exchange does not deal in live stock, although you can always find plenty of bears, bulls and lambs about the place.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SIDE issue—Palpitation of the heart.—*Evansville Argus.*

THE silent watches of the night—Those not wound up.

"PEOPLE who raise green apples have only their labor for their pains." People who eat green apples generally have pains for their labor.—*Troy Times.*

WHY should not the Bartholdi statue have been brought over here packed up in sections? "Liberty Enlightening the World," is intended as an emblem of piece.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE man who advertises in hot weather is the man who sells goods the first cool day. This wise man reverses the usual rule. When it's a cold day he doesn't get left.—*N. Y. Herald.*

KANSAS FARMS Improved and unimproved. A correct County Map published by us, containing many valuable facts—average yield per acre of various crops and prices realized for 1884, populations of Towns, Counties and States, together with location, particulars and price of several decided bargains, mailed for 2 cents. We can suit most anybody. M. M. BROWN, Wyandotte and Sixth Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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"That Minds Me,"

Says Sandy, "o' that awfu' Eczema I had, before I left home, in Scotland. I was maist covered wi' eruptions, when I saw an adverteesment o'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

in a Glasgow paper. The itchin' fairly drove me mad, but I took the Sarsaparilla, an' it worked like magic. Man, it wrought a perfect cure."

Several years ago I was troubled with Nettle Rash, which itched so badly I could not rest day or night. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla entirely cured me.—John Lehmann, Editor and Proprietor *Freie Presse*, Crown Point, Ind.

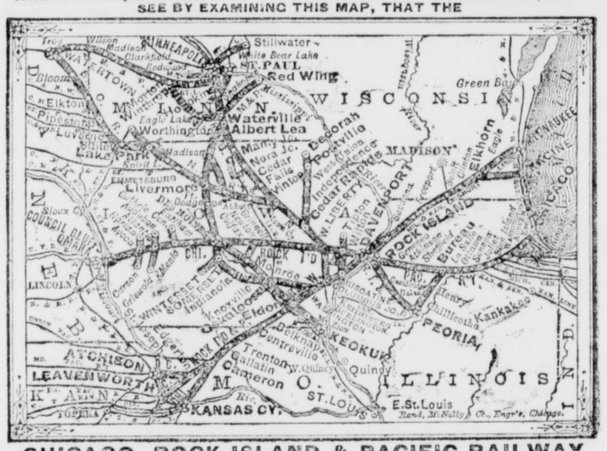
I have had a dry scaly humor, from which I suffered terribly. As my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume it was hereditary. Last winter Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.), said to me: "Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year." For five months I took it daily; and, had you seen my condition before I commenced its use, I would travel a thousand miles to show you the wonderful effects of your remedy. I have not a blemish upon my body, and I attribute my cure wholly to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points W est, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.

E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Frightful Case of a Colored Man.

I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated with the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen and full of pain. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought it would be a good time to test the virtues of Swift's Specific. I improved from the very first dose. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the first of October, 1883, I was a well man again. LEM McCLENDON.

Lem McClendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statements to be true. W. B. CROSBY, Manager Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.

Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. ☞ For Sale by all Druggists.

CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

R. U. AWARE

THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

EDUCATIONAL.

Paine's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $30. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, Chicago, Ill. The Fall term will begin September 23. For circular, address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill.

Young Men If you want to become Telegraph Operators, and be guaranteed employment, address P. W. REAM, Ada, O.

LADY AGENTS can secure employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt** and **Stocking Supporters.** Sample outfit **free.** Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

RIDGE'S FOOD

JOYOUS, HAPPY CHILDREN

are indeed the greatest boon of mankind. The indispensable qualification for this condition is health; and it is the claim of the manufacturers, indorsed by hundreds, that Ridge's Food is the best food for a growing child.

THE **BOSS COLLAR PAD**

OF ZINC AND LEATHER.

NO MORE SORE NECKS.

It will positively prevent chafing and cure sore Withers. Horse can be worked while cure is performed. Harness makers will refund money if not satisfied after 30 days trial. Be sure to get Pad large enough. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

HALE & KILBURN'S FAMOUS FOLDING **BEDS**

Stand Pre-eminent the world over. Greatest Variety. Richest Designs. BEST & Quickest. Most simple. Neat. Cheap. Luxurious.

Also EXTENSIVE MAKERS of the FINEST FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

RESERVOIR DESK WASHSTANDS. No Pump. No Sewer Gas. No Toilet Set. | ODORLESS COMMODES. Air-tight Joint. Best ever made.

Nos. 18 & 50 N. 6th St. PHILA. and No. 706 Broadway, N. YORK.

☞ Send for Catalogue, and kindly mention this paper

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

VOTED TO OVER 1600 LBS. TO THE INCH

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '81. Pronounced *strongest glue known.* Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE.

Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

HOMES MADE HAPPY by our new book. A lady or gentleman wanted to introduce it in every town. Every family will buy it. Big profits. Address at once for circulars E. GATELY & CO., Cleveland, O.

Conquering Physical Terror.

If it be certain that the terror of death is most potent among the strong and vigorous, those whose life blood recoils at the merest threat of danger, it follows then that those who conquer natural fear are the true heroes, and not those who never felt it. There is a story current, applied to many different circumstances, from the battles of the rebellion back to Waterloo, of a couple of young officers who had been selected by the commander to carry a message to a distant part of the field. The danger of the mission was so great that two men were sent on the expedition that one might possibly escape the flying bullets. Their chargers had hardly taken a dozen strides when one, a ruddy-faced, stalwart fellow, noticed that his companion was ghastly white, the beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead and his bridle hand shaking with terror. "Why, you're afraid," cried he of the ruddy countenance with an air of contempt. "I know I am," was the answer, "and if you were half as much afraid as I you would not go at all." That story, true or false as to the event, contains the whole philosophy of heroic deeds.

One instance of the disgust a man can feel at his own irrepressible symptoms of fear is related by a veteran. He was at Shiloh, in command of a battery of light guns. For his Lieutenant he had a young soldier who had recently joined. They were in a hot corner where Albert Sydney Johnson fell, and the bullets were flying thick and fast. An impatient cry from the young Lieutenant attracted his chief's attention. "What is it?" "Oh, blame it! look at my feet—I can't keep them still." And, sure enough, they were rattling in his stirrups with unconquerable physical terror. The young fellow was in despair, for he thought himself a hopeless coward, until the veteran praised him for his bravery in not being overcome by his too visible terror. The man made a brave soldier and died in the front of a desperate fight.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Typical Western Fertility.

The following story of an engineer on a Western railroad shows how fast the country is growing. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the truth of the story, but we do not hesitate to say that it is "not much of a story" compared with that of the Western man who makes an effort:

"One day I was driving my engine over the prairie at the rate of forty miles an hour, without a house in sight, and supposing the nearest town to be thirty miles distant. But as I glanced ahead I was astonished to see that I was approaching a large city. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it was a miracle.

"'Jim,' says I to the fireman, 'what's this place?'"

"'Blamed if I know,' says Jim, staring out of the cab. 'I declare, if there ain't a new town growed up here since we went over the line yesterday.'"

"'I believe you are right, Jim. Ring the bell, or we shall run over somebody!'"

"So I slowed up, and we pulled into a large depot, where more than five hundred people were waiting to see the first train come into the place. The conductor learned the name of the town, put it down on the schedule, and we went on."

"'Jim,' says I, as we pulled out, 'keep your eyes open for new towns. First thing you know we'll be running by some place.'

"'That's so,' said Jim. 'And hadn't we better get one of the brakemen to watch out on the rear platform for towns that are springing up after the engine gets by?'"

Model English Judges.

Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The facts which exist at the summit of affairs in London, if they were possible at the city of Washington, would be thoroughly presented in the American press. The late Chief Justice of England, Alexander Cockburn, lived in the midst of his illegitimate family during nearly his entire term of office. He sentenced men for adultery, &c., in sublime hypocrisy of the universally-known fact that he returned from the bench to the very conditions he had punished. Every club and every free-and-easy in London bruited about this fact, but nobody dared to print it. Yet he was a baron and was the chief-justice of England over 20 years. His successor, Mr. Coleridge, has just given the British and American public an indication of the punishing powers of the high classes when their wickedness are exposed. Coincident with Mr. Edmund Yates being sent to prison for having published a paragraph which a female sent him, the son of the chief justice was brought into court and prosecuted for libel, and the jury found for the plaintiff, and the judge threw the verdict out. Then the plaintiff came back with a suit against the chief justice himself, and the aggrieved person was incidentally the daughter of the justice who had been forbidden to keep company with her equal, and she was reduced, like Cinderella, to sit by the fire in her father's house and cook his food. By this time the public impatience was up, and before the case went to the jury the chief justice paid about $3,000 or $4,000 a year to his daughter to take the man and go off.

Domestic Customs Among the Hindoos.

From a Lecture in the Omaha Herald.

The custom of making matches, of pledging wives and husbands at an early age, he recommended as an improvement over the system prevailing in so-called civilized countries. Girls were pledged before they were eight years of age, and consequently families have no grown-up misses on their hands. It is considered a dishonor in a family to have a grown-up daughter unpledged in marriage. Strict habits of cleanliness prevail there which are unregarded here; no person dare eat without first taking a bath, and a different costume must be worn at each meal. Another feature he laid much stress on, was the happiness and contentment of the women. Marriage, he said, was regarded as a divine institution, and divorce was unknown. Women at the time of marriage take no oaths nor enter into any contracts. The men swear to protect their wives, and that they will keep them well pleased and supply their spiritual wants. Woman is, after all, a fortunate creature on this earth. She is everywhere protected and well taken care of. In India, when she wills, moonlight parties and dark midnight feasts are provided; new dishes are invented to please her palate and flower gardens to please her fancy. She is worshiped Goddess of Goodness, and, when ill, musicians play gentle melodies at her chamber window,

The Mecca of a Mother

It may be only a Barlow knife with a rusty blade and a broken point, or it may be a peg top half split down in the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed carefully away in the far-off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee. But all the gems of Golconda cannot buy them; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are the holy of the holiest. It is not often that she goes to that drawer, not often she looks upon the treasures there. But once in a while, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mother's hearts alone, like the famished and thirsty, she goes to the nest of her jewels. Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the heart and lips! What words are they singing? Kissed and cried on and kissed. Then yearningly, reluctantly, clinging back they go to their nest in the far-off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back one by one. All alone jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at a shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it comes to earth once more.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, on old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi." "I don't 'spees we kin," the darkey replied doubtfully. "At what time was the ham stolen?" "'Bout lebben o'clock dey say." "Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?" "No sah. I wah hidin' de ham."

A paper gave an account of a society event, and, speaking of one beautiful lady, of quite large proportions, it said: "Mrs.——possessed a form that Juno might envy." The editor went home and left a subordinate to get out the paper, and the next morning he read in his pager that "Mrs. ——possessed a form that Jumbo might envy."

Mrs. S. C. Sanford, Alameda county, California, is said to have 1,000 strawberry plants growing through augur-holes, quite close together, in the staves of hogsheads, casks and barrels almost filled with fine rich soil, into each of which is pressed, near the top, a leaky bucket of fertilizer, through which water is poured.

For positive curative effects, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other name.

Christopher Mann, aged one hundred and eleven years, died in Independence, Mo., on the 12th inst. He was born in Virginia in 1774, and came to Missouri in 1838.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Mother's Love—A Practical Illustration of Its Power.

A mother's love! What a potent thing it is! It will melt the heart of the most hardened criminal, when no other influence would be effectual. No one but a mother knows its full meaning, but every one can appreciate it if they will. It is known, though, that it means sleepless nights, care, inconvenience, and, if necessary, want, hardship and death. But the subject has been too eloquently treated by the sweetest poets and the ablest writers to furnish an essay for these columns. Too many practical illustrations occur in every day life for it to be dwelt upon, so that it is unnecessary to speak of the subject further in order to make the reader understand the full meaning of what is to follow.

Mrs. Henry Schualen, of Ashland, Ky., writes that her daughter has been cured of deafness which resulted from chronic catarrh. She tells how she had lost all hope of her daughter (her ideal) being cured, and how overjoyed she is at the result. After trying many remedies, she says PERUNA brought a cure, and that the daughter's hearing is restored. She concludes, by speaking in the most flattering terms of PERUNA, and then describes in the most lovely manner the happiness it has brought her, and reviews the distress she experienced while her daughter was afflicted.

Dr. A. R. Ong, Martins Ferry, O., writes: "I have a large trade on your PERUNA. Think it is a grand remedy."

Mr. Robert C. Hannah, Tolesborough, Lewis county, Ky., writes: "I write to inform you of the great benefit I received by the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. I had been low spirited and very sick for about six months with a bad cough, and my friends thought I had consumption; tried a number of patent medicines, and most of the doctors in the vicinity (and we have some as good as you can find in the country), but they did me no good whatever. Our merchant, Mr. Gillespie, insisted upon me trying your remedies. I did so, but must say, I had little faith in them at first; before I had consumed my first bottle, I noticed a change for the better, and to-day I am entirely well, and as sound a man as there is in the vicinity. I credit my cure to your valuable remedies, PERUNA and MANALIN, and recommend them to all of my friends."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.]

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies,

from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds,

Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞ Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

three miles Northeast from Deer Park; eighty-five acres under good fence and mostly in a high state of cultivation. Dwelling house and all necessary out-buildings. A young orchard, &c.

TERMS CASH.

SAMUEL GREEN,

5 30 tf. Deer Park, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.23 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH GIVEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous disorders, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that has CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheer ful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
806½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home. Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms, first location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

5 23 2m NICHOLAS RINKER, Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

6 20 tf J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan9-8

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

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All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having loented in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

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DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Processors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
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As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

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2 28 6m Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1885. NUMBER 22.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reope, ed, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park, improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never-failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to such a result, that its continuance in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for Impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Medical Office, 631 Baltimore, Md.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

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MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Mysterious Influences.

"I'm going to tell you something that's true," said a Brooklyn man the other day. "You can believe it or not, but its true. I have a cousin who went to Europe last year. While in France she died. Comparing time between France and America it must have been within an hour of her death that her mother, who was knitting in the sitting room at home, laid her knitting work in her lap and looked with a sort of stunned expression. 'Why! Alice is dead!' she said. Next day we got a dispatch by cable saying she was dead."

"There was," said another member of the party, "a curious illustration of mind reading, or spiritual telegraphy, or whateyer you might like to call it, during the war. You remember that the battle of Gettysburg was settled on the 3rd of July, though Lee lay on his arms expecting another attack on the 4th, and began his retreat that night. The surrender of Vicksburg occurred on the 4th. Gettysburg and Vicksburg are eight hundred miles apart, or perhaps more, and no telegraph message had been received at Gettysburg announcing the surrender of Vicksburg—at least, if there had been, it could hardly reach headquarters before sundown on the 4th. The Twelfth corps had been drawn up in line on the afternoon of the 4th with a view to changing position, and was standing at 'place rest,' when one of the soldiers exclaimed, 'Vicksburg's taken!' The word passed down the line, and a cheer broke from the troops. That news and the certainty that Lee had sustained a severe defeat put new life into them. But when an attempt was made to trace the news to official sources it couldn't be done. That soldier 'felt it in his bones,' and had spoken right out. Next day dispatches arrived that the soldier had spoken the truth."

"Yes, these things are unaccountable," said a third speaker. The intuitions, or whatever they are, needn't be so important either. I remember that my father was sitting in his library one afternoon, when he took out his watch, looked at it, and said: 'E—— will be here in ten minutes.' E—— was his brother in-law, who lived in a neighboring town, and, though he called over frequently, he was not expected that day. After he had spoken, my father seemed surprised at himself, and laughed a little awkwardly. My mother asked how he knew that E—— would be there, and he said he didn't know; he had spoken on the impulse of the moment. Sure enough, in ten minutes the bell rang. E—— was at the door. He had only come to dinner, and his visit was not important, but he had, somehow, projected his personality ahead of him."

Said a fourth: "There really is such a thing as seeing beyond the limit of human vision. I'll tell you a little circumstance that I can swear to, and then let's talk about something else. When I was 16 years old I had no more idea of going to London than I had of going to Nova Zembla. I knew practically nothing about the city. One night I dreamed that I was there in a park facing some public buildings, and over the trees and roofs at the right were the towers of Westminster abbey and parliament buildings. That night an important letter was on its way summoning me to London. I arrived there as the man who had written the letter was leaving his house for a walk. I saw my trunk safely stowed and went along with him. We strolled out to St. Jame's park to hear a band play. At one point in the park I looked behind me, and there was the picture I had seen in my dream—trees, towers, public buildings and all. Before I went there I hadn't the slightest idea of how the city was built. For ought I knew St. Paul's, Westminister abbey, Temple bar and the British museum stood in a row on one street. How did I manage in a dream to see those buildings east of St. James' park just in the positions and size, shape, and color that they really were?"—*New York Sun.*

A good story is told about a Kentucky Congressman's pretty daughter who visited Washington recently. She went up to President Cleveland upon the occasion of a White-House reception and said: "I'll bet a horse you don't know who I am." The President was equal to the occasion. "No," said he, "I don't know who you are, but I'll bet a horse you are from Kentucky." "Shake," said the young lady, and she has been on good terms with the President ever since.

A Burglar's Back-Down.

It was night—midnight. This indicates that there is going to be something goreful about this story. But there isn't. Wait.

The soft murmur of a sou'-sou' West zephyr was audible in the interstices of the darkness. Mr. Bucephalus K. Smock did not hear it. He was wrapped in the arms of slumber.

Beside the bed stood a solemn figure. It was a man clad in mystery, a paper mask, and a ten-dollar suit of clothes.

The man was a burglar.

He had entered the palatial residence of B. K. Smock by means of a skeleton key, and he carried in his hand a glittering stiletto.

While he was preparing to toss up a cent to see whether he should murder B. K. Smock or not, B. K. awoke.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Your money or your life!" replied the burglar, in a ghastly, corpse-like, Tombstone, Arizona, whisper.

"Well," said B. K. Smock; "this is where you don't get either."

And he drew a forty-four caliber navy revolver from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the burglar's soul.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the burglar; "don't want all your money. I'll take three dollars, and let it go at that."

"No three," said Smock.

"Make it two-fifty."

"No."

"I'll take thirty-seven cents," said the burglar, desperately.

"Not a thirty-seven," said Smock.

"Now, see here," said the burglar, persuasively; "you aren't going to send me away without anything, are you?"

"Yes sir; I am."

"Well, hold on; let's talk this thing over. I've come all the way down here from Saratoga County to get something or other, and I don't want to go back empty-handed. I should die of mortification. My mother and sister would blush at my want of success, and my little brother call me a blamed big chump. I've got a girl up there, and she'd marry the other fellow, sure, if I went back without anything. Don't send me away like that. Think of my future. I'm new in this business. I want to get a fair start. There's no hope of success for a man in any calling if he dosen't get a fair start. You want to ruin my prospects now, do you?"

B. K. Smock was touched. He disliked to admit it, but his sympathy was aroused.

"What will you take?" he asked.

"I'll take a sheet of paper with your autograph on it," said the burglar.

"All right," said B. K.; "but tell me first how it is that you can begin by demanding so much, and then go away contented with so little."

"Well," said the burglar, wiping away a warm salt tear: "I began life as an office-seeker."—*Puck.*

How Consuls Make Money.

It is said at the state department that there are as many applications for the smaller consulships and little commercial agencies as for some of the more important diplomatic positions. There have been instances where native merchants of some such country as Egypt would bid against each other for subordinate commercial agencies under the United States at the disposal of the consul-general until as high as $10,000 has been given for a little place with scarcely any salary at all, simply because the position was an advantageous one in point of its exemption from troublesome law, taxation, etc. One consul in Asia is known to have made a great deal of money in renting out American flags to local trading vessels that were willing to pay $200 apiece for the sake of sailing under the United States colors. Another consul suggested that the inspection of emigrants was very necessary to the good health of America, and he was given permission to charge an inspection fee. He fixed the fee at twenty-five cents per head, and had made about $20,000 out of it before it was discovered that he paid a native ten cents per head, while he pocketed the other fifteen cents for overseeing the job. In China there used to be a system of fees whereby consuls received $1 each for shipping sailors; but since Colonel Mosby has been at Hong Kong he has broken it up. Thus it is plainly to be seen that there are more ways than one to make money in consular service.—*Globe Democrat.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla never before equaled its present daily record of marvelous cures and immense sales.

Mark Twain's Way.

Kansas City Times.

The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith knows more stories about more people than ten average citizens. Among them he relates this: When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast, we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing-gown and slippers and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind about something and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a moment and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder it we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable,"

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air and in his lazy drawl exclaimed: "I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if——"

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up-stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and had returned to the veranda Mark wasn't there."

The Mechanic.

A young man began visiting a young lady recently, and was well pleased with her. One evening it was quite late when he called, and the young lady inquired where he had been.

"I had to work to-night," he said.

"What! do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the word mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has the nicest little wife in the city. The lady who disliked a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular fool—and the soft, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children. You dislike the name of mechanic, eh?—you, whose brothers are but well-dressed loafers. Any girl is to be pitied who is so silly as to think less of a man because he is a mechanic—one of God's noblemen, a most dignified and honorable personage. Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may be a menial to one of them yourself. Far better discard the well-fed pauper, with all his jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and take your affections to the callous-handed, industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly repented their folly, who have turned their backs to honcity. A few years have taught them a severe lesson. Labor is honorable in all, whether rich or poor.

Grant and His Fellow-Creatures.

Chicago Tribune.

It is a fact of curious interest relating to General Grant that has been looked upon by more people than any other man that ever lived. The heroes of ancient times handled lesser armies than he, and their movements were limited to a comparatively small field. Of the famous men of the present day none has been much of a spectacle outside his own country. Bismarck has been seen by Germans and travelers, Gladstone has been seen by Englishmen and travelers—no man save Grant ever became famous all over the world and then traveled all over the world. It was, of course, but the accident of his extended travels which made it so, but the fact still remains that of all human beings who have peopled the earth the great captain who died on Thursday had been seen by the largest number of his fellow-creatures.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ALTRUISM.

A TALE.

The Lovely Mary, on her way
From Singapore to Boston Bay,
Had cloudless skies and glorious weather,
With favoring winds for days together;
And everything was going well,
When, near the Cape, it so befell
That, with a most decided shock,
The Lovely Mary—struck a rock.

She sank; but as the night was clear,
The ocean calm, an island near,
All who could keep themselves afloat
With cask, spar, life preserver, boat
(In short, whatever came to hand,)
Put off, and safely reached the land;
Leaving the gallant ship to sleep
Beneath the waves nine fathoms deep.

Now, as it chanced, upon that ship,
Returning from an Eastern trip,
Two scholars sailed, of great renown,
Jones, and the yet more famous Brown;
And when 'twas plain that naught could save
The vessel from a watery grave,
As Fate or Chance would have it, each
Espied within convenient reach
Something that both desired to own—
A life-preserver, which, 'tis known,
Can never be relied upon
To hold up safely more than *one*.
Yet on this life-preserver *both*
Seized in an instant, nothing loath;
And all of it Brown couldn't clasp
Was quickly locked in Jones' grasp;
And Jones' keen, determined eye
In grim resolve was equaled by
The stern, uncompromising frown
Upon the lofty brow of Brown.

But lest you think that selfish thought
In those two noble bosoms wrought,
I will relate, from first to last,
The high, heroic words that passed
From Brown to Jones, and Jones to Brown,
While the good ship was going down.
Dear Reader, bear them well in mind,
And think more nobly of your kind!

Quoth Jones: "Dear Brown, pray do not think
'Tis selfish fear that makes me shrink
From yielding up this wretched breath
To save a fellow-man from death.
I long to cry: 'Dear friend, oh take
This life-preserver, for my sake!'
But this, alas! I can not do:
I am not free, dear Brown, like *you*.
You may enjoy the bliss divine
Of giving up your life for mine;
But ah! 'tis different with *me!*
I have a wife and children three;
And, for their sake, I must control
The generous impulse of my soul.
Yet trust me, Brown, most willingly,
Nay, with unfeigned alacrity,
This life-preserver I'd resign,
Were my case yours, or your case mine!"

"Dear Jones, your reasons," Brown replied,
"Are good, and can not be denied.
All that your words imply is true;
I have no wife nor child, like you.
But, Jones, I have a tie to life
Far stronger (do not start) than wife
Or child, though dear, could ever be:
I mean my great 'Cosmogony,'
Of which, as you have doubtless heard,
One volume is to come—the third.
O, were that mighty task complete
Down to the last corrected sheet,
Believe me, Jones, to save your life
To your dear family and wife,
I'd yield to you, unmurmuring,
This frail support to which we cling!
But what are wife and children three
Compared with a Cosmogony?
Or what—confess it, dearest Jones—
Are *many* wives' and children's moans
To that loud cry of grief and woe
With which the learned world shall know
That it can never hope to see
The long-expected Volume Three?"

"Quite true," sighed Jones. "And yet—and yet—
I think, dear Brown, that you forget
The theory of Average
As held in this enlightened age.
Had all the mighty men of old—
Kings, scholars, statesmen, heroes bold—
Suffered untimely taking-off
With measles, croup, or whooping-cough,
Think you that this great earth would then
Have nourished only common men?
Had Homer died a stripling lad,
Should we have lost the Iliad?
Would Shakespere's early, timeless death
Have cost us Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth?
The voice of reason answers: 'No;
Wrong not prolific Nature so.'
Now, if this theory is true,
It must apply, dear Brown, to you;
And, fearless, you may leave behind
This master-product of your mind
(Though all unfinished, as you say,)
Assured that, at no distant day,
Another will be found to do
The work so well begun by you;
But I ——"

"Allow me!" struck in Brown.
"The ship is plainly going down;
And, ere she sinks beneath us, I
Would most decidedly deny
The theory of which you speak,
It is ingenious, but weak—
A vain though pleasing fallacy,
That never has deluded me.
Besides, the theory, if true,
Applies with equal force to you:
For, dearest Jones, if you are drowned,
Doubtless *another* will be found
To comfort your dear wife, and be
A father to your children three!"

"Nay, nay!" cried Jones, "you jest, dear Brown ——"
But at this point the ship went down;
The arguments of both, you see,
Balanced to such a nicety,
So fine, so subtile, so profound,
That both held on—and both were drowned!

—*Robertson Trowbridge, in Century.*

THE BLACK MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curios Connected With Crime and Criminals.

Representations of the Heads of Sundry Executed Criminals—The Stocks-in-Trade of Various Noted Burglars—A Little Piece of Professional Advice.

The name at the head of this paper will be a puzzle to a good many of our readers. Even among Londoners born and bred, not one in a hundred perhaps has heard of the Black Museum. Whitaker's Almanac knows it not; and Dickens' "Dictionary of London," that "guide, philosopher and friend" of the wanderer in the great metropolis, makes no mention of it. Mr. Samuel Weller himself, "extensive and peculiar" as his knowledge of London is admitted to have been, might have had to plead guilty of ignorance in this one particular. And yet the Black Museum can show names of mark in its visitors' book. "Counts a many, and dukes a few," from royal highnesses downward, have here inscribed their signatures. Literature and music are represented by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the drama by Miss Minnie Palmer, the fire brigade by Captain Shaw, and the last offices of the law by Mr. William Marwood, who, we are told, was a frequent visitor. Not to keep the reader in suspense, the Black Museum is a small back-room on the second floor of the offices of the Convict Supervision Department, Scotland Yard, and its curios consists exclusively of articles connected in one way or another with crime and criminals. The objects exhibited are about one hundred and fifty in number. They are carefully labeled, and are further described in a bulky catalogue, which, in addition to names, dates and other particulars, contains a number of photographs and newspaper cuttings having relation to the various items.

The collection is so arranged as to allow free inspection of the various objects, and the curator, Sergeant Bradshaw, takes an evident pride in his charge, and furnishes the history of any given item with remarkable promptitude and accuracy. Round three sides of the room, on a high shelf, are ranged a number of plaster casts from Derby Jail and York Castle, representing the heads of sundry criminals who, for one offense or another, have suffered the last penalty of the law. If it were customary to hang people on the strength of their personal appearance, we should say that most of these gentry fully deserved their fate. They are not a pleasant sight, and for the most part have not even notoriety to recommend them. One of them, however, a big heavy head, ticketed as that of "John Platts"—executed in 1847 for the murder of one George Collis, of Chesterfield—acquires a factitious interest from the fact that the identical rope which hanged the original is looped over the gas pendant in the center of the room. The halters connected with the other casts are also preserved in the museum, but this one chances to have the place of honor. The curator calls our attention to the thinness of the rope—about five-eighths of an inch only—in comparison with that at present used, which is **nearly or quite an inch in diameter.** He further points out that the rope is much shorter than that now in use. Under the old regime it was an even chance whether the criminal died by strangling or by dislocation of the neck; whereas, by the present more merciful "long drop," the neck is invariably dislocated, and death is practically instantaneous. Together with the halter are seen the cords—now replaced by a leather strap—for pinioning the arms of the condemned man, and the cap—a tall conical affair like a large cotton night-cap, but of double material—for drawing over his head at the supreme moment. These three items, the halter, the pinioning gear and the cap, constitute the complete "hangman's kit." Sergeant Bradshaw informs us, not without a touch of regret, that Mr. Marwood, on paying his last visit to the Museum, promised to present to it the ropes with which the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were executed, but died without having redeemed his promise.

From the appliances of the hangman, we pass by an easy transition to the last relics of the late Mr. Charles Peace, which rank among the chief lions of the collection. Sergeant Bradshaw shows us, handling them "tenderly, as if he loved them," the working tools of the venerable miscreant; the neat little picklocks and skeleton-keys; the gimlet, muffled in an India-rubber casing; the handy little "jemmy;" the crucible for melting down his spoils; and last, but not least, his "ladder," a simple wooden contrivance, folding into so small a compass as to go into an ordinary hand-bag, and yet, when extended, affording ample foothold for the cat-like "prince of burglars," as he is called, to climb up to a first-floor window. So original is the contrivance that until Peace himself revealed its object, the police were quite at a loss to imagine its use. Here, too, are the inventor's blue spectacles and his artificial arm—a leather stump with a hook in it—worn for the purpose of disguise, the real arm lying snugly within the coat. The secret of Peace having so long kept out of the hands of the police is that he had no accomplices, but worked entirely alone. Under cover of his disguise he collected the necessary information for his exploits; and after some daring burglary, wherein the activity of a practiced gymnast had been displayed, the last person to be suspected was the little one-armed old man with the blue spectacles. Wonderful are the ways of hero worshipers. Some eccentric relic-hunter has actually cut a piece out of the artificial arm, and in some obscure corner of the universe doubtless dazzles his kinsfolk and acquaintances by the exhibition of a veritable bit of leather formerly belonging to a deceased burglar and murderer. The reader may remember that Peace, after having escaped the consequences of many previous crimes, was convicted of attempting the life of a policeman, and of the actual murder of a Mr. Dyson, at Bannercross, near Sheffield, and after a determined attempt to escape by jumping from a railway train, was executed at Leeds on the 25th of February, 1879. A *carte de visite* of Peace, taken by the Stereoscopic Company, is preserved in the catalogue, and should be a valuable example to the student of physiognomy; the high forehead, deep-set eyes and bulldog lower jaw indicating a singular combination—fully verified in the life of the man—of strong intellectual power and force of will, unbalanced by corresponding moral qualities.

From the Peace collection we pass to the stock-in-trade of less notorious burglars. Here is a miniature dark-lantern, manufactured by some ingenious scoundrel out of one of Bryant & May's three-penny tin match-boxes. "To such base uses may we come at last!" The bull's eye is a mere bit of window-glass, oval in shape, and so small that the operator can, when necessary, mask it with his thumb, no slide being used. The light-giving power of such a lantern must naturally be small, but it is probably quite sufficient to enable the burglar to avoid stumbling over tables and chairs or to illuminate a key-hole.

Here are the working tools of Wright and Wheatley, the Howson burglars, now undergoing penal servitude, Wright being condemned for life, Wheatley for twenty years. Each carried a revolver; that belonged to Wright, with which he shot at and wounded two of the police, being stamped "British Constabulary," a queer illustration of the irony of fate, and of the proverbial "engineer hoist with his own petard." Each of these practitioners carried his tools in a sort haversack slung at his side. A later expert, captured in the act of an attempted burglary at the British Museum in 1884, took a bolder course, and carried his implements—also here preserved—in an ordinary carpenter's tool basket, over his shoulder. This gentleman affected the early morning for his exploits, and unless caught in the very act, would naturally be taken for a harmless British workman going about his lawful vocation.

As might perhaps be anticipated, we find here an ample collection of crowbars or "jemmies" of various descriptions. These formidable appliances are made, it appears, in regular gradations of size, the three largest being known as the "Lord Mayor," the "Alderman" and the "Common Councilman." The Lord Mayor is four feet three inches in length, and is only used on great occasions, say, the breaking open of a strong room or very heavy safe. The specimen here shown was used in what is known as the Hatton Garden burglary in 1880, by Smith and others. The Alderman is three feet three inches in length; the Common Councilman about two inches shorter, and, as befits its lower dignity, not quite so stout. Whatever may be said as to the projected reform of the city of London, our readers will agree with us that the sooner *this* corporation is abolished the better. Passing downward from the Common Councilman, we come ultimately to the "pocket" jemmy—James the less, in more respectful language—which is about twelve inches' in length. The Black Museum specimen is of finely tempered steel, and hinged so as to fold in half, in which condition a curate might carry it in his breast-pocket without exciting suspicion. The larger sizes divide into two or three lengths, which are screwed together when required for actual use. Some are solid, some of tubular steel, the latter construction giving increased lightness without any sacrifice of strength. Each end terminates in a chisel point, the one straight, the other slightly bent. In close contiguity to the crowbars we are shown specimens of the "knuckle-duster," a small but formidable weapon, for which we are indebted to our American cousins. The ordinary knuckle-duster is a flat piece of iron or brass about half an inch thick, with four oval openings of such size as to allow the passage of the four fingers. The fingers being passed through these holes, the hand closes with a firm grip on the "butt" of the weapon, while the remainder of the metal stands out in the shape of an iron ring or guard over each knuckle, a blow from the hand thus armed coming with terrific force. Still more formidable is the "spiked" knuckle-duster. Here each loop of the projecting guard over the knuckles, instead of being rounded, as in the former case, is fashioned into an angle of about ninety degrees, giving a cutting effect in addition to the natural force of the blow.

Passing on from the knuckle-dusters, we give a cursory glance at a varied collection of life-preservers, pistols, daggers and other lethal weapons, all of which have seen service at some time or other. The butcher's knife, we note, is a decidedly popular weapon. There are also some half-dozen razors, all of which have been used in the commission of murders or attempted murders. It is a curious fact that they are without exception black-handled, the innocent whiteness of bone or ivory being apparently uncongenial to the murderous instinct.

Our attention is next directed to sundry tin canisters, which prove to be infernal machines. As a rule, they look harmless enough, one even assuming the innocent semblance of an ordinary lump of coal. The imitation is so good that it is only on taking it in the hand that we discover that the supposed coal is in reality metal, hollow, but of great weight and substance. This singular article was brought to the police by one Fraser Palmer, otherwise Farrell, otherwise "Warhawk," a man who had a mania for warning our own and foreign governments of plots which in reality had no existence save in his own imagination. He asserted that this supposed piece of coal, with others of the same kind, was intended to be charged with explosives, and mixed with the genuine coal in the bunkers of some doomed steamship. It is said that, in consequence of his revelations, an examination was made of the whole of the coal in the bunkers of the late Czar's steam-yacht Livadia, then lying at Glasgow, but without result. Side by side with this last item is a far more formidable looking affair. It is of small size, but the solidity of its construction and the peculiarity of its shape—a flattened oval, tapering down at the extremity, where the fuse is inserted—indicate that special thought and ingenuity have been expended on its design. Even the most accomplished of criminals, however, can not always be on his guard, and this deadly contrivance was inadvertently left in a tramcar. The conductor was persuaded that his "find" was an infernal machine of more than ordinarily diabolical character, and he conveyed it with infinite precaution to the police, who at first were of the same opinion. Further investigation, however, satisfied them that the supposed explosive was merely a model, artistically cast in lead, of a new design for an infant's feeding-bottle.

A more serious interest attaches to the truncheon-case—pierced with a bullet—of the unfortunate policeman Cole, shot at Dalston in 1882 by the cowardly ruffian Orrock, in an attempted burglary at a Baptist chapel. Orrock's soft felt hat, found on the scene of the murder, is also here preserved, as also the chisel, with the letters "rock" scratched upon it, which led to his identification. A photograph of the chisel is also shown; and it is a curious illustration of the detective powers of science that the mark, which on the chisel itself is imperceptible to ordinary eye-sight, is plainly legible in the photograph.

Among the cartes-de-visite which adorn the Museum Catalogue is that of O'Donnell, the man who shot the informer Carey. Here, too, are the two bullets which were extracted from Carey's body, and the revolver, a small pocket weapon, from which they were fired. A larger revolver, found among O'Donnell's luggage, lies beside it. Under a glass shade hard by lies a gelatine capsule, a harmless looking affair enough, but belying its appearance, for it contains a deadly poison, aconite—being, in fact, the fellow to that used by Dr. Lamson in 1882 to destroy his youthful brother-in-law. We are shown the carte of this criminal also, a gentlemanly looking man, by no means answering to the conventional type of assassins. Appearances, however, are deceitful, as the copybooks of our youth so persistently reminded us. Under another glass shade is a piece of dark brown leather, which proves to be a portion of the tanned skin of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr. Perceval. Side by side with this is a curiosity of a different kind, a pin-cushion, skilfully worked in human hair, with the inscription: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with Mine eye." Here, apparently, the worker's stock of scriptural quotation failed, for she continues: "My home is in Heaven." It is painful to have to relate that the good lady who worked these pious sentiments has been over three hundred times convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct! She presented this pin-cushion—in honor, we presume, of old acquaintance—to Rev. Mr. Horsley, chaplain of the House of Detention, who in turn presented it to the Black Museum.

A tall hat on a peg and much covered with dust next attracts our attention. This homely relic was the property of Rev. Mr. Speke, the eccentric clergyman who suddenly disappeared, leaving his headgear—here present—in the Green Park, and was believed to have been murdered, but was subsequently discovered, in the garb of a laboring man, at Padstow, in Cornwall. He ultimately died, we believe, in a lunatic asylum. Close beside Mr. Speke's hat hang a coil of rope, a pair of boots and an old horse-pistol. These articles were the property of another clerical gentleman, Rev. John Selby Watson, an eminent scholar, of St. Michael's Road, Stockwell. He was convicted in January, 1872, of the murder of his wife, whose body he had inclosed in a packing-case, corded with the piece of rope here shown. He was, however, respited on the ground of insanity, and thenceforth kept in confinement. He died quite recently at Parkhurst Prison, in the Isle of Wight, falling out of his bunk in a fit and fracturing his skull.

Not far distant are mementos of other well-known murderers. Here is the portrait, cut from the *Daily Telegraph*, of Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gold, on the Brighton Railway. Here is the rope used by Marguerite Dixblanc to strangle her mistress, Madame Riel, in Park Lane. Here are the boots of the unfortunate girl, Maria Clausen, murdered at Kidbrook Lane, Eltham, and the plasterer's hammer which did the deadly deed. With another plasterer's hammer, also here preserved, Mullins murdered Mrs. Emsley at Stepney, in 1860. Here, too, are sundry memorials of the Wainwright case, or Whitechapel murder, of 1874. Here are the chopper with which the unfortunate Harriet Lane was dismembered, and the spade which dug her grave. Here is one of the buttons cut from her dress, and a corresponding button found with her body; and—stranger item still—the piece of shinbone taken by a surgeon from the leg of the living Harriet Lane, and which formed a last unmistakable proof of the identity of the nameless corpse. Even the cigar which Henry Wainwright was smoking when arrested is here preserved.

Turning to offenders of a more frivolous character, we have the peep-show apparatus wherein a pretended astrologer, calling himself Prof. Zendavesta, and residing in Homer Street, Marylebone Road, London, was wont, "for a consideration," to call up the image of an inquirer's future wife or husband. To illustrate the audacity of the Professor and the fatuity of his dupes, we may mention that among his pictorial collection of promised husbands were found Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Henry Neville. Another branch of the Professor's business was the casting of nativities; and a number of his hand-bills, showing the great advantages to be derived from possessing the "straight tip" in this particular, are preserved with the peep-show apparatus. Next to this latter is a circular board with a number of shallow cups or depressions, painted of different colors, but higgledy-piggledy, like a solitaire board "gone wrong." This is an appliance for public-house gambling. A marble, being dropped into a cylindrical arrangement at the side, is allowed to wander at will over the board, bets being made as to the particular color in which it will finally settle. Not far distant is a bundle of "flash" notes, used by sharpers to simulate unbounded wealth, for the purpose of the "confidence trick" and similar frauds. "Flash" differ from "forged" notes, the latter being intended to be actually passed as money, and consequently made as like the real thing as possible. The flash note is a very rough affair, and only aims at simulating the general appearance of a genuine note. The specimens before us are headed "Bank of Engraving," and run: "I promise to engrave and print in letter-press on demand for the sum of ten pounds, in the first style of the art, or forfeit the above sum. London 29 April, 1840. For Self & Co., Bank of Engraving. J. DUCK." There is the customary "Ten" in large Gothic letters in the left-hand corner, and the paper and printing of a genuine note are imitated with sufficient closeness to deceive an unwary observer who merely sees the note in the hands of another person.

Among curiosities of a different kind is an Egyptian courbash, or bastinado, an article having the appearance of an ordinary walking-cane, tapering considerably. It is said to be of rhinoceros hide. Whatever the material, it is of great weight and flexibility; and when applied, after the mild Oriental fashion, to the soles of the victim's feet, must be extremely persuasive. The specimen before us had the honor of being exhibited during a recent debate in the House of Commons. Hard by it is an ancient watchman's rattle, with which an expert performer, if allowed full opportunity to use it, could make a noise audible at nearly two hundred yards' distance. As a matter of fact, however, it was chiefly used to batter the head of the watchman himself, for which purpose it was greatly approved by the malefactors of the period. A similar appliance in an improved form was used by the police up to a recent date, but is now happily superseded by a powerful whistle, which leaves the wearer full use of his hands for attack or defense, and can be heard for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Here, also, are handcuffs of various dates and construction, including the pair in which the notorious Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, was hanged in chains (1795) on Wimbledon Common; and an ingenious wristlet of Yankee contrivance for securing an offender on his way to durance vile. It is not unlike a pair of caliper-compasses, but with a cross-handle, like that of a corkscrew. The compass portion, being slipped over the wrist of the criminal, closes with a spring; and the handle being grasped firmly by the officer in charge, the captive has small chance of freeing himself, for a broken wrist would be the probable consequence of a struggle. Apropos of the useful appliance, Sergeant Bradshaw favors us with a little piece of professional advice, which will appropriately conclude our paper. "Always grip your man," he tells us, "on his *right* side. Then, if he shows fight, he can only let you have it with his left, and you have your right hand free to tackle him. If you grip him on his left side, you leave him the use of *his* right hand to *your* left, and like enough he'll get the better of you."—*Chambers' Journal.*

FORMOSA.

Life Among the Savages of the Island—An Interesting Account.

The hut in which I found myself, and it was a fair sample of the rest, was of the rudest possible description. The doorway was so small that it was a task to get in; the walls were composed of the branches of trees stuck into the ground a little apart, the interstices being filled with bits of chopped wood; the roof was thatched with grass. Three sides were occupied by raised bamboo sleeping platforms, some fifteen inches above the ground; there were no windows. At one side was a slight depression in the ground, which served as a fireplace, logs of trees being laid over it, end to end, and constantly pushed farther in as they gradually consumed away. All the village crowded in—women, young girls and children of all sizes; but the male savages, with the exception of those referred to, were all absent on a hunting expedition, having been gone several days. From the roof were suspended various requisites of the chase—bows, arrows and deer skins—besides sundry articles of domestic use, all of the rudest kind. Having had something to eat, I strolled out amongst the other huts, and everywhere was well received. What particularly struck me was the fearlessness of the women and girls and the frankness of the children, who were most interesting. They came close up to me, examined my clothes with their large dark eyes, pulled my whiskers, and were never tired of looking at my watch. They are bright, and I should say intelligent, and incomparably more interesting than Chinese children—so simple, natural and unsophisticated. All smoke, from the youngest to the oldest of both sexes, and it was truly ludicrous to see tiny mites of certainly not three summers—stark naked—with pipes in their mouths. The women and girls carry their pipes of bamboo stuck in their hair, somewhat in the style of the liang-pat'ou head-dress of the Pekingese ladies, and keep the tobacco bags hung round their necks. They at once offered me a smoke. Some of them were playing upon a curious kind of jew's harp, made out of a slip of bamboo with threads at each end, whilst one girl, of about sixteen, danced. The dance was neither a fandango nor a bolero, nor yet a minuet, but bore some resemblance to all three; it was so intensely grotesque that I laughed uncontrollably. No sooner had she finished than the girls came up to me, and offering me a jew's harp, made signs to me to dance. The harp alone was a sufficient mystery to me, but when the minuet was added the tableau was complete; the audience threw themselves down and screamed with laughing. From this performance I passed to a scene of somewhat different character—a few yards along a path, a step to one side, and I stood before a scaffold of camphor branches on which reposed a grinning row of human skulls, the heads of Chinese slain in raids.—*Good Words.*

ROSES.

How this Queen of all Flowers Should Be Cared for.

This most lovely of all flowers that lend a charm to the lawn and the border, is besides one of the most patient under neglect and adverse conditions. Yet not a flower is grown that will so abundantly repay the trouble and expense of good culture and liberal treatment as will this, the most attractive of all. Grown in sterile soil, and choked with weeds and grass until its very life is threatened, it still pushes out beautiful flowers that load the air with fragrance and charm the eye with their beauty.

But to have roses that ravish the senses with the perfection of loveliness, good care and generous treatment must be given the shrubs that bear them. The soil where they grow needs to be made rich with the best fertilizers known, well worked in to a depth of a foot or more. Neither grass nor weeds should be allowed to infringe on the space allotted them, nor partake in the least of the nourishment provided for their sustenance. The bushes should be trimmed of all unnecessary sprouts, as well as such branches as would mar the symmetry of proportion. The soil should be kept loose and porous by frequent stirring. Insect pests that prey on the foliage of the plant or gnaw into the bud, should be carefully watched and promptly destroyed before getting in any of their mischievous work.

If the above precautions are taken, there will be a wealth of bloom that will richly reward the labors expended, the eye be greeted with beauty, the smelling propensities with fragrance, and all the senses delighted. To insure the greatest amount and the highest perfection of bloom, care must be taken to clip the fading blossoms from the stems, so soon as their beauty begins to wane. It is a universal law with all plants, that the process of ripening seeds more severely taxes the energies and draws upon the life of the plant than all other processes of growth. If relieved of this burden, rose bushes will perfect their growth and fill out their functions for future blooming far more perfectly than if permitted to suffer this needless and exhaustive drain.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"I'm afraid this depression in tobacco will ruin me." "Indeed, why, I thought you were engaged in raising cabbages?" "I am, and that's why I'm kicking."—*Boston Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Three of the six star graduates at the United States Naval Academy recently are Pennsylvanians.

—Bowdoin College will expend $90,000 on her gymnasium, and the University of Pennsylvania $7,000 on her new athletic field.

—Protestant meetings at Gratz, Austria, are tolerated by the police and are well attended, but no children under fourteen years of age are allowed to be present.

—Sixteen years ago there were in the State of Kansas forty-three Presbyterian churches and 1,453 members. Now thre are in that State 321 churches and 14,289 members.—*Chicago Times.*

—The total receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Church the past year were $81,-299.59, of which the women raised about $18,000. The year closed with a balance of $1,000 in the treasury.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The cities of Boston and New York pay more for school education, in proportion to population, than any other cities in the country. In the former the schools receive twelve and one-half per cent. of the city's annual expenditure.—*Chicago Current.*

—In Teheran, Persia, the tea houses are all open to the public, and even the schools are exposed like the shops, often having shops on each side. The boys sit on their heels in rows and repeat the lesson after the master, apparently undisturbed by the continual hubbub going on around them.

—The entire missionary debt of the Presbyterian Societies is $196,000. Of this amount the Home Board, with the Woman's Executive Committee, owes $139,000, the Foreign Board $57,000. The General Assembly adopted a resolution recommending that every church "take a special collection, or adopt such other measures as shall seem best in each case to cancel the debts."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The spirit of conservatism which is supposed to obtain so firmly in European educational institutions has yielded to the popular demand for the education of women to such a degree that they are now admitted to many of the leading universities of Russia, Germany, France and Belgium. The influence of these examples will certainly have great weight in America.—*Current.*

—The organ in the Stewart Cathedral at Garden City is, it is said, the largest in the world, being in fact five organs in one—the great, the swell, the choir, the solo, the echo and the pedal organs. There are four manuals, 115 speaking stops, 7,252 pipes, and 43 couplers, mechanical accessories and pedals, with a switch connecting the chimes with the organ, so that both may be operated from one key-board.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Scotch Presbyterian Church of Jersey City has recently been relieved of a burdedsome debt, which threatened the loss of their house of worship. Mr. George R. McKenzie, who paid off the indebtedness, in a modest communication to the church declaring his intention, simply asked in return that it should continue to be called by its old name, "the Scotch Presbyterian Church," and that the music should be that of the human voice alone.—*N. Y. Times.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHR.

—A Keep Street old maid who keeps four cats finds a scuttleful of coal in her backyard every morning. By strict economy she only buys a half ton of coal a year.—*Brooklyn Times.*

—Dr. Hammond says that "love and poetry go hand in hand." Shouldn't wonder a bit. It is well known that the course of true love never did run smooth, and the same is true of amateur poetry.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"I wish I had eyes in the back of my head," said a young lady the other evening. "Why?" asked a devoted admirer, breathlessly. "So that I could see what was going on without the trouble of turning my head." "You can turn my head without any trouble," responded the youth with a gloomy sigh.

—What one letter will do.—
There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and tranquil slumber.
Now any word you choose to take,
By adding "s" will plural make;
But if you add an "s" to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis!
Plural will plural be no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.
Answer: To cares add an "s," and it will make it caress.

—A little child was besieging her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said: "It costs ten dollars every time we go to see grandma, Florence, and ten dollars doesn't grow on every bush." "Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl promptly, and her logic was convincing. They went.—*Chicago Interior.*

—"Is there a bird called 'Riches?'" asked Jack of Jill. "No," said Jill. "Why?" "Because I have heard you say, 'Riches have wings,' and I thought that if they have wings they must be birds or ducks or geese." "You little goose!" cried Jill, as Jack started to run. The very next moment Jack fell down, and Jill tumbled after him, as the reader probably has heard once or twice before.—*Golden Days.*

—Uncle Mose met a very dandified darkey, who said in a very dignified manner: "How do you enjoy dis balmy wedder, sah?" "I don't know yer, sah. You has me at a disadvantage," responded Mose. "You cussed ole bow-legged, lantern-jawed gorilla, yer is de same ole mutton-headed baboon yer allers was." "Now I knows yer. As soon as yer quit talkin' like a gemman I knowed yer right off." And they embraced like Blucher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I asked for strawberry cream," said the lady, eyeing the refreshment askance. "You've got it, mum," replied the waiter. "But what makes it look so pale?" "Cochineal's riz, mum—way up; can't afford to make 'em any pootier for the money." "Mercy!" exclaimed the lady, "you don't mean to say that you color your strawberry cream with cochineal? At the fashionable places where I am used to going they never use anything but aniline dye. It's expensive, of course, but then it is so lovely!"—*Boston Transcript.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Rock salt, put where it can be licked at pleasure, suits sheep.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—To stain wood blue, boil a pound of indigo, two pounds of wood and three ounces of alum in a gallon of water; brush well over until thoroughly stained.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Lemon Pie: Into one pint of boiling molasses put one-half cup of water, the grated rind and juice of three lemons, one tablespoonful of corn starch and two beaten eggs; bake with only an under crust.—*The Household.*

—A very good way to clean rag carpet is to cut fresh grass and sprinkle over the carpet and sweep. A good way to clean wall paper is to take new baked cold bread and rub the paper. It will take off almost all kinds of dirt.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A clothes-pin apron is made of two pieces of ticking the same size; these are fastened together in a band for the waist; the lower corners are rounded; in the upper piece of ticking make two round holes large enough to admit the hands, bind, or stitch firmly around the edge. This is convenient for hanging out or taking in clothes, and the pins can be kept in it and be always ready for use.—*Boston Budget.*

—Lancashire Pie: Take cold beef or veal, chop and season as for hash; have ready hot mashed potatoes seasoned as if for the table, and put in a shallow baking dish first a layer of meat, then a layer of potatoes, and so on till dish is heaping full; smooth top of potatoes and make little holes, in which place bits of butter; bake until a nice brown.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—For Scotch shortcake (not strawberry) take one-half pound of slightly salted butter and one pound of flour; then mix flour and butter with the hands; then add four ounces of loaf sugar, and work all into a smooth ball; then roll out until it is an inch thick; prick over with a fork and pinch round the edges, and bake for half an hour in an oven, with a moderate fire, in a round or square pan, according to taste.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Mr. Thomas Meehan says: Rose cuttings are generally easily raised by those who know little about it. In proportion as one becomes a skillful florist, the failures to strike rose cuttings increase. Almost every one who puts in a few "slips" of half-ripe wood into a pot of earth, and sets the pot under a shady fence, succeeds; but as soon as he or she knows "all about it," they can't strike roses. Here, at least is an encouragement to the beginner.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—For a good common whitewash take a piece of stone lime as large as a child's head, having it new and entirely unslacked, and put it into an iron kettle that will hold a pailful. Pour over it a few quarts of boiling water at night; cover and let it stand till morning; then fill up with water and set on the stove. Add a handful of salt and stir occasionally till hot. Pour off into a pail, and if too thick, add more water. Allow it to become cool before using, as the smoke will strike through worse if used hot.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FASHION NOTES.

Some of the Trifles in Dress Which Delight the Metropolitan Woman.

Stripes are coming in vogue.

Very little crinolette is worn by the best-dressed people.

The Marquise Catogan coiffure grows in fashionable favor here and on the other side.

Large wooden or porcelain beads are some of the decorations of the latest woollen laces.

The new woollen laces with velvet figures applique thereon come in colors to match fabrics.

"Housemaid" frocks of white lawn, nainsook, and mull are the order of the day.

Fluffy Fedora hair curlers are in demand this warm weather.

Woollen lace comes for fall enriched with the addition of a velvet pattern chain-stitched on the wool ground.

For evening, dinner, and garden party toilets young ladies wear one small tuft of natural flowers in the hair and another on the shoulder.

The coarser and rougher the fabric the more fashionable it is for the day wear, but for evening it must be the reverse, as fine or sheer or elegant as possible.

Drawn thread work, filled in with braidene, the new fancy embroidery stuff for flower petals, is the popular occupation for mornings on the piazzas at Saratoga and Newport.

A woman must have a good figure to wear the English housemaid's dress, for its plain skirt reveals all deficiencies, and to try to cancel them with crinoline makes the matter much worse.

The "housemaid dress," so popular in England, is gaining ground here. It is a good dress, but its chief charm, simplicity, is entirely lost when it is worn over crinolette or artificial protuberances of any kind.

The costumes seen on the various beaches near the city yesterday, when the wearers were near enough to be seen under their portable canopies of red, blue, black, beige, and white—their parasols—showed that the art of dressmaking has progressed lately among the masses. But for all that, there are still plenty of women that nothing can ever float into the heaven of taste in color, form, and niceties of detail.

A gown or printed lawn, rhythmic in form and harmonious in color, is made by having the ground of the material a warm, pinkish shade of cream falling in a full straight conlisse skirt over a white petticoat, banded with maroon satine edged with narrow cream-color woollen lace, the blue bodice of lawn worn under a short cutaway Figaro jacket of maroon satine, bordered and edged with woollen lace, and a high collar and cuffs of maroon velvet to match the satine. This frock, worn by a tall, slender, pale brunette, along with a hat of pinkish cream straw trimmed with a nodding tuft of maroon and cream feathers, and lined with maroon velvet, makes a picture worthy of the study of a Vandyke, Joshua Reynolds, or Angelica Kauffman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dyspepsia is said to be unknown in Japan. So are boarding houses.—*Chicago Ledger.*

BALKY HORSES.

A Cure Not Usually Effected by Whipping and Cruelty.

Balking is not natural to horses, indeed they know nothing about it until they are brought into it by improper management, and when a horse balks it is generally from mismanagement, excitement, confusion, or from not knowing how to pull, but seldom from any unwillingness to perform his duty.

High-spirited, free-going horses are the most subject to balking, and only so because drivers do not properly understand how to manage. This kind of free horse in a team may be so anxious to go that when he hears the word he will start with a jump, which will not start the load, but give him such a severe jerk in the shoulders that he will fly back and stop the other horse. The teamster will continue his driving without cessation, and by the time he has the slow horse started again, he will find that the free horse has made another lunge and again gone back, and now he has them both badly balked, and so confused that neither of them knows what is the matter, or how to start the load.

Next will come the slashing and cracking of the driver's whip, till something is broken, or he is through with this course of treatment. It takes a steady pressure against the collar to move a load, and you cannot expect him to act with a steady determined purpose while you are whipping him.

Almost any team, when first balked, will start kindly if you let them stand five or ten minutes as though there was nothing the matter, and then speak kindly to them and turn them a little to the right or left, so as to get them both in motion before they feel the pinch of the load. But if you want to start a team that you are not driving yourself, that has been balked, fooled and whipped for some time, go to them and hang the lines on their hames, or fasten them to the wagon so that they will be perfectly loose; make driver and spectators stand off some distance, so as not to attract the attention of the horses, and unloose the check reins so that they can get their heads down if they choose; let them stand a few minutes in this condition till you can see they are a little composed.

When you have them ready to start, stand before them, and as you seldom have but one balky horse in a team, get as near in front of him as you can, and if he is too fast for the other horse, let his nose come against your breast; this will keep him steady, for he will go slow rather than run on you. Turn them gently to the right without letting them pull on their traces, as far as the tongue will let them go, stop them with a kind word, gentle them a little and turn back to the left by the same process; as you turn them again to the right, steady them in the collar, and you can take them where you please.

If you want to break a horse that has long been in the habit of balking, you ought to set apart a half day for it. Put him by the side of a steady horse, have check lines on them, tie up all the traces and straps, so that there will be nothing to excite them. Do not rein them up, but let them have their heads loose, walk them about as slow as possible, stop often and go to your balky horse and gentle him; do not take any whip about him, or do any thing to excite him, but keep him just as quiet as you can; he will soon start off at the word, and stop whenever you tell him.

As soon as he performs right, hitch him to an empty wagon and have it stand in a favorable place for starting. It would be well to shorten the stay-chain behind the steady horse, so that if it is necessary he can take the weight of the wagon. The first time you start them do not drive more than two rods at first; watch your balky horse closely, and if you see he is getting a little excited stop him before he stops of his own accord, caress him a little and start again, drive them over a small hill a few times, and then over a larger one, all the while adding a light load. This process will make any horse pull true.—*Cleveland Leader.*

EASTERN BEGGARS.

Mendicancy as Practiced in Northern Persia.

Here in rich and happy America we know knothing of begging as it is practiced in less favored lands. To know this disagreeable experience in all its fulness, we must cross the ocean and travel in Ireland, Spain, Italy, but more especially Asia; then we shall be less inclined to complain at our few home-made mendicants.

Here is a description of what a recent traveler was forced to encounter from professional beggars in Northern Persia:

"On leaving my caravanserai," he says, "I thought I was rid of the mendicants and dervishes who had beset me, but I soon discovered my mistake. Taking short cuts across the field, they had posted themselves at different points of vantage along the narrow path, from which they had not only recommenced their importunities, but almost made use of physical force to arrest my horse. There were dervishes with beards stained of a fiery-red color, and wearing queer conical hats, who, if they did not regularly belong to the howling sect of Constantinople, most decidedly showed themselves qualified for admission to it by the fashion in which they yelled, screamed and groaned, exhorting me in the name of the blessed Ali and the Imans Hassan and Hossein, not forgetting Haziret Abass and many other holy people, to give them charity. Then there were the old, the blind and the lame—men, women and children—hanging on to my stirrup and seizing my bridle. Some were horribly deformed, and it seemed marvelous that they should have undergone such apparently frightful disasters as were necessary to reduce them to their then present mutilated condition, and yet continue to exist. They seemed to consider that in my supposed quality of hadji on my way to Meshed I must be bursting with the desire to distribute all my worldly property to the first comers who might think fit to ask me for it."—*Youth's Companion.*

—The height of the tallest mountain in the world is a little less than six miles.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE ANT-LION.

Its Astonishing Sagacity in Obtaining Food.

In Africa deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects we find the ant-lion *(Myrmeleon)* adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young ant-lions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvæ proceed to work. Each young ant-lion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls in, or is found in the slope, the ant-lion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the ant-lion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round, many attempts have to be made. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom of which the wily hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible; and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be off on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down toward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappears from sight forever. Sometimes, instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the ant-lion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the ant-lion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelops itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken chords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragon-fly.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

He Drew the First Train.

William Wilson, of Fonda, bears the honor of having hauled the first train of cars between Schenectady and Albany. He drew it with a team of horses. When the first locomotive was put into use on this road he was employed, with other young men, in sodding the sides of the embankments along the line. He said that the trains ran so slow that he often amused himself and provoked the engineer by running across the track in front of the engine with an armful of sod, and back again, while the train was making its best time. He has lived to see wonderful improvements in railroad locomotives and the manner of operating them. He can not recall the exact day of the month when the first train was run between Schnectady and Albany, but he says it was either in the latter part of July or the first of August, 1831. Ground for the road-bed was broken on the 25th of July, 1830.—*Utica Observer.*

THERE are 103 different species of sharks. Take your choice.—*Detroit Free Press.*

All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well,—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

STATE-PRISON convicts are like the hairs of the head, because they are all numbered.—*N. Y. Mail.*

DON'T disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

AS REGARDS rank among vegetables the onion comes first.

OPENING of the season—uncovering the mustard pot.—*Boston Bulletin.*

NOTHING makes one girl so happy as to read another girl's letters. A girl couldn't be a girl and not read all her letters to some other girl. Fact!—*Chicago Journal.*

A SCIENTIST says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood-pile has to be protected by a spring gun.—*Life.*

IN company the other evening Henrietta heard some one across the room quote the familiar phrase: "Man proposes," and turning to a sister wall-flower she remarked that she was tired of hearing those old sayings that didn't have a single word of truth in them.—*Somerville Journal.*

DOMESTIC pursuits—chasing the man of the house with a broomstick.

AN exchange speaks of "the good natured girl." We have all heard of her. She works in some other family.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"WE are like a clock," said a labor agitator. "For when the proper time arrives we strike."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

POPINJAY says that he wishes he could induce his wife to try the early-closing movement on her mouth.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"IS IT profitable," asks an exchange, "to teach a young girl elocution?" It depends upon whether he intends to marry her when she grows up.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHEN a barber seeks to make himself sociable with a customer in the chair, he is probably "scraping an acquaintance."—*Chicago Sun.*

OFFICER examining recruit: "Why do we salute superior officers?" Recruit—"In order to keep out of the guard-house."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"O, Lor' Hit 'Im Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse thon I thought; I'll make it 50 pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret, because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patchwork, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common-sense course for them to pursue.—*London Press.*

IT SEEMS as if the most likely place for a fisherman to get a bite would be at the mouth of the river.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible backaches, and bearing-down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

BANANAS are more easily recognized in the fall than at any other time of the year.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

CAN a place to teach swimming be called dive-in-ity school?—*Attleboro Advocate.*

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—AND—
WITHOUT PRICE!

We have just issued a most wonderful and valuable new book, which treats of diseases "peculiar to the female sex," and have spared neither pains nor money to make it worthy the perusal and confidence of the women all over our land. Every mother, wife, sister and daughter is deeply, *vitally* interested in this great work, and should send for it without delay. It will be sent to any address in the world **Free of Cost!** Read it carefully, study it well, and you will glean information that may prove more valuable than all the wealth of the Rothschilds—more precious than all the gems of Europe's royalty. *It may save your life!*
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WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Inflammation, Asthma, Influenza, Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.

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For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, Etc.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—**Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent** in its treatment and cure.
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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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In this case, as in many others, the change worked wonders:—

Three years ago I suffered greatly from Liver Complaint, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Headache; my stomach was disordered, and, although I ate sparingly, of carefully selected food, I was in constant distress from indigestion. I was troubled with sleeplessness, and became so emaciated and feeble that I was unable to leave my room. After remaining in this reduced condition over a month, and receiving no benefit from the medicines prescribed for me, I obtained my doctor's consent to a trial of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Before I had finished the first bottle of this medicine I began to improve. By its continued use the troubles with my liver and stomach gradually disappeared, and my appetite and strength returned. After taking eight bottles my health was fully restored, and I am again able to attend to my business.—Isaac D. Yarrington, Bunker Hill st., Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

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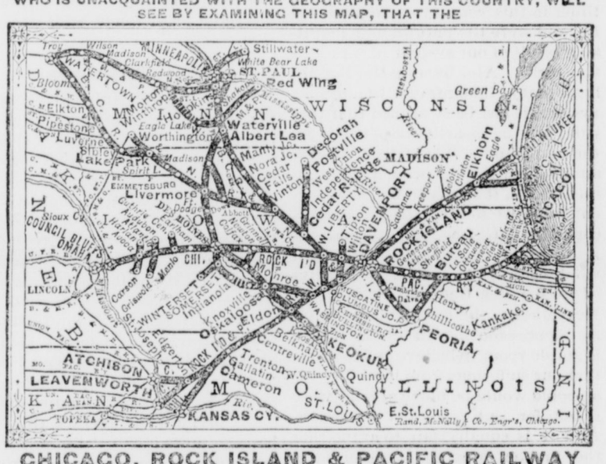
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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A. N. K.—C. 1041

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SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1885.

There seems to be a general and widespread complaint of hard times. Great business depression seems to prevail all over the country and affects all classes of business. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the cause of this business depression, and nobody has been able to explain the matter to the satisfaction of all classes. The hard times of which we as a people are complaining seem to be felt with equal severity in England. An English writer says "that few Englishmen can recall a period of depression which for severity and duration can compare with that which that country now suffers from, and the end of which none are able to see." So severe is the depression there, that all national industries are likely to come to a stand still. In view of these facts the Government of Great Britain has appointed a commission to inquire into the causes of the present business depression in that country. Numerous opinions have been advanced in explanation of the hard times. But the problem so far as we can see is still unsolved. There is one explanation which has been frequently referred to by politicians, political speakers and partisan newspapers to which we desire at this juncture to call attention. It has often been asserted by the authorities above referred to, that the hard times in this country were produced by, and were the natural and inevitable result of our system of a protective tariff. And because the Republican party inaugurated the present system, it has been argued that that party was necessarily responsible for the hard times. The fallacy of such an explanation or of such an argument must, it seems to us, be apparent when we reflect upon the present condition of free trade England. England has no protective tariff, and whatever advantages are to be derived from a free trade policy is her's. Nevertheless she has all the suffering and depression of hard times. There is ample room to believe and to argue that our sufferings from hard times as a people would be much greater were it not for our system of protection. And it is equally fair to argue that the greater amount of suffering in consequence of the hard times (much greater than ours) in Great Britain, is in a great measure due to the free trade policy of that country. Whatever may be the cause of hard times, we think the fault is not in the tariff.

The Nation's Dead.

MT. MCGREGOR, August 3.—At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Grant and her daughter, and three sons and their wives, were in the cottage parlor on Mount McGregor. Rev. Dr. Newman and wife were also there. The family circled the catafalque, beneath which the calm peaceful face of the general made one of the group. Mrs. Grant from a table brought her husband's Bible. She opened it, passed it to Mrs. Newman, and the latter handed it to Dr. Newman, and when the minister had adjusted his glasses he found that on the opened page was printed the 11th chapter of Job. The chapter was read, and then the clergyman re-read with tender emphasis the 16th and 19th verses. A slight pause, and then Dr. Newman bowed for prayer, and each one of those present knelt about the silent member of the group.

MT. MCGREGOR, August 3.—Gen. Hancock arrived here this morning. He telegraphed here from Saratoga that no salutes should be fired in his honor upon his arrival at Mt. McGregor, as it would be in bad taste. The General marched at the head of his staff up the slope to the cottage, where he was met by Col. Grant. None but the General and his staff were admitted to the cottage at that time, but later the doors were thrown open to the general public.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain storm trains up the mountain were crowded and the single file of those who passed through the cottage to view the remains did not cease till 6 o'clock.

The funeral service over the remains of the departed General will be held at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning and will probably be concluded about noon. Rev. Dr. Newman will deliver the funeral sermon inside the cottage if it is too stormy, and from the veranda if it is fair. Dr. Newman will not speak either at Albany or New York. The Grand Army ritual service will be conducted at New York by Meade Post, of Philadelphia. Gen. Hancock and staff will come up from Saratoga in the morning in time for the service and General Sherman will accompany them.

The programme of saluting with cannon to-morrow according to the order of the War Department will be thirteen guns at sunrise, thirty-eight at sunset and one gun every half hour throughout the day. After the ceremonies to-morrow the remains will be taken to the train and conveyed thence to Albany.

Colonel Grant this evening issued an invitation to all the representatives of foreign nations accredited to this Government to participate in the ceremonies at New York.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., August 3—The following telegraphic correspondence passed to-day:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, August 2.
Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, Alexandria Va:
Would it be agreeable to you to be appointed as an aide on the occasion of the ceremonies in connection with the obsequies of Gen. Grant? If it would you will be so announced. Please reply by telegraph.

W. S. HANCOCK,
Major General.

ALEXANDRIA, August 3.
Gen. W. S. Hancock, Mt. McGregor:
Your telegram received. I accept the position because by so doing I can certify my respect for the memory of a great soldier, and thus return as far as I can the generous feelings he has expressed toward the soldiers of the South.

FITZ HUGH LEE.

Funeral services over Gen. Grant took place Tuesday morning in the cottage on Mount McGregor. Rev. Dr. Newman preached the sermon. The remains were then placed on the funeral train and taken to Albany, N. Y.

An imposing Grant memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey, London, Tuesday. Canon Farrer delivered an eloquent address.

Grant's Pall-Bearers.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—One of the most noticeable features of the preparations for the funeral of Gen. Grant has been the care that has been taken for the presence at the obsequies of representative men of both the South and the North. When President Cleveland was requested to select the pall-bearers he at once asked Mrs. Grant if she had any preferences to suggest. She replied that she had but one request to make in that connection. If either General Sherman or General Sheridan were to be selected, she hoped some ex-Confederate general would be chosen also. Mr. Cleveland met this suggestion more than half way. He selected both Sherman and Sheridan, and also two ex-Confederate generals—Buckner and Joe Johnston. Considerable comment has been caused by the fact that no ex-president of the United States was named as one of the pall-bearers. At the White House to-day it was stated officially that this was because the ex-presidents were provided for with the mourners in the official program, but it is generally understood that the real reason is that Mr. Arthur could not have been made a pall-bearer unless Mr. Hayes was also chosen, and that the selection of the latter would have been unpleasant to those Southern Democrats and others who have never recognized him as having been legally elected president. It is also learned here in Washington that quite a number of bodies of ex-Confederate soldiers are arranging to take part in the funeral parade in New York.

Refering to the regrets that has been expressed in some quarters that General Grant is not to be buried in his uniform, with one of his swords by his side, and to the supposition that none of his uniforms or swords are available for that purpose, because they were all turned over to the government some months ago with his other military relics, Adjutant General Drum to-day said to an Associated Press reporter that any or all of them are at the disposal of Mrs. Grant while they remain in the War Department awaiting the action of Congress.

It is said that as one of the results of Mr. Gorman's visit to Garrett county last week Dr. B. T. Keller, of Oakland, was agreed upon as the Democratic candidate for State Senator in Garrett this fall to succeed Mr. Getty.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

An ex-Confederate, in Richmond, recently said to a gentleman from Iowa: "We Democrats vote the Democratic ticket first, and attend to religion and prohibition afterward."

A Wrong that Rises Up.

The Dolphin matter may become a standing source of trouble in the Navy Department. Injustice never will rest tranquil. Wrong will continue to cry out for redress. The altercation now going on between the Naval Advisory Board and the Dolphin Board of Examiners shows very plainly that there may exists at least a valid difference of opinion between competent judges as to the merits or demerits of that ship. There are two opinions everywhere. The navy is divided—some standing by the Secretary, and others favoring the acceptance of the ship as a substantial fulfilment of the requirements of the contract,

There are two aspects of this case that may give trouble: those of the law and those of the facts. The rejection of the ship is based on the facts as found by a board which knew the Secretary's desire to reject the ship. The finding of this board was a foregone conclusion. Its officers understood how to find favor with the department. But the facts that they find are contradicted by competent persons, and the question cannot fairly be regarded as closed.

The view of the law which declares that the contract was controlled by the law, and that, besides, the contract was void, is one that carries difficulties with it. If there was no valid written contract, then the relations of the parties must require adjudication. Thus there are troubles thickening both in regard to the facts and the law. Injustice is always troublesome.

The great desire of the Navy Department had always been to score a point against the former administration of that department. In its haste to condemn a very fine ship, which competent authorities pronounce to be fully equal to the demands made upon her, the department did not carefully consider the complications certain to arise under any injustice in the decision. As matters now stand, the navy is dissatisfied and divided; the people are dissatisfied; the government is in the toils of complications woven by itself, and the largest shipyard in the country is made insolvent. And the end is not yet.—*Baltimore American.*

Bridges Destroyed.

BALTIMORE, August 3.—A heavy rain has prevailed here since last night, but no serious damage has been done. In western Maryland there was a severe storm and much damage was done. Catoctin creek, in Frederick county, overflowed its banks and much fencing was washed away. In Carroll county, on the line of the Western Maryland railroad, several bridges between Westminster and Union Bridge are swept away, and all railway travel between those points suspended; besides there are several washouts, and several days will be required before travel can be resumed. On the Hanover branch railroad one bridge has been thrown down and a passenger train this morning narrowly escaped. As the last car of the train passed over, the bridge fell and the ties were supported only by the rails. In Washington county there was a submerging of the different valleys. Near Boonsboro and Funkstown the crops were considerably damaged by the flow of water. A man named Geisman was struck by lightning and killed while standing in the door of his house. The house was set on fire and considerably damaged.

Educating a Wife in Finance.

From the Boston Transcript.

Mr. W. is quite an elderly, wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior and much petted. Any expressed wish of hers he has at once gratified, if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way: "I saw to-day, at —— store, a lovely camel's-hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you bring home to-morrow a check? It's only $1,500. "Yes. dear," he replied; "I will bring the money, and the next evening, with the assistance of the porter, he did bring home and placed on the parlor table 1,500 silver dollars. At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly 100 pounds, the wife exclaimed: "What are you going to do with all that money?" "Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl." "Good gracious! Does it take all that to make $1,500? Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl and put it all in the savings bank if you will let me," and she did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. W. affirms on his honor that since that event she has not asked for a quarter part so much money as before the incident.

Six lives were lost by the cyclone in Philadelphia Monday, and the total losses to property in Philadelphia, Camden, N. J., and to river craft will foot up over half a million.

SEASIDE SAUNTERINGS.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 31, 1885.

"The panting City cried to the Sea,
I am faint with heat; O! breathe on me.
So, to the City, hot with flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.
It came from the heaving breats of the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden sleep."

As great storms drive neat cattle to the barns and homesteads, so does the terrible heat that beats down upon Philadelphia, Washington, and other cities of the east, this year as never before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, drive depressed, enervated, sweltering humanity to the sea coast resorts, most prominent of which, and the largest patronized in this country, is Atlantic City.

As this is rapidly looming up as the great elysium and sanitarium, now that it is reached so quickly and easily by competing lines of railway from Philadelphia and other places, it is well to know of it somewhat in detail.

Fifty-seven miles south-east from Philadelphia by rail is a strip of made land. An island washed up by the sea and fastened to that which halted its drifting sands. It was made by the sea as man's reputation is made, adding a letter year after year to good foundation.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
With the shifting
Currents of the restless main,
Till in sheltered coves and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
The tides ebb and flood again."

Thus the Atlantic Ocean added an island to the coast of New Jersey. A strip of land or sand dunes, about ten miles in length from northeast to southwest, and from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile in width. It lies parallel to and is about five miles distant from the mainland of New Jersey, from which it is separated by numerous bays, sounds, thoroughfares and salt meadows. These thoroughfares are great ditches or canals, so deep and wide that ships drawing twelve feet of water can be warped through. Thus, at the north of Atlantic City is an inlet by which ships laden with ice from the coast of Maine can enter and be worked or warped along the thoroughfares clear around the city and emerge south. By this means cargoes of ice, etc., are brought here and run inland to be stored in great ice-houses close to the railroad tracks till wanted for use in city or country.

It was discovered a few years ago that the air here is laden with iodine and chloride of sodium. That the winters here are about as at Charleston, S. C. That the soil here, being nothing but sand or silica, with no clay above the sea level, is drained of its accumulating impurities soon as rain-drenched. That the Gulf-stream with its forty miles width of warmer water runs along to a point a little north of this, then shoots away to the east and around into the ice regions. Thus the east winds are made endurable as they sweep over the warm waters of the Gulf stream in winter. A few years ago, returning from Europe in midwinter en route from Liverpool to New York, we were out in a terrible storm. The rigging of the ship was so encrusted with ice that sailors could not handle it till the captain dropped away to the south about due east from Philadelphia to be thawed out.

It was also found that the air here is dryer than at any other bathing resort on the coast. That silks and colors in ladies dresses are not so injured and bedimmed here as at Cape May, which is south, or at Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Long Branch, etc., and other places north. Therefore it is for Philadelphia to boast of the most attractive coast resort in this country from a sanitary point of view, even if she does have to run across the kidney-shaped State of New Jersey to get to it.

To reach this point from Philadelphia cross the Delaware river by a first class ferry to Camden, a live city of renown and wriggling politicians, each of whom is ever anxious to get there. Then take the cars direct for Atlantic City. A ride of an hour and a half, across a strip of rich, well improved gardening country; then across an undulating sandy barren, covered with a furze of dwarf pine and worthless underbrush till the salt meadows are reached. The water ways are bridged, the cars speed on and into the cool, life-giving breeze coming in responsiye to the cry of the panting city, faint with heat, trying to reach the interior, but made prisoner and walloped out by the heat waves rising in their merciless shimmer from sand plains that are several degrees hotter than is the revised edition. Like coming from a hot, prickly barley field in harvest time to the cool of a good old fashioned milk cellar; like coming home from a hot and hateful war to the clover fields and cherry orchards is the coming here from Philadelphia or other locality where the sun is merciless and where health faints, fails and goes down from lack of proper rest and care when in the conflict of elements infants and adults alike vainly seek restful sleep with one hand down in the cool of the grave.

Thus by cars we reach Atlantic City. A few days since nearly 300 car loads of passengers came here from Philadelphia, each to bathe, to rest, to be cool, to rejoice. For many years this was simply Absecom Beach. A light house whose light can be seen twenty-six miles out at sea is known as Absecom Light. The inlet above noted is known as Absecom Inlet, along whose mouth not many years ago was a growth of oak duly converted into stout ships. That was when the United States had a navy and power on the waters. This is in Atlantic County that has about 20,000 resident population, the chief native pursuits are oystering, fishing and farming, profitable in the order named. In Philadelphia Absecom oysters are the way up bivales, before whom all others bow down and tremble. They are small, but very sweet and delicious. In a round with the Blue Points as popular in New York as brown shelled hen's eggs are in Boston, the Absecom oysters would knock the Blue Points out as quick as a hard shell Democrat would gag at the civil service law.

So it is that Atlantic City is really noted for its oysters, crabs, fish of various kinds to be taken by the hundreds by any novice who care to go out in one of the hundreds of little boats with lateen sails to be had here for a trifle and which go right into the inlets, thoroughfares, bays, etc., where table fish are to be had by the millions. Now that we have told where Atlantic City is, it will be in order to describe its hotels, cottages, bathing houses, magnificent surf, and its manifold and curious attractions, in one or more subsequent original letters.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, August 1.—*Bradstreet's*, in its commercial summary, says: "Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's*, while indicating no material change in the general movement of merchandise, continue to report greater steadiness in Eastern and other leading dry goods, wool, and boot and shoe markets. There are no changes in the prices of these commodities, but sales are a little more frequent and dealers inclined to be correspondingly cheerful. The cotton goods market has been slightly stiffened porticularly that for mourning goods, owing to the special demand at this time. A number of special makes of the latter are reported to have been exhausted.

Iron and steel are as dull as ever. The decreased production and increased stocks during the past half year are especially significant. Coal is in no better demand, and the arrangement to take out a large quantity per month during the next few months encourages buyers to hold off. Petroleum speculation has lost its snap, so far as the bulls are concerned, though the statistical position of the product has remained quite as strongly in favor of higher figures as heretofore.

A special to *Bradstreet's* from St. Paul states that the weather in that region has greatly favored the bull side of the wheat market as there has been great heat, followed by rain and serious damage to the crop. The measure of the injury has not been determined. This has been particularly true as to the north. In the southern portion of the region indicated some damage has been done by chinch-bugs, but there has been little or no rain. The demand for grocery staples has been moderate and without and special improvement. Dairy products are lower, with a restricted demand both for the home trade and for export.

The reports from financial centres East and West bring no signs of improvement. Those from Chicago point to a decline in the demand for money during the week.

Delirium Tremens Cured.

Justice Casey, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, was seated in his office on Wednesday evening when a man named Brown came in, and said that he wanted an officer to arrest another man who was constantly following him about with a shotgun and threatening murder. 'Squire Casey saw at once that Mr. Brown was in a wild state of delirium tremens, but that it was not a desperate case. The 'Squire turned to Constable McVey, who was in the room, and ordered him to go out and arrest the supposed murderous artilleryman and bring him into the back yard, where they would saw him in two. Constable McVey was told quietly by the Justice to go out in the yard and fix some wood in the sawbuck, which he did. The rest of the novel cure for delirium tremens was told by the Justice.

"I had just got in a full cord of unsplit wood. Constable McVey fixed a log of it in the sawbuck, and led the shivering Mr. Brown out to it. McVey told the fellow that there was his man lying there, and to take the saw and saw him in two. Brown went at the task with a will. When he had got through one log he was given another one, the constable remarking as he adjusted each log that the saw had slipped.

"It was a warm night and the perspiration rolled off Brown in torrents. The whiskey was working out of his system and brain at an equally rapid rate. But a man who has taken so much that he has the 'horrors' must work out a good deal before he is aware of it. So Mr. Brown went on hour after hour sawing log after log. He worked up half my wood pile. I told McVey to stand by, and myself and neighbors, who had been watching the novel cure, went to bed at midnight, with Brown still hard at work. This morning I was told by the constable that his patient had come to his senses about two o'clock, and had then gone into a sound sleep from which it is likely he will awake feeling natural and with a fine appetite. I guess good, honest and hard work would cure a good many other men who are suffering from tarrying about gin mills too much."

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

A Card.

Inasmuch as the *Democrat* of last week charges the arrest of Dr. B. T. Keller upon the charge of violating the Local Option law to the "excess of zeal that caused the imagination of the prosecuting witness to make a quart of whisky out of a pint," and inasmuch as I swore out the warrant against Dr. B. T. Keller, I desire to state the facts upon which the charge was made, and then I shall leave the people to draw their own conclusions in the premises. The facts are as follows:

On the 15th of July H. P. Tasker went to Dr. Keller and stated that he was suffering with neuralgia, and thought he needed a stimulant, and asked the Doctor to give him a prescription for a pint of whisky. The prescription was given by Dr. Keller as requested, with the direction to use it three times a day. After obtaining the whisky Mr. Tasker took more than was directed, and went to his boarding house in an intoxicated condition and made some disturbance, which caused the lady of the house to send for me, as town Bailiff, to arrest Mr. Tasker. When I went to the house I was informed that Mr. Tasker was drunk and had a quart bottle of whisky with Dr. Keller's name upon it. That is the way in which the matter became public and not through a "smelling committee," nor through any excessive zeal on my part.

The charge was made in the utmost good faith, because Mr. Tasker's unfortunate habits of intemperance are well known to Dr. Keller and he must have supposed, indeed, as a matter of fact, he could not reasonably have supposed anything else than that Tasker would get drunk if he obtained the whisky.

I do not wish to injure Dr. Keller, but hold that he is as much bound to obey the law as anybody else. If his hands be clean in this matter no harm can come to him. The law is most odious to those who are engaged in violating it. If any man is high enough or honorable enough to openly violate this law, he is certainly honorable enough to take the consequences. So far as I am concerned the present course will be persisted in, and I shall make an information when ever I deem it my duty to do so.

I am willing to leave it to the Grand Jury and the Court to determine whether Dr. Keller acted in good faith or not. I acted upon my honest belief and after hearing the testimony I am satisfied I was not mistaken. I am further prepared to state that the people who are complaining about the treatment of Dr. Keller are those who are either engaged in violating the law or sympathize with the liquor interests. They know that in the person of Dr. Keller one of their number has been touched, and I know when I am opposed by such men that I am right.

Respectfully,
C. E. B. BOYER.

Oakland, Md., Aug. 4, 1885.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Stephen Duckworth and Ida R. Warnick,

Victor N. Brant and Nettie R. Wilson.

Joseph Smitley and Louisa Knox.

D. W. Cormany and Ella B. Elliott.

P. N. Morris and Mary May.

Gilbert W. Paugh and Mary C. Bernard.

George Parker and Annie Printy.

George Weaver and Lizzie Current.

Charles Shobe and Florence McAvoy.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—Mr. John E. Gnagey was in Oakland Wednesday.

—Mr. J. M. Crim is erecting a large addition to his residence on Alder street.

—There are a great many more summer guests at Oakland, Mountain Lake Park and Deer Park now than at any time last year.

—There will be an excursion of Maryland Senators to Deer Park Saturday. Monday they will be taken over the W. Va. C. & P. R. R.

—Col. J. W. Veitch returned home Friday of last week, after an absence of two or three weeks. He had been visiting the scenes of his childhood.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—Died, Saturday, August 1st, 1885, near Deep Creek, Mr. Eli H. Sell. After services at Deep Creek School House, the remains were interred in the Thayer Cemetery.

—We have in our office a head of wheat, of the Golden Mediterranean variety, raised this season on the farm of Mr. S. P. Specht, McHenry, this county, which is six inches in length and well filled.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland has secured a hall in which to hold its meetings regularly, in the Pritchard Building, near the Postoffice. The association meets every Friday night. All are invited.

—We notice in the Rockland, Me., *Free Press*, of July 22, an account of a reunion of the old Rockland band, which was organized in 1838, and in 1839 became the regular band of Col. Edward Tillson's regiment. Their old commander is still hale and hearty, and is one of our best citizens.

—A number of farmers near Oakland complain that hunters pass over and through their lands, and even through meadows and grain fields, nothwithstanding the fact that they have been at the expense, year after year, of posting their lands by advertisements in the county papers. They now say that they propose to adopt vigorous measures for their protection.

—Farmers who bring produce to town for sale often have trouble in disposing readily of their marketing, and frequently the loss of time takes all the profits on their sales. For their accommodation, and in order to turn an honest penny for himself, Mr. Theo. F. Combs, near the depot, will take marketing and sell it on a small commission and make prompt returns. Give him a trial.

—Alfred Howell, Esq., and his son George D. Howell, Esq., prominent lawyers of Uniontown, Pa., left the Oakland Hotel for their home Friday of last week. When they came here they expected to reman but a few days, but found everything so pleasant and agreeable that their stay was extended to three weeks. They speak highly of the management of the Oakland Hotel.

—Hon. P. Hamill has been appointed postmaster at Oakland, *vice* R. Thayer, removed. The office will remain in the old building until the completion of the new building which is being erected by Mr. Wm. P. Totten near his store, on Alder street, when it will be removed to the latter building. Very general regret is expressed at the removal of Mr. Thayer, who has been an efficient postmaster for many years.

—Died at the residence of Mr. J. R. Browning, near Deep Creek, this county, Wednesday morning, Mrs. Jane H. Browning, in the 79th year of her age. Deceased leaves three sons and five daughters, two of the sons, Messrs. J. Z. and J. R. Browning, being residents of this county. Deceased had been a consistent member of the Catholic church for over thirty years, and was much respected.

—A grand full dress ball will be given by guests of the Deer Park Hotel, Saturday evening, for the benefit of Prof. Jungnickel's Orchestra. A special train will leave Oakland after supper for the convenience of residents and summer guests of Oakland, and will return at the close of the ball. The music on this occasion will be by the full band of fourteen pieces, which, alone, will be well worth the trip.

—Since our last report four cases for alleged violation of the Local Option law have been heard before Esquire Gonder. Thursday of last week the case of the State vs. Dr. B. T. Keller was tried and the accused was held in the sum of $300 for his appearance at Court. Friday the cases of the State vs. James Wiseman and James Tuhill were heard and the defendants discharged. Wednesday last the case of M. J. Miller came up and occupied about four hours in the trial. The accused was held in the sum of $400 for his appearance at Court. In all of the above cases the State was represented by Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and the defendants by G. S. Hamill, Esq In our report last week we were in error in stating that Mr. Hamill appeared for Mr. John Miller, Jr. Mr. Miller made his own defence.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

Preaching at the Deer Park Chapel at 4 P. M. by Rev. J. S. Foulk.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. N. L. Reynolds, and also at 3:30 P. M for the colored people by Rev. Reynold.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Fair and Festival.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a fair and festival in the Brooks building, commencing Wednesday evening, August 19th, and will continue three or four days. Lunch will be served during the day. Proceeds to be used in building a parsonage. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30 horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of July:

Fannie B. and Alpha Hinebaugh to Elmira Hinebaugh, a tract of land called "Fannie's Prize," containing 55 acres and 53 perches; also an undivided half interest in a tract of land called "The Falls of Muddy Creek," containing 500 acres; $10.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Jacob Lohr, part of a tract called "Republic," containing 50 acres of land; $350.

Joseph Spiker and wife to Benjamin Sweitzer, 10 acres of military lot No. 3064; $72.

Josiah Bittinger to Solomon Bittinger, a lot of land situated in Garrett county; $200.

Peter Garrahan and wife to Alfred Kelly, military lot No. 3140; $50.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to The J. S. Rumbarger Lumber Company, an undivided 7-10 interest in a tract of land called "Fairfax," containing 400 acres; $3,360.

Moses R. Hamill, Sheriff, to Ambrose Mattingly, military lots Nos. 1136 and 1652, the property of J. McClure Mason; $1,335.

William Junkins and wife to Chas. E. G. Junkins and wife, military lot No. 1014; $625.

Wm. B. Hutson and wife to David and Virginia Mosser, 25 acres of military lot No. 1228; $350.

George Ruckle and wife to Chas. Raminoff, 15 acres of military lot No. 2388; $100.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Franklin L. Warnick, military lot No. 1175; $300.

Wm. C. Pennington, Trustee, to Wm. H. Hall, 55 acres of the tract of land called "Herrington Hanor;" $180.

George D. Browning to Ed. A. Browning, all his interest in a lot of land lying in Garrett county; $1000.

Aaron Ogden, Extr., and others to Lloyd Lawndes, lots Nos. 114 and 115 on the plat of "White and Burton's Addition to the town of Oakland;" $345.

Nathaniel Hallock and wife to Eva F. Riggs, 50 acres of a tract of land called "Emancipation;" $100.

William C. Pennington to Conrad Fratz, 80 acres of the tract of land called "Rights of man"—2nd part; $160.

Truman W. Casteel and wife to Isabella Merrill, 110 acres of the tract of land known as the "Merrill Farm" and called "Veronica the Nun;" $1,291.66.

George Schley and others to Norman Barnard, military lot No. 1530; $225.

Gilmor S. Hamill and wife to Handy Gipson, lots Nos. 2 and 3 of the Subdivision of lot No. 67 in "Wilson's Addition to Oakland;" $450.

Silas Teats and wife to Jackson Teats, 50 acres of the "Gleanings;" $5 00.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Hannah Spiker, 20 acres and 5 perches of "Glen Eyry;" $100.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Mrs. M. A. West, less than ¼ of an acre of "Latent Worth;" $50.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Thos. R. McRobie, 25½ acres of "Pink of Alleghany;" $182.

Fredk. Gortner and wife to Peter P. Gortner, part of "Swan's Meadows," 11½ acres; $115,

A Pleasant Entertainment.

Agreeable to published notice, the ladies of Swanton and vicinity held a Pink Festival and concert in Swanton Wednesday evening, July 29th, surpassing in all commendable features anything of the kind ever previously attempted here. By the courtesy of Mr. C. T. West the large grim-looking grist and flouring mill was temporized into a fancifully embellished concert hall. The spacious room of the lower floor, artistically decked with evergreens and flowers, with gracefully contrived festoons circling the walls and pillars, was occupied by tables of most every luxury that taste could desire, or the season suggest. Among which were ice cream, cakes, watermelons, lemonade, iced teas, peaches, oranges, bananas—the full list would crowd your columns and craze your appetite.

The entire upper room was devoted exclusively to the concert part of the evening's programme. And here too the dust and memory of mill, meal and flour had vanished, and the whole scene blossomed as a fresh bower of wild enchantments. Every seat and standing space over the broad floor was filled. Close upon the left flank of the stage was a Piedmont band of a deservedly high reputation, animating the well-packed audience with many merry airs. On the corresponding flank of the stage eager eyes fell and lingered, for there grouped about the organ could be seen in several types, the very soul of song and beauty--young ladies who came and conquored. When in all the varieties brought by time and the arts down the centuries to us, does

"Music with its silver sound"

so charm the ear and pervade the soul as when rippling over the lips of a transcendently beautiful woman? We pause for your answer, Mr. Editor.

Among many prominent visitors in the crowd we noticed Dr. E. H. Parsons, of Piedmont, Mr. W. A. Brydon, of Bloomington, Rev. Mr. Shoup, of Accident, and others.

The moving motive of this concert was to procure means to paint the Episcopal chapel at this place. After paying all expenses the ladies find they have realized from the concert $76, and that, likely, will be sufficient to accomplish the purpose in view.

RELLIM.

A Big Eleghant Holiday.

For many years elephants have played a prominent part in the Circus world. There have been big elephants and baby elephants, and elephants of all sorts and conditions, but W. W. Cole still maintains his position at the front as the owner of Samson, the largest Asiatic elephant known to be in captivity, which, with the herd accompanying him of the most intelligent specimens of their kind ever imported, form a salient feature of W. W. Cole's New Colossal Shows, which besides contain almost everything that curious humanity cares to see. The circus is so large that it takes several rings and an elevated stage to give all the performers an opportunity to display their accomplishments, and the only fault to be found with this truly enormous show is that it is too big. At every performance sixty distinct acts are given, combining the Circus, Menagerie, Theatre, Roller Skating Rink, Gallery of Wax Statuary, Mexico and the Mexicans, the Living Two-Headed Cow and other distinctive features, all in one pleasing and harmonious exhibition. Performances are given in the Menagerie tents as well as in the Circus rings. The troupe of real Bedouin Arabs are a pronounced novelty, as are also the Human Fly, or aerial ceiling walker, the aerial Bicyclists, the artistic and grotesque Roller Skaters, the Roman Gladiators wrestlers, leapers, gymnasts and rival bareback riders, all of whom enter into spirited competition for supremacy. All kinds of trained animals are introduced and performed, among them that rarest of animals, the white hippopotamus, a two horned rhinoceros and the wonderful horse Blondin, in his tight-rope act. A side-splitting act is that performed by the educated racing pig, ridden by a monkey jockey who "makes nice of no vile hold" when there is a possibility of the Darwinian Dude's losing his balance or being "unhorsed." Take the show all in all, it presents such an array of novelties as to justly entitle it to the title of a "Big Elephant Holiday." The day of exhibition in Oakland is set for Friday, August 21st, when every feature above named and many that space will not permit us to enumerate will be presented furnishing a feast of amusement outranking any three shows that have heretofore existed.

Mountain Lake Park.

The three schools are going steadily on with increased interest, but the school of Photography closed Wednesday, to give place to the Assembly on Thursday. No special programme has been provided for religious services, yet our beloved Bishop (as we call Bro. Thompson) by the help of other willing workers, provides something for nearly every day. We were especially favored on last Sabbath by a grand sermon from Prof. Reynolds. The ladies conducted the meeting at night, which was very good indeed.

The Ryan cottage is occupied by a family from Wheeling. Ex-Senator White and Judge Campbell of Ohio are in another of the cottages on Cosey Row. They will likely be all occupied during the Assembly.

As next Saturday afternoon is to be devoted to excursions and social enjoyment, a special entertainment will be given in the evening, beginning at 8 o'clock. The programme provides excellent music, a variety of addresses, &c., and another very tasteful portion of it will be the variety of refreshments which the ladies are providing for.

The people are gathering for the Assembly. Dr. Frysinger and Prof. Cronce are among those who have arrived.

A large first class hotel will likely be built here in the near future.

I understand that there are two contracts let already for the erection of cottages to be ready for next season. J. A. E.

Davis City.

The excursion from Davis to Piedmont Sunday was a grand success.

The J. S. Rumbarger Lumbering Co. is preparing to build a dam at this place, and will also erect a large saw mill shortly.

Mr. J. W. Bonafield, of Thomas, W. Va., had a fine cow killed Sunday evening by No. 6, on the W. Va., C. & P. R. R.

Senators Gorman and Davis and Hon. S. B. Elkins were in town one day last week.

Dr. Johnson, of Thomas, W. Va., had the misfortune to lose his pocket book Sunday.

Considerable rain fell here Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

It is reported that No. 6 passenger and express train on the W. Va., C. & P. R. R. will be taken off the road about the last of August.

For Sale--Thoroughbred Short Horn Bull, Jerome.

(REGISTERED 42111.)

Bred by Gen. N. M. Curtis, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Dropped March 2, 1881. A very fine animal. Weight now, in good service condition, 1600 pounds. His get are famous in this section. His owner desires to dispose of him because he is making a specialty of Jersey cattle, and has not room for both breeds. Will sell cheap for cash, or will exchange for a young Jersey cow with a good butter record, or for a second-hand portable steam engine in good order, of three or four horse power. Pedigree of Jerome runs back sixteen generations to Hubback, 319. Is perfectly kind and gentle.

Address

CHAS. H. GREENLEAF,
Brookside, Preston Co., W. Va.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., August 5th, 1885.

The Garrett County School Board will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Wednesday, August 12, 1885,

for the transaction of general business.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
Secretary Board.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine*. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

One Performance Only.

OAKLAND, FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

14th Annual Tour. Larger than ever!
Novelties in Each Department! The Best in Everything!

W. W. COLE'S NEW COLOSSAL SHOWS!

4 Circuses, 2 Menageries, 1 Wax Statuary Exhibit, 1 Theatre Stage, 1 Bicycle and Skating Experts Company, 1 Arab Troupe, 1 Mexican Show, 1 Museum.

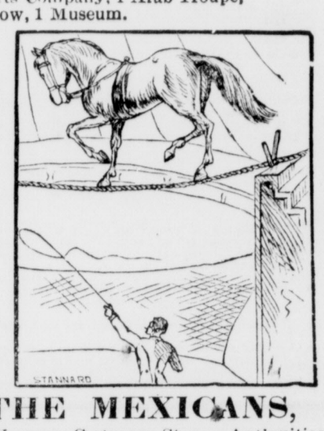
MOST NOVEL
SHOW ON EARTH!

A Theatre with a Portable Stage!

All the Presidents in Wax!

Representatives of all Nations
English, French, German, Italian, Mexican, Arabian and American Performers in Friendly Rivalry.

Every kind of Exhibition that will Amuse this Generation.

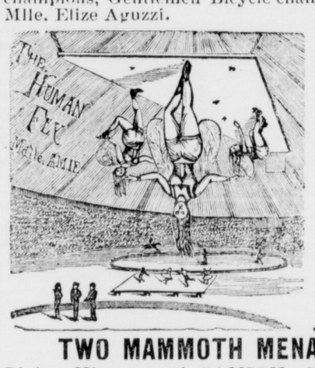


MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS,

Represented by Real Idols, Jewels, Weapons, Costumes, Stones, Antiquities, Vacquero Riders and Lassoers, Mustangs, Bronchos, Men, Women and Children.

THE VERY BEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD!

Lady Riders, Lady Tumblers, Lady Gymnasts, Ladies Racing, a lady walks a ceiling head downward, the Human Fly, the great and only Mlle. Amie, Blondin, the London sensation, a horse, will walk a tight rope twenty feet in the air, Men will ride Bicycles along elevated wires, Lady skating champions, Gentlemen Bicycle champions, the Greatest Lady Rider living, Mlle. Elize Aguzzi.



The Austin Sisters, Rose and Emma, the Misses Rosina and Jennie Maretta, Miss Lizzie Harvie, the Misses McIntyre, Cooke, Hassan, Said, Montgomery Watterson, Kimball, and many others.

The ABDALLAH BEN SAID Troupe of TWELVE BEDOUIN ARABS,

James Leon, Mons. Van Zandt, the Four Livingstons, Robert Austin, Ernest Cooke, John Worland, Chas. Rench, Geo Dunbar, Frank Vernon, Gillette Bros., Eddie Evans, John Murtz, Wm. Harvey, Messrs. McIntyre, Cook, Williams, Milton, Good, Green, Marion, Prince Nubar, Little Maurice Campbell, Conklin, and 40 others.

TWO MAMMOTH MENAGERIES IN TWO TENTS.

Living Hippopotami, SAMSON, Giant Elephants, Eland, Ibex, Ichneumons, Two-Horned Rhinoceros, all Kinds of Elephants, Kangaroos, Emues, etc., etc.

A LIVING TWO-HEADED COW, with 4 Eyes, 4 Horns, 2 Heads, 2 Mouths, and Eats with Both Mouths.

STREET PROCESSION AT 9 A. M. ADMISSION AS USUAL.

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY. DOORS OPEN AT 12 NOON.

JEWELRY STORE,
—BY—
F. G. HYDE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE.
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

BUY YOUR
GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

W. A. WORTMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
PRITCHARD BUILDING,
OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.
TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1521. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1334. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.
TERMS—Part cash, part time.
Enquire of
E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned. Offenders will be visited with the full extent of the law.

Aug. 8, 3t. PETER GORTNER,
FRED. GORTNER.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SUMMER SONG.

O, lovely sunbeams, through the meadows dancing,
On golden pinions, all the livelong day,
Kissing young leaves, on crystal streamlets glancing,
Changing to living gold their silver spray.
Wee amorous elves, coquetting with the roses,
Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed,
Till the shy flower unconsciously uncloses
Her dew-gemmed leaves, and blushes rosy red!

Gilding gray rocks, on rugged mountains streaming,
Bidding the flowers in sheltered nooks awake,
Calling young song birds from their happy dreaming,
Waking the laughter of the dimpling lake!
Playing "Bo-peep" amid the white buds blowing
In pearly clusters on the hawthorn tree,
To the round eyes of wondering childhood showing
The rapid journeyings of the wandering bee.

Shedding a halo bright on youthful tresses,
Bidding young hearts for very rapture sing,
Touching the brow of care with kind caresses,
Or glinting lightly on the skylark's wing!
Ah, merry sunbeams, like sly cupids straying
In the glad footsteps of the rustic lass,
On sun-tanned cheeks and snow white kerchief playing,
Twinkling like fireflies in the emerald grass.

O, lovely sunbeams, like blest angels gliding
Through courts of squalor, sickness, want and gloom,
Telling of clouds like golden chariots riding
Proudly majestic o'er a world of bloom;
Of winding lanes, and milk-white homesteads peeping
Like modest virgins from secluded bowers;
Of shallow pools, and baby streamlets leaping
In giddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flowers.

Dance, lovely sunbeams, through fair country meadows,
Bathe hill and cottage in your holy light,
From city slums go chase the mournful shadows
That fill poor homesteads with eternal night.
To those who pine in ignorance and sorrow
May all your tenderest, holiest gifts be given,
That sorrowing hearts one ray of hope may borrow
In the sweet knowledge that ye come from Heaven!

—*Fanny Forester in Argosy.*

"A TRUE HERO."

The Tragic Story of Two Ill-Starred Lovers.

He was only a poor artist; she was an opera singer, playing a long engagement in one of the popular theaters of a great city. She was admired, petted and spoiled—was the recipient of fine presents—and had only to smile to bring the wealthiest to her feet. He lodged and toiled in the garret of a miserable tenement in a crowded portion of the metropolis. He ate—which he did only about six times during a week—at a cheap restaurant.

He had no friends, but he had a pure soul and a noble heart. He had genius, too, but people were slow to recognize it, and so he had to starve and freeze and go without decent clothes in consequence. He was a remarkably handsome man, and to those he liked could be very charming. He was engaged on a picture that, when finished, would bring him both fame and fortune. A certain art firm, very popular with the fashionable world, had seen some of this artist's work and were quick to recognize the merit in it, and had engaged him to paint a picture for them, for which they had contracted to pay a fabulous price—and the picture was nearly complete. Poor as he was, he always managed to attend the opera—especially since Celestine Bordelon had been playing.

This Celestine Bordelon was an uncommonly pretty woman—small, but graceful as a swan, and the glorious golden hair that fell down and around her in shining, clustering curls, had stirred many a masculine heart with the fire of love. Her eyes were the most beautiful ever set in a woman's head—so large and tender and brown; so changeful in expression; so bewitching always. As we have said, her admirers were legion—all kinds, conditions and classes bowed in willing homage at her feet. Lovers, too, she had—rich, aristocratic and proud. A thorough star in the theatrical firmament—she was born for that and that alone.

Nightly she held her vast audiences spell-bound. With a voice like an angel, she would draw tears from the most stony-hearted. Her reign was imperial. The country, far and near, resounded with her name. Presents, smiles—aye, and hearts—were showered upon her. But, with all her marvelous success, her heart remained pure and her soul unsullied.

The poor artist loved her when she first appeared before him in the glare of the foot-lights, with a love he had never experienced before. A month had gone by and she was still playing, and his love all the time grew stronger. He always occupied the same remote seat in the crowded theater, and he failed never to send the beautiful actress a bunch of blue-eyed pansies. Inspired with her beauty and his love, he was painting the picture that was to bring him a fortune.

Celestine, touched by the unassuming flowers—so different from the other gifts that were showered upon her—had fathomed out the donor, and as she observed him nightly in his lonely seat her heart went out to him something like pity; but one night as she watched him, with his face all aglow with love and enthusiasm—far handsomer than any human being she had ever seen—the feeling of pity was changed to love—they are so near akin. This was the beginning. It was not hard to effect that which two loving hearts so much desired, and the brilliant and popular actress and the almost unknown and humble artist met and exchanged vows of eternal love.

Nightly would he escort her to her sumptuous lodgings in the most brilliant portion of the great, gay city. One by one the wealthy suitors were rejected and their costly offerings of love returned. All the city wondered and many tongues were set a-wagging. Little Lucien and Calestine cared for the gossips and scandal-mongers. They knew that they loved each other, and that the love was pure. The poor artist, raised to the seventh heaven of bliss, worked with an inspired brush, and day by day the wonderful picture that was to bring him wealth, fame, his Celestine and happiness grew. Only one more week of labor lay between him and all this. His Celestine, with love-impassioned eyes, gave him sweet encouragement.

The minutes lengthened into hours, the hours into days and the days into a week, and at last the painter pronounced his work complete. With a sigh of infinite satisfaction and relief he laid his brushes and palette aside. Now was his struggle with grinding poverty at an end. The happiness that he had so long coveted, but never hoped to gain, was almost within his grasp. How cheerful the world looked; how brightly the sun shone, and how deliciously sweet the birds sang all around. As he gazed in rapture on his beautiful picture tears of joy coursed down his cheeks; his heart swelled with pride, and a prayer of thankfulness ascended to Heaven from his moving lips.

When night at last infolded the world within her sable arms, and the lighted lamps of the city gleamed like so many stars, the artist sallied forth to the theater, and took his accustomed seat. Never was such a crowd packed within the spacious hall before. Celestine Bordelon closed her engagement on this night, and her friends, of all classes, had gathered to honor her. The orchestra sounded, the curtain was raised and Celestine, in all her dazzling, glittering beauty, stepped upon the stage.

As she gazed on the many upturned faces her heart thrilled with a happiness she had never felt before. The happy face of her lover, turned upon her from his distant seat, filled her with a new enthusiasm, and she sang as she had never sang before.

Hark! What sound is that that interrupts the song upon the singer's lips, and causes every face to blanch and every heart to stand still with sudden terror? It is a voice telling in alarmed tones that the theater is on fire. The voice ceases, and then the panic breaks forth. Every avenue of escape is assailed. Great, strong men, in their agony of fear, dash weak women and children to the ground and trample upon them. Wives, relatives and friends are nothing now—every life is battling for itself.

The red glare of the flames; the great volumes of smothering smoke; the shrill screams of the women and children; the hoarse curses of the men; the groans of the injured; the cries of those endeavoring to command and rescue—altogether make a terrible and heart-rending scene.

In all this confusion and distress where is Luciene Le Fevre, the artist? There he is, with smoke-grimed face and tattered clothing, assisting that old terror-stricken man to escape the burning building. One of the first to escape the flames himself, he has returned again and again to aid those who could not aid themselves. At last all are saved, and he turns to see if his Celestine is among the number. No, she is not there, and no one in the mighty crowd can tell him aught of her.

A sudden chill envelopes his heart, a terrible thought takes possession of his brain. Surely she can not—but, listen! Hear that terrible scream—a woman's scream of mortal agony—borne shrill and piercing to the artist's ear, and causing the blood to turn like ice in his swollen veins. Looking upward in the direction of the cries, at a window of the burning building, surrounded by crackling flames, he sees Celestine Bordelon, waving her hands and calling for help. The sash of the window is down, and the poor girl in her terror has not the strength to raise it. Even had she, it would benefit her none. As leave die in the flames as to be dashed to death on the stony pavement.

For an instant the multitude, looking on from below, is silent, and then a mighty shout arises. Something must be done to save the perishing woman, and that quickly. It is a dangerous undertaking. Already the walls of the building are shaking, and the flames grow fiercer and fiercer.

"Who will risk his life to save yonder woman?" some one shouts; but there is no time given for answer, for Luciene Le Fevre steps forth from the crowd, with compressed lips and determined face, and taking a ladder that is lying near, he plants it firmly against the trembling wall. Celestine sees him, and her heart grows stronger; but when she hears the well-known voice shout up to her: "Have courage, darling, I will save you," her nerves grow strong as steel.

Slowly, step by step, does the heroic artist toil upward. Everything depends upon the utmost care. Again the crowd is silent. Every lip is moving in prayer for the success of the artist. Higher and higher he goes! Angrier and angrier grows the fire. The great building is now one vast sheet of flame, which roars like ten thousand demons turned loose from the infernal regions.

Now! Luciene has reached Celestine. It is but the work of a moment for him to tear the sash of glass away and stretch out his arms and take the trembling girl. Whispering a few words of encouragement in her ear, he clasps her firmly and begins his tortuous, perilous descent. The walls tremble and shake; huge pieces of burning timber fall about him; volumes of smoke surge around him, almost blinding and smothering him. Silently he prays to the God he has always trusted in, to lead him, with his precious burden, safely to the ground. Life has just become of value to him; the future looks so redolent with hope and happiness. Hard, indeed, it would be to die now.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, he toils downward with his lovely burden. To the anxious crowd below every second seems an age. O, he will soon reach the ground. Only a little space lies between him and safety. No sound is heard save the roaring of the flames and the hacking of the axes of the firemen on the adjoining houses.

Merciful heaven! The wall against which the ladder is resting shakes more and more, and is bending outward. The hushed, expectant multitude now realize that the descending couple are doomed to death. A smothered cry breaks the stillness, followed by a tremendous crash and the quaking walls part and fall forward; a cloud of dust and dense black smoke fly upward, and Luciene Le Fevre and Celestine Bordelon disappear forever from life.

Next morning two charred and blackened forms were taken from the ruins of the theater building, and gently borne by tender hands to the city's lovely church-yard, and laid to rest in one common grave. The artist's famous picture was sold, and the proceeds used to purchase a monument, which rises white and grand at the head of the last resting-place of the ill-starred pair, and tells the tragic story of Celestine Bordelon, the famous opera-singer, and Luciene Le Fevre, the "True Hero."—*J. S. Wilson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

REBUKING CURIOSITY.

How a Stranger in a California Town Baffled Impertinent Inquiries.

The other day a mysterious-looking stranger appeared in Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town lay awake o' nights worrying over the matter. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the Sheriff volunteered to interview the stranger in behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor, as he sat in the office of the hotel, the functionary remarked:

"Fine day, sir."

"Is, eh?" said the stranger, dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"Just four days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.

"Then!—may I-er ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the Sheriff, as the crowd gathered up closer.

"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially; "but I'm a Russian Nihilist."

"You don't mean it?" gasped the official.

"Fact," replied the man, mournfully.

"But-er-what brings you here?" asked the inquisitive Sheriff.

"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe that Goverment is on Nihilists, don't you?"

"O!—yes—of course; go on!"

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia, or a week in Petaluma, and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma."

And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted in to dinner.—*Petaluma Times.*

TOURISTS' BAGGAGE.

A New and Convenient Construction of the Immediate Transportation Act.

A recent circular issued by the Secretary of the Treasury appears to have put a new construction upon the Immediate Transportation act of 1880 relative to the baggage of passengers arriving in this country from foreign ports. Heretofore passengers have been subjected to the delay and annoyance of having their baggage examined at New York, whereas, by this finding of the Secretary of the Treasury, this baggage is shipped through in bond direct to forty-four cities named in the act as inland ports of entry, which includes Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, and others. A bond of $1,000,000, is required, however, by the Goverment from the express companies, and the American Express Company is the only one which has as yet given it. Tourists and others who may come from Europe to the United States will thoroughly appreciate this new order of things, as it will be the means of saving much time and vexation heretofore occasioned by the delay of baggage at the New York barge office. Of course the baggage, when shipped through to the interior port of entry, is examined at the latter place, for the Goverment rules as to this are very rigid in order that nothing dutiable shall escape. Should it be the desire of a passenger to have his baggage shipped to an interior point which is not a port of entry he can have it directed to the port nearest his destination, and after examination by the proper officers it will be forwarded by the American Express Company. In case a passenger resides too far from a port where the bonding privilege applies, the company's agent, after the usual examination in New York, will see that it is shipped through to its destination in good order.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Description of the Place Where Richard Cœur de Lion is Buried.

The Rouen Cathedral itself, though defaced by an elongated iron nutmeg-grater which has the impudence to call itself a cupola, is magnificent as a mass when first seen from the corner, and finer still when examined in detail from the wonderful gallery of carvings around its great gate to the long-necked gargoyles that stretch their misshapen heads like hungry giraffes from the angles of its mighty tower.

The interior is somewhat disappointing after the grand outside, but beneath its smooth white pavement lies buried many an eventful chapter of history. Here the "lion heart" of Richard Cœur de Lion lies cold and still forever. Here John of Bedford, the destroyer of Joan of Arc, sleeps in the same earth that hides his victim. Here Prince Henry of England, cut off in the flower of his youth, rests in the heart of the fair land that England has lost forever. And here, in the ground that his own right hand wrested from the terrified King of France, molder the bones of grim old Rolf, or Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, who, when King Charles the Fat offered him his daughter and the seaboard of Normandy on condition of his becoming a Christian, answered with a business-like frankness and promptitude natural to the most eminent pirate of the age:

"I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast,
And for thy creed a sea king's gods are those that give the most."

—*N. Y. Times.*

—A Georgian lost a society badge some twenty years ago and the other day saw it upon the straw bonnet of a negro woman who was passing along the street. The woman said she had been given it some months before by another negro woman, and that it had been worn as a highly prized bonnet ornament.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

COCK-FIGHTING.

An Amusement Which Delights the Natives of Sumatra.

Sumatra, of all places in the world, is the greatest for cock-fighting. It's the national sport. A Sumatra father thinks more of his game cock than he does of his first-born. They pray to the gods for success in their cock battles. Cock-fighting is called kyabung, and the pit galanggan. It is a large inclosure, some twenty feet square, railed in by stakes twelve to fourteen feet high, far enough apart to enable those outside to see all that is going on within. The cocks about to fight were handed over to the care of two officials who direct the affairs of the ring. They attached with great care long, double-edged, steel spurs, sharp as lances. When the sound of the bedoog announced that the arena was to be occupied, all other sports were instantly deserted. The cocks were brought into the ring by the proper official, each holding his bird carefully, with his leg armatures sheathed. No one but officials, owners and a favored few are admitted into the inclosure. The two cocks are held up before each other by the gulongs, who ruffle for them their neck feathers, tug their combs, pat them on their breast and sides, and shake them with a sort of tremulous, instigating motion, which they perform with a knack and neatness that indicates a professional hand. The maneuvers, whose execution are the envy of the on-lookers, are imitated by the children who fight cockerels before they can speak. When the fowls have been thus excited they are allowed to have one dig at each other, just to put them on their mettle, and with their terrible armatures bared they were set facing each other a few feet apart; then came the charge. I shall never forget, for I was utterly unprepared for it from the stolid Malay—the yell and deafening shout of savage delight and excitement that arose from the up to that moment mute and eager, but to all appearances unexcited, crowd as the combatants rushed at each other, and which was kept up while the conflict lasted, nor how the gulongs followed on hands and knees, each close behind his fowl, watching every movement in silence with a glaring and excited eye—the rules of the ring prohibiting them from touching or reinstigating the cocks during the continuance of a round—like nothing I can think of so much as the intense motion of a pointer close behind a warm scent, and at every onset they scanned their bird from side to side to see if it had sustained any injury. In the first contest I saw both cocks were badly wounded in the first round, and even fainted away. The seconds and supporters carried each their bird aside to apply restoratives, if possibly they might continue the contest to a final issue. They bathed its head in cold water, and administered some with a feather down its throat. A cloth was held over it to keep off the sun, and smoking pieces of wood held under its nostrils and over its comb. For a time it seemed as if the worst wounded would have to be declared vanquished, as it was unable to enter the lists, but his spirit came again on instigating him with a strange cock for a few minutes. After the same preliminary patting and forcing and the solitary dig, they were again allowed to rush at each other; but after a few skirmishes, the badly-wounded bird turned tail and was declared the loser. Though the Government prohibits cock-fighting, yet, on special occasion, permission is given for a certain number of days for a chief to hold a tournament. He charges five per cent. on all transactions, and a fee from all stake-holders as a sort of recompense for directing the affair and keeping order. With this percentage the Pongeron is enabled to provide a buffalo at a little cost, which is slain on the last day of this Vanity Fair, followed by a general gormandizing. One hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred dollars often change hands, and as high as $750 has been known to be on the issue of the fight.—*Dr. Forbes, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

LIFE IN HOLLAND.

How the Sabbath Is Observed in Dutch Towns and Cities—A Dutch Chambermaid.

In Holland the Sabbath is not openly disregarded, as in France and some parts of Germany, but it is not made so gloomy and uninteresting as in England. I have seen the chambermaids in a Holland hotel openly engaged in sewing—that is, making garments, on Sunday, a proceeding that would horrify an English servant. But, I think, could the prim chambermaids of Great Britain, who were never known to make a bed without a given number of motions, see a Dutch girl arranging a bed they would be struck dumb with amazement. After the job is done in Holland the bed-clothes have the appearance of being dumped in a pile and a counterpane thrown over them. Get into it, and your feet are out at the foot of the bedstead in an instant, while you are frantically clutching this side or that for the blankets and sheets. To study the real every-day life of Holland one would have to leave the great cities and visit the towns and villages, many of which can not boast of the modern luxury of a railway. Take such a town as Hoorn, and although its picturesqueness has, I think, been exaggerated by some writers, it is undoubtedly with Alkmaar close by, a good section to learn something of Dutch custom and rural life. It is only within a few months that Hoorn could boast a railroad. This queer old town has stood for centuries on the Zuyder Zee. For miles before it is reached one sees the high embankment, or seawall, that has reclaimed and made land for the track on which the locomotive runs. Generations of sleepy, easy-going people have passed in procession from the cradle to the grave since the days when Hoorn was known and felt in the world. They have dwelt, to be sure, in the same old houses, with narrow, steep stairways, black oaken beams, and gable roofs, that seem to nod and wink and look tipsy and jolly and funny at each other to this day. The doors and the window frames of these houses are painted to-day with the same colors as in the days when the fleet of Hoorn started to take the town of London.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LESSON IN BUILDING.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the guilt we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Wide Awake.*

PATSY'S RED STOCKINGS.

How a Little Boy, Left Alone at a Station, Gave the Signal of Danger to a Passenger Train.

Eight-year-old Patsy was "tending station." The consequence was that eight-year-old Patsy felt exceedingly grown-up.

Not that there was anything under the light of the sun for him to do in the little out-of-the-way railway station. If there had been, Patsy would not have been left there to do it.

The way of it was: Years ago, before there ever was such a boy as Patsy Green, Mr. Thomas Green had been appointed station agent at Green's Corner; a post which he had filled for years. But when Patsy was five years old, God had a higher station for his papa to fill, and so he took him home to Heaven.

Now, Mrs. Green had always helped her husband in the duties belonging to the little station, and had even learned to telegraph; so when she was left a poor widow with her fatherless boy to care for, and clothe, and bring up, and educate and make a man of, the railroad company had asked her to fill her husband's post at the station. And she had been glad to take the place, which she had filled ever since.

All that was the very beginning of it. But the way Patsy came to be 'tending station all alone this afternoon was this: Mrs. Green had received word that her mother was very sick at the other end of the village, and as she could get no one to take her place while she ran over there, she had ventured to leave her boy alone for a little while. Besides there was nothing whatever to do, and wouldn't be until the six o'clock train was due. So Patsy—whose name wasn't Patsy at all, but Alexander—was duly installed and felt extremely important. So much so in fact that he felt at once that going barefooted was not consistent with his new position in life.

Therefore he hurried up-stairs, for they lived over the depot, and donned his best shoes and his one darling pair of red stockings. Then he walked majestically down stairs and about the platform for several minutes; for he now felt that he filled altogether too important a place among men to run and play like a boy.

For some time Patsy squeaked slowly about in his new shoes, trying to be dignified. And although it was hard work he was determined not to give up and play. So he finally went into the waiting room and seated himself on one of the long settees that ran around the room.

"'Taint no matter if I lie down a minute," he finally said to himself. "They do sometimes," and he stretched his heavy shoes and red stockings out on the seat, and tried to look as long as possible.

The afternoon was very warm, and a drowsy feeling was in the air. A big bottle-fly came buzzing monotonously around the window nearest Patsy. The sound of the mowers' scythes in the neighboring fields came floating in upon the stillness. The crickets, too, chirped their sleepy song.

I think it must have been the blended hum of all these sounds, mingled with the excess of dignity that Patsy was trying to bear up under, that did it. Anyway, in about two minutes from the time Patsy lay down he was sound asleep.

A long time after, he was awakened by gruff voices and steps on the platform. The first words he heard caught his attention. "That'll be the end of that bridge! An' as for the train—whe-e-w!"

"Are ye sure the Grand Mogul 'll be on the train? It 'ud be a pity to smash up the train for nothin'."

"Sure, is it? An' didn't I hear him say for sure he'd be on that train? I'll pay him for turnin' off his honest help. When they strike them rails where there isn't any——"

"Come, come," replied the other, nervously. "We'd better be gettin' out o' this. We don't want to be caught within five miles o' that Perry Bridge."

"'Sh! don't talk so loud. You don't s'pose the kid in there can hear, do you?"

"Sound asleep!" was the answer. "Besides he's too little to know what it means. Come, come, hurry." And then Patsy heard the footsteps as they crunched on the gravelly railroad track.

For a few minutes Patsy lay still. He had heard the talk only as one hears in a dream, but soon the words came back to him with a terrible meaning. "It 'ud be a pity to smash up the train." "When they strike them rails where there isn't any?"

Patsy, young as he was, had heard all manner of stories about accidents; how wicked people will sometimes wreck a whole train, killing scores of people, to gratify a spite against one man. Might this not be what was meant by these rough men's talk?

Perry Bridge? It was a mile below the station in an unfrequented, swampy region. O dear! what could such a little fellow do? All his pomposity had vanished. He now felt himself to be a very small boy indeed. If his mother would only come. Patsy was one of those boys who believe in their mother, and he felt sure she would know just what to do. But she didn't appear. Patsy got up and stepped carefully to the door. Looking up the track he could see the forms of two tramps disappearing rapidly. He looked about for some one to whom he could tell his fear.

But no one was in sight. He climbed up to the ticket window and looked at the clock. He had just learned to tell the time of day. It was five minutes past five, and the long, crowded, mountain express train was due at six!

Then Patsy had an inspiration. Without stopping to put on the ragged straw hat, which reposed gracefully on the depot floor, he started down the track, towards the bridge, on the keen run. A mile is a long way for an eight-year-old boy to run under a hot sun; but Patsy's courage never failed him, although for the last quarter of a mile before he reached the bridge, his speed flagged a little.

The cows which grazed in the pasture along his route, stopped eating to gaze in mild-eyed wonder at the diminutive youth who went flying along so wildly; and "Patche's old cross critter" bellowed furiously at the sight of his bright red stockings, and ran after him. But there was a fence between them, and besides Patsy did not notice the creature. His energies were all bent on reaching the Perry Bridge before the six o'clock train was due! Coming to the last curve in the road, Patsy, at last, caught sight of the bridge.

So far as he could see, it was all right.

Perry's Bridge was a long uncovered bridge which ran across the edge of a small, marshy pond. If a train should be wrecked on it, there was no telling what might be the sacrifice of life and limb.

Patsy stopped blankly. Perhaps he had expected to see the bridge half torn up; though if he had, it is hard to say how he could have helped matters. At first he felt that he had been the victim of some mistake, but as he heard the faint whistle of the train down the valley, a second inspiration came to him, and he said to himself: "I'm a goin' over that bridge."

He sat down and hastily pulled off the heavy shoes which had nearly blistered his feet. Between you and me, it would have been a very wise proceeding if he had pulled them off before he started at all, but he did not think of that, and perhaps you and I wouldn't, even if we had had the courage to start at all. But in less time than it has taken me to write it, Patsy was out on the bridge, walking swiftly in his stockinged feet.

Pretty soon the water beneath his feet looked so black and so far below him, and something in his head seemed to be swimming around so fast, that he had to lean over and grasp the slender iron railing. But he did not give it up. He stopped and looked down the track. There it was! For some little distance the rails had all been torn up in the middle of the bridge!

The sight increased Patsy's speed. He scrambled over the bridge, too fast now to think of the dark water so far below him, or of anything but the express train, which he could hear rumbling toward him out of sight.

There! He can see it. A tiny speck away down the straight track, it comes, steadily growing larger. He hurries off the bridge and a little way down the track. He must stop the train and warn them. And how? The approaching train grows larger as it comes nearer, and screeches as if it delighted in the horror that was so near.

Then Patsy had his third inspiration. Quick as a flash, the little fellow pulled off his red stockings, and taking one in each hand, ran down the track, frantically waving them over his head. The train came rushing on like a live thing, nearer and nearer. Oh! would they never stop or would they see the signal?

The boy fairly leaped up in his excitement, and those two red stockings made more effort to attract attention than they ever had while walking to church—and that is saying a good deal, as Patsy himself will own. But the last effort was a success, and the train with a great "fuzz" and "shoo, shooing" whistled for brakes, and came to a sudden stop.

When a moment later, the conductor and the excited passengers came rushing out, they saw nothing more dangerous ahead than a little freckled-faced boy, who bashfully told his strange story. But afterward, after dozens of them, including the Superintendent of the road, had been down, and examined the bridge, why then good times began for Patsy!

And I could not begin to tell you how he was petted and made much of by the ladies, or praised by the gentlemen. And such stores of candy and all sorts of goodies as that boy had stuffed into his pockets, his hands, and first of all, his mouth, till he seemed to be full and running over with them!

When a few hours afterwards, the "Mountain-train" steamed into Green's Corner, and sat Patsy down on the platform, there was a small package handed off, too, which his mother found contained something over fifty dollars in money. And the Superintendent himself said to wondering Mrs. Green: "See that that boy has the best education the land affords, and I will pay for it. He saved my life."

And Patsy's mother still keeps Patsy's red stockings among her choicest possessions, in her top bureau-drawer.—*Helen M. Winslow, in Christian at Work.*

A Pointed Illustration.

The importance of writing distinctly when writing for publication was recently illustrated in a magazine in London. In a clergyman's letter from Asia he meant to write "the people of Judea," but the printer made it "the people of India." The manuscript was submitted to an expert chirographist, who decided that the printer was entirely justified. The clergyman's "Judea," as written, had an I instead of a J, an *n* instead of a *u*, and it was impossible to decide whether the next to the last letter was intended for an *e* or an *i*, it being as much like one as the other. People who write carelessly and indistinctly, when writing for publication, have nobody but themselves to blame when mistakes are made in printing names of persons or places. The printer is usually wonderfully expert in deciphering bad writing, but he can not perform miracles. As an experiment, let the reader hastily write down the words Judea and India, without dotting the *i* of the latter, and then submit it to a company of friends to decide "which is which and which is 'tother."—*Chicago Journal.*

A NEW CURE.

The Cause and the Prevention of Seasickness.

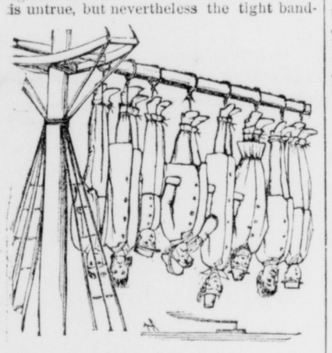
A Scientific Discovery and the Remedies Suggested Thereby—Hint for Steamship Companies, with Suitable Illustrations.

An eminent physician has finally discovered the cause of seasicknes. Of course going to sea is the original cause of seasickness, but the immediate cause of the nausea, headache and prostration which constitutes seasickness is a lack of blood in the brain. Nature, not foreseeing that men would ever trust themselves on the the sea, omitted to supply the vessels of the brain with valves. The result is that when a person is subjected for the first time to the motion of a vessel at sea, the blood, in accordance with the law of gravitation, is drawn from the brain, and there being no valves to retain it, the heart finds

difficulty in pumping enough blood into the brain to supply the drain.

This theory enables us to understand why a sailor on his first voyage recovers from seasickness so much more rapidly than a passenger. The reason is that he is compelled to work, and his circulation being thereby quickened his brain is better supplied with blood than is the brain of the idle passenger. It is the common belief of the seasick person that he obtains temporary relief by emptying his stomach. The facts of the case are that the effort to thus relieve himself throws the blood into his brain and he thereupon feels better. Those judicious persons who spend the first twenty-fours of a sea voyage in their berths frequently escape seasickness, for the reason that while a person is lying down the blood can flow into the brain more readily than when he is in any other position.

Knowing the immediate cause of seasickness, we can be at no loss to know how to treat it. Nothing can be clearer than that the recent proposal to treat seasickness by the exhibition of bromides in strong doses is all wrong. The plan of tying a tight bandage around the waist is supported by those who believe that seasickness is due to the mechanical friction of one organ against another. We now know that this is untrue, but nevertheless the tight band-



age may be of some little use in compressing certain blood vessels, and thus lessening the drain of blood from the brain. Indeed, there is little doubt that were a man to tie a rope so tightly about his neck as to stop the flow of blood in the veins of the neck he would not be seasick, although it is true that he would die of strangulation and asphyxia—a fact that to the minds of some physicians would be an argument against the general use of the remedy.

The proper treatment for seasickness is simply to stand the patient on his head. This would effectually prevent any undue flow of blood from the brain, and would thus render seasickness impossible. It is not necessary that the treatment should be kept up for any great length of time. Twenty-four hours in ordinary cases would be sufficient, for by the end of that time the patient would probably become accustomed to the motion of the ship and his brain would adapt itself to the new conditions.

Steamship companies ought to provide facilities for the proper treatment of seasick passengers. When the number of passengers is small they could be seized up by the feet to the mizzen stay before the ship reaches Sandy Hook, but on board most of our large passenger ships it would be found necessary to provide stout spars to be placed fore and aft at an elevation of, say, twenty feet above the deck.

Now that we know how to treat sea-sickness half the terrors of a sea voyage will disappear. Instead of lying in his stateroom or on the deck miserably sick, the passenger will spend his first twenty-four hours at a breezy elevation above the deck, and without a single abdominal pang. True his position may seem a little cramped and tiresome, but this would soon wear off, and his attention would be attracted and his mind occupied by the novel spectacle of the world when viewed from an upside down position. That this treatment would prevent seasickness there can not be the shadow of doubt, especially when we recollect that the bat, who spends half the year upside down, has never been known in a single instance to be seasick.—*N. Y. Times.*

MISS ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

The President's Sister and Present Mistress of the White House.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was the youngest of nine children born to Richard and Anna Cleveland. Her native home was Fayetteville, N. Y., from whence her parents removed to Clinton when she was a little girl, and later to Holland Patent, a little hamlet near Utica, where her father took charge of the Presbyterian Church in 1853. Her father died in that year, leaving little Rose an orphan at the age of seven. The parsonage had to be given up, and the education of Rose became the mother's life thought and labor. In later years she was sent to Houghton Seminary, where she proved a brilliant pupil, graduating with the highest honors. "Original People" was the theme of her graduating essay, her audience pronouncing it a most happy effort. Miss Rose then became a teacher in the Houghton Seminary, when, after remaining in that position two years, she went to Lafayette, Ind., as principal of the Collegiate Institute in that town.

She afterward taught in Pennsylvania at a private school for a short time, and then conceived the idea of lecturing before

classes, and proposed to the principal of Houghton Seminary to make the beginning at her Alma Mater.

The latter entering heartily into the arrangement, Miss Cleveland wrote a course of historical lectures, which she delivered that season. As she devoted herself to her aged mother, she was unable to leave Holland Patent to pursue her work continuously until after her mother's death in the summer of 1882.

After this sad event her brothers and sisters naturally expected that she would make her home with one of them, but being of an independent nature and self-reliant, she preferred to remain in the old home, where she continued to live when not away lecturing until she assumed the exalted position as mistress of the White House.

Miss Cleveland will remain in the White House as long as her brother remains a bachelor, but by her own efforts she has created for herself a position among celebrities in literature that will be more enduring than the honor and fame dependent upon the political fortunes of her distinguished brother.

THE BURRO.

Felicitous Description of a Rocky Mountain Bird.

The burro is a condensed jackass. He is little all over, except his ears and voice. He has long hair all over his body, four legs, two ears and one tail. As a vocalist the burro stands without a rival. He starts off with a low, sweet, "ohy—he—ohy—he—haw—he—haw—haw—haw—he haw!" and keeps it up until you tremble for hit life, and just as you think he will surely stop, or die and get out of misery, he disappoints all your fond expectations by turning on a little more sound, reversing the action and retracting all he has just said.

A vocal solo rendered by a fully equipped burro is an experience never to be for-

gotten. I have seen strong men moved to tears as they listened to his sweetbur melancholy cadence—because they had no club or battering ram with which to show their appreciation, and soothe their perturbed spirits.

The burro can not sing without raising his tail. As his vocal organs limber up, his tail ascends until it is extended in one horizontal straight line, and from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail he is one continuous, harmonious, exultant wave of sound.

The best way to ride a burro is to hire a cow-boy to do it for you; but if you must do it yourself follow these directions, I've been there.

Place one leg on each side of the thing; then, as your legs may drag, fold them up at the knees. If your knees still drag, unfold your legs and wrap them around the burro three or four times, and hold your feet under your arms. (I used to put mine in my pocket, my feet, not the burro.) Then grasp some of the hair in each hand, close your eyes, speak gently to the burro and off you go. N. B.—You will probably notice that the burro goes off alone and for a very short space of time you are left sitting in the sunlight, about three feet above the ground, with your legs wrapped around a hole about the size of a burro; then you retreat rapidly to the ground and sit down with so much determination that you bite your tongue half off and dislocate your hip. In spite of your wounds you insist in talking until everything is blue and smells of brimstone.

Travelers use burros to climb mountains with. I have discovered that it is as easy to climb alone, as to climb up with a burro between your legs and push him along in front.

It gives a person lots of experience, however, but the next time I will change the programme and climb the burro and carry the mountain. A burro is sure-footed, also four-footed—so is a mule—but we do not love the mule as we do the burro. The mule is all hindfooted.—*Nemo, in Peck's Sun.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—At the annual sheep-shearing in Vermont the heaviest ram's fleece weighed twenty-eight pounds thirteen ounces, and the heaviest ewe's fleece twenty-one pounds nine ounces. This, it is claimed, exceeds the record at any public shearing.—*Boston Journal.*

—A woe-begone looking specimen of humanity, telling wonderful stories about being captured in the mountains of Syria 250 years ago, shedding six sets of teeth, etc., and claiming to be the veritable Wandering Jew, has been doing up Winston, N. C.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

—A man named Selig Voitejtmnotevzky applied to a New York court the other day for the privilege of dropping the last twelve letters out of his name. He based his plea upon sanitary and economical reasons, and the court granted his prayer. His name is now Mr. Selig Voit, and he has our congratulations.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Providence *Journal* correspondent recalls that Nathaniel Hawthorne once attended a Bowdoin alumni banquet at which he was expected to speak. The presiding officer at the proper time arose and introduced him with some highly laudatory remarks, and then, turning around, found Hawthorne's chair vacant. That shy genius had slipped out of the room unobserved and was not seen again that evening.

—Toward the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a blacksmith manufactured a padlock of iron, steel and brass, of eleven pieces and a pipe key, all of which only weighed one grain. He also made a chain of gold of forty-five links which he fastened to the lock and key and put around the neck of a flea, which drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock and flea altogether weighed one grain and a half.

—B. F. Eastman writes to the Portland (Me.) *Advertiser* that, on the 9th of June, 1816, as he remembers, the ground froze in the region of Portland to the depth of two inches, and summer birds died with the cold. There were frosts in every month of the year except August, and not one bushel of corn ripened. People with money went on horseback to Hallowell to buy the Virginia (or horsetooth) corn at two dollars a bushel. People without money went hungry all the next winter.

—The myth that a large sum of money had been offered by the English Government for 1,000,000 postage stamps is said to have arisen in the following way: An advertisement appeared in London, England, asking charitable people to send their stamps to a poor boy in Brighton, who wished to cover his walls with the portraits of her Majesty. When they should be covered the lad's education was to be paid for by a wealthy lunatic. Thousands of stamps were sent, and then cleaned and sold. The police broke it up.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Pope Leo spends an hour or so every afternoon, says the *Independence Belge*, of Brussels, in preparing the material for a monumental history of the papacy. He has had a study fitted up adjoining the Vatican library for convenience of access to the archives—for the papal prison is vast and distances are great. The gigantic task will, of course, not be finished in the lifetime of Pope Leo; but even a mere fragment of it would be of the utmost value to the student of modern history, since it must in the main be based upon unpublished documents.

—A congress of philologists will assemble in Vienna to persuade the world to adopt a universal language. The scheme is by no means novel. In the thirteenth century a Toulousian monk named Roger worked very hard to convince his cotemporaries that it would be to the advantage of humanity if a tongue of his own invention was generally spoken. But his mongrel jargon was more wordy than French and nearly twice as diffuse as Greek, and, although the apostle of reform wrote several books in the new language, there is no record that anyone save himself ever knew exactly what they treated of.

—"I remember," said a Detroit boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "you told me always to stop and count fifty when angry, and I've done it." "Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?" "You see, a boy came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said and began to count." "And you didn't fight?" "No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty and then run. —*Detroit Free Press.*

WEBSTER.

A Hitherto Unpublished Anecdote of the Great Expounder.

Here is an anecdote of Webster, told by the late Colonel Munford, who was at one time Secretary of the Virginia Commonwealth, and never published: Colonel Munford was in his office at the State House one day when a distinguished-looking man, accompanied by a young lady, came in, and asked if they could see the legislative chambers. Colonel Munford at once recognized, from portraits that he had seen, the face of Webster, and wishing to see as much of the great statesman as possible, offered to accompany him through the State House. The young lady seemed to be a relative of Webster, and was very bright and piquant in her conversation. There was a constant fire of clever repartee between the two, and when the party reached the Senate Chamber the young lady, turning to him, exclaimed: "Now, everybody says you are a great man and can make a speech without any preparation. I want you to prove it." As she said this she moved to the rostrum and took possession of the President's chair. "The House will please come to order. The gentleman from Massachusetts has the floor." "Webster," said Colonel Munford, relating the incident, "took, as if by instinct, the most favorable position in the room, so that his voice could best be heard, and for ten or fifteen minutes he spoke with an eloquence that I have never heard equalled."—*Boston Transcript.*

RAINBOW-HUED COFFINS.

A Singular Custom in the Down East State—Queer Colors.

While riding with a friend through a town in Lincoln County not long ago, we came upon a small shop curiously decorated with waves of paint of different colors. The front looked as though the occupant of the shop, whenever he wished to test a newly mixed color, dipped his brush into it and then wiped the brush on the outside of the building. In this way or some other he had produced a rude rainbow, the hues dissolving into each other where one brushful of paint encroached upon the margin of its predecessor.

"That is an undertaker's shop," said my friend, "and those are the colors in which he paints his coffins. He splashes those samples on the outside of the building in order that he may see how they look himself, and also that the friends of the departed may pick out the color they want."

"What!"

"Yes. Nearly all the people in this town who have died during the past ten years have been buried in colored coffins. Light blue is the favorite tint here for children, and orange the prevailing shade for old people. You see this is one of the most retired villages in the State and he is the only undertaker anywhere near here. The people have got used to his notions, and now they rather like the painted coffins. One old fellow got disgusted and took a solemn oath that this undertaker should never make a coffin for him. So he drove to Augusta, while he was yet in the land of the living, and had himself measured for a nice coffin. The coffin was made and he carried it home. He tried his best to induce his wife to have her coffin made, too. She said it was ridiculous—the idea of having your coffin made before you were dead! and plumply refused to be measured. This made the old man so mad that he threatened to sue for a divorce, and he and the old lady had many a jar after that, although they had previously lived in peace and content.

"The old man put his coffin in the barn and used it to keep his yellow-eyed beans in. In the course of time he died and was prepared for the grave. The yellow-eyed beans were turned out of the coffin, and an attempt was made to put the old gentleman into it. They found that his body had swollen so much that it could not be squeezed into the coffin. They had to patronize that undertaker, in spite of the enmity existing between him and the late lamented. They tried to get him to swap one of his coffins for the old gentleman's Augusta purchase, but this the undertaker positively refused to do, and insisted upon being paid cash down for the coffin.

"I think this is another good illustration of how the best laid plans of mice and men come to grief, and of the folly of thinking your head is bigger than your wife's."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A GREAT POINT GAINED.

Why the French Dress Well—First Selecting a Pattern and Then Buying the Goods.

The French woman is acknowledged to have learned the secret of dressing well beyond all of other nationalities. Isolated cases, exceptions to the rule, prove the statement. Some American women are these isolated cases, not all. Foreigners say that Americans are among the most captivating, and often the best dressed women they meet, but this comes of conglomerate circumstances for which the women as a nation should take little credit. We are not yet the best dressed women in the world. But we are on the road to that distinction. We have learned the secret of being "*bien chasse, bien gante.*" That is one great point gained. Another rule we are learning slowly, to preserve the street costume plain, the carriage or visiting toilet elaborate, and all effulgence, so to speak, of costume for the ball or toilets of high ceremony. These rules are being adhered to more and more with us, but, withal, we need that appearance of the "fitness" of things that is never absent from the toilet of the French woman of fashion. And here is the secret, an open one to all. The American woman sees a material, is caught by its beauty, its colors, its heavy folds, its filmy lightness, any of its attributes that please the eye, and she buys it. Then she looks up the styles, hunts for patterns, consults the modiste and gets it made often without knowing for what occasion she will need it. The French woman is too wise for this. She has made the subject of dress too serious a matter of study. She notes and analyzes the different kinds of treatment given by artists to drapery on the female forms of their canvas. She studies her own height, shape, color, carriage and natural movements. She keeps a list of the probable and possible times and occasions which she thinks she will need preparation for, and when the time arrives for her to have a new costume made she has its general appearance and minor details all familiar to her mind, even to color and cost. Then, and not till then, she goes to the mart and selects the material that comes the nearest she can find or afford to realize the conception of the costume she wants. In other words, the American woman purchases her goods, then finds her pattern; the French woman selects her pattern, then buys her goods. Let some of our lady readers who have never tested this matter see if our idea is not correct. If this French plan were oftener followed there would be fewer magnificent and beautiful fabrics spoiled in the making, by no fault of the dressmaker. The incongruity in the effect of many of the most magnificent toilets is due to the fact that the "fitness of things has been lost sight of."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Among the Persians, the first time a man is caught stealing he is bastinadoed and made to sign a paper to the effect that robbery has no more attraction for him. With the soles of his feet smarting from the bastinado he is usually willing to do this. At the moment the statement is often true. If he be caught a second time his hands are cut off, and if a third time he is decapitated.

THE ART OF CLOG-DANCING.

How It May be Taught to Men or Women—American vs. English Dancers.

The clog dance, which seems to have lost its popularity in New York, is still a favorite accomplishment in some parts of the country, while in England it is a standard attraction, the most popular of all the acts of the variety theatre programmes. The professors of the art in this country still make a good living through giving instructions in this branch of the saltatory art.

The roller skaters in perfecting themselves in their exercise are adding terpsichorean accomplishments to their saltatory skill on wheels. A roller expert who can not dance a jig on skates doesn't rank first-class now. To learn the steps he has to take lessons, and here is where the professor of the clogs comes in with his big charges. These pupils are male and female.

"There is no doubt," said a "professor," "that roller-skating is attracting general attention to the education of the lower extremities. More ladies, high in social circles, and children are learning to dance than ever before. Many of them learn fancy steps, such as jigs, clogs, hornpipes, etc. In teaching a lady to dance a clog-dance," the professor continued, "the very first thing is to teach her to roll her feet, as it is technically called. This is the key of the whole business, and when a dancer can do this successfully the remainder of the lesson is comparatively easy. Rolling one's foot is merely raising the hip, turning the foot in and striking the toe on the floor. The whole motion must be gone through with gracefully and without effort. As the right side of the body is generally more flexible than the left—simply because it has been used more freely—I generally begin rolling the left foot first, in order to counteract the usual tendency in favor of the right.

"The distinguishing characteristic of the clog-dance is the clear, bell-like tap of the toe or heel on the floor. The slightest shuffling ruins the effect, while in jig-dancing shuffling is the prime merit. In the jig the sand is relied on for what may be called the music, while in the clog the shoes make the melody. Jingles are inserted in a great many clogs, and what do you think they are made of?"

"Give it up."

"In many cases of the old-fashioned copper cent. A hole is cut in the heel of the clog, and a cent set in so that its broad side is flush with the surface of the heel. Then it is fastened through the middle with a screw, and is left to play loosely in the socket. Other devices are of course used to reach the same effect, but jingles and rattles have seen their day. There was a time when it was necessary to go to England to see the clog-dancing in its glory. The people over there take much more interest in such things than we do, and the judging between the comparative merits of two dancers is considered a very serious piece of business.

"The judges generally retire into the cellar, we may call it under the stage, there to remain until both dancers have separately gone through with a series of steps. They have no knowledge, of course, as to which dancer makes the first exhibition, and as the ringing of the clogs is even more distinct under than above the floor, the merits of the dance can be thus readily judged without a possibility of the judge seeing the dancers and allowing his decision to be biased by personal prejudice."

Here the Professor grew emphatic and tapped the writer on the chest with his fore-finger.

"But let the American dancer go on the English stage, among the English people in a concert hall, and it is dollars to cents that he will break down before he has danced ten minutes."

"Why?"

"Because they are much more thorough over there than we are. The artist who makes his appearance on a London variety stage must understand his business thoroughly. Supposing he is dancing a hornpipe, the chances are ten to one some voice in the audience will shout: 'Give us a reel!' or 'Give us a dead march!' and the orchestra will immediately desert the hornpipe and drop into a reel or a dead march without giving the dancer a moment's warning. Few of our men can stand that ordeal. They have a repertoire of some half a dozen dances and continue grinding out those dances, with variations, to the end of the chapter."—*N. Y. Star.*

"On Approval."

In Germany, says the *Academy*, it is the custom for booksellers to send to their customers parcels of new books "on approval," it being understood that the books not returned are accepted, and will be paid for. Relying upon this custom, a boookseller at Worms continued year after year to send books to a person living in the town. None of the books were returned and none were paid for. At last the bookseller sent in his bill, which the other party declined to pay, but offered to return the books. This did not suit the bookseller, for the publishers would no longer take the books back from him. Accordingly he brought his action for the price; but he has been defeated in the Court of First Instance, and also on appeal, on the ground, apparently, that there was no contract.

A New Iron-Clad.

It is proposed to construct a new iron-clad (the fourth) at Nicolaieff, Russia, destined for the defence of the Black Sea coasts. It is to be of steel and iron, the under portion being cased in wood. The center portion will be armored; for the defense of the engines and machinery a portion of the deck will be covered with armor-plates two inches thick. With engines of 8,000 horse-power indicated, the speed of this new iron-clad will reach, it is hoped, sixteen knots. The armament is to be 12-inch guns, firing *en barbette* from a couple of turrets on the upper deck. The estimated cost is 4,000,000 rubles, or in round numbers £400,000. The machinery, etc., will be furnished by the Baltic factory.—*N. Y. Post.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE DRINK PLAGUE.

Statistics Showing That the Cholera Epidemic Is Far Less to Be Dreaded Than the Rum Pestilence.

In a recent article in these columns on "Labor in Europe," based upon a volume of Consular reports, we spoke of the effects of intemperance on the condition of the laboring classes in the various countries as evidenced by the statements and statistics furnished by the Consuls. Since writing the article mentioned, an extract from the London *Times* has come to our notice which adds still more abundant and startling testimony on the point under consideration. The statements of the *Times* are based upon Parliamentary reports from her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular officers on the special subject of the use of intoxicating liquors on the Continent of Europe. We quote a few of the more striking statements: "The consumption of spirits in North Germany is very great; and out of a yearly average of 4,450 suicides in Prussia for five years, 508 have been due to dipsomania and delirium tremens. The percentage of suicides among males due to alcohol was 13.40, whereas among females it only two. With regard to fatal accidents also, a large number of them were attributable to drunkenness. Similar statistics were furnished in connection with the lunatic asylums. Taking 3,106 cases yearly treated in the general hospitals for dipsomania, 690 cases of delirium tremens in the lunatic asylums, 597 private dipsomaniacs, 508 suicides and 311 drunkards accidentally killed, there is a total of 5,212 cases yearly of alcoholism in a fatal form. The Prussian States alone showed 1,921 men and 95 women treated yearly for delirium tremens. It appears that seven-tenths of those suffering from alcohol were in the prime of life—that is, between twenty and fifty years of age. In the kingdom of Prussia in 1882, the estimate expenditure on spirits alone was $65,000,000, while all the direct State taxes for the same period produced but $37,500,000. Taking the whole expenditure upon beer, wine and spirits, it amounted to $231,000,000, or more than double the amount realized by the Prussian exchequer for its taxes and stamp duties, etc."

In Belgium the showing is even worse. "The use of spirits increased 66 per cent. between 1851 and 1881, and of beer increased during the same period 15.75 per cent. The consumption of spirits, wine and beer for 1881 amounted in value to about $95,000,000. Although the country is so small it contained in 1880 no fewer than 125,000 places devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors. There was a public house on the average for every twelve or thirteen grown-up males. The suicides rose from fifty-four per 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1848 to eighty in 1880. The lunatics advanced from 720 per 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1840 to 1,470 in 1881. The Inspector-General of Belgian Prisons reports that four-fifths of the crime and social misery during the last quarter of a century has been directly attributable to intemperance."

These statistics are only a part of those given summarizing the effects of intemperance in the different countries of Europe, but they are sufficient to indicate to some degree the extent of the ravages of the scourge of drink. If we put over against these facts and figures the statistics of such an epidemic as the cholera now raging in Spain, we shall see that the latter is far less to be dreaded than the plague of the rum traffic. One single day's number of deaths from cholera in all Spain was over six hundred, and the total deaths for a single week have reached some thousands. Startling as are these figures, they appear positively insignificant by the side of the number that yearly fall before the drink scourge. Cholera kills its victims quickly and does not convert them into murderous fiends or raving maniacs, or throw a burden of life-long disgrace and misery over the helpless and innocent. Should any epidemic cause one-half the sorrow and anguish of which the figures we have quoted give but the faintest indication, a cry of horror and alarm would go up such as never yet has been heard on the earth. What an awful visitation is this—this evil that dooms its victims to years of pain and torture, that destroys them piecemeal, until they become objects of loathing and disgust, that converts some into maniacs and imbeciles, and others into outcasts, beggars, thieves, murderers and criminals of every stamp and dye! This evil empties the homes, the churches and the workshops of the land and fills the jails, the poor-houses, the asylums and penitentiaries and brings to thousands of hearts a grief and a desolation to which mere bereavement by death is a joy in the comparison.

And this awful plague is devastating not Europe only but all parts of the civilized world. We can not quarantine against it, for it has been in our midst for many years slaying its thousands. It stalks like a specter of death up and down the streets of our towns and cities and claims for its own many of the best and noblest of the land. It haunts the purlieus of the towns, the alleys and byways, where squalor and misery, hunger and cold, crime and shame ever follow in its train. Thousands of men under the protection of the law are engaged in spreading the rum epidemic, carrying the infection into the homes and households of the land and drawing new victims daily into its power.

A cry of deliverance from this plague of plagues is going up from the hearts of the civilized world to-day. It is voiced in the appeals of the press, the pulpit, the platform, and more potently in the prayers of those who are suffering under its ruthless power. God grant that the day of deliverance may not be far away.—*N. Y. Observer.*

It is computed that the average life of Temperance people is sixty-three years and two months, while the average life of intemperate people is thirty-five years and six months, but little more than half that of a total abstainer. "Yet we are asked to believe that brandy, beer, etc., are promoters to health."

Human Vultures.

Among the wild tribes of the Soudan and Abyssinia, the most degraded and beastlike creatures in human form are the Base, who, we are assured by the English explorer, Mr. F. L. James, have no knowledge whatever of a God or religion. As an instance of their extreme animalism, Mr. James states that one day he shot a buffalo, and no sooner had the head been removed, and the body abandoned, than with yells and shouts the Base precipitated themselves upon the carcass, and no pack of jackals or hyenas ever left a cleaner skeleton. Entrails, and all parts that could not conveniently be transported, were devoured raw on the spot.

Among the curious customs of the Base is this: If any of their number steal anything from his neighbor, the offender, accompanied by a numerous contingent from among his people, is brought to a tree. In order to prove whether the accused person had really stolen anything or not, he is required to pull a piece of bark off the tree without the aid of anything except his own fingers.

If he succeed in doing this, he is acquitted and held innocent; but if not, he is condemned, as proved to be guilty, and punished accordingly. As the tree invariably selected for this purpose is furnished with very tough, closely growing bark, it is usually almost impossible to disengage it with the fingers alone; and the prisoner's sentence is g nerally a foregone conclusion.

Although there is very little doubt that the Base are without religion, they must, if the following custom told me be true, have some belief in a future state. When a Base man dies, his wife or other relations, place something he was fond of during his life—such as the fruit of the baobab-tree, tobacco, etc.—on his tomb.

Perhaps the wind, or some human agency, makes away with the offering; they then believe that the dead man has consumed it, and perhaps shared it with other spirits, inhabitants of neighboring tombs.

General Grant's Simple Habits.

The following anecdote of General Grant, hitherto unpublished, show his utter repugnance to anything like snobbishness or ostentation. Several years ago, shortly after he came to New York to live permanently, a certain noted artist desired to paint his portrait. Consent was given, and, the artist, who is particularly noted for his elegant deportment and aristocratic supply bearing, called at the house. The general met him with his usual blunt and open manner, and invited him into the parlor, where the first sitting was to be given. The artist removed his gloves, daintily perfumed, got the canvass ready, and placed the general in position. He then began work. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gen. Grant.

It was Mrs. Grant. She wanted some money for marketing. The artist struck a heroic attitude at his easel and saw the general pull out a faded and much-worn old-fashioned pocket-book. He then unwound a yard of string and got the money out and handed it to his wife, who departed. Whether it was the long string or the veteran pocket-book that shocked the refined utterly-too-utter sensibilities of the artist will never be known, but a painful expression gathered on his mobile face as he commenced work again. The day was warm. The artist perspired. He stepped to the bell-cord and pulled it.

"What do you want?" asked the General.

"I only rang for a servant to bring me a drink of water," replied the artist.

The General never said a word, but got up and walked out. In two minutes he returned, bringing a glass of water to the thirsty artist, who was confused and did not know what to say. Grant never noticed it, but took his seat again to finish the sitting.

How Wise Rats Outwitted a Miller.

An East St. Louis miller kept corn in a bin, the sides of which sloped inwards. Nevertheless he daily saw the effects of rats. Wondering how the animals got in and out of the bin he posted himself to watch them. One of the largest rats, which had remained out of the bin, upon hearing the miller's footsteps, ran to the bin and lowered himself over the edge until he hung only by his forepaws. Then his rat friends, getting a good start by running, jumped and seized upon the hanging rat's body, raised themselves out and scampered off. When the last rat was out the old one climbed up from his suspended position and followed after—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Ladies! Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical dressing. It has become an indispensible article for the toilet.

A Singular Race.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race, called the Kubus, who are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malayans is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures upon the ground, beat the gong, and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear and consider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and go ng beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They are skillful spearmen, and throw stones with marvelous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical respects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

During Cholera Epidemics.

The epidemics of 1830, 1845 and 1866 caused the people everywhere to adopt preventive measures which were thought to have great efficacy. Care in diet was considered most important, of course, and fruits were almost entirely discarded. Watermelons and cucumbers were looked upon as poisonous, and even ripe peaches and other harmless fruit were permitted to rot. So heavy were the losses by fruit growers and dealers in the East in 1850, that for a few years after the plague disappeared no one would raise melons and other objectional vegetables and fruits for fear that they could not be disposed of. Boiled rice, mush and milk, and bread and milk became the principal articles of diet in many families, and meats and other heavy foods were partaken of very sparingly. Camphor came into universal use as a disinfectant, and nearly everybody wore some of it on the person. Flannels were worn all summer, and plasters of various kinds were used on the chest and back.

660 Tons of Woodchucks.

To rid the State of a troublesome pest two years ago, the New Hampshire Legislature passed a law granting ten cents a tail on woodchucks, provided none were killed on Sunday. As a consequence nearly every farmer went into woodchuck raising. Since then 111,000 bounties have been paid, and 20,000 more remain to be adjusted. The Concord *Monitor* makes this curious calculation: "One hundred and sixty-five thousand clover-fed, healthy woodchucks ought to average eight pounds apiece, which would make 1,320,000 pounds, or 660 net tons, of solid woodchucks, equal to 660 cart loads, sixty six car loads of ten tons each, or two full trains of solid meat. Placed head to tail, before amputation of caudal extremity, they would make a continuous line of woodchucks forty-seven miles in length. What an opportunity for sausage manufacturers and soap houses!" The question now is, shall the law be repealed, the State treasury go into bankruptcy, or an issue of woodchuck bonds be authorized?—*Phila. Press.*

How to get a Drink in Maine.

Boston Globe.

In Maine none of the common styles of invitation prevail. It is all shrouded in mystery. You give the sign of distress to any member in good standing, pound three times on the outer gate, give two hard kicks and one soft one on the inner door, give the password, "Rutherford B. Hayes," turn to the left, through a dark passage, turn the thumbscrew of a mysterious gas fixture ninety degress to the right, holding the goblet of the encampment under gas fixture; then reverse the thumbscrew, shut your eyes, insult your digester, leave twenty-five cents near the gas fixture and hunt up the nearest cemetery, so that you will not have to be carried very far.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Mother's Love—A Practical Illustration of Its Power.

A mother's love! What a potent thing it is! It will melt the heart of the most hardened criminal, when no other influence would be effectual. No one but a mother knows its full meaning, but every one can appreciate it if they will. It is known, though, that it means sleepless nights, care, inconvenience, and, if necessary, want, hardship and death. But the subject has been too eloquently treated by the sweetest poets and the ablest writers to furnish an essay for these columns. Too many practical illustrations occur in every day life for it to be dwelt upon, so that it is unnecessary to speak of the subject further in order to make the reader understand the full meaning of what is to follow.

Mrs. Henry Schualen, of Ashland, Ky., writes that her daughter has been cured of deafness which resulted from chronic catarrh. She tells how she had lost all hope of her daughter (her ideal) being cured, and how overjoyed she is at the result. After trying many remedies, she says PERUNA brought a cure, and that the daughter's hearing is restored. She concludes, by speaking in the most flattering terms of PERUNA, and then describes in the most lovely manner the happiness it has brought her, and reviews the distress she experienced while her daughter was afflicted.

Dr. A. R. Ong, Martins Ferry, O., writes: "I have a large trade on your PERUNA. Think it is a grand remedy."

Mr. Robert C. Hannah, Tolesborough, Lewis county, Ky., writes: "I write to inform you of the great benefit I received by the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. I had been low spirited and very sick for about six months with a bad cough, and my friends thought I had consumption; tried a number of patent medicines, and most of the doctors in the vicinity (and we have some as good as you can find in the country), but they did me no good whatever. Our merchant, Mr. Gillespie, insisted upon me trying your remedies. I did so, but must say, I had little faith in them at first; before I had consumed my first bottle, I noticed a change for the better, and to-day I am entirely well, and as sound a man as there is in the vicinity. I credit my cure to your valuable remedies, PERUNA and MANALIN, and recommend them to all of my friends."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. (Mention this paper.)

2000 ROSES. 2000.

The Grandest lot of imported hardy

PERPETUAL BLOOMING ROSES

ever brought to this vicinity. Over 50 varieties. Also

MOSS ROSES.

These were bought with special reference to our climate, and for our own planting, but we will sell a few hundred to our customers.

The Golden Banded Lillies, from JAPAN direct.

Please send for price list and order at once.

SEED POTATOES,

of the best varieties.

Clover, Timothy & Grass Seeds, *Garden and Flower Seeds,* Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c.

Address H. WEBER, P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞ Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED

Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M.
No. 33	4.55 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	5.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 t. 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE, General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They **Increase the Appetite,** and cause the body to **Take on Flesh,** thus the system is **nourished,** and by their **Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools** are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

And all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH AVEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGES

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., 1st & CHESTNUTS ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, *Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.*

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home. Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and all other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 138 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hickory, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Office.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER, Garrett county, Md.

5 21 2m

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tents, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

6 20 tf

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. ie14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on B. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST, OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

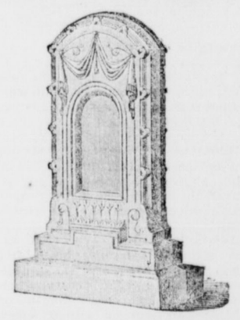
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart, Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, De costa Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent, 6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines;
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, 2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1885. NUMBER 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS for wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minors or children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house, large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

ov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No, 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2500.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 74 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full description of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 6 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House, 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

No. 13.

A Small Desirable Farm

Near Deer Park improved by dwelling house, stable, dairy, and other necessary outbuildings. Never failing spring of water. This property adjoins the corporating limits of the village of Deer Park, and is in full view of the Deer Park Hotel. Price, $1500.00.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Shiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One-fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, when use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 526 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

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FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

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Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Facts About General Grant.

Throughout the war he never received a wound.

His favorite book, as a boy, was Charles O'Malley.

His mother died over a year ago. His father has been dead several years.

One of his requests was that he should be allowed to sit up and not die in bed.

He leaves two sisters—Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Corbin—who live in Jersey City.

His last public speech was at Ocean Grove a year ago, before the Christian Commission.

He always disliked doctors and resigned their attentions as much as possible to the last.

Several owners of 366 medals were them proudly Friday week in Philadelphia on the occasion of General Grant's death.

He leaves three sons and one daughter—Fred Buck, Jesse and Nellie, all married—and eight grandchildren.

He never drank to excess, but was fond of an occasional drink of good liquor, and brandy was his favorite beverage.

His mother was an enthusiastic Methodist, and believed in personal holiness and the nearness of the second coming.

His most intimate friend was George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose house he made his home whenever in Philadelphia.

Among the portraits in George W. Childs' office is one of General Grant and the Emperor of China, taken seated together and arm-in-arm.

As far back as February last he wrote to Mr. Childs that whenever he took a drink of water it felt "as if hot lead was going down his throat."

Until given over to the government all the souvenirs of his European trip were at the office of George W. Childs, to whose custody he confided them.

Like so many other great soldiers he was a fatalist and belived "what is to be will be." If he had adhered to any religious form he would have been a Presbyterian.

The husband of Nellie Grant Sartoris, his daughter, is an Englishman an only son and nephew of Fanny Kemble, the actress, who became Mrs. Pierre Butler, of Philadelphia.

When a boy if he ever went beyond a place he never retraced his footsteps, but took a roundabout tour to reach his destination some other way. He often said he attributed his success to a resolution taken in youth to "never turn back" in any undertaking.

He smoked his last cigar on the 20th of November, 1884. In a letter to a friend mentioning the circumstance he said he had smoked many thousands of cigars, and they had been his greatest comfort through the last years of the war on the battle-field.

It is an open secret that about a year ago General Grant was approached by several distinguished Democrats and the possibility of his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for President discussed. He said he had a presentiment, and always believed thot he would not die on the battle-field.

It is a curious coincidence that the fathers-in-law of General Grant's sons all suffered financial reverses like himself. Fred Grant married a daughter of Mr. Homer, of Chicago, once a millionaire. Buck Grant married a daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, who lost heavily. Jesse Grant married a daughter of Mr. Chapman, a former California Croesus.

One of the prettiest conceits in Mr. Harris's (Uncle Remus) new book is put into the mouth of an old negro driver. He had run away from his master, and could not be caught; but an old lady bought him, because he had saved the life of her son, and he surrendered himself and became a faithful servant. When his old mistress came to die her wandering mind dwelt upon the negro who had served her so faithfully. She fancied she was making a journey. "The carriage goes smoothly along here," she said. Then, after a little pause, she asked, "Is David driving?" and the weeping negro cried out from the corner of the room: "'Taint po' Dave, mistr'ss! De good Lord done tuck holt ob de lines."—*Anonymous.*

Don't fill the system with quinine, when fever and ague, and malarial fevers, can be much more effectively treated by ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.

A View of Prohibition.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

A common error with men and women who favor constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic is dwelt on by Rev. Dr. Hatfield, writing in the *Advance*. There are those who seem to believe that, this side of prohibition in the constitution of every State, there is nothing to be accomplished for the cause of sobriety and peace of society. To this class Dr. Hatfield addresses himself, putting with great emphasis this conclusion.

"It is important that we make a wise use of the laws we have for the suppression of intemperance until we can replace them by better ones.

"Just at this point, as it seems to me, some of our friends act with singular unwisdom. In their zeal to secure the abstract and ideal, they lose sight of the practical. They will have prohibition or nothing. Local option laws, and laws forbidding the sale of liquors to minors, and on the Sabbath, do not interest them. They render little or no assistance to those who are enforcing our present laws to save the children and youth from becoming drunkards. Some of them go so far as to demand the repeal of all license laws and the removal of tax on the manufacture of whisky. If these wild schemes could be carried into operation it requires no prophetic vision to anticipate some of the results. Whisky would be so cheap that a toper could drink himself into a state of more than beastly drunkenness for two or three cents. Grog shops would be ten times as numerous as they are now. Towns and counties would lose the protection now secured them by local option. The land would be deluged by drunkenness and debauchery to an extent of which we can hardly form a conception. Decent men would be driven to combine for a system of license and regulation, and we should probably hear little more of prohibition for a generation to come. He that is wise will consider these things."

This puts so tersely the practical side of the case that to attempt to add to it is to "gild refined gold." But this much may be said, that there is not a community to which Dr. Hatfield's remarks do not apply.

Let us see how it is at home. We have a local option law in West Virginia. No county that does not want it need have license. The majority do not want it and do not have it. But there are counties in which liquor is sold without license and there is slight effort if any to enforce the law. In the city of Wheeling liquor is sold every day in the week by persons who have no license. Liquor is sold on Sunday, to minors, to habitual drunkards—all in violation of excellent laws familiar to everybody.

The men and women who are demanding constitutional prohibition are not using their time, their money or their influence to bring about the inforcement of these liquor laws. Why ignore the practical work of today and bend their energies towards an ideal of the future? Do they think it hopeless to try to enforce the laws that we have? If so, what induces them to believe that absolute prohibition will annihilate the liquor traffic? Who is to enforce prohibition? We may be sure that prohibition will not enforce itself—the lesson of all prohibitory efforts is against such a hope.

The enforcement of existing laws ought to be much easier than the passage and enforcement of new and more radical provisions, but this idea does not seem heroic enough for advanced prohibitionists, and so they go on in their own way and, as judged by results, wasting effort.

Chipping in for Religion.

An Episcopal minister who arrived in this city a few days ago from Nevada, where he has been doing missionary work for several years, tells some curious stories of people and things in that country. He spent a portion of his time in Virginia City, and had to look to the people for his support. Once a week he went among the business men for contributions. He took in the saloons and gambling shops, as well as the banks and stores. Contributions were generally on a liberal scale, as the people, though not particularly religious, thought well of the cause, and vowed, one and all, that they would not let the preacher suffer. On almost every round he received a number of "poker chips," worth from $1 to $5. These he would take to the bank, where they were readily cashed.

Among the saloon-keepers was a perfect Hercules in stature and strength. He was a man of violent temper, and savage disposition, and had killed his man. He was, therefore, generally feared. This man was practically boss of the town. He sent the preacher word that he wanted to see him at his saloon. The preacher went, and was informed that he could get from $5 to $10 a week by calling at the saloon for it, and that it would be taken as an insult if he refused. The proposition was promptly accepted, and therefore, he had no better friend or more liberal contributor than the burly saloon keeper.

On one occasion, while in the saloon to receive his weekly stipend, another minister entered and presented his claims for assistance. The saloon man refused to give him anything, saying: "What are you doing in town, anyhow? I suppose you want to start an opposition church or something, and get up a row among us Christians. I'll tell you why I won't give any money. You see this man here? He's a preacher, too. I've just given him $10. We know something about him. He has a Bishop behind him. If he don't walk the chalk, I'll just write to the Brishop and have the preacher bounced. I have enough influence to do it. You have no Bishop and can do as you please."

The informant says it was his custom while in Virginia City to hold religious services in the saloons and gambling dens. He would go in Sunday morning and say: "Well, boys, it's about time to close up. I want to hold meeting here. Have you any objections?" They never objected, and, as a general thing, conducted themselves with the utmost propriety during divine service. If one of them ventured to break over the line of decorum the others would compel him to behave himself or put him out. On funeral occasions, which were frequent, the undertaker, who always managed the job, would require the preacher to ride on the hearse, he being considered the "next in importance to the corpse."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Soldier's Tribute.

Gen. Frank Cheatham, who commanded a division in the Confederate army in the Southwest during the late war, and who was one of the hardest fighters in that army, presided at a large Grant memorial meeting held in Nashville, Tennessee, Monday evening. In calling the meeting to order Gen. Cheatham said among other things: "Grant's history has gone over the world. We have learned to reverence him and his soldiers to worship him. I was on the other side, and I will venture that there is not a Confederate soldier that will not, for the terms he gave to Gen. Lee, say that they love him. I have read history, but have never heard of such terms as he granted to Lee. 'Stack your arms and take your horses and go home. You will need them to make your crops.' And we did need them. I brought three home myself. I am here to-night to do reverence to that great soldier, who I believe and always have believed, was a great man."

Famous Hot Spells.

In 1303 and 1304, according to a French periodical, the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. In 1615 the heat throughout Europe became excessive. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625. Men and beasts died in scores. The heat in several departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dared venture out between noon and 4 p. m. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theaters never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a great number of people were stifled. There was not sufficient air for the breath, and people had to take refuge under ground. In July, 1792, the heat became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and wood work in dwelling houses cracked and split up; meat went bad in an hour.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affection of the throat and lungs, can find certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottles at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HER WAY TO SAY "NO."

My sweetheart sat knitting. "My darling," said I,
"I have had a most beautiful dream."
She feigned not to hear me and made no reply;
Said simply: "I'm turning the seam."
I reached for the knitting—a mesh of soft white,
That she held in her fingers so small;
But she said: "Don't disturb me, I'm busy to-night—
I'm knitting a sock for a doll."

"Don't tease me so, darling," I pettishly cried;
"You're just dying to hear, I'll be bound—"
But she pushed back her curls, as she softly replied:
"Just wait till I've knitted around."
I waited awhile, and then closer I drew,
And breaking of silence the seal,
I said: "Now you're ready, let me tell it to you."
She answered: "I'm setting the heel."

I smiled and I frowned, and looked up at the clock,
Regretting that soon I must go;
Then looked at my teaser—she held up the sock,
Saying: "Would you put red in the toe?"
"You shall hear me, darling, you dearest of girls;"
She placed both her hands on her brow,
And laughingly said, as she threw back the curls:
"Just wait—I am narrowing now."

"I dreamed of a cottage close down by the sea,
'Neath the brightest and bluest of skies."
She answered: "Sit further away from me, please,
My needles will get in your eyes."
"I dreamed we were there in that home on the shore,
And that love, darling, love made us rich"—
"I told you to sit further off once before;
You're the cause of my dropping a stitch."

At last it was finished, then madly I said:
"Am I, dearest, lover or friend?"
She took the small scissors and severed the thread,
Saying "Wait till I've fastened the end."
"Will you marry, me, darling?" I said in low tone—
There was nothing to do but to go;
For I learned at the last what I first might have known—
It was always her way to say "No."

—*T. O. Chisholm, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE HOUSE-FLY.

A Chapter on the History of This "Adjunct of Culture."

How the Fly Moves, Lives and Obtains Its Nourishment—The Development of Its Wings—What Becomes of the Tormentors in Winter—General Points.

Some one has observed how little we really know about our intimate friends; even those living under the same roof. The same remark will in a degree apply to that ever-present household companion, the house-fly. Wherever civilization penetrates, there go the honey-bee and the house-fly, twin adjuncts of the higher culture. And yet how little is known of the life-history of the fly; where its eggs are placed, where its young live, upon what they live, how they become flies, and how long they remain with us.

If we examine one of them, it will be seen that the fly has six legs, composed of a number of segments or joints freely movable upon each other; the toe or tarsal joints are five in number. To the last joint are attached two hooked claws, and if anyone will examine the fly's foot with a microscope, he will detect between the claws a little cushion which is deeply cleft into two parts or flaps. The under sides of the flaps have very numerous peculiar hairs which are bulbous at the end, and are called "tenent-hairs." These hairs are hollow, and secrete a sticky fluid. Each tenent hair is bent near the end, beyond which bend, says Tuffen West, "is an elastic membranous expansion, capable of close contact with a highly polished surface, from which a very minute quantity of a clear, transparent fluid is emitted when the fly is actively moving."

Mr. West also adds, that when a fly is not making use of its cushions, as on a surface sufficiently rough to afford it foot-hold with its claws alone, these only are made use of.

As early as 1667 Hooke noticed the importance of the grasp gained by the claws, when drawing against the strong, forward-pointing hairs situated on the base of each tarsal joint, whenever any projections or a yielding surface are afforded by the object on which the fly is walking. Hooke also believed in the existence of a "smoky substance on glass."

This, says West, has been considered a mistake, "and yet it is certain that glass very frequently undergoes a slow decomposition on its surface in a moist atmosphere, from the excess of alkali in its composition. Such a change is speedily produced in glass exposed to the action of the weather, as in our window-panes, and conveys the appearance as if a 'smoky substance' were condensed upon it.

It has been proved by most careful observations, which may be readily verified by any one desirous of getting at the truth, that this tarnish does very materially assist a fly when in a weak state in maintaining its hold, and in freely moving upon the glass. To keep our windows clear for the admission of light, it requires to be constantly removed.

Opticians call a similar deposition of moisture the "sweating of glass."

West further describes the way in which the actual movements of the fly's foot are made. The cushions are set down on a smooth surface, perpendicular or horizontal, and the numberless tenent hairs applied to such surface; "a slight push forward of these, succeeded by a gentle draw backwards, at each application, removes the air between their soft, elastic expansions and their plane of motion, and thus a firm hold is gained. Access of air is prevented by the minute quantity of moisture which exudes from the expanded tips of the tenent appendages; and thus a vacuum is formed, on the same principle as in the 'atmospheric hat-peg,' the 'plate-holder' of the photographer, or the 'artificial gums' of the dentist. When the fly wishes to move a leg from its place of attachment, the claws are brought down and pressed against the surface; from their position they raise the hinder part of the pulvillus (cushion), where the tenent hairs are least developed, first, and so on forwards. If the claws were attached to the fifth joint, as it has been supposed, they could not act equally well in the way I have mentioned; and I think a fly when once stuck fast, if it had no claws, might remain so."

It should be noticed, as any one may do, that the fly, like all insects, moves the legs of each pair alternately in walking. After all, the pressure of the atmosphere is the main agent by which a fly is able to adhere to perfectly smooth surfaces.

Flies are distinguished from most other insects by having but a single pair of wings; what corresponds to the second or hinder pair in other insects being a pair of knob-like "balancers." The flight of the house fly is most rapid in warm, sultry weather. We all know how busy and pertinacious their movements are in dog-day weather.

It has been found that a common fly when held captive moves its wings three hundred and thirty times a minute, whereas a honey-bee, whose powers of continued flight are much greater, moves its wings one hundred and ninety times in the same period. The wings describe a figure 8 in the air.

The buzz of the fly has been carefully studied by Landois. During flight the fly's buzz or hum is in a relatively low tone; when it is held so that the wings can not move the buzz is higher in pitch, and it is higher still when the fly is held so that all motion of the external parts is prevented. The last mentioned is the true voice of the insect; it is produced by the breathing holes of the thorax. The buzz of the fly thus expresses the emotions of the creature; the low hum being one of contentment, the shrill, excited buzz one of alarm and disturbance.

When a fly alights upon our hand or face on a hot day it is for the purpose of lapping the perspiration from the skin. How this is done is a curious study. When the fly, to quote from our "Guide to the Study of Insects," settles upon a lump of sugar, or other sweet object, it unbends and extends its tongue, and the broad knob-like end divides into two flat, muscular leaves, which thus present a sucker-like surface, with which the fly laps up liquid sweets. These two leaves are supported upon a framework of chitinous rods, which act as a set of springs to open and shut the muscular leaves. The inside of this broad fleshy expansion is rough like a rasp, and, as Newport states, is easily employed by the insect in scraping or tearing delicate surfaces. It is by means of this curious structure that the busy house-fly occasions much mischief to the covers of our books, by scraping off the albuminous polish, and leaving traces of its depredations in the soiled and spotted appearance which it occasions on them.

The structure of the fly's tongue, and of the whole apparatus for taking its food, has engaged the attention in late years of some of our best anatomists of insects. Its structure is so complicated and difficult to understand, and labored anatomical descriptions are so dry, that we will not here describe it, but content ourselves with referring the reader for an excellent description of the fly's proboscis to Professor Macloskie's article in the *American Naturalist* for March, 1880. Suffice it to say that the fly has not, as have beetles and grasshoppers, free jaws and accessory jaws for biting and tearing the food, but all the mouth-parts of other insects are represented by the fly's proboscis, the larger part of which is formed by the under lip; the enlarged and variously modified fleshy extremity of which forms a sucking organ. What little food is taken by the fly is fluid; sweet fluids are its favorite diet.

But whence come the swarm of midsummer flies, and how do they keep increasing through August? What becomes of them in the winter? How long do they live, and what of the manner of life of their young? Are the small flies the children of the larger ones?

So little was known about the early history of the house-fly that we once endeavored, and with fair success, to study its transformations. During August the house-fly is particularly abundant, and especially so in and about stables. On placing a fly in a bottle she laid between six p. m., August 12, and eight o'clock the next morning, one hundred and twenty eggs. They were deposited irregularly in stacks, lying loose in two piles at the bottom of the bottle. The next day several maggots, as the larvæ are called, were observed crawling about in the bottom of the bottle. Afterwards by placing a mass of offal in the sun, the flies came and laid their little white slender eggs, which hatched out, so that thousands of writhing maggots abounded in the mass.

It was found that the young maggots hatched in twenty-four hours after the eggs were laid. At first they are but little larger than the eggs. After remaining in the first stage for one day the maggot moults, being a little larger than before. After another day it sheds its skin a second time and enters upon the third stage of its larval life, which lasts three or four days. It breathes by means of two spiracles or air-holes at the end of the body, which communicate with the air-tubes in the body. There is also a spiracle near the head. When about to transform into the pupa or chrysalis state, the body contracts into a barrel-shaped case, and turns brown and hard. This case is called the puparium, and within it the maggot becomes a pupa or chrysalis.

The house-fly, having as a maggot lived a squalid existence, after a pupal sleep of from five to seven days, pushes off one end of its pupal case, and on emerging from the case, immediately runs about, though its wings are still small, soft and baggy, much as in the pupa. Soon, however, the skin becomes dry and hard; the fluid in the wings dries, and in a few moments the fly takes flight.

If in its winged state the fly is one of the most disagreeable features of dog-days, and people wonder why flies were ever made at all, it should be remembered that flies have an infancy as maggots, and the loathsome life they then lead as scavengers cleanses and purifies the August air, and aids in lowering the death rate of our cities and towns.

While most house-flies die on approach of winter, multitudes being attacked by a white fungus, their swollen dead bodies remaining on the wall or windows in October, a few live through the winter. While writing this article on the first warm day in spring, a few flies have for the first time made their appearance in our study. These will lay their eggs about stables in the late spring, and thus give rise to a swarm of maggots and August flies.—*A. S. Packard, Jr., in Youth's Companion.*

FRAUDS IN CIGARS.

Fraudulent Manufacturers Who Imitate Popular and Expensive Brands.

"Now, there's a cigar," said a tobacco merchant whose firm handled more than a million dollars' worth of cigars a year, "that has made a great reputation within the past year, and which is eagerly smoked by all good judges of cigars, and yet there is so much cheating done in this particular brand that fully two-thirds of the smokers are swindled. I am not surprised, either, that they do not find it out, as the cheating is very adroitly done. The price of the cigar to dealers is twenty-two and a half cents, and yet you can buy the cigar, or what they pretend is the cigar, all over town for twenty-five cents. We will not retail them for less than twenty-eight cents, because that gives a little enough profit."

"Are all that are sold for twenty-five cents bogus?"

"They are not the true imported brand, as a rule. Of course there are occasional big hotels and restaurants that are content to handle them at a margin of two and a half cents. The fraud is effected in this way: Clerks or boys in the hotels or restaurants where the genuine brand is sold keep the boxes when they become empty and supply them at a fair cost—say fifty cents apiece—to the small dealers. A domestic cigar is manufactured of the exact shape and color of the imported brand, and the box is filled with these domestic cigars. The box is genuine, and the cigars very much like the real thing. The dealer, by this little game, clears about thirteen cents on a cigar—a pretty tidy profit, and well worth the ruse even if it is a State Prison offense."

"How can one detect the spurious one?"

"Only an expert can tell the difference in the make of the cigar at a glance, but if you look carefully at the date on the box it might give you a clew. For instance, I saw some cigars that were not over a week old the other day that were in a box labeled October 12. The manufacturers on the other side are endeavoring to throw difficulties in the way of these fraudulent dealers by putting a peculiar glaze on their boxes. But the cigar thieves soon get a hold of the boxes, so what are they going to do about it?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE THREE GREAT LANGUAGES.

Comparative Importance of the English Over the French and German Tongues.

The language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote was the language of but five or six millions of people in their day, and as late as one hundred years ago English was spoken by not more than fifteen or sixteen million people, says the Paris *American Register.* At the same period French was the mother tongue of at least thirty million people, and German, in one or other of its forms, was the language of from thirty to forty million people. This state of affairs is now completely reversed. Between forty and fifty years ago the English language equaled the German in the number of those who spoke it, and now the latter is left far behind in the race. German is spoken by 10,000,000 persons in the Austria-Hungarian empire 46,000,000 in the German empire, 40,000 in Belgium, 2,000,000 in Switzerland, and the native tongue of some 2,000,000 in the United States and Canada. This gives a total of about sixty million persons who may speak German.

With French the case is much the same, but the gain during the past century has been smaller than that of German. French is now spoken by the 38,000,000 people of France, by 2,250,000 in Belgium, 200,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, 600,000 in Switzerland, 1,500,000 in Canada and the United States, 600,000 in Hayti, and by 1,500,000 in Algiers, India, the West Indies, and Africa; in all about forty-five million.

English is now spoken by all but some 500,000 of the 37,000,000 persons in the British Islands, by 53,000,000 out of the 56,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, 3,000,000 in Australasia, 1,700,000 persons in the West Indies, and perhaps by 1,000,000 in India and the other British colonies. This brings up the total to 100,000,000, which can not be very far from the truth.—*Chicago News.*

A Disinterested Party.

"Hello, there!" called out a bartender in a West Brighton beer pavilion while the thirsty souls from an incoming boat surged in front of him. "Hello, there! you didn't pay."

But the two men he addressed did not seem to hear him, and they lounged outside.

"Say, Fritz," called out the bartender to a waiter. "Say, Fritz, hail them fellers for the price. They've gone out without settling."

The tall German laid down his tray, wiped his mouth with his apron and started ferociously after the receding couple. Soon he came back with a festoon of dark blue under the battlements of his left eye. There was a rent in his duster and a lump under his jaw the size of a codfish ball.

"Did you collect?" called out the bartender.

"Naw," said the waiter.

"Wouldn't they give up?"

"Naw."

"What did you do?"

"Tole dem to seddle up or I'd wollop dem."

"That was right. What did they say to that?"

"Nodings. Von pucked me by der chaw, der odder fetched me on der eye. Dey nogged me oud right avay, I bed you."

"The deuce they did. Did you smash 'em back?"

"Smash 'em back? Naw; vat for should I take up your kivarrels?"

THE WHITE MAN'S FETISH.

An Interesting Experience in the Career of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

Mr. Stanley tells a characteristic story of the way in which he gained the respect and fear of an important tribe who positively refused his expedition a passage. As the chief, after angry refusals, was about to leave, the following prearranged comedy was played for his benefit:

"While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he caught sight of the large Chinese gong suspended to a cross-bar supported by two forked poles.

"'What is this?' he asked, pointing to the gong.

"'It is fetish,' I answered, sententiously.

"His young son, Enjeli, who was much more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of bell, upon which Ngalyema cried out:

"'Bula Matari, strike this; let me hear it.'

"'O, Ngalyema, I dare not; it is the war fetish!'

"'No, no,' said he, impatiently. 'Beat it, Bula Matari, that I may hear the sound.'

"'I dare not, Ngalyema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad.'

"'No, no, no! I tell you to strike. Strike it, Bula Matari;' and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience.

"'Well, then'—taking the beater in my hand—'remember, I told you it was a bad fetish—a fetish for war;' and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted hand, I asked again: 'Shall I strike now?'

"'Strike—strike it, I tell you!'

"With all my force I struck the gong; the loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the hushed, concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously, the continued sounds seem to them like thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of the 'En Avant' right over their heads, and war-whooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbor. The listless, sleepy-eyed stragglers burst out into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely. The seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyema was standing paralyzed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him:

"'Be not afraid, Ngalyema. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you.'

"The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out tauntingly and menacingly:

"'Ha, ha, Ngalyema! You came to fight Bula Matari, Ngalyema! Where are your warriors, Ngalyema?'

"There could not be a better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these amateur black actors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to reality. Had I not been in the secret I also should have been duped; while the valor with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me round the waist, danced from side to side to avoid furious strokes from the wild-eyed men, while young Enjeli clung behind his father and followed his movements, reminded me of the long-forgotten play of 'hen and chickens.'

"'Save me, Bula Matari; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything,' cried Ngalyema.

"'Hold hard, Ngalyema!' I cried. 'Keep fast hold of me; I will defend you, never fear. Come one, come all! Ha, ha!' etc.

"But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"'Enough, boys; fall into line;' and 'Silence' was cried out by Susi and his brother captains; and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at 'Shoulder arms' with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalyema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands, and said, with an assuring smile:

"'Well, Ngalyema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?'

"'Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay me, such braves! Only Enjeli and Ganchu left with me! But tell me, Bula Matari, where did all these people come from?'

"'Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will strike the gong again, and the next scene may perhaps be more wonderful still.'

"'What!' he shrieked, while he laid his hand upon my arm. 'No, no; don't touch it. Ay, verily, that must be a bad fetish,' shaking his head at the round, innocent face of the gong."—*From Mr. Stanley's New Book.*

—It makes one feel folish enough to have a horse snap at him on the public throughfare. Of course he isn't afraid, but he jumps, nevertheless, with a scared look overspreading his features; then he looks silly, and laughs an insipid little little laugh, as he reflects that everybody is looking at him; and it doesn't help the matter when somebody observes, as somebody inevitably does, that the horse was deceived by his greenness, and took him for grass. The only reason why he doesn't commit a capital crime then and there is because he doesn't know whether to kill the horse, or the man who made the verdant suggestion.—*Boston Transcript.*

ENDED IN SILENCE.

The Customer Was Wearied by the Smooth-Bored, Bevel-Edged, Cheerful Liar.

The barbers were all busy during the hottest of the hot days last week in an up-town barber shop when a visitor entered. His cheek bones were high, his mustache was of the color of wet straw, and his hair was plastered down on his forehead in a style that stamped him from afar. He was on dress parade and filled with pride. From his highly polished boots to his brilliant new tie he was resplendent and new. He swaggered into the shop with the air of a conqueror, and the foreman rested the lather brush in his victim's ear while he leaned over confidentially and whispered:

"That's Charley; you've heard me speak of him, hain't you?"

"Well," said the large man in the chair, "if there is anything under heaven or on earth that you haven't spoken of——"

"Yes," said the foreman, hurriedly, "but this here boy is the dandy masher of the universe and is known all over New York. Why——"

"You needn't shave off my mustache."

"Ah, there, Charley," catching the visitor's eye and smiling with a pleased expression, "how are all the dear girls?"

"Well, they're as expensive as usual," answered the visitor, with an affectation of carelessness. "Gimme a light for my see-gar, please."

Four of the barbers left their chairs at once to get a match, and four of the customers sat upright in their chairs and looked around with lathered and expressive faces at the very popular German with the blue necktie. The expression of the face of the large man, whose ear had been lathered, was not kindly.

"Charley," said the boss, "what's become of that millionaire's daughter in Brooklyn that was running after you?"

"What, C. B. the millionaire's daughter on Clinton avenue?"

"No," said the boss, with a very confidential wink, "I was referring to M. N. F., the sugar refiner's daughter."

"O, I chucked that over long ago," said Charley, strutting up and down with a face that was adorned by a look of ineffable complacency and an unusually aggressive barber cigar, while the large man rose up perilously under the razor, and stared hard at him.

"How's the little actress, Charley?" ventured the foreman insinuatingly.

"Which, the one at the Bijou?" asked Charley, turning away from the mirror, where he had been gazing with undisguised delight at his putty-like mug.

"O, no, I mean the one at the Casino."

"O, I got a letter from her last night; she's a sticker from way back."

Once more the large man sat up, and when he lay down again his voice rose plaintively:

"Charley, you make me very weary!"

The barbers looked around in surprise, and the visitor ceased curling his mustache and turned around.

"In fact, Charley," continued the man, "you are about the worst specimen of a smooth-bored, bevel-edged and cheerful liar that I ever heard."

Then the large man lay back in his chair, and the shave was finished in absolute silence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GIBRALTAR'S STRENGTH.

The Siege and Capture of the Famous Military Fortification.

French and Spanish troops, 40,000 in number, for four long years, from June, 1779, till February, 1783, beleaguered the fortress of Gibraltar, then held by General Eliot, with a garrison of 7,000 men. The enemy erected batteries right across the sandy isthmus, while in the bay they held forty-seven ships of the line and ten "battering ships," besides countless lesser craft. One night the rock narrowly escaped being taken by surprise. A goatherd having undertaken to guide the Spaniards by a path unknown to the English, 500 troops followed him one dark night and crept silently to a hollow called the Silletta, or little chair, and thence to the signal station, where they slew the guard. There they awaited reinforcements from below; these, however, were delayed, and the garrison meanwhile were aroused, and sallying forth drove back the invaders. The Silletta was immediately filled up and the path utterly destroyed and made inaccessible, and the siege wore on through weary months. At last a furious general attack was met by an incessant fire of red-hot balls on the enemy's fleet (five thousand were thrown in one day), till at length the battering-ships took fire, as, owing to the thickness of their timbers, the red-hot balls sank deep into the wood and could not be dislodged. The scene that ensued in the darkness of that terrible night must have been awful indeed; and so fearful were the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying that brave Englishmen forbore to let their foes perish in the flames, and ventured to their rescue, the marine brigade being foremost in this work of mercy, which added fresh laurels to their victory. It was said that in this engagement the Spaniards lost three thousand men, while the garrison had only sixteen killed, and the damage done to the fortress was repaired in a few hours. A few days later a formidable English fleet came to the relief of the town, the siege was raised, and Britain once more left in undisputed possession of the stronghold, which in the days of Queen Anne, she had acquired as a sort of luckpenny, while fighting on behalf of the Archduke Charles, in whose name it had been seized by Sir George Rooke, July 24, 1704, who surprised it when garrisoned by only eighty men. Of course, our holding Gibraltar is an arrangement about as pleasant for Spain as it would be to England to see a French garrison in full possession of Dover castle and fortifying impregnable galleries in Shakespeare's cliff, beneath the protection of which all manner of smuggler might find safety, whereas any rash revenue cutter venturing within range would be forthwith fired at and probably sunk. No wonder that Spain would fain reclaim this heaven-built bulwark of her shores.—*Belgravia.*

THE HISTORICAL MILL.

In Which Most Everything Is Ground and the Gospel Is Preached.

On the old County road leading from Taunton to New Bedford, about three miles from Taunton green, at the head of a large pond, stands a building whose history is so peculiar and whose uses are so many that it can properly be classed among the wonders of the old colony. It was erected about fifty years ago by Josiah King for a fork works. A few years afterwards it was sold to William Pierce, who now owns it. In appearance it is no more peculiar than the ordinary run of country saw-mills. Its age rests lightly upon it, and, barring accidents, it is likely to remain a landmark for at least fifty years to come. Its history, told by one who lives near it, is as follows:

"On the lower floor of the building are three rooms. In one is a grist-mill, in another machinery for sawing and splitting wood and cider-making, and the third is used for a church and for holding various kinds of entertainments. Grain is brought here from miles around and ground into meal for 'fodder' and cake-making. On any day during the late fall you will see half a dozen old farmers gathered about discussing things in general, and waiting for their little grist to be ground. Meal made from corn of their own raising is thought far superior to any that can be bought at the store.

"I asked an old man one day why he did not use bolted meal. 'I've used meal of my own and father's raisin' for over sixty year' an' it's good enough f' me. I don't b'live in s' many new-fangled notions just gut ip t' git money out uv us poor farmers.' Of course he must have his clumsy joke on the end: 'I c'n bolt my own meal fast enuf when 'ts made into cakes.'

"In the early fall the old mill is kept running night and day making cider. Hundreds of cart-loads of apples are ground up and the juice squeezed out. An upright barrel with one head out stands always full of the fermented juice and a cup near by invites every one to help himself. One day a small boy wandered in. He could not reach over the top of the barrel to the cider, so he made an inclined plane of a board and crawled up on it. He reached down to dip a cupful of the coveted liquid. The board tipped up and the young man went in head first. Luckily some one heard the splash and rushed into the room just in time to save the youth from a cidery grave. This boy has now grown up to be an active temperance worker. Cider-drinking parties are often held here and the person who drinks the most is voted the champion. I once saw a young man drink ten glasses in rapid succession. When this part of the mill is not in use for cider-making wood is sawed and split here, and the same old farmers who bring their own corn to have it ground to save money will bring a load of wood and have it reduced to the proper size for stove-burning. Years ago this part of the mill was used for sawing box-boards and shingles, and more recently as a furniture factory.

"In all the years the old mill has been running there has been but one accident. One day the mill was sawing shingles, when a young man with a scarf about his neck came in. He got too near the shafting, and it caught him by the scarf and began to throw him around and around. Before the mill could be stopped his boots and stockings were torn from his feet in shreds, and four of his ribs and an arm were broken.

"The room used as a church is such as the old Puritans worshiped in. Except in midsummer and midwinter meetings are held here regularly Sunday evenings and on week day evenings fairs, festivals and 'sewing circles' often make merry in this room. Not infrequently in winter a dance draws the young people to the old mill.

"I distinctly remember one evening prayer and praise meeting that I attended here. The minister was an old man and very near-sighted. In the course of the evening he began to cough, and not being able to control it he asked for some one to fetch him a glass of water. It was early in the fall, in cider-making time, and in the second room beyond stood the full barrel and a glass near it. A young scapegrace quickly responded to the request of the minister, but instead of bringing water he filled the glass with cider, and with a sober face took it up to the preacher. The audience discovered the trick and reached for handkerchiefs. The unsuspecting old gentleman raised the glass to his lips, and, without stopping to taste or smell, swallowed the whole of it. Such a look of horror as came over his face when he realized the trick I will not attempt to describe. The audience smiled and tittered, but the minister immediately regained his composure and said not a word.

"One of the most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed was the funeral of a little child in the church-room of the old mill. The parents were poor, hard-working people, and the dead baby was the only one God had given them. It was a beautiful little girl, as fair as though its parents had been of royal blood instead of being too poor to provide a coffin for the little thing. Kind neighbors had bought a little white casket and made a little white robe of some cheap cloth and trimmed it with blue ribbons. They put flowers about the room in the old mill in rude vases and cups, and gathered reverently about the mourning parents, while the minister said a few kind words and prayed to God that the father and mother be given strength to bear their grief."

Surely, like the mills of the gods, this mill grinds all.—*Taunton (Mass.) Cor. Boston Globe.*

—The Los Angeles *Herald* describes a specimen of the vampire family recently caught there: "This huge specimen measured twenty inches from tip to tip of his wings, and was pretty well armed with teeth and claws. His head was as large as the heads of four or five ordinary bat heads combined, and well hooded with two ears fully as large as a half-dollar. His majesty was as vicious and warlike as a scorpion or tarantula when confined, and his bite would probably be as dangerous.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHNNY RUNS AWAY.

The sky was clear, the stars were bright,
The grass was wet with dew,
When Johnny rose, put on his clothes,
And vowed what he would do.

"I'll leave my pa, I'll leave my ma;
I'll go from here to stay;
My parents both have been unkind,
And so I'll run away.

"I'll take my clothes, I'll take my all,
A slave I will not be;
I'll go out West, and do my best—
I'll strike for liberty!"

And Johnny started bravely out,
And said he'd ne'er return;
He said he'd go where he could live
And let his genius burn.

He traveled all that summer night,
And bravely through the day;
And then he said: "I wish that I
Had never run away.

"I'm tired and weak—I'm sick," said he,
With sadness in his tone;
"It isn't best to go out West—
At least to go *alone*.

"And now I'm in a pretty fix,
And don't know what to do;"
And then he sighed and sobbed and cried:
"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

The boy, when found, was taken home,
And was content to stay;
Said he: "I'm cured, and rest assured,
No more I'll run away!"

—*H. Elliott McBride, in Golden Days.*

TOMMY HARMON'S LASSO.

How the Joke of the Farm Was Held in Making an Important Capture.

For a long time Tommy Harmon's lasso was the joke of the farm. He had read somewhere of the wonderful doings of Western cowboys with the lasso, and from a description given in that account he had made himself a very fair specimen.

The fact that there was no earthly use for such a thing as a lasso on the New York farm where he lived made no difference in Tommy's enthusiasm, and with great impartiality he went about lassoing—or lassoing at—everything. Gate post, dog, cat or calf was welcome alike to Tommy, and he minded neither failure nor laughter.

By and by the day of Tommy's triumph came. It came quite unexpectedly, and without any help from him, except in the way of what Matt, the hired man, called a silly suggestion.

It happened in this way: A fox had been stealing Mrs. Harmon's chickens, until that good lady lost patience and insisted that a trap should be set for the thief.

Tommy, accordingly, baited a steel-trap with a nice young chicken, and set it between the barn and the wood lot, where Master Fox was supposed to hide during the day. Then Tommy went away, intending to visit the trap the next morning.

About an hour later, however, he saw a half-dozen crows angrily fluttering over the spot where he had set the trap, and it occurred to him at once that the fox had already been caught, and was being attacked by the crows.

He caught up a stick and ran hastily toward the trap, more sorry at each step that he did not have his lasso with him. As he drew near the spot he could hear the angry caw, caw of the crows, and could see them furiously swoop and rise again, all of which made him think that the fox was fighting hard for his life.

But just imagine his surprise, when he had gotten through the corn-field and could see the trap, at discovering that instead of a fox an eagle was caught. He could now understand what the crows were so angry about. Crows hate hawks and eagles, and take every opportunity to injure them. They seemed to know that this eagle could not defend himself very well, and they went at him on every side, making the feathers fly at every attack.

The eagle could easily have carried away the steel-trap if it had not been fastened by a chain to a stake. As it was, the captured bird struggled madly at the end of the chain in his efforts to beat off the crows.

Tommy at once became greatly excited, and with visions of stuffed eagles floating through his mind, ran at the great bird, intending to kill it with a blow of his stick, and then carry it home.

This would have been an excellent plan if the eagle had only stood still and stretched out its neck for Tommy to hit. But it did not, and before Tommy knew it he was on the ground, with torn clothes and bleeding face. It was very well for him that he had not fallen within reach of the angry eagle, or Tommy might not have lived to laugh over the triumph of his lasso.

Fortunately the eagle could not reach him, and Tommy was able to scramble to his feet and run toward the house a great deal more quickly than he had run to the trap.

Near the wagon-house he met Matt, and breathlessly explained matters to him. Tommy's appearance showed that he was not telling a big story, and Matt, only stopping to ask where the trap was, started off at a run.

Tommy darted into the wagon-house, snatched his beloved lasso from its peg, and followed after Matt as quickly as his tired legs could take him. Exactly what he intended to do with the lasso he did not know. He took it because it was a sort of second nature to do so.

When he reached the field he found that Matt was as badly off as he had been. The eagle had contrived to pull up the stake, and was struggling with claws and beak to tear out Matt's eyes, while Matt was trying hard to get away, beating at the bird with his hands to keep it from his face. In Tommy's excited mind there was but one thing to do.

"Lasso it, Matt! lasso it!" he cried, thrusting his lasso into Matt's hands.

Anything to beat the savage bird with. Matt whirled the lasso in his hands, and struck blindly at the eagle, which fell back for a moment.

"Lasso it! lasso it!" shrieked Tommy, dancing up and down.

The rope was coiled in readiness to throw, and without intending it, Matt cast it at the eagle. By great good luck the noose fell over one of the bird's outstretched wings, and Tommy fairly yelled with delight as he sprang forward and drew the lasso tight.

They still had some trouble in subduing the mighty bird, but they did succeed finally in capturing it alive. They sold it for fifteen dollars; and now, when anybody seems inclined to laugh at Tommy's lasso, he shows them Matt's new hat and his new suit of clothes, and explains how they got the money to buy them with.—*John R. Coryell, in Harper's Young People.*

A SHAGGY "NEWSBOY."

True Story of a Faithful and Watchful Paper Carrier.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York.

I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and, touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farm-house came into view away off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap quite over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail and watching us, as the train moved swiftly away from him. Then he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farm-house.

When we last saw him, he was a mere black speck, moving over the meadows, and then the cars rushed through a deep cleft in the hillside, and the whole scene passed from our view.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked of the tall young conductor at my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded; "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day in the way you have seen."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He comes when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does Carlo not go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir! He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of my young friends, of whom I have a great many, would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, although he could not "tell time by the clock."—*Allen S. Bigelow, in Golden Days.*

THE SNARL FAMILY.

Where It Takes Up Its Abode, and the Difficulty of Turning Its Members Out.

Daisy is a little girl three years old. She has blue eyes that open wide with wonder when she is surprised and twinkle with fun and mischief a great deal of the time—a pretty little rosy mouth and an abundance of long golden hair.

Now this hair has long been a great trial to Daisy, for it has to be combed and brushed every day, and when she plays "housekeeping" under the table with maple sugar for "tea," or creeps under the lounge to play "bear," the hair gets badly tangled, and fairly ties itself up in knots, so that when it is combed there are a great many little shrieks and jumps from Daisy.

But one day when Auntie was brushing Daisy's hair she discovered what made all the trouble. And what do you suppose it was? Why, a family by the name of Snarl had moved into Daisy's hair, and they didn't like to be turned out. There was Father and Mother Snarl, and Johnny and Susan; besides a lot of little Snarls. And as Auntie chased each one to its hiding place she lectured them and remonstrated with them on their naughtiness in troubling Daisy so.

"There, Johnny Snarl, I see you hiding behind Daisy's ear. Aren't you ashamed to plague a little girl so? Now don't think you can escape; you will have to come out."

"Ah! that was Susan that pulled so. She is a stubborn girl, is Susan Snarl, and determined not to come out."

"And here is Mother Snarl, and ever so many of the little ones with her. Such a provoking family! Even baby Snarl pulls as hard as he can."

And Daisy gets so interested in the doings of the Snarl family that she forgets all about the hurt and laughs aloud at the discomfiture of Johnny or the hard chase Auntie has after Susan. Sometimes the Snarls have company. A great many aunts and uncles and cousins have come to visit them. This generally happens after Daisy has had a molasses candy frolic, or some unusual romp. But then the fun is greater than ever with so many to turn out of doors. And one day Daisy said:

"Mamma, does the Snarl family ever go into other little girl's hair?" And mamma said she didn't know, but perhaps there may be some little girls with long curls whose mamma may find that just such a mysterious family has been making them trouble as bothered little Daisy so long before Aunty found the hiding place of the Snarl family.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—King Humbert was seventeen years old before a kingdom of Italy existed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A dog supposed to be rabid gnawed a plum tree in Georgia recently, and the owner, being somewhat timid about eating or selling the fruit, had it shaken to the ground.

—Seven hundred thousand quilts are sent from a Connecticut quilt manufactory each year to warm the Southern and Western States, Mexico, Canada, the West Indies, and even the different cities of the South American States.—*Hartford Post.*

—It has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. So absolutely is the power invested in the husband that one man, who wished to deed his wife's clothes to her, could not legally make the transfer.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—In the largest library in the world, in Paris, there is a Chinese chart of the heavens made about 600 years before Christ. In this chart 1,460 stars are found to be correctly inserted, as corroborated by the scientists of the present day.

—Recently a Government transport, with a full crew, many wounded soldiers and valuable horses, was kept waiting in Suez Harbor three full days for a mule which somebody or other had presented to Queen Victoria, and without which the ship had orders not to sail.

—Two new type-writers have recently been brought out in England. Each is about eight inches square, and weighs not to exceed six pounds. They can be carried in a sachel, and are afforded at so low a price as to be within the reach of almost any person.—*Chicago Times.*

—Boys, as a rule, are a nuisance, but there is always something about our own that makes them a little superior to others. They are of a finer quality of material, and the noise that they make is not the harsh, and nerve-destroying kind that other boys make.—*Burdette.*

—Mr. Sanford Pullen, of Oakland, Me., eighty-eight years of age, has resided on the farm in that town which is now his home for eighty-four years, yet he has lived in two States, three counties and three towns. That is, the names of the State, county and town of his home have been changed that number of times.—*Boston Globe.*

—The only countries upon the globe to which cholera has not been carried are the islands of the South Pacific, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, the islands of the North Atlantic, and the western coast of South America. Those countries are all separated from India by a wide expanse of ocean, and have no commercial intercourse with that country.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The following admonitory notice was recently published by a French editor in his paper: "The wine merchant who last week sold me a bottle of lemonade flavored with vitriol for a bottle of champagne is requested to send me within twenty-four hours a bottle of genuine champagne, failing which his name and address will be made public." The result was that he forthwith received almost unlimited contributions of first-class wine.

—Some persons are apt to look upon Mexico as a half-civilized nation. Journalism in that section varies from the sensational work put into some American papers. A murder is briefly announced, with only the leading facts and names, and with no artistic elaboration of details. The taste of the Mexican reader does not incline toward crimes. Still less does he delight in the miseries of unfortunate families. The family circle is the last place the reporter invades. The rattle of the family skeleton is rarely heard, and when it is, truth is rarely lost sight of in an unseemly scramble to be the first to exhibit it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"How many people," inquired a Buffalo philosopher, "begin reading their daily newspaper at the beginning?" The question excited considerable discussion. The result of a comparison of ideas and experiences on the subject was that quite as many people opened their dailies and began at the middle of the last page as there were readers who started at the beginning of a page. Said a participant in the discussion: "If you observe a dozen men who take up newspapers you will hardly find two who begin to read at the same place. Go into a restaurant, a hotel office or a club room and make a few notes on the methods of newspaper perusal."—*Buffalo Courier.*

POISON IN CANNED GOODS.

Chloride of Zinc, Freely Used by Canners, as Deadly as Arsenic.

So many cases of poisoning have taken place by reason of the use of canned goods that we, seeking for a definite cause, find it arises from chloride of zinc. This is a poison almost as deadly as arsenic, and has a place in the closing of cans once occupied by arsenic. Its adoption grew out of the ease with which it can be used, skilled labor not being required for its application, and besides, though not cheaper in itself, it could be applied to a cheaper quality of tin plate, of which the cans were then made. It was not until it was used for this purpose that cases of poisoning from the use of canned fruits and vegetables were known, although its effects as a poison in foreign countries, particularly in Germany, England and France, were a subject of medical and chemical investigation long ago. A child was fatally poisoned by it in London, and was unsuccessfully treated by the faculty of the medical school of London hospital, and the general symptoms of its malady were similar to those attending all the cases of poisoning by reason of the use of canned goods. The canner uses the dangerous material freely, applying it with a large brush, working so rapidly as to cap ten cans a minute, and by the very reason of the haste and carelessness of the method employed admitting a greater or less amount of the poison into every can. The consumption of these canned goods, amounting to ten cans for every person in the United States every year, gives an appreciable idea of the vastness of the attack made upon the human stomach in this country. Canners must stop using this deadly poison, which attacks the vital organs with resistless vigor, and laws that fail to consider this important feature of the question fail in an important particular.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE CHURCH DEBT.

Bill Nye Expresses His Satisfaction With the Life of an Eccentric Millionaire.

I have been thinking the matter over seriously, and I have decided that if I had my life to live over again I would like to be an eccentric millionaire.

I have eccentricity enough, but I can not successfully push it without more means.

I have a great many plans which I would like to carry out in case I could unite the two necessary elements for the production of the successful eccentric millionaire.

Among other things I would be willing to bind myself, and give proper security to any one who would put in money to offset my eccentricity, that I would ultimately die. We all know how seldom the eccentric millionaire now dies. I would be willing to inaugurate a reform in that direction.

I think now that I would endow a home for men whose wives are no longer able to support them. In many cases the wife who was at first able to support her husband comfortably finally shoulders a church debt, and in trying to lift that she overworks and impairs her health so that she becomes an invalid, while her husband is left to pine away in solitude or dependent upon the cold charities of the world.

My heart goes out toward those men even now, and in case I should fill the grave of the eccentric millionaire, I am sure I would do the square thing by them.

The method by which our wives in America are knocking the church debt silly by working up their husband's groceries into "angel food," and selling them below actual cost, is deserving of the attention of our national financiers.

The church debt itself is deserving of notice in this country. It certainly thrives better under a republican form of government than any other feature of our boasted civilization. Western towns spring up everywhere, and the first anxiety is to name the place, and second to incur a church debt and establish a roller rink.

After that a general activity in trade is assured. Of course, the general hostility of church and rink will prevent ennui and listlessness, and the church debt will encourage a business boom. Naturally, the church debt can not be paid without what is generally known through the West as the "festival and hooraw." This festival is an open market, where the ladies trade the groceries of their husbands to other ladies' husbands, and everybody has a "perfectly lovely time." The church clears two dollars and thirty cents, and thirteen ladies are sick all the next day.

This makes a boom for the physicians and, later on, for the undertaker and general tombist. So it will be seen that the western town is right in establishing a church debt as soon as the survey is made and the town properly named. After the first church debt has been properly started, others will rapidly follow, so that no anxiety need be felt if the church will come forward the first year and buy more than it can pay for.

The church debt is a comparatively modern appliance, and yet it has been productive of many peculiar features. For instance, we call to mind the clergyman who makes a specialty of going from place to place as a successful debt demolisher. He is a part of the general system, just as much as the ice-cream freezer or the button-hole bouquet.

Then there is the row, or social knock-down-and-drag-out, which goes along with the church debt. All these things add to the general interest, and to acquire interest in one way or another is the mission of the c. d.

I once knew a most exemplary woman who became greatly interested in the wiping out of a church debt, and who did finally succeed in wiping out the debt, but in its last expiring death struggle it gave her a wipe from which she never recovered. She had succeeded in begging the milk, and the cream, and the eggs, and the sandwiches, and the use of the dishes, and the sugar, and the loan of an oyster, and the use of a freezer, and about fifty button-hole bouquets to be sold to men who were not in the habit of wearing bouquets, but she could not borrow a circular artist to revolve the crank of the freezer, so she agitated it herself. Her husband had to go away prior to the festivities, but ordered her not to crank the freezer. He had very little influence with her, however, and so to-day he is a widower. The church debt was revived in the following year, and now there isn't a more thriving church debt anywhere in the country. Only last week the church traded off seventy-five dollar's worth of groceries in the form of asbetos cake and celluloid angel food, in such a way that if the original cost of the groceries and the work were not considered, the clear profit was thirteen dollars, after the hall-rent was paid. And why should the first cost of the groceries be reckoned, when we stop to think that they were involuntarily furnished by the husband and father?

I must add, also, that in the above estimate doctor's bills and funeral expenses are not reckoned.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

What She Got.

Mrs. Blue had sent her cook out to do the marketing, and when she returned she went down to see what she had got, and if she had done her work properly.

"Well, Mary," she inquired, "did you get the vegetables?"

"Yesum."

"And the fish?"

"Yesum."

"And the melon?"

"Yesum."

"And the groceries?"

"Yesum,"

"There wasn't anything else for you to get, was there?"

"Yesum."

"I guess you must be mistaken; that's all I told you to get, wasn't it?"

"Yesum."

"Well, I hope to goodness you haven't been buying things you had no business to buy. What else did you get?" and the lady's voice had an angry quaver in it."

"I got back, mum, that's all."

The lady looked at the load of stuff the girl had brought with her, and, wondered if sarcasm were intended, but she only smiled sweetly.—*Merchant Traveler.*

MODERN VANDALISM.

Reverence for Beauty a Superficial Quantity with the Multitude.

In profession, we of to-day are all Crusaders, burning to defend the places made sacred by the picturesqueness or associations of the past. In deed, we are almost all Goths and Vandals, ruining them without mercy. While the men who are to come will judge us by our actions, we judge ourselves by our words. Because the speech of a few is fair, we fancy that all must be right with the many. Because more is being said and written about art than ever has been before, we think that the feeling for it must be greater in like proportion. In a word, we mistake our sowing of good seed for the reaping of a fruitful harvest. Once in awhile, however, we are reminded that all is not so well as it seems. In the United States, within the last ten years, art schools have been established by hundreds, but when it came to finding out what they accomplished by an art competition instituted by Harper and Brothers, the result was shown to be just nothing. In England, benevolent men, strong in their own faith, think to refine the lower classes by the influence of art and by making their surroundings beautiful. But even as they put up their mosaics in Whitechapel famous collections of paintings are allowed to be dispersed, and plans are prepared to destroy one of the most picturesque corners in London.

The fact is that the reverence for beauty, genuine enough with men like Mr. Ruskin, is superficial with the multitude, whose real worship is one of comfort. Whenever there is a struggle between the things of the past and those of the present, it is easy to predict which will survive; for in this case fitness is always measured by comfort. Perhaps, after all, when the buildings and cities in which people live are concerned, it is unreasonable to wish it to be otherwise. It may be, as Hawthorne says somewhere in Marble Faun, in speaking of the gloom and chill and inconvenience of the stone palaces in Italian cities, that a dwelling-place should never be built to last longer than forty or fifty years. It is probably more important that a house should be healthy and clean and adapted to the physical well-being of men who are to spend their days in it than that it should give mental pleasure to those who merely look at it from without. Workingmen living in the ugly suburbs of London, or in the red brick monotony of Christian and Catharine streets in Philadelphia, which no man would go out of his way to look at, are doubtless better off than their fellows in Italian towns, though the latter may be settled in two or three large, damp rooms on the ground floor of old palaces which travelers come from afar to see. The few—a losing remnant in this case—overlook the wants of the people. Considering the subject dispassionately, we must admit that many of the changes which are fatal to mediæval beauty and quaintness are not wholly unnecessary or capricious. No one, while the memory of last summer's plague is still fresh, can deny, for example, that it is better to sacrifice the picturesqueness of some of the narrow, dirty streets of Naples than the health and lives of thousands of Neapolitans. The majority of business men in London do not question the wisdom of the removal of Temple Bar, which has made their going to and coming from the city so much easier. It must be added, however, that those whose occupations do not lead them cityward wonder what great good has been done by destroying an old landmark, declared to be an obstruction in the street, and then blocking up the way with a new, meaningless monument.—*E. R. Pennell, in Atlantic Monthly.*

CHARITY.

Discrimination Imperative in Giving to the Poor.

In giving to the poor, discrimination should be exercised. Our duty is not discharged when we have given them something, simply because we have given. All interested in the work of charity know that it is not nearly so advisable to give money to the needy as it is to lay the money out judiciously for them. It is not, however, of money-giving that I would write, but of garment giving. Many people are accustomed to give half-worn or outgrown clothes to the poor, without stopping to consider whether they are suitable for the person to whom they are given. How often have we seen poor people, who can scarcely keep starvation from the door, arrayed in silk and embroidery. The moral effect of this is very bad. Here is a case in point. A washerwoman, with a drunken husband and five children, for whom she must provide, received numbers of garments from families by whom she is employed. Many of these clothes were beautiful, fit for children of wealthy families. They were given to the washerwoman because the children of the donors had outgrown them. The washerwoman, proud of her pretty children in their fine attire—poor woman! the mother-pride is pardonable, for mother-love is God's gift to all, rich and poor alike—spent what she should have used for food for things to suit the rich apparel, so that her children might outshine those of her neighbors. Remonstrance was unavailing. Years passed by, and the children, grown old enough to help their mother in her hard and weary life, became millstones to the poor woman. They would do nothing and had no thought save for finery. To-day they are a pest to all with whom they come in contact. The foolish mother, worn out by labor, has only one comfort in life, and that is a daughter who was so marred by small-pox that the mother always dressed her in the commonest clothes, "because she is so awful homely," and seldom took her out for the Sunday afternoon walk. When the child did go it was only to look after the younger children. This daughter now takes charge of the poor home, saves the mother many an insult and injury from the wretched father, and works indefatigably to keep the family under shelter.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

ABOUT ALMANACS.

The Largest Almanac in the World From Which All the Lesser Ones are Prepared.

Every family in the United States uses an almanac, but few people are cognizant of the immense amount of work required in their preparation. The phases of the moon, the positions which the sun and stars will hold at given times for every day throughout the year, the calculation of eclipses, and the hundred and one other facts told by astronomy and mathematics appear as regularly as the years go round. The simplest almanacs used for druggists' advertisements are full of such information, and when one goes further and picks up one of the big volumes called nautical almanacs, published for the use of astronomers and navigators, the array of figures is really appalling, and their long lines of digits, thrown into order which would delight a Gradgrind, make the brains of the general reader swim as he endeavors to understand them. These big nautical almanacs are the fathers of all the others. The calculations of the smaller almanacs are taken from them, and they feed, as it were, the whole family of little almanacs the world over. The greatest nations of the world now have their own nautical almanacs, and these are made by their respective governments. The nautical almanac of France has been published longer than any other, its editions having been issued for several hundred years. The British almanac comes next, dating back to a little before the Revolution, and the German and Spanish were begun since then. The American Nautical Almanac was first issued in 1855, and it is now said to be the best almanac published anywhere in the world. It contains more valuable information and calculation than any of the other government almanacs, and it holds the highest place among astronomers and navigators. The almanac is made at Washington, and a special department of the navy under Prof. Newcomb is devoted to its getting up. It is a book of solid figures, over an inch thick, about eight inches wide and twelve inches long. It contains more than five hundred pages, and each page is black with a multitude of carefully arranged figures, each of which represent hours of calculation and sheets of scientific and algebraic study.

The work is published three or more years in advance of its date. The almanac for 1888 is now out, and that for 1889 is being prepared. Twelve scientists, each noted as an astronomer and a mathematician, located in different parts of the country, are almost constantly working upon it. They make their calculations and send them to Washington, and they are here proved before going into the almanac. The title of the book is "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac," and if you would abbreviate this title in talking of it to one of the makers of it he would be highly disgusted. One of them told me yesterday what it contained, but his words of scientific terms fell upon my ear like the jargon of a Choctaw, and he might as well have expressed himself in Greek. Some of the more scientific of your readers, however, may understand him. I will repeat his answer to my request to know what this book of five hundred pages of solid figures contained. He said its calculations are divided into three parts. Part 1 is adapted to the meridian of Greenwich. It contains the positions of the sun, moon and primary planets for every mean moon throughout the year. It contains the distances of the moon from the sun and certain fixed planets. This is used by navigators at sea for determining the longitude, etc., etc.. Part 2 is adapted to the meridian of Washington, and is intended for the use of astronomers, as well as navigators. It contains data for finding the apparent positions of the principal fixed stars for every tenth upper transit at Washington; also the sun's apparent right ascension and declination, hourly motion, and equation of time for every mean and apparent noon at Washington, and likewise the same circumstances for the moon. It also contains the mean time of transit, right ascension, and declination, horizontal parallax and semi-diameter of each primary planet at the time of transit at Washington. Part 3 is devoted to "phenomena," and here, as I am not a scientific dictionary on legs, I will not attempt to repeat what the astronomer said it contained. It was much worse than the above, and when I looked again at the millions of figures as he repeated the scientific jargon I became more and more impressed with the immense work of getting up a nautical almanac and an "American Ephemeris."

These nautical almanacs, however, do not deal with the weather. That is left entirely to the weather bureau, which is distinct from them. Almanacs were made for years before any government took them up. The old Romans had a sort of almanac, but the first printed almanac was that of George von Burback, who issued his predictions at Vienna in 1460. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almanacs were used as political documents, and they were full of astrology, astronomy and superstition in addition to their politics. The first American almanac was that of William Bradford, who published one in 1687. Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" was first published in 1732, and the American Almanac, which continued its publication up to 1861, was first published in 1628. There are now about one hundred almanacs published in the United States, of which, perhaps, the best is Spofford's American Almanac, published by the Librarian of Congress.—*Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

—A fifteen-year-old daughter of W. G. Cavender, six miles southeast of Dalton, gave an exhibition of her suddenly developed magnetic power Thursday afternoon. She exhibits all the wonderful powers of the other magnetic girls, and the electrical force is so perceptible as not to be mistaken. In the chair trick, for instance, she simply rubs the palm of one hand on the back splints. She also stands immovable upon one foot and defies the pushing of the strongest man. She claims that the simple touch of one's fingers upon her shoulders destroys her will power, as she designates it.—*Dalton (Ga.) Argus.*

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1885.

Turn the Rascals Out.

A year ago the cry of turn the rascals out was being yelled from one end of the land to the other. This emphatic and forcible language was used to fire the Democratic heart, and was an appeal to the *honest few* in the Republican party to go over to the Democrats and help elect a Democratic President. All this, of course, upon the assumption that the administration of the government by the Republican party had been corrupt and Republican officials, as a rule, dishonest. There was another assumption, also, and that was that a Democratic administration would be pure and Democratic officials, as a rule, honest. This sort of political clap-trap caught enough simple minded fools, *alias* mugwumps, to elect a Democratic President, and about the first business of the new administration was to go in search of the large army of rascals who existed in the Democratic imagination. The search, though long and tedious, failed, and failed utterly, to bring to light the rascals of which the public had been told so much. Not only so, but the aristocratic noses of all the Democratic smelling committees failed to scent out any of the rottenness and corruption which had grown up under Republican rule. This, to the Democratic mind, was a singular state of affairs. No rascals. No corruption. Evidently there was something wrong. But the Democratic mind was equal to the occasion, and so the offensive partisanship dodge was invented and for a while it was worked for all it was worth. But somehow it was discovered that the offensive partisanship circular was a two-edged sword, and when the administration awakes to this fact the President quietly shut up shop and went fishing. But the good work of turning the rascals out is still going on and this is the way the work is done. In the city of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, at the Presidential election in the year of our Lord 1884, great frauds were perpetrated upon the ballot. This, of course, was nothing new in Democratic politics. Of course Morris Thomas and Eugene Higgins did not go from Baltimore to Ohio to help the people to have a fair election. They were there, at any rate, and frauds were committed, and both of these Maryland worthies have been appointed to important offices by Mr. Cleveland. At this same election there was a certain Michael Mullen, of Cincinnati, a police lieutenant, who, on election day, arrested and confined in the station house over one hundred colored people and prevented them from voting. They were all released, no charges having been preferred against them. Mullen was tried in the United States Court, convicted and imprisoned for violation of the Federal election laws. Now, the strange part of the case is, that before the sentence has more than half expired President Cleveland comes to the front and Mullen is pardoned, on his good reputation, and because, perhaps, he misapprehended his duties "and various other reasons." It seems, therefore, that if the administration cannot find Republican rascals to punish *it can find* Democratic rascals to reward, and it seems, too, that Democratic rascals are being liberally rewarded. The assumption that the Republican party had been very corrupt turned out to be without foundation in fact, and, unless we are mistaken, the other assumption that the Democratic party is pure and its officials, as a rule, honest will prove equally groundless. Let the administration go on turning such convicted rascals as Mullen out; let it continue to reward such men as Higgins and Thomas for their dirty work, and the time will soon come when the people will turn the rascals out, sure enough.

Over 10,000 Christians have been massacred in the provinces of Biendinh and Phyyen, China.

By the breaking of a fan in the West End Coal Company's mine at Monoqua, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Tuesday, eleven men were suffocated by gas.

A Striking Tribute.

The feature of Gen. Grant's death and burial that will live as long as his fame is the complete Union of Sympathy over his taking off. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, North and South have stood together in sorrow by his tomb. The *Catholic Review*, which has more than one kindly mention of the "Old Commander," has this to say in its leading editorial article:

It is natural and fitting that the whole people should lament the death of Grant. Appomattox will be forever one of the landmarks of universal history, illustrating how a people could do or die, not for the petty ambition of a soldier or a statesman, but for a cause that was just and touched all humanity. There has been much profiless talk about the site for a monument to the memory of Grant. Appomattox is monument enough. That is the crown of his victories and of his fame. It marks also the new birth of this people. It taught a lesson to the world, illustrated the other day by the memorial services in Westminster Abbey. It taught the world that true republicanism, which is the conduct of public affairs for and by the public, was a fact, and that a free Confederacy of free States could stand the fearful trial of even a fratricidal war. From that day out the United States, after retiring their citizen armies and holding only a handful of regular soldiers, took rank among the great powers of the world. The foremost foreign foe against the cause and the Union for which Grant and our armies fought was England, whose Queen and people gave a memorial service at Westminster in honor of the dead soldier. England to-day seeks the friendship and good will of the people whom she wished to destroy. We have grown a little in twenty years. We should have been out of existence as a Confederacy of free States had not citizen Grant and his citizen armies crushed the rebellion. It is of the very essence of freedom to abolish slavery.

So we leave Grant at Appomattox, and join in the general sorrow at his death. He bore his sufferings most patiently and awaited death with true Christian resignation. As a soldier he was everything that was admirable. As President he came at a very trying time and under circumstances that may excuse many mistakes. Mistakes also attended his civic career. His best work was his work as a soldier and his fame will rest on that. His modesty, the modesty of a man who held the fate of a country in his hands, was remarkable. Grant never "made a splurge." He was not without faults. What man is faultless? No generous man cares to count faults over a grave. In one respect, and a most important one, he stands as an example to his countrymen. Grant was chaste.

Mr. Blaine on Gen. Grant.

AUGUSTA, ME., August 8.—Hon. James G. Blaine delivered an oration here to-day on Gen. Grant. He said: "If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed the vast and beneficent designs of Lincoln would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist who in the cause of humanity cherished great aims which he could not realize, and conceived great ends which he could not attain; as an unsuccessful ruler whose policies distracted and dissevered his country; while Gen. Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of great men who were found wanting in the supreme hour of trial.

"But a higher power controlled the results, in his gracious mercy, had not raised those men for works which should come to naught. In the expression of Lincoln, 'No human counsel devised nor did mortal hand work out those great things.' In their accomplishment those human agents were sustained by more than human power, and through them great salvation was wrought for the land.

"Gen. Grant's military supremacy was honestly earned, without factious praise and without extraneous help. He had no influence to urge his promotion except such as was attracted by his own achievements. He had no potential friends except those whom his victories won to his support. He rose more rapidly than any military leader in history, from the command of a single regiment to the supreme direction of a million of men, divided into many great armies and operating over an area as large as the empires of Germany and Austria combined."

John Jarrett is a practical man, who takes a practical view of a practical question. He condenses a startling array of figures and puts a powerful argument into this brief form:

The iron and steel manufactures imported from abroad during the last four years amount to $224,000,000. This is at foreign valuation in our markets. These goods were sold for perhaps $315,000,000. Hence, according to prices in that time, the imported iron and steel represents a loss in wages of fully $222,000,000 to our workingmen. This is called over-production. The imported goods should be made in this country.

If, instead of over-production, we heard more of under-protection it would be better for the country. A tariff high enough to keep at home this immense drain on our resources would furnish work and wages for an army of men. Is it possible that there are intelligent people who do not see this?—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

General Grant's Probable Escape.

Grant's old body servant is employed in the departments here, says a letter from Washington to the Cleveland *Leader*. His name is William Barnes, and he was with Grant from 1862 until the second year of his Presidential term. William is a good-looking colored man, who, though he must be more than forty-five years old, does not look over twenty-five. He is very proud of his service with Grant, and delights to talk of the reminiscences of the time. He says Grant was the kindest of masters, always the same in temper, and never getting excited or angry, whatever the provocation. It was William Barnes who probably saved Grant from being assassinated on the night that Lincoln was killed. Grant arrived in Washington that day and it was Mrs. Grant's intention to go with the General to the theatre that night. She had ordered that their baggage be taken to the hotel, but William misunderstood her order and had it transferred to the Baltimore and Ohio depot. This was not discovered until too late to go to the theatre, and then Mrs. Grant decided that they would go on to New Jersey and let the theatre go. Had William not made the mistake Grant would have been one of that party in Lincoln's box that night. As it was he had hardly gotten out of the city before the news arrived that President Lincoln was shot and he had to return.

NEW YORK, August 10.—In an interview yesterday, Col. Grant said: "I think that father's book will appear before long. We do not yet know exactly what or how much manuscript there is. The last pages my father wrote have not been looked over, and there is a large amount of matter not in form for publication. On my return to Mt. McGregor, I shall devote the next four weeks to looking over the manuscripts. I shall make copies of all his papers and preserve the originals. I am not yet sure whether there will be enough matter for two volumes or not, but what there is will be published with as little revising as possible. The story will be brought down to my father's death, and when this has been done whatever there is will be printed."

In regard to his mother's health he said: "My mother is physically very strong, and I have no doubt that in time she will regain her usual health. She has been confined unremittingly to my father's sick room. If she had not been very strong she would have broken down long ago. I think that with a change of surroundings she will recover rapidly. As to the future plans of the family I cannot speak very definitely. We shall all go back to Mt. McGregor and remain there until fall, when the family must separate. Mrs. Grant will doubtless occupy the house on Sixty-sixth street."

The Blue and the Gray.

From the New York Sun, August 10.

Gen. Joe Johnson went out walking with Gen. Sherman and Gen. Phil Sheridan yesterday morning, and after dining with them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, left town on the 3:40 train from Jersey City. The two Northern generals saw him off. Gen. Buckner left the hotel for home early in the morning. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee will remain a day or two at the St. James Hotel. His genial smile lighted up the hotel corridor at different times yesterday, and lots of the guests bowed to him simply to show that they thought him a trump. Gen. Gordon will remain in town a day or two also, unless something occurs to call him away.

The Ellicott City *Times* says "the next Legislature of Maryland will be one of the most important that has ever assembled in this State, especially in the matter of the number of responsible offices it will have to fill. It will have to elect a Governor, United States Senator, State Treasurer and two Police Commissioners for Baltimore city, besides providing for the election upon the question of a new Constitution and passing a law for the valuation and assessment of all property for taxation."

A special election was held in Charles county, Md., on Tuesday of last week, on the question of the sale or prohibition of liquor, and the prohibitionists were defeated by a majority of about 900. Every district in the county was carried against them. This is the third time Charles county has voted on this question, the vote against prohibition at last Tuesday's election having been larger than at either of the two previously held.

Harry Garfield, it is said, takes a professorship at St. Paul's school at Concord, N. H., where he prepared for college. His brother, who was the youngest member of the recent graduating class at Williams, will study law in New York city.

Borne to the Tomb.

NEW YORK, August 8.—At 8 o'clock nature was putting forth signals of an intensely warm day. The crowds grew denser and denser around the plaza. Muffled drums and dirgeful trumpets marched in at one side and took positions at the east end. At 8:50 Gen. Hancock and staff trooped slowly into the plaza from Broadway, and presented front to the city hall then moving to the end of the plaza in Broadway, where they rested on the plaza.

At this time 100 members of the Liederkranz society filed up to the steps of the city hall and sang with impressive effect "Chorus of the Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tannahauser. The honor guard of regulars filed into the open space at 9 o'clock—Co. A, 5th artillery, under Col. W. B. Beck, and Co. E, 12th infantry, under Major Brown. Then came the original guard of honor that was on duty at Mt. McGregor, and which alone should lift the remains to-day. Filing into the corridors of the city hall, these took their places beside the remains, and were under command of J. H. Johnson, senior vice commander of Grant Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn. Inside the corridors Commander Johnson was waiting.

"Columns in position right and left," was his command. The veteran guard of honor was erect. "Lift the remains," was the next command in clear, but low tones. The twelve men stooped to the silver rails with gloved hands. "March," was the word. The body moved. Out upon the portico were borne the remains, Commander Johnson immediately at the head. Down the steps with measured tread, across the open to the steps of the black and waiting car. The silver mountings glistened as the burial case and its burden was carried up and placed upon the dias upon the mounted catafalque. The veterans retired down the steps. The body was alone for all to view. The honor guard next to the hearse, on either side, took the same relative positions they had maintained to the remains while being borne to the hearse.

The clergy and physicians had paid respect to the remains by alighting from their carriages and accompanying them from the steps to the hearse. They entered carriages on either side of the plaza, near Broadway, as follows: Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. Dr. Field, Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, Rev. Dr. Wett, Rev. Father Deshon, Rev. Robert Colyer, Rabbi Brown and Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands.

A signal was given, and the line of coaches with clergy moved off the plaza to Broadway. The band stood waiting at the head of the funeral cortege, Col. Beck advanced to the head of the line of black horses before the coach. "Move on," were his words of command, with uplifted swork. The leaders slipped forward, led by colored men, and in an instant the black line of horses had straightened their traces and the wheels beneath the remains were moving. The hour was 9:47. The band played a dirge. The tramp of the regulars and honor guard beat upon the pavement, thousands beneath the trees and crowding the sides of the squares looked silently on as the black funeral car rolled over the curb into Broadway.

At 10:10 precisely the Grant family came out of the ladies' entrance in the Fifth avenue hotel and took their carriages. Col. Fred. Grant and his wife rode with Gen. Grant's daughter Nellie, Mrs. Sartoris, U. S. Grant, Jr., and his wife and Senor Romero occupied the next carriage together. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant the third, the Cramer family the fourth carriage. As the carriages received their occupants they rolled away towards the Avenue and remained there closely wedged in and waiting for their turn in the line. They had been waiting eagerly more than a quarter of an hour before President Cleveland came out and took his seat in his carriage drawn by six handsome grays, with Secretary Bayard. A four-horse carriage that followed received Vice-President Hendricks, and his private secretary, Hughes East. Ahead of them had gone a number of carriages following the Grant family in the following order: Mrs. Rawlins Holman, daughter of Gen. Grant's friend and first Secretary of War, the general's old staff in four carriages; his ex-cabinet officers in four carriages: detachments from Wheeling and U. S. Grant Posts G. A. R., in four carriages; Mr. J. W. Drexel and members of the Aztec club, survivors of the Mexican war.

As soon as the catafalque had passed the carriage containing Col. Fred. Grant, his wife and sister, fell in, and there was a tremendous scramble for the carriages of the mourners, whom the long wait had persuaded to leave their seats to catch a glimpse of the procession from the street corner where Capt. Williams' men had cleared and kept open a space for the aides with no little difficulty. The coaches fell quickly in line without confusion.

The order of the procession was briefly as follows: The regular army and naval brigade, first and second divisions National Guards, state of New York, first division New Jersey National Guards, catafalque, official guests and members of family in carriages, veteran division, commanded by Gen. Sickles, comprising various veteran organizations, army societies and the Grand Army of the Republic, civic division, in four subdivisions, comprising a large number of committee, associations and political clubs.

At 12.30 the head of the procession turned into Riverside Park. Lines were formed on the east side of Riverside drive and, as the catafalque passed, arms were presented by regiments and the band played a dirge. The ceremonies at the tomb were very simple and brief. A detail of the Grand Army of the Republic repeated the ritual of that order, occupying 10 minutes. This was followed by the burial services of the Methodist Episcopal church conducted by Rev. Dr. Newman. The casket was then placed in the vault. The bugle call or taps, meaning in camp that the lights are out, was then sounded, and a salute of 21 guns closed the ceremonies.

The pall-bearers were: Gen. Sherman, U. S. A.; Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Admiral Porter, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral Worden, U. S. N.; Gen. J. E. Johnston, Virginia; Gen. S. B. Buckner, Kentucky; Geo. S. Boutwell, Massachusetts; A. J. Drexel, Pennsylvania; Geo. W. Childs, Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, Illinois; George Jones, New York, and Oliver Hoyt, New York.

DON'T TALK HARD TIMES.—There is a good deal in talk. Let a man talk dull times, and it is infectious; everybody in the store gets the blues, and in turn talk dull times, and from hustling around to stir up and take care of what business there is, they all get to sitting down and moping over the dull times. If a customer does happen to drop into one of these "dull times" stores, he actually gets frightened out of buying one-half as much as he actually expects to, because everybody looks so blue. He catches the spirit of the store, and resolves to hang on to all his money with a death grip. This bugbear of dull times ought to be sat down on. It is doing more to kill business than anything else. Tell a well man he is sick, keep it up, and you can eventually hound him to death. Business is not all that we could desire, still we know of a good many firms who shut down on crying "dull times" long ago and are making money to-day.

A box was shipped from Black River Falls, Wis., to Chicago on Saturday night the 25th ulto. The messenger became suspicious of the contents, and on the arrival of the train at Elroy, Wis., Sunday, the box was opened, and inside was found a man armed with a 38-caliber revolver, a billy, a razor, a bottle of chloroform and a bunch of cord. He refused to give his name. The box was shipped to Sidney L. Barland, Chicago. Two more persons supposed to be confederates were arrested. It is supposed that they had planned to rob the mail and express car.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, August 10, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@5¾c. that generally rated firstquality 4¾@5¾cts; medium or good fair quality 3¾@4¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2¾@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 2¾@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 3¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 1,958 head, against 1,649 last week and 1,910 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,120 head, against 1,016 last week, and 858 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade at the opening to-day, and for a short time afterwards, was fairly active. Wholesale prices were ¼c., higher than they were last week, and for a short time retail sales were made in full sympathy, but before the close the advance was partially lost. The improvement was chiefly observable in the better grades. There were some better tops than there were last week, but there were quite a full representation of thin cattle, good butcher cattle not being abundant. Prices 2¾@5¾, with most sales from 3½ to 5¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The number of the offerings is generally reported as light, but they number about 1,000 head more than they did last week. The quality of the offerings is not quite as good as were those of last week. Trade is fair and prices ¼c., off as compared with last week's figures. Rough sows and stags are quoted at 6@6¼c.; grassers, 6½@5¾c., and the better grades 6¾@7c,, and extras 7¼c., net; same time last year hogs sold at 7@8½c., as to quality.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is quite a full run this week of sheep and lambs, but mostly of common stock, which are very slow of sale at our lowest quotations. Good sheep are not in fair demand at the prices quoted. There is no outside demand, trade being entirely limited to supplying the demands of our home butchers. We quote common to fair sheep at 2@3¼c., and fair to good 3½@4c., with extras 4¼c. Lambs 3@6c., few selling at either extreme. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4¼c., gross, and lambs 4@6.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GO TO

H. WEBER'S,

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED by Miss Mary Weber.

Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

PUBLIC SALE

— OF —

MILITARY LOTS

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

On TUESDAY, August 25, 1885,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, we will, on behalf of P. M. Lusson and wife, the owners, offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder the following

MILITARY LOTS to-wit:

Nos. 2724, 2721, 2726, 2727, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2697, 2494, 2463, 2460, 2429, 2431, 2472, 2473, 2582, 2499, 2493, 2441, 2442, 2490, 2493, 2593, 2584, 2585.

These Lots are a part of the tract of land called

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"

and lie in the neighborhood of Accident. The tract, "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS" was patented to General Walker K. and John B. Armistead, April 28th, 1834. On June 30th, 1847, the widow and heirs at law of General Walker Armistead filed their bill in Equity for a sale of said land, No 861 Equity, Allegany county. A decree was passed by which W. M. Price was appointed trustee to make said sale. Said Price, trustee, sold and conveyed said lots to P. M. Lusson, and said sale was ratified and confirmed by the Court.

Any person desiring to examine the title of Lusson and wife to said lots can do so by calling on the undersigned who will furnish any information in their possession with reference to the title.

TERNS, EASY.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Attorneys.

JOHN R. KERFOOT,
8 15 2t Agent for owners.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alpha Hinebaugh and Fannie B. Hinebaugh, his wife, and John Hinebaugh and Mary A. Hinebaugh, his wife, to Matthew Cullen, dated June 8th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county, in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folios 468, &c., and assigned to Henry A. Rasche by said Matthew Cullen, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgagee, will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885,

at 3 o'clock P. M., all the following Real Estate, viz:

First, All that tract of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, known as

"SWALLOW FALLS,"

containing about eight hundred acres.

Second. All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and designated as

Military Lots Numbers 1256, 1258, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266 and 1269,

containing fifty acres of land each, and included in a tract of land called

"The Falls of Muddy Creek."

All of which said lands are more particularly described in the said mortgage, reference to which is here by made.

Said lands are situated on and near the Youghiogheny river, about seven miles north of the town of Oakland, are well timber, and improved by several DWELLING HOUSES and out-buildings, and the same property on which the said Alpha Hinebaugh recently operated a saw mill.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

HENRY A. RASCHE,
8 15 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. References given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—Mr. Eli McMillen and wife, of Accident, were in town this week.

—Mr. D. E. Offutt shipped from Oakland this week over 10,000 pounds of wool.

—Rattlesnakes are said to be more numerous in parts of this county this summer than usual.

—Judge Hamill took charge of the Oakland postoffice Wednesday morning.

—The J. O. Michael property on Second street, Oakland, was purchased at Trustee's sale Tuesday, by Mr. J. R. Bishop, for $3,200.

—Mr. F. C. White left at our office two clusters of potato onions, one of which contains 9 and the other 13 perfectly formed onions from one set.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—The Maryland Senators were at the Oakland Hotel Sunday evening, for a short time, returning to Deer Park, where they remained over night. Monday they went up the W. Va. C. & P. R. R. as far as Davis City.

—The Democratic primary was held at the Court House Saturday afternoon. The attendance was small. Messrs. G. W. Merrill, W. A. Daily, B. Reynolds, R. S. Jamison and John F. Browning were elected delegates. The county convention is in session as we are printing this issue.

—Monday morning in the Emmanual Protestant Episcopal Church, Col. R. D. Johnson, of Cumberland, was married to Mrs. Maria N. Johnson, of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left the same afternoon for Bedford Springs, where they will remain some weeks, after which they will take up their residence in Cumberland.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Fair and Festival.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a fair and festival in the Brooks building, commencing Wednesday evening, August 19th, and will continue three or four days. Lunch will be served during the day. Proceeds to be used in building a parsonage. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Death from a Snake Bite.

Sunday evening last Beeson, aged about 14 years, the eldest son of Mr. Jonas Glotfelty, residing on Deep Creek, about 9 miles from Oakland, was bitten by a rattlesnake, under the following circumstances: He had been out caring for some cattle, and whilst on his way home stopped to gather and eat some blackberries, when he was struck on the inside of the right wrist. He did not see or hear the snake, but felt that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and ran home, thereby heating his blood and aiding the spread of the poison throughout the system. Dr. Glotfelty, of Accident, was called, who, upon an examination of the arm, said that the boy must die. The arm swelled to such an extent as to burst, and the boy died about 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, after suffering untold agony.

Resolutions Passed.

The following resolutions were passed by Oakland Lodge, No. 114, I. O. G. T., at a meeting held Aug. 11th, 1885:

Resolved, That this lodge has heard with deep regret that the Local Option law is being openly, willfully, and persistently violated in the town of Oakland.

Resolved, That whilst the number actually engaged in violating the law are few, we regret to say a large number of our citizens sympathize with the violators, and give them their moral support.

Resolved, That we heartly endorse the course pursued by those among us who are endeavoring to enforce the law, and bring the law-breakers to justice, and we pledge those thus engaged our hearty co-operation and support in all legitimate efforts to enforce the Local Option law.

By order

COMMITTEE.

Obituary.

Eli H. Sell was born in Preston county, W. Va., April 7th, 1854. He was brought up in the M. P. Church. At the age of 21 he emigrated to Lenawee county, Mich., where he contracted the fever and ague, which settled in his loins and resulted in disease of the kidneys, which disease proved to be beyond the control of the best physicians of Michigan. They advised him to return to the mountains of the east, which he did in the spring of 1884, settling near Deep Creek, in Garrett county, Md. Until about three weeks previous to his death he had been improving in health, when, from over-work and exposure, his old disease returned in an aggravated form, and after two weeks of extreme suffering he passed away in perfect peace, Aug. 1st, 1885, aged 31 years, 3 months and 24 days. While in Michigan he was converted and joined the church of United Brethren in Christ, in which he remained a consistent member until his Heavenly Father said: "It is enough, come up higher." He brought with him a letter of good recommendation from his pastor and the writer received him into the church at Deep Creek, where he labored earnestly and faithfully for the master. His last words were "I bid you all farewell, I am going home to rest." Truly "How blest the righteous when he dies. The end of that man is peace." He was married to Miss Mary L. Shaffer Dec, 29th, 1875, who with four small children, are left behind on the shores of time to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. May the widows' best Friend and the Father of the fatherless ever comfort and keep them.

ALBERT DAY,
Pastor.

A Crowning Triumph.

W. W. Cole's Colossal Shows are coming, and will exhibit at Oakland on Friday, August 21. That Mr. Cole has the greatest show now on the road is frankly admitted by both press and public. The surpassing excellence of his entertainments, which exceed in extent and variety of interesting and novel features anything heretofore presented in the circus line, is thoroughly attested. The exhibitions given under a mammoth canvass, are unique in character and abounding in startling feats, comprising over sixty distinct acts, performed in succession in the rings and upon the elevated stage. The old time circus features, such as riding, tumbling, leaping, etc., are retained, to which are added such novel and astonishing attractions as aerial bicycling, performing Arabs, Turks, Moors, Egyptians, Mexicans and Spaniards; M'lle Aimee, the Human Fly, who walks head downward upon a polished plane of wood, sixty feet above the ground; grand roller skating carnival, a clown elephant and a performing white hippopotamus from the historic Nile; an equine wonder in the shape of the horse Blondin, that has reached the zenith of brute intelligence by learning to walk a tight-rope stretched twenty feet above the ground. A decidedly interesting feature in the natural history department is the bovine curiosity—a living, healthy cow, with two distinct and perfectly formed heads, each with its complement of horns, eyes, ears and mouth. This feature alone is a study for naturalists.

Many cages of wild animals, and numerous trained animals, occupy the menagerie tent. A better or more pleasing show could not be got together, and the popular verdict places W. W. Cole at the head of the procession as the greatest showman of the country.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Accident.

Rain.

The town lively.

We are having rather cool weather.

There are forty scholars enrolled so far.

Farmers are about finishing up their harvest.

Politics is getting warm among the Democratic brethren.

Many strangers visiting our place aside from the Normal students.

The political mecca seems to lie in the direction of Grantsville.

Mr. H. Richter and wife, of Chicago, are spending the summer here.

The fight over the postoffice here promises to be hot, instead of warm.

Eli McMillen, Esq., is at present visiting friends at Mountain Lake Park.

Dr. B. T. Keller and Hon. R. T. Browning passed through lately on a visit to Grantsville.

Messrs. Miller & Co. have gone 80 feet deep at Conrad Fratz, with plenty hard rock all the way down.

Rev. Pugh, who has been quite ill has recovered. Rev. Shoup who lately injured his back, is around again.

A few summer boarders have found their way here. The business from present aspects does not appear too promising.

Miss Piggate, of Baltimore, lately stopping with Dr. Glotfelty, has taken with her some very fine studies of Garrett county.

Gorman is not a boss, oh! no! Who said he was? All the same there seems to be an uncommon anxiety to get down on his side of the fence.

Miss Butler, of Washington, has introduced a new singing book by Dr. Robinson, and is giving free instruction to the Sabbath School scholars.

Cyrus Stark, while working at a lath mill had his hand badly lacerated, necessitating the removal, by Dr. Glotfelty, of the two front fingers of the right hand.

Mechior Weller is making very extensive repairs to his grist mill. Mr. John Bowman has undertaken part of the job, and Mr. Wilhelm, of Addison, Pa., will put in new machinery, &c.

We can safely say that so far there has been very little interest manifested by Republicans as regards the fall election. There has been no conferences, no canvassing and no attempt to make slates.

The amount of political gossip afloat, just at present, would fill an interesting volume. There is a probability of a serious accident yet to some slates said to have been very carefully made.

The Normal scholars have organized a literary society under auspicious circumstances. Edward Boyer, lately from Mount Union, Ohio, is President; Thaddeus Hinebaugh, Secretary. Further notice will be given.

We are much pleased with the Normal school scholars, as well as teachers. The gentlemen and ladies comprising the school are a creditable representation of the teachers of Garrett county. So many handsome ladies have never before been seen on the streets of Accident. Of course we wish we were young again.

For the benefit of western friends will say that the season in Garrett has been, all things considered, a good one. Crops are generally good. Oats and corn promise well; buckwheat will be only moderate, it is thought. Fruit of all kinds has been abundant—peaches and cherries excepted. Apples will be plenty generally. We have had no destructive storms, but rather extreme hot and cool weather. Taxes are somewhat lower owing to an increase in the taxable basis. Whether the increase is fictitious and to be returned as insolvent with increased taxes in the future, as has been already intimated, we will not pretend to say. We hope, however, for the best, and trust that whoever may succeed our present board of county commissioners will endeavor to lift some of the burdens of high taxes. There seems to be a general complaint of scarcity of money, which is an indication of hard times in business quarters generally.

E. H. G.

Mountain Lake Park.

The Assembly opened promptly at 10:30 on last Thursday, the 6th inst. Quite a number of the lecturers were present and took part in the ten minute talks. The entire morning was taken up in this way, which made it a very pleasant occasion. In the afternoon the Normal Institute by Dr. Frysinger, the Greek Department by Rev. C. E. Young, and the C. L. S. C. by Rev. J. T. Judd were organized, and each class entered at once upon their respective duties. At night Prof. A. A. Line gave us an exhibition of stereoptican views of Mountain Lake Park and vicinity, which was very interesting even to those who live here. On Friday morning Mr. J. B. Phipps gave us another of his grand chalk talks, which was more like an earnest sermon than a lecture to parents concerning the standing of their boys on the royal road of life. In the evening Dr. Miller gave us a grand lecture on "Martin Luther," and on Saturday morning he gave us another on "Pluck," which was not only calculated to strengthen this qualification, but to beget it within those who are the most destitute of it. In the evening a grand concert and entertainment was given. The receipts were $112, which a little more than paid for the splendid bell in the tower. Dr. Miller preached for us Sabbath morning. Sabbath School was held at two o'clock, young peoples meeting at four, and preaching again at night by Dr. Baugher. At 10:30 Monday, Dr. Baugher gave us one of the most interesting lectures on sketches of travel to and in Europe, that I have ever listened to. As he had stated, he read to us the story book in the morning, then in the evening he turned through it again showing us the pictures, which were both very instructive and beautiful.

Dr. Frysinger stated the other day that everything we had up here was first-class. The rain, the sunshine and all the gatherings would come under this head. As the one to give the entertainment this morning was sick and in bed and no one could be found to take that one's place, the Dr. said that he supposed that there was nothing to announce but a first-class disappointment, unless he would take the Assembly for a text and preach for us an Assembly sermon. This he did most effectually.

Mr. J. M. Jarboe of Oakland, and Mr. C. Mayers of Terra Alta, are among our summer residents.

J. A. E.

[Unavoidably crowded out last week.]

Friendsville Cullings.

The Rev. F. G. W. Ford was on a trip to Barbour county, W. Va., last week.

Mrs. Ford who was visiting there accompanied him home,

Mr. Andrew Collins, who has been stopping at Oakland for some time, was circulating among his many friends here last week.

Mr. Wm. Ryland, of this place, made a flying trip to Confluence, Pa. one day last week.

Mr. Will Rush and others, from Uniontown, Pa., are here on a fishing expedition.

We had the pleasure of greeting the smiling face of Mr. Herman Sayage, of Sang Run, Sunday. Perhaps he has a Friend down here that he wished to see.

Mr. George D. Frantz is building a nice dwelling house that will be completed in a short time.

Mr. Kessler, of Selbysport, is repairing the Kent Mill property at this place. Will soon have the repairs completed, and then expects to move his family here.

The Rev. D. A. Friend, of Albrightsville, W. Va., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Friend, of this place, last week.

Professor John A. Steele, of this place, was visitings friends at Johnstown, Sunday.

Mr. Joshua Friend spent a few days at Oakland last week.

BETSIE.

Advertise

If you want a farm put a small advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN; you will get more information in that way, in spending $3 or $5, than you would by spending $50 in traveling. If you want to sell your land, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN; it goes to all parts of our county, as well as to adjoining counties in Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is seen by those who are looking for new homes. If you have anything to sell or buy, any wants, advertise in the paper having much the largest circulation of any paper in the county. It gives value received, and can not fail to reach the most desirable parties, and bring excellent results.

English Press on Grant's Funeral.

LONDON, August 10.—The London papers all contain articles this morning on the funeral of the late General Grant, and are unanimous in concluding that it was a wonderful and impressive cortege. The *Times* prints a three-column account of the funeral procession, and contains a leading editorial highly eulogistic of the dead General, and recalling many of his personal traits.

In addition to its account of the Grant funeral, the *Times* this morning, in its editorial expresses unbounded admiration for the conduct of the American people concerning the burial of Gen. Grant, and pronounces the funeral a "spontaneous outburst of National admiration and gratitude, which, although it can do nothing for the actual object, is not therefore the less to be commended." In conclusion the *Times* says: "No other nation and no former period could have afforded the materials for such a procession as that of Saturday, or even the physical conditions which enabled its members to come together."

One Performance Only.

OAKLAND, FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

☞ 14th Annual Tour. Larger than ever! ☜
Novelties in Each Department! The Best in Everything!

W. W. COLE'S NEW COLOSSAL SHOWS!

4 Circuses, 2 Menageries, 1 Wax Statuary Exhibit, 1 Theatre Stage, 1 Bicycle and Skating Experts Company, 1 Arab Troupe, 1 Mexican Show, 1 Museum.

MOST NOVEL

SHOW ON EARTH!

A Theatre with a Portable Stage!

All the Presidents in Wax!

Representatives of all Nations

English, French, German, Italian, Mexican, Arabian and American Performers in Friendly Rivalry.

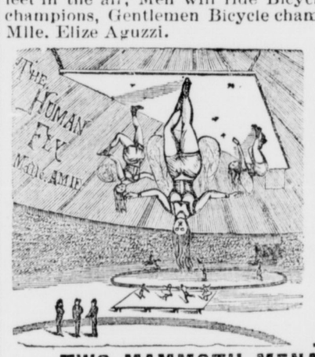
Every kind of Exhibition that will Amuse this Generation.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS,

Represented by Real Idols, Jewels, Weapons, Costumes, Stones, Antiquities, Vacquero Riders and Lassoers, Mustangs, Bronchos, Men, Women and Children.

THE VERY BEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD!

Lady Riders, Lady Tumblers, Lady Gymnasts, Ladies Racing, a lady walks a ceiling head downward, the Human Fly, the great and only Mlle. Amie, Blondin, the London sensation, a horse, will walk a tight rope twenty feet in the air, Men will ride Bicycles along elevated wires, Lady skating champions, Gentlemen Bicycle champions, the Greatest Lady Rider living, Mlle. Elize Aguzzi.



The Austin Sisters, Rose and Emma, the Misses Rosina and Jennie Maretta, Miss Lizzie Harvie, the Misses McIntyre, Cooke, Hassan, Said, Montgomery Watterson, Kimball, and many others.

The ABDALLAH BEN SAID Troupe of TWELVE BEDOUIN ARABS.

James Leon, Mons. Van Zandt, the Four Livingstons, Robert Austin, Ernest Cooke, John Worland, Chas. Rench, Geo Dunbar, Frank Vernon, Gillette Bros., Eddie Evans, John Murtz, Wm. Harvey, Messrs. McIntyre, Cook, Williams, Milton, Good, Green, Marion, Prince Nubar, Little Maurice Campbell, Conklin, and 40 others.

TWO MAMMOTH MENAGERIES IN TWO TENTS.

Living Hippopotami, SAMSON, Giant Elephants, Elands, Ibex, Ichneumons, Two-Horned Rhinoceros, all Kinds of Elephants, Kangaroos, Emues, etc., etc.

A LIVING TWO-HEADED COW, with 4 Eyes, 4 Horns, 2 Heads, 2 Mouths, and Eats with Both Mouths.

STREET PROCESSION AT 9 A. M. ADMISSION AS USUA.

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JEWELRY STORE,
—BY—
F. G. HYDE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
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And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Thos. Coddington to Frederick A. Thayer, Trustee.

No. 335 Equity, Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a Court of Equity, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, that the report of the sale of the Real Estate made by said Frederick A. Thayer as Trustee in this said cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 31st day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks before the said 31st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale of the Real Estate under said trust to be $10.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Test:
8 15 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

W. A. WORTMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
PRITCHARD BUILDING,
OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1334. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.
TERMS—Part cash, part time.
Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE,
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned. Offenders will be visited with the full extent of the law.

Aug. 8, 3t. PETER GORTNER,
FRED. GORTNER.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IRREVOCABLE.

The waves leaped up on the long white beach,
  Leaped up and ran back again;
Their sound was almost fashioned in speech—
  Sweet longings and sighs of pain.
There were tiny shells strewn on the sand,
  And Margot, our neighbor's daughter,
Went gathering them in her small white hand,
  While I gazed over the water.

A boat came darting around the pier,
  My own true lover bringing,
And his shout of welcome I could hear
  Clearer than Margot's singing.
While "O, come!" he cried, "and sail with me;
  With spray my mast is wet;
We'll fly o'er twenty miles of sea
  Before the sun is set!"

But I—I thought of the garden wall
  That held the winds aloof,
And the sheltered mossy seat, and all
  The roses that climbed the roof.
"Nay! come ashore!" I called; "I fear
  The billows and the gale."
But still he answered: "Nay, come here,
  Sweet love, with me to sail!"

I frowned at last, and I shook my head;
  His cheek took a redder glow;
"O, fie! for shame," mocking Margot said;
  "If he will take me, I'll go!"
Lightly she ran o'er the sandy beach
  Where lingered the grating keel,
And his outstretched hand helped her to reach
  My place, by tiller and wheel.

Dark and stern was my lover's face,
  Yet he called once more to me;
But merry Margot sat there in my place,
  And I turned back from the sea.
I heard the rattling of sail and rope,
  I heard a light farewell,
But I bent to watch a primrose ope
  And gathered a faint pink shell.

They had gone their twenty miles and more
  Or ever the day was done;
They were heading toward the tide-washed shore
  Before the set of sun.
But a cruel cloud rose wild and black,
  And a storm-blast swept the sea;
No sail could live in its savage track,
  No boat could return to me.

They were wrapped in the billows' mad embrace;
  They were drowned in sight of land;
They found together a burial place
  On the cold, dark beds of sand.
O, break, my heart; since here to abide
  Is but to cry o'er and o'er,
Would it were I lay drowned at his side!
  Would Margot walked here on the shore!

—*Mary L. B. Branch, in N. Y. Independent.*

IN BUTTERFLY TIME.

After Forty Years of Faithful Waiting.

"Seems to me the butterflies is dretful thick this season, Becca."

"Yes, they do seem to be consider'ble thick, mother."

"I never see 'em so thick. Thar's hull swarms on 'em: lots of them common yallar ones, an' leetle rusty red ones; an' thar's some of them big spotted ones, ain't thar? Near's I kin see through my specs, thar's one now a-settin' on that head of clover."

"Yes, there is one, mother."

"Thar's lots of grasshoppers, too. The grasshoppers air a-risin' up around my feet, an' the butterflies air flyin' up in my face out of the flowers. Lor, hev we got to the bars a'ready? I hadn't no idee on't. Be keerful about lettin' on 'em down, Becca."

The younger of the two old women let down the bars which separated the blooming field which they had been traversing from the road, and they passed through.

"S'pose you'd better put 'em up agin, Becca, though thar ain't any need on't, as I see. Thar ain't nothin' in the field to git out but the butterflies an' the grasshoppers, an' they'll git out if they want to, whether or no. Let me take holt."

"There ain't any need of it, mother."

"Yes, I will, too, Becca Wheat. I'm jest as strong in my arms as ever I was. You 'ain't no call to think I ain't."

"I don't think so, mother; I know you're real strong."

"I allers was pretty strong to lift—stronger'n you."

The bars up, the two women kept on down the road. It was bordered by stone walls and flowering bushes. Ahead, just as far as they could see, was one white house. They were going there to a women's prayer-meeting.

The older of the two kept a little ahead of the younger, trotting weakly through the short, dusty grass. Her small old head in a black straw bonnet bobbed in time to every step; her sharp, yellow little face peeped out of the bonnet, alert and half aggressive. She wore a short black shawl tightly drawn over her narrow, wiry back, and held her hands folded primly in front over the two ends.

The other woman, her daughter, pacing dreamily behind, was taller and slenderer. Her face was pale and full, but slightly wrinkled, with a sweet, wide mouth. The pleasant expression about it was so decided that it was almost a smile. Her dress was slightly younger, a hat instead of a bonnet, and no shawl over her black calico afternoon dress.

As they drew nearer to the house the old woman peered anxiously ahead through her spectacles.

"See any one thar, Becca?"

"I should think two women jest went in. I couldn't tell who they was."

"You'd orter wear your spectacles, Becca, your eyesight ain't so good as mine was at your age. She's got her front room open for the meetin'. I kin see the curtains flappin'."

Quite a strong soft wind was blowing. As they went up the front walk between the phlox bushes with their purplish-pink heads, the green curtains with a flowery border swung out of the windows of Mrs. Thomas' best room, the one on the right of the front door.

The door stood open, and a mildly curious face or two showed through the windows.

"Thar's old Mis' Wheat an' Becca," said some one in a whisper to Mrs. Thomas, and she came to the door.

There was a solemn composure on her large, comfortable face. "Good-afternoon, Mis' Wheat," said she; "good-afternoon, Becca. Walk in."

They walked in with staid demeanor, and took their seats. The chairs were set close to the walls around the room. There were nine or ten women there with good, grave faces. One old woman sat close to the mantle-shelf, and Mrs. Wheat took a vacant chair beside her.

"How d'ye do, Mis' Dill?" whispered she, reaching out her little skinny hand.

The other shook it stiffly. She was as small as Mrs. Wheat, but her little face was round, and her chin had a square decision in its cut, instead of a sharp one. She had a clean, nicely folded white handkerchief in her lap, and she wiped her spectacles carefully with it and looked through them at Mrs. Wheat before replying.

"I'm enjoyin' pretty good health jest now, thankee, Mis' Wheat," whispered she.

Mrs. Wheat's eyes snapped. "You do seem to be lookin' pretty middlin' for one of your age," said she.

Mrs. Dill gave a stony look at her.

The meeting began then. The good women read in the Bible and prayed, one after another, the others silent on their knees beside her. Their husbands and sons in the hay fields, the children in the district school, the too light-minded though innocent village girls, the minister wrestling with his dull sermon faithfully in his shabby study, the whole world, were remembered in their homely petitions. The south wind sang in at the windows; a pine-tree around the corner of the house soughed; the locusts cried shrilly over in the blossoming fields; and their timid prayers went up.

Old Mrs. Wheat, in her corner, on her knees, listened with an outward show of reverence, but she was inwardly torn with jealousy. She was the last one called upon to take part; even old Mrs. Dill was preferred before her. But she had her revenge; when she did get her chance to speak, long and weary was the time she kept the devout sisters on their aching knees.

She had been storing up a good deal to say while the others were praying, and now she said it. For church and town and commonwealth, for missions at home and abroad, her shrill cry went up. Lastly she prayed, with emphatic quavers, for old Mrs. Dill. "O Lord," pleaded she, "remember, we pray Thee, this aged handmaiden at my side. May she long enjoy what blessin's are left to her in her age an' decrepitood. Sanctify her trials unto her, an' enable her to look away from the feebleness an' want of strength which is now her lot on this airth, to that better country where the wicked cease from troubling an' the weary air at rest."

When the prayer was ended, Mrs. Dill rose softly from her knees and sat down. Her face was absoluteiy immovable as she met Mrs. Wheat's glance when the meeting broke up.

The two old ladies were left in the best room alone for a little while. Mrs. Thomas, who was Mrs. Dill's daughter, wanted to see Becca about something, so she called her out into the sitting-room.

"You an' Mis' Wheat can visit a little while, while Becca an' I are out here," said she.

Mrs. Dill looked at her daughter when she said this, as if inclined to decline the proposal. Then an expression of stubborn fortitude came over her face, and she settled herself solidly in her chair.

The two looked primly at each other when they were left alone.

"How is Mis' Thomas?" said Mrs. Wheat; "an' how is Adoniram?"

"They air both well, thank ye."

"I s'pose Adoniram is to work?"

"Hayin'."

"I thought I ketched a glimpse of him in the field over thar when I come in. Adoniram grows old, don't he?"

"I don't know."

"I sot lookin' at him in meetin' last Sabbath, an' thinkin' how dretfully he was altered. I hope he'll be spared to you as long as you live, Mis' Dill. It's consider'ble better on your account that he hain't never got married, ain't it?"

Mrs. Dill reddened and stiffened her chin a little. "Thar's a good many folks don't git married, Mis' Wheat; men, an' women, too, sometimes."

"Becca could 'a got married dozens of times if she'd wanted to, Mis' Dill."

"I s'pose so."

"See here, Mis' Dill, s'pose we come to the p'int. You're allers kinder flingin' at me, an' I know well enough what it means. You've allers blamed me 'cause you thought I come betwixt my Becca an' your Adoniram, an' I didn't as I knows on."

"O, no; course you didn't."

"I s'pose you don't believe it, Mis' Dill?"

"No; I 'ain't forgot how Adoniram come home from your house, jest about this time o' year, a matter o' forty year ago."

"I don't know what you mean."

Mrs. Dill sat up straight in her chair, and talked with slow emphasis. Her eyes never winked.

"Jest about this time in the afternoon an' this time o' year, 'bout forty year ago, Adoniram come home from your house. They'd got the hay in the day before, so he had a leetle restin' spell, an' he went right over thar. I knowed where he'd gone well enough, though he made up an arrant after a rake to Deacon White. I knowed he'd stop to Becca's before he got home. She'd been off visitin', an' he hadn't seen her for a week. She'd jest got home that mornin'. Well, Adoniram went, an' he come home. I was a-goin' through the front entry when he come in through the settin'-room. He was jest as pale as death. I asked him what the matter was an' he wouldn't say nothin'. The door stood open in here, an' he come in an' dropped into a cheer by the table, an' put his head down on it. I coaxed an' coaxed, an' finally I got it out of him. He'd been over to Becca's, an' you'd treated him so he couldn't ever go again. He said you didn't like him, an' that was the end on't. Becca couldn't go agin her mother's wishes, an' he wasn't ever goin' to ask her to. Adoniram had jest joined the church that spring, an' he'd jest as soon cut his hand off as to lead Becca to disobey her parents. He's allers had a strong feelin' that marriages made that way wa'n't blessed. I've heerd him say so a good many times. So——"

"I'd like to know what I did to mistreat Adoniram, Mis' Dill."

"He never told me the hull perticklars. Thar was somethin' 'bout a butterfly."

"Lor, I remember. 'Twa'n't nothin'—nothin' at all. Young folks air so silly! I remember jest as well as of 'twas yisterday. Adoniram an' Becca was out in the yard in front of the house. Becca had it all laid out in flower beds jest as it is now, an' thar was swarms of butterflies round 'em. They was out thar in the yard, an' I was in the settin'-room winder. They was kinder foolin', an' all of a sudden Adoniram he begun chasin' a butterfly. It was one of them great blue-spotted ones. He caught it mighty spry, an' was a-givin' it to Becca, when I said somethin' out o' the winder. I don't know jest what 'twas. I thought 'twas dretful silly for him to waste his time ketchin' butterflies, an' Becca had some sewin' I wanted her to do. I s'pose 'twas somethin' 'bout that."

"You didn't think Adoniram was good enough for Becca; that was the hull on't."

"That wa'n't it, Mis' Dill. I don't see how you come to think sech a thing."

"You'd jest set your heart on havin' her git that rich Arms feller; you know you had. But she didn't; she didn't git anybody."

Mrs. Dill's thin voice quavered and shook, and her little bony form trembled all over, but the spirit within her manifested itself bravely through shakes and quavers.

"You air misjudgin' of me, Mis' Dill, an' you ain't showin' a Christian spirit. You'll be sorry for it when you come to think it over. You'll see 'twas all jest the way I said 'twas, an' I didn't mean nothin'. Let alone anything else, it's awful cruel to ketch butterflies, you know that, Mis' Dill."

"You've done a crueler thing than ketchin' butterflies, Martha Wheat."

"Well, Mis' Dill, I guess we'd better not talk 'bout this any longer. 'Tain't jest becomin' after the meetin' we've jest had to git to disputin'. Thar's Becca."

Going home along the green-bordered road and across the flowery field, Rebecca Wheat noticed that something seemed to have disturbed her mother. The nervous old woman fretted and fidgeted. In the middle of the field she stopped short, and almost danced up and down with feeble, childish wrath.

"Why, what is the matter, mother?"

"Them pesky butterflies!" ejaculated her mother, waving her trembling hands. "I'd like to poison their honey for 'em."

"Let me go on ahead, mother; then they won't bother you so much. I kin kinder brush them away."

"Well, you may, if you're a mind ter. Say, Becca—speakin' of butterflies brings it to mind. You never thought I was ter blame 'bout separatin' you an' Adoniram Dill, did you?"

The old daughter looked pleasantly into her old mother's face. "I didn't blame anybody, mother. I didn't think you used to like Adoniram very well; but it's all over now."

"You didn't take it to heart much, did you, Becca?"

"Not enough to hurt me any, I guess. Do you mind the butterflies so much with me ahead?"

"No, I guess I don't. I've kinder been thinkin' on't over lately, an' ef I was kinder sharp 'bout that butterfly business, an' hindered you an' Adoniram's makin' a match on't, I ain't above sayin' I might hev been a leetle more keerful. Adoniram's turned out pretty well. Mis' Higgins told me yisterday that he'd jest bought that ten-acre lot of Deacon White's. I guess he must hev been layin' up money. Well, Becca, I dessay you air better off than you would be ef you'd been married. It's pretty resky."

Rebecca, plodding before her mother, looked ahead at the familiar landscape, with that expression of strong, pleasant patience which the years seemed to have brought out in relief on her face, like the chasing on silver. It made her more attractive than she had been in her youth, for she had never been pretty.

She and her mother reached the comfortable house, with three great elms in front of it, where they lived, two hours before sunset.

About an hour later Adoniram Dill went home too from his labor across the fields. He was a tall, muscular old man, with a strong-featured beardless face. He was so straight and agile that he looked like a young man the width of a field away. When he came nearer, one saw his iron gray hair, the deep seams, and the old brown tint of his face with a start of surprise.

Supper was not quite ready, so after he had washed his face and hands at the kitchen sink, he went into the sitting-room and sat down in a calico-covered rocking-chair with a newspaper. His mother looked in presently, and saw him there.

She stood in the entry door and beckoned him solemnly. "Come into the parlor a minute," she whispered; "I've got somethin' I want to tell you, an' the children will be racin' in here."

Adoniram rose and followed her in obediently.

She shut the parlor door and looked round at him. "Adoniram, what do you think? Mis' Wheat was over to the meetin' this afternoon, and she an' me had a little talk arter the others was gone, an' she brought up that old affair of you an' Becca again."

"There ain't any use bringin' it up, mother."

"She says she didn't mean to say when she talked to you so about *that* butterfly business. She jest thought you hadn't orter be wastin' your time doin' sech cruel things as ketchin' butterflies, an' she wanted Becca to come in an' do some sewin'. That's what she said. I let her know I didn't believe a word on't. I told her right to her face that she thought you wa'n't good enough for Becca, an' she wanted her to hev that rich Arms feller."

"Seems to me I'd have let it all gone, mother."

"I wa'n't goin' to let it all go, Adoniram. I'm slow-spoken, an' I don't often speak, but once in awhile I've got to. She's the most aggerratin' I don't know what you would hev done with her ef you had married Becca. You'd 'a had to hev her arter Mr. Wheat died. She 'ain't never liked me. She tried to be dretful nice to me to-day, 'cause she'd got an ax to grind; but she'd got so much spite in her she couldn't help it showin' out a leetle. Why, she'd kerried it into the prayer-meetin', she did, Adoniram. She *prayed* for me, 'cause I was so old an' broke down, an' she's three year older'n me. I think it's awful to show out that way in a prayer-meetin'."

"P'raps she didn't mean anything."

"Yes, she did. I knew jest what she meant by the hull on't, Adoniram Dill. She's got kinder sick livin' thar alone with Becca, without any man to split up kindlin'-wood an' bring in water, an' she's tryin' to git you back again. She jest the same as said she hedn't no objections to it. I guess she thinks you've been doin' pretty well, too. She thinks it would be a mighty nice thing now to hev you step in thar with your money an' wait on 'em. I see through her."

"P'raps it ain't so, mother."

"Yes, 'tis. Adoniram Dill, you don't mean to say you'd hev any idee of marryin' Becca Wheat, arter you've been treated as you hev?"

"You ain't heard me say any such thing, mother."

"I thought you looked kinder queer. You wouldn't, would you, Adoniram?"

"Not if it didn't seem for—the best. I don't—know."

All of a sudden Adoniram Dill sat down beside the little parlor table and leaned his head on it as he had forty years ago.

"What's the matter?" his mother asked, with a scared start, looking at him with awed eyes. It was almost like a coming back of the dead, this rising of her son's youth from its snowy and grassy grave in her sight. "O, Adoniram, you poor boy, you ain't felt jest the same way about her all these years? It's awful. I hadn't any idee on't."

"Never mind, mother. Jane's callin' us to supper; you go right along, an' I'll come in a minute."

"Thar ain't any need of your havin' any more frettin' about it, anyhow, Adoniram. Her mother's willin', an' I ain't a doubt but Becca is. I've seen her look kinder down-hearted sometimes; for all she's so good an' uncomplainin', I guess she's been worried as well as some other folks. You jest tuck up arter supper an' go right over an' ask her. Thar ain't no reason at all why you shouldn't. You ain't nuther of you so very old, not more'n sixty. An' I don't know as Mis' Wheat 'll be so very bad to git along with. I dessay she's meant all right."

Adoniram said nothing. He rose with an effort, and went out to supper with his mother, who kept gazing at him with loving, questioning eyes.

"Ain't you goin'?" she whispered when they were in the sitting-room again.

"I guess not to-night, mother."

"Well, mebbe 'tis jest as well to wait till to-morrer. I don't want Mis' Wheat to think you was in too much of a rush."

After his mother had gone to bed, and the summer night was complete with all its stars out-of-doors, he sat down on the front door-step alone and thought. He felt like a wanderer returned to some beautiful, dear country, the true home of his heart, which he had never thought to see again. To-night the golden gates of youth swung open with sweet music for Adoniram Dill, with his gray locks and his hard, seamed face, and he entered in, never knowing he was any different.

The steadiness with which he had kept to his ideas of duty for the last forty years gave his happiness, now that the long strain was over, an almost unearthly, holy character. It was truly the reward of virtue. The faithful old man who had taken what he considered to be the right course for himself and the woman he loved, without question or appeal to that mandate of obedience which he read so literally, was capable at sixty of being as freely happy as a child.

The sordid motives which had possibly actuated Becca's mother to withdraw her opposition at last did not fret him at all. He was far above it. That hard, shrill voice which had rung out of that sitting-room window for him for the last forty years was still. The voice had truly said cruel things, more cruel than its owner would own to now. The poor, honest young man had gone away that day with the full and settled understanding that his sweetheart's mother was bitterly opposed to him, and that must be the end of it all. He never dreamed of such a thing as urging her to marry him without her mother's consent.

So he had never been in that front yard, full of roses and pinks and butterflies, since.

He and Rebecca had met in the village society like kindly acquaintances for all these years.

Adoniram, looking across the little country church Sunday after Sunday as the years went on, might have seen the woman growing old who should have grown old by his side, with bitter regret, and Rebecca, with patient sadness, have marked his entrance among all the congregation; but no one had known.

The day after the meeting Adoniram had to drive over to the store on business. On his way back he passed a house where an aged sister of Mrs. Wheat's lived, and saw, with a start, the latter's thin face at a window. "I wonder if Becca's home?" said he. Then he drove on quicker, with a gathering resolution.

About four o'clock he was going across lots through the field toward the Wheats'. He had his Sunday coat on. When about half-way across he saw a woman's figure approaching. Soon he saw it was Rebecca. He stood in the narrow foot-path, between the tall clover and daisies and herd's-grass which came up to his knees, and waited.

She greeted him, when she reached him, in her usual good, placid way. "How do you do, Mr. Dill?"

"I was coming to see you, Becca."

She looked at him, and the calm lines in her face changed a little. "I'll go back. I was going after mother, that was all; but she won't be in any hurry.

"No, there ain't any need of your goin' back. I can say what I wanted to jest as well here, an' then you can keep right on after your mother. Becca, supposin' 'twas forty year ago, an' you an' me was here, an' your mother was willin', what would you say ef I asked you to marry me?"

Great tears stood in her eyes. "O, Adoniram, it wouldn't be fair."

"Don't you think your mother would be willin'?"

"I don't think she's so set agin it as she was, but 'twouldn't be fair. I'm sixty year old, Adoniram."

"So'm I, Becca."

She shook her head. "No, Adoniram, it ain't any use. It might have been different once. Now, after all this time, when I'm old an' broken down, an' the fault of all the trouble on my side of the house, I ain't goin' to be so mean as to let you marry me. It ain't fair."

Adoniram gave one step forward and caught his old sweetheart in his arms. "I've been waitin' for you forty year, Becca, an' there ain't nothin' more comin' betwixt us. Don't you say anythiog more about it's not bein' fair."

"You know mother 'll hev to live with us."

"I'll try an' make her jest as happy as I can."

The clover and the grasses rustled in the wind, and the butterflies came flying around the old man and his old sweetheart standing there. It would have made no difference to them if they had been waiting in their little chrysalis coffins a hundred years so, they were butterflies now. There were yellow ones and little rusty red ones, and now and then a gorgeous large one with blue spots on his black wings. Seeing one of these male Adoniram remember something swiftly.

"Want me to ketch a butterfly for you, Becca?"

"I've got one now you caught forty year ago."—*Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazar.*

SUMMER LIFE IN CITIES.

Some of the Mistakes Committed by Most People—Lessons to be Learned From Inhabitants of Tropical Regions—Timely Suggestions.

There is need of education in the manner of living comfortably during the hot months of the year. With all our much-vaunted improvements in building, the house that is cool is still the exception. The architects, more anxious to display their taste in designing "elevations" than their ingenuity in making plans, seldom take into account the varying demands of our climate, and the stuffy house, through which it is impossible for the liveliest breeze to travel, is still the rule. If they build huge apartment houses, or family hotels, always do they set the stair-well in the center. If the upper story is a mansard, and consequently better fitted by its shape than the old-fashioned garret in the gable-roof for living, it is made uninhabitable by the failure of the builder to provide a liberal space with opportunity for circulation of air between ceiling and roof. Wide streets with buildings of moderate height are far less comfortable than the narrow lanes between high stone buildings which one finds through all the cities of the tropics. But so long as we build of wood the wide street is safest. Then it gives a chance for trees, and is certainly best in winter when one wants all the sun he can get. Heat, however, is poured upon man in cities intensified by reflection from the buildings and the sidewalks, and increased in length of infliction by the storing of the heat in bricks or stone to be given off after the sun has sunk. No man thinks of doing anything with the front of his house for the comfort of passers-by. Else we might borrow an idea from the Mexican, who runs a huge awning over the roadway to his neighbor's house opposite. With our English traditions still clinging, we—that is, the men—insist on dressing in clothes of the same material, though lighter weight, as we use for winter wear. This, however, is wiser than the wearing of starched thin clothes, as was the fashion twenty and thirty years ago. Our hats may be of straw, but they are low-crowned. Our shoes may be low cut, but they are of stout leather. Our suits must not be less than trousers, vest and coat, and the man who receives a caller with either vest or coat removed runs a terrible risk with Mrs. Grundy. Most important of all is the question of food. There are certain heat-producing viands, such as fat meats, that one can not too studiously avoid during the summer. Here again we may take a hint from the tropics. But there are also certain heating articles, such as condiments, that, moderately used, are wholesome as counter-irritants, so to speak, and to the tropics one may go for hints on this score. Ice-cold drinks and chilled food are to be avoided as though they were poison. There is, in consequence of the great loss to the system of fluids by perspiration, a craving for drinks. But the mouthful of ice water, held in the mouth, will relieve the thirst more surely than will gallons of the same beverage swallowed. The system, too, may be surely and safely cooled (when not heated to too high a point) by pouring ice water on the wrists. All these hints and cautions have been spoken numberless times, but there can be no harm in repeating them. And let no one, though he pretend to be a man of science, forget that no rule of life—how to dress or what to eat and drink—can be laid down for all to follow. In iron mills, where the mercury is never below ninety degrees, and where the heat comes from gigantic furnaces in great blasts that almost scorch the skin, men work dressed in thick flannel. But that is not the wear for all those whose duties are performed in the open air, or who, in consequence of our persistence in absurdities of building, live and work where the air, heated by the sun during the days when his courses are the longest, encompasses and wilts its victims.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An American publisher is producing an excellent substitute for glue for the use of bookbinders. It is called gum gluten, and is free from smell, very adhesive and strong. By its use it is claimed that a saving of seventy-five per cent. can be effected in a bookbindery in a twelvemonth, one hundred weight of gluten going as far as six of glue.

AN ITALIAN LOCUST HUNT.

How Capri Peasants Destroy the Summer Pest by the Wholesale.

I was quietly at work in my study at Capri one day in a very hot August, laboring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, crying out that the locusts had come. The disease of the vine had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri was as bare, the youth told me, as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them. Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click, click, of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by their scouts, which dashed against our faces and clung to our clothes. As we proceeded we found them frolicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. The atmosphere being rather thicker than I liked, I did not go that morning to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the Syndic and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri every three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as this one since the great plague of locusts which had occurred some twenty years before the time of which I am writing. "That, indeed," said my informant, was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars, ate up the entire harvest, and who can say what might have happened if it had not been for St. Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, with the priest in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over a strong east wind came and blew all the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, signor, St. Antonio is powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, His Excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastating animals to be collected and sent off to the Subintendent, who resided at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague, which, in the meantime, was of course spreading over the woods and fields with the rapidity of a prairie fire. The grain was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as though cut by a knife, the fig trees being stripped and barked. The messenger did not arrive at Castellamare till after business hours, when the Deputy was enjoying his evening leisure and would be disturbed by no one.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite authority, attached a proclamation to the walls of the house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate of a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became as busy as bees, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, provided with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. It was then quickly doubled up, the insects scraped from it into a sack, and preparations instantly made for capturing another batch in the same way. A locust hunter told me that he was earning at this work sixteen pence a day, or six pence beyond his usual daily wages. I was told also by the parish priest of Anacapri that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district captured upward of twenty hundred weight, but that he remembered one season in which there were as many taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts was not paid until they were dead and buried. Dead and unburied they would soon putrefy under a hot sun and breed a pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water, and after having been in that way killed by the sackful, they are buried in a deep pit dug for the purpose.—*Household Words.*

The Rising Generation.

A bright little miss living on Eagle Street was given a warm cookie by a neighbor. Though contrary to her custom, the mother allowed the child to eat it. Shortly the little girl exclaimed, "Mamma, let me go and get another cookie; I know Mrs. —— will give me one." "No, dear, it will make you sick." "Will I die and go to heaven?" "Yes." "Well, Mrs. —— [her Sunday-school teacher] says heaven is a beautiful place." "You don't want to go to heaven and leave papa and mamma do you?" "Well, mamma, you get a cookie, too, and come with me to heaven."

While a little girl on Howard Avenue was being rebuked by her mother, she said, "Hush, mamma; if you scold so much you will make me nervous, and I shall die like ——." "Do you remember her?" said the mother. "O, yes," replied the little one, "and her mamma scolded and scolded her so much, she got so nervous she went sick and died. —*Utica Herald.*

—Tobogganning at Saratoga has become a summer as well as a winter amusement, showing American enterprise in a manner that must make original Canadian tobogganers blush with chagrin. The sledges are mounted on rollers and go rumbling down the sidewalks, where the streets are steep, to the great consternation of horses and pedestrians.—*Troy Times.*

—The Japanese cultivate the cherry mainly for the blossoms. We cultivate it mainly for the robins and the neighbors' small boys.—*Lowell Courier*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The lower clergy of the City of Rome are so poorly paid that many of them are in absolute penury.

—The Swedenborgians in the United States number eighty-seven churches, ninety-two ministers and four thousand members.

—The number of Quakers in the United States is estimated at less than 100,000. They have a fine college at Richmond, Ind.

—Fifty years ago schoolmasters had no clocks or watches, but told the time of the day by a mark on the floor, or if cloudy, guessed at noon.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Western colleges claim that the average age of graduates is rising there—and with it presumably the standard of admission—as well as in the Eastern colleges.—*Boston Journal.*

—An experienced educator says that the ideal commencement programme should always contain three features—a production by a member of the class, one by an alumnus and another by a well-known speaker.—*Chicago Times.*

—It has just been made known by the directors that Hiram College, at which President Garfield was a student and subsequently its President, is to be moved from its present location to Warren, Ohio, the county seat of Trumbull County.

—Among the converted Indians of Arizona and New Mexico the real hero of the Bible is Daniel. The meekness and lowliness of the Savior do not appeal to their imagination with the force of Daniel's experiences among the lions.

—Henry B. Stanton's unique book of racy reminiscences says that Dr. Beman of Troy, N. Y., a leader of the New School Presbyterians, used to repeat the following with gusto:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all;
In Cain's murder
We sinned further.
By Dr. Green
Our sin is seen."

Dr. Ashbel Green was president of Princeton College.

—In the year 1800 there were in the United States 3,030 evangelical churches; in 1850, 43,073; in 1870, 70,148, and in 1880, 97,000, a gain of 27,000 in ten years, ending in 1880. The number of communicants in evangelical churches in the United States in 1800 was 364,000; in 1850, 2,529,000; in 1870, 6,673,000, and in 1880, 10,065,000. Taking the whole country through, there was in 1800 one evangelical communicant in every 14½ inhabitants; in 1850, one to every 6½; in 1870, one to every 5½, and in 1880, one to every 5.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—No preacher need preach to empty pews these days. Let him just proclaim from his pulpit that the most of the Bible is a fable, and that those passages which aren't fables don't mean what the wisest and best men in the past nineteen centuries have agreed that they do mean, and that there isn't any hell, or if there is one it isn't very hot, and all those people who have the most to gain by such being the case will flock to hear him, his sermons will be published in the newspapers, and he will gain a notoriety which the plain preaching of the Word could never bestow upon him.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Commercial.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O nature,—*Toronto Mail.*

—A New York dentist says that women who gossip a great deal lose their teeth soonest by decay, but this assertion won't stop a female tongue for ten seconds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A professor of natural history says animals frequently cry. This is not to be wondered at. It must be an awful strain on the feelings of a sensitive pug to have to walk on the street tied to a dude.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A scientific journal says that many diseases are spread by the circulation of bank notes. This is an important announcent and people generally should be careful how they receive money.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—The United States have more than three times as many miles of telegraph line, double the number of telegraph offices, and forward twice as many telegrams annually as any other country on the globe. Russia comes next.

—Somebody says: "All the vexation and unsatisfactoriness of shopping comes from going forth with no clear idea of what is wanted." But that is not it. The women know what they want. The trouble is that they can't buy the earth for fifty cents.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"My son," said a father gravely, handing the youth some money, "do you know why a ten-dollar bill is a carrier pigeon?" "Certainly, father," replied the youth, pocketing the money. "It flies so fast after it is once broken."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Ah, William," said an old lawyer to Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, "to think you might have followed in your father's footsteps! You might have been a great lawyer—you had it in you—and you chose to stay on here in Rome and pinch mud!"

—"Here is a note I want you to hand to Mrs. Lively when you are sure nobody is looking," said a New York society man to a colored servant at a fashionable Fifth Avenue residence. "Yes, sah," replied Sambo, showing his ivories. "But, mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul." "You kin jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yesterday I fotched dat ar same woman a letter from anudder gemman, an' I ain't said a word to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy about hit."—*Exchange.*

—"Ah, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle, as she wiped her glasses, "I see that the Goddess of Liberty has arrived in this country." "Yes, yes," replied Job. "Now if I could be sure that the Goddess of Liberty could be induced to preside over our little household I should be happy." "Job Shuttle! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What more liberty do you want? You were at the lodge three nights this week and at a base-ball game every afternoon. Do you want to make your life one grand Saturnalia?" "With your permission," meekly replied Job.—*Hartford Post.*

TEMPERANCE.

ADVICE TO FIGURE ON.

Girls! don't say "yes" to any 1
Who wants 2 marry you,
Whose brea 3 taints a whisky smell,
Or 4 it you will rue.

Love can't sur 5 in such a case;
No metaphis 6 can
Make you bel eve it's 7 on earth
With an intemper 8 man.

Oh, satur 9 will be your days;
Your 10 der heart will break
And all your hopes will come to 0,
If you 8 ippler-take.

MORAL.

It's best 4 1 2 8 2 wed
With 40 tude in 8
Until wi 3 son 1 is led
2 choose a proper mate.
—*C. H. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

How She Founded the Scandinavian Temperance Sailors' Home in London.

One of the best known among English philanthropic institutions is the Scandinavian Temperance Sailors' Home in London, and one of the most interesteesting biographies of the century would be that of its famous foundress, Agnes Hedenstrom.

Left an orphan when quite a young child, she was brought up in the house of wealthy relatives in Upsala. Here she was petted and indulged to the last degree.

"Let the child have her own way!" said her friends. "She has no parents, poor thing!"

All her pranks were overlooked, and she grew up animated largely by the desire to enjoy herself and have her own way. Still a sense of dissatisfaction would make itself felt in her life. She was not quite happy, though she could have given no reason for her despondency. One day, however, she listened to an eminent Swedish preacher, and then for the first time became conscious of the religious element lacking in her own life, and of the fact that she only needed to fill her idle hours with thought and labor for others. She began preaching to her countrymen in the North, where no woman had been allowed to speak in public, first addressing small meetings and then vast assemblages.

For fome years she continued this work, becoming at last persuaded that it was her duty to go as a missionary to India. But while in London, awaiting an opportunity to engage in work abroad, she was impressed with the great need of laborers among the poor in East London. She began preaching to them in the streets, and it was there that the sound of her own language broke on her ear, half-smothered or inarticulate. There homeless, drunken Scandinavian sailors were ensnared by the hundreds, in horrible pitfalls of evil. For two years she worked among the sailors, preaching and persuading.

She still shudders at the recollection of her first address to some of her countrymen, at a place called the Strangers' Rest. Twenty drunken sailors had been collected in this room, and, alone and trembling, their countrywoman addressed them, while they shrieked and blasphemed. One after another, they became quiet, until the whole company was finally subdued. Next evening they came, bringing some comrades with them, and it was not long before a Scandinavian lecture-room was permanently established.

It was some years before Miss Hedenstrom could raise sufficient funds for a larger establishment, but in 1880 the Home was founded. Of this Miss Hedenstrom is sole manager. She corresponds with the members of her company, when they are abroad on voyages, receives and invests their money, and aids many a Captain in picking out his crew. Beyond all this, she superintends the "boys" who are temporarily on shore. For their benefit bedrooms are kept in order, meals are served in a large dining-room, and plenty of space is provided for them to pass their leisure hours amid books and newspapers. In short, the Home is an immense boarding-house, though of course it can not be entirely self-supporting, some of its patrons being quite destitute.

Miss Hedenstrom says of her charges: "I have never yet had a sailor among the five thousand that have been in this home who has returned from it to his former haunts; and, thank God! there are at present a good many decently-dressed men among the Scandinavian sailors in London, whereas, when I began my work, there was not a single one of all that came under my notice who did not look ragged or slipshod.

"I can do little to raise funds; but never yet have I asked anything in vain from my Heavenly Father."

It requires strong character for a work like this. But this woman seems to possess it, and to owe to it the fitness for her calling.—*Youth's Companion.*

Alcohol in the Kitchen.

"Of 622 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom I have conversed, 337 tell me that they acquired the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in articles of diet and in the family and social circle, dealt out to them by their wives and sisters and female friends. Of this number, 161 cases were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Of the whole number referred to, 328 fill a drunkard's grave, 17 died of *mania a potu*, and five by suicide." These are the words of a physician who has made the subject a matter of careful study. If only women *could* be enlightened on this one point, and cease to be tempters.—*W. C. T. U. National Bulletin.*

The Board of Health to-day issued a request to the people, calling their attention to various ways of avoiding sickness. The following is a sample of the advice it gives: "Be careful to avoid the use of alcoholic drinks; do not suppose that their use will prevent the occurrence of disease. On the other hand, those who indulge in the habit of drinking are always fair subjects for disease, and when attacked the intemperate are particularly in a condition to offer feeble resistance."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE key to a good situation is not whisky.—*Picayune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Pop Overs: Four eggs, four cups of flour, four cups of milk, small piece of butter, pinch of salt. Bake in gem pans, and serve with sauce.—*The Household.*

—Fifteen tons of grasshoppers, comprising, it is estimated, 60,000,000 separate insects, were captured at the Natoma Vineyard, near Folsom, Cal., by drowning in the irrigating ditches.

—In many sections stone set on end make the best posts for supporting wire fence. Where hedge plants are set to complete the fence, the posts need not be over forty inches long, ten of which is in the ground, and the top carrying the main barbed wire as a security against breachy cattle.

—Next to clover, perhaps millet is the best forage crop. It requires rich land and a warm season. It is hardly any use to sow millet till the middle of June, and the time of growth is till the middle of September. It should be cut in the most succulent condition to be the most valuable.—*Boston Budget.*

—The slophole at the back door is productive of doctor's bills. Some people take the trouble to pour slops every day on different ground where they become lost to the doctor's profit through speedy drying up, but where the family will gather a gain from their wide and sure, if not always speedy, manurial effect.—*Exchange.*

—Baked Pineapple: Cut some slices of bread very thin, place them in a buttered baking dish and cover each slice of bread with a slice of pineapple. Put a bit of butter the size of a large bean on the center of each; place in a slow oven and bake. When done, dish, turn the syrup over and serve warm. If liked, the slices of pineapple may be soaked in kirchwasser for twenty-four hours before baking.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"String beans," as they are more frequently called, are relished by almost every person either cooked or as pickled beans. A succession of sowings should be made until August. Sow about two inches deep in drills two feet apart, and not too thickly in the row. The golden wax is one of the best varieties, and has the further merit of being one of the best shell beans for winter use.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—A correspondent writes that all kinds of fruit can be perfectly preserved in crocks or other open vessels just as well as in cans, simply by packing cotton batting over it so as to close all the apertures. The fruit is cooked the same as for canning, the crocks, jars or other vessels filled, and the common unglazed batting put over and securely tied on. Professor Tyndall demonstrated several years ago that all putrefaction was caused by bacteria in the air, and that these could not penetrate cotton batting.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Stirring wet soil has such a bad effect that an entire season's cultivation will fail to make it friable and mellow. Especially is this the case with heavy land, where hard lumps point clearly to the mistake made in early spring. Nothing is ever gained by planting seed in wet soil, for the surface will certainly bake hard and cause failure of germination. Should abundant moisture remain after heavy rains, it is not a fit place for the garden, for the varieties of plant life that will flourish under such conditions are few indeed. On the other hand, the moment soil is sufficiently dry to work loosely, the better for early crops.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PARIS GREEN.

The Importance of Great and Constant Carefulness in Using This Deadly Poison.

Paris green is so deadly a poison that some persons think it should never be used to kill insects on growing crops. Some go as far as to refuse eating potatoes altogether, since it is so commonly employed. A few prominent journals favor its prohibition by law. It can not be questioned that serious injury, and sometimes fatal results, have occurred from employing it. Those who apply it are often careless, and allow the wind to blow the dust into their nostrils, or they breathe the minute portions which rise in the air in mixing it. In one case a poor fence between a pasture and a potato patch allowed a herd of cows to break in, and several died from eating the poison. Animals have been poisoned from the vessels containing the arsenic, carelessly used for feeding. A field of potatoes on the windward side of a vegetable garden caused some of a family to become poisoned by eating the vegetables which had received some of the Paris green from the wind.

Such accidents, although few and far between, show the importance of great caution. The same care is required in the use of powerful appliances or machinery of any kind. Steam engines sometimes destroy life, but men continue to make and use them. Fatal accidents occur on railroads, but we are hardly willing to abolish them. Barbed-wire fences injure cattle and horses, but they have proved too useful and efficient for farmers to give them up. There is no necessity for accidents from Paris green with proper care. Millions of persons eat the tubers of potatoes unharmed, for the poison, being insoluble, can not enter them, and there is enough iron, the antidote, in all soils to neutralize any portion which may reach the earth. The chief danger is that when people become familiar with anything they grow careless in its use. It is important, therefore, to continue the constant caution which is commonly used at first, but too often relaxed afterward.—*Country Gentleman.*

—The flour and other mills using steam power in Dakota are employing hay for fuel on account of the difficulty in procuring coal. The hay gives a good, steady heat, and raises steam very quickly. It is said to be more economical than coal, and the money paid for the hay is distributed among the farmers of the neighborhood.—*Chicago Journal.*

—James Russell Lowell, speaking of the new Premier of England, says: "The Marquis of Salisbury is a very able leader, and will undoubtedly make a successful Ministry."—*Boston Journal.*

MANURE IN SUMMER.

Its Use in Garden Culture—How and When It Should Be Applied.

Since the introduction of commercial fertilizers that are in a condition to be immediately available for plant food, the manuring of plants during the summer season has become much more prevalent than when only barn manure was to be had.

We now have many kinds of fertilizers that can be applied after the plants are well up, and still be a great benefit to the crop; but when coarse manure is applied it takes too long for it to change into plant food to be in season to do any good to the growing crop, unless it be applied before the crop is planted; but sometimes a liberal dressing of coarse manure applied after the first hoeing will be a benefit by protecting the plants from dry weather. The manure acts as a mulch, keeping the soil moist, thus enabling the plants to utilize what fertilizers are already in the soil.

Whenever a soil is deficient in nitrogen and it is deemed necessary to apply it in a concentrated form, there is but little doubt it is best to apply it during the growing season, because if applied at any other season a considerable portion will be lost by evaporation.

Among the crops the most benefited by summer manuring may be mentioned running vines, like squashes and cucumbers. Any of the fertilizers rich in nitrogen may be applied even at the second time of hoeing, and be of great benefit to these crops. Corn, and even potatoes are often greatly benefited by the application of a small quantity of wood ashes the first time hoeing; but in the application of strong wood ashes care must be taken not to apply them soon after a rain, or when the plants are wet with dew, but apply only when the leaves are dry, or the ashes will stick to the leaves of the plants and the water will cause the potash on the plants to burn the leaves; in fact, care must be taken in the application of any concentrated fertilizers never to apply them when the plants are wet, for as a rule such fertilizers are very fine, and although it may not be intended to have any of it touch the plants, it will be very likely to blow on them enough to injure the foliage.

It is the practice of some when they apply fertilizers in the growing season to place it close around the stalks of the plants, but this is not as well as it is to spread it evenly over the ground, as the roots of most plants extend from one hill to the roots of the next, by the second or third time hoeing; there is no danger but they will find whatever has been applied in the form of a fertilizer quite as well, or even better, than if placed directly around the hill. In applying fertilizers in the summer it is better to apply them just before cultivating the crop; it will then be more thoroughly mixed with the soil.

When it is thought necessary to apply barn manure in the summer it should be well prepared before it is used, or but little advantage will be derived from it much before autumn; but if well composted so as to decompose it and make it fine, much of it will be available for plant food in a very short time after applied. If the farmer could know just when rain was coming, and apply his fertilizers a few hours before, it would be much better than if not applied until after the rain was over, in fact the advantage to be derived from fertilizers depends almost entirely on the rain fall; during a dry season but a very small portion of fertilizers become available for plant food. To have fertilizers do the most good there should be frequent showers with plenty of sunshine, for all rain and no sunshine is quite as fatal to the preparation of plant food as dry weather.

The application of fertilizers during the growing season in common field culture is, as a rule, too expensive to be generally adopted, but in garden culture when it often becomes important to force a crop, and to do so it frequently pays to apply some quick acting fertilizer after the crop is partially grown; but he who is to practice this should be well posted in regard to the condition of his soil and the wants of his crops, and he should be able to select such fertilizer as has the particular element that is most needed for the rapid growth and maturity of his plants, and this element to be of immediate use must be soluble in water. For example, if the crop be dandelions or lettuce, nitrogen should be applied in preference to phosphoric acid, and the nitrogen should not be locked up in leather chips, but it should be in a form that would be immediately available.

It is the practice of some farmers to manure mowing lands immediately after the first crop of grass is cut, but to do this to advantage the manure, if made on the farm, should be composted long enough so as to be thoroughly decomposed, therefore very fine and free from lumps, so that when applied it will at once settle down to the roots of the grass where it will be out of the way of the mower, and where it will be kept moist. Fresh manure should never be applied to grass lands in the summer season, but commercial fertilizers may be applied to good advantage on moist land or on high land if it can be applied just before a good shower. Whatever be the quality of the manure, rain is needed to form plant food. This is one of the serious drawbacks to the application of any fertilizer in the summer season, especially on grass land; we are so liable to have seasons of dry weather after the first crop of grass is cut that it is very uncertain whether the application will be of any advantage to the second crop. As a rule it is better to delay the application of fertilizers to grass land until the second crop is cut, then with the aid of the fall rains it will give the grass a good start, and strengthen the roots so they will be ready for an early and vigorous start the following spring.

Summer manuring should, as a rule, be confined to hoed crops, and trees and shrubs, and when applied it should be spread all over the ground and mixed with the soil by thorough cultivation, thus bringing it in direct contact with the moist soil, which starts that chemical action necessary to change it to that condition to enable it to enter the growing plants.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. By and by when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering till their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a breakdown of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*The Sunday Herald.*

Fascination of Mining.

An old '49er says of gold hunting: "It's the fascination of it. Lor', man, when you've struck it pretty rich and can see yer gold right in front of yer; when you're piling it up every half hour o' the day, with a nugget now and again as big as a bullet to cheer you, and then when the evenin' comes and you count it up and find a hundred odd dollars just picked outo' the earth that day—well, there ain't nothin' like it. Then when you don't strike it rich you always think you're going to next day, an' it's just as excitin hearin' other men tell in the evenin' what they pulled out as it is countin' over your own. Why, I've been three or four months at a time without making a dollar, and without a cent in my pocket; but geewhittaker! the excitement of it don't give a man twice to think how hard up he is."—*Exchange.*

DOES the man who puts the powder in the fire-cracker fillibuster?—*Chicago Sun.*

"Throw Physic to the Dogs"

when it is the old-fashioned blue mass, blue pill sort, and insist on using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned, larger pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly but harmlessly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and as an anti-bilious remedy are unequaled.

THE barber's trade is the best trade, for it's always at the head.

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

WITH an eye to business the amateur astronomer sweeps the sky for comets.—*Waterloo Observer.*

"A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffered, rivers can not quench."

Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

STRAW hats show which way the wind blows.—*Chicago Tribune.*

• • • • Piles, fistules and rupture radically cured. Book of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A HUMORIST doesn't write for money but just for the fun of it."

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

"OH, you can laugh," exclaimed Fenderson, with a show of impatience, "but I am not quite so much of a fool as you think I am." "Tell you the truth," said Fogg. "I didn't believe it could be possible."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE St. Louis girls admire their own feet. No doubt they are carried away with them.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE business in which you know you could make money is generally the other man's.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to have one.

A DENTIST SAYS: "Teeth are like money—hard to get, hard to keep and hard to lose."—*Philadelphia Call.*

SPEECH is certainly silver at the telegraph office. Ten words for a quarter.—*Somerville Journal.*

IT is useless to interrupt the course of true love. "A Liverpool woman, to relieve her husband, who was charged with cutting off the end of her nose, swore that she bit it off herself."

THE Goddess of Liberty is to be married to the Bey of New York. They will begin light housekeeping.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THIRTEEN has always been an unlucky number. Adam's thirteenth rib was the cause of all his troubles.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A SHIP is called "she" because it always has the last word. The ship is bound to answer its helm every time.—*Boston Transcript.*

AT a negro wedding, when the minister read the words "love, honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said: "Read that agin, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch the full solemnity of de meanin'. I'se been married befo'."—*N. Y. Sun.*

IT is a sad and solemn thought that Franklin did not discover lightning until after he was married.—*Fall River Advance.*

—A Pennsylvania inventor has patented a step-ladder which is combined with a folding table and a drawer for holding small articles. The ladder opens automatically and is made more firm than step-ladders usually are.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE older a violin is the more valuable it becomes. It is different with jokes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"THE Shamrock:" A pretense at kicking the cradle.—*Philadelphia Call.*

SAVE your wagons, your horses and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

THE eyes of old age see best the dangerous flaws of childhood.—*N. Y. Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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Indigestion Cured.

I suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. I declined in flesh, and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this terrible disease. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Swift's Specific. The medicine toned up the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning ceased, and I could retain food without difficulty. Now my health is good, and can eat anything in the shape of food, and digest it without difficulty. Take the prescribed dose after eating. JAMES MANN, No. 14 Ivy St.

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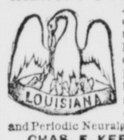

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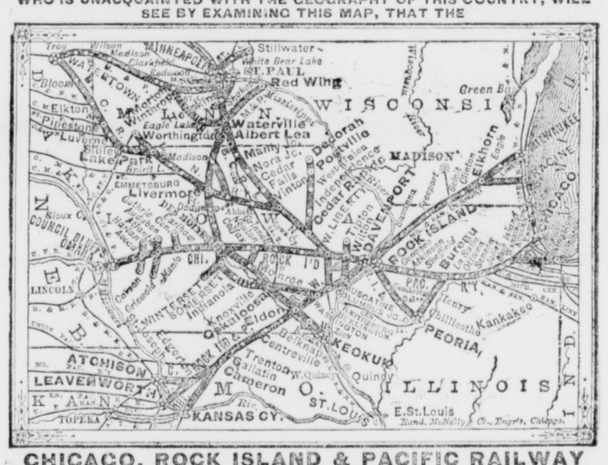
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

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Magnolia Balm
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bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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A. N. K.—C. 1042

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Fair Play.

"Git up!"

It was in 1864 down in front of Grant's army, and I was a mile or so outside of the Union pickets, having been on a scout. In making my way back I had been followed pretty closely by half a dozen Confederates, and had eluded them by hiding in a thicket. After an hour's rest I was creeping along on hands and knees towards the nearest field fence when the above command reached my ears and a "reb" stepped in view from behind a large tree.

"Yank, in course?" he queried, as he looked me over, holding his carbine ready for a shot.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"How are you heeled?"

I had a navy revolver in my belt, and showed it to him.

He threw down his carbine, drew a navy from his own belt, and, coming quite close, he said:

"Yank, one of us has got to die! A week ago some of you 'uns set the cabin afire and turned my poor old mother out into the fields to take sick and die. I swore on her grave that I would kill the fust Yank I could draw bead on, and you're my meat!"

"Are you going to shoot down a prisoner in cold blood?"

"That ain't Silas Curtis—not much! It's ten paces—one—two—three—fire! You shall have fair play."

"You mean we shall fight a duel?"

"Sorter one. I expect you'll shoot at me and miss, and I'll shoot at you and put a ball into your head. I'm no bush-whacker to shoot a man down without a show, but I'm dead certain to kill you all the same."

We backed away from each other. The woods were fairly open, and when we had 30 feet between us there was no obstruction to deflect a bullet or annoy the eye.

"All ready, yank?"

"Yes."

"I'll be fair. You may do the counting. Good-by to you, for I'm a dead shot."

"One—two—three—fire!"

The two pistols made one report, but as the noise filled my ears I went down. I was bewildered, half unconscious, but realized that I was hurt.

"Shoo, now, but I just raked his scalp!" I heard the man say as he bent over me. "Say, Yank, we must have another shot. You cut powerful close to my ear, and mebbe I dodged a bit. Come, fair play, ye know."

I tried to rise up, but fell back, and at that moment two bush-whackers pushed out of the woods and came running up. I heard loud talking, oaths, threats, and a bullet from a pistol tore through the cloth on my shoulder. Then I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember was of being carried on the man's back through the woods. When he felt me moving he laid me down and asked:

"Say, Yank, how far is it to your lines?"

"About a mile from where we fought."

"Straight north?"

"Yes."

"Because those bushwackers was bent on killing you, and to see you fair play, I had to plant 'em both. Reckon I hain't no more business in the Confederacy after this. Reckon Uncle Sam won't be any wuss on me nor Jeff Davis. Yank, kin ye hang to my neck?"

"Yes."

"All right. Keep this 'ere handkerchief sorter waving as a signal to the pickets, and I'll carry ye safe as an ambulance."

And clinging to the back of the man who had thirsted for my blood, I was soon inside the lines, and Sam was explaining to the pickets:

"No, I hain't no deserter. I've been sorter driven in here because Sile Curtis will see fair play if it takes a leg."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stories About Cats.

A cat of Searsport, Me,, made friends with a pet rat, but killed all the wild rats it could find.

A cat of South Brooks, Me., watches a cradle, and when the child cries caresses it until it falls asleep.

A gentleman of Newport, R. I., let a mouse out of a trap for his cat, but a big rooster stadding near jumped on it first, took it in his bill by the neck, and shook it until it was dead.

A cat of Hyde Park, Mass., took charge of a brood of six chickens. She licked their feathers until they grew the wrong way. The chicks followed her as they would have followed a hen.

A Lewiston cat made friends with a pig, became his constant companion and slept with him at night. When the pig was slaughtered she watched by his corpse, and refused to eat any of his flesh.

A Maine cat accidentally stepped on the keys of a piano board one day, and was surprised at the sound. Since then she goes to the piano regularly and paws the keys, waiting with ears erect and eyes sparkling for the sounds.

A City of the Unknown Dead.

Since 1868 something over 41,000 of the city's poor, friendless and unknown dead have been buried in the city cemetery, which adjoins that in which are buried the remains of the soldiers. On Mondays and Thursdays of each week the burials take place. When a person dies in hospital, workhouse, penitentiary or other public institution, unless the body is claimed by friends or charitably disposed persons and given Christian burial, it is placed in a cheap fifty-cent pine coffin, removed to the morgue for a day or so and thence transferred on one of the city's steamers to Hart's island and buried by a gang of workhouse employes who are detailed to bury the dead. When a person dies in a public institution his or her nearest friend or relative is informed, and if the latter are able the city will take measures to compel them to bury the body. But the duty is often shirked. It is nothing new to hear of a husband who is able refusing to bury a wife, or of a wife refusing to bury a husband—or a father or mother refusing to give a son or daughter a proper burial, or of the latter doing as much for their parents. But there are those who, even if as poor as the mythical church mouse, will even beg for the means to secure a coffin and a burial plot elsewhere for some deceased loved one. Some of the poorest of the poor have been known to deny themselves the very necessaries of life, to go thinly clad and hungry, rather than one of their kith and kin should be placed in a pauper grave. And yet there are in the Potter's Field hundreds of the dead whose kindred are known to be well-to-do. There sleep in some of the pits side by side the poorest outcast and the once petted child of fortune.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The City of Mexico Doomed.

The City of Mexico is slowly but surely sinking into Lake Texcoco, and if means are not taken to prevent such a calamity it will be under water in about fifty years. Humboldt's measurements taken early in this century gave the lake a depth of sixteen feet ten inches, and it is nowhere more than six feet eight inches, while careful observations in the last twenty years show that the bottom of the lake has risen uniformly one and one-half inches a year, and is now but nine feet below the level of the principal streets of the city. This seriously impedes drainage, the fall of the sewers being too slight to produce a proper flow of refuse matter even in dry weather, while in the rainy season, when the streets are sometimes flooded from the lake, it is completely checked. The ground on which the city stands is therefore saturated to within two or three feet of the surface with decaying matter, poisonous gases rise, and thousands die yearly from malarial and malignant fevers. Ten years ago, when the population was about 200,000, the annual death rate was 3 per cent, or 8,000 persons, and this percentage has doubtless increased with the growth of the place, little attention being paid to sanitary improvements. The city suffered from five great inundations from 1553 to 1630, and in 1789 a drain 12 miles long, 10 to 30 feet deep, and 200 to 300 feet wide, which had occupied 100 years in construction, was completed. The efficacy of this does not seem to have lasted, and it is now urged that large sums be expended in draining Lake Texcoco dry and carrying off the surplus moisture of the valley of Mexico to save the ancient city of the Aztecs from destruction.—*Springfield Republican.*

Bill Arp on Storms.

A storm in the country is worth something to see. We can look out and afar off and see it coming, and we can see the lightning flash and zigzag and corruscate, and have no fear—it is grand but not fearful—not alarming. The trees are all around us and have never been struck. They are our lightning rods, our insulators. Lightning will strike one lonely tree, but it rarely strikes in a grove or forest. It has struck twice in our cotton field and killed the cotton, but these trees all around us scatter it and keep it from concentrating. Neighbor Freeman says that lightning has a liking for a wagon with one steer, for he passed one on the road day before yesterday while there was a storm on hand, and the lightning struck the little one steer wagon and tore it all to pieces, and the steer just went on with nothing but one shaft hitched to him. There was no driver, for the steer had just been turned loose to go home by himself. Cobe says he never did understand this thunder and lightning business, nohow, "for," says he, "some folks say it's the lightnin' that strikes, and some say it's the thunder, but he has noticed one thing, and that is when anything is struck, they both come right smack together, and it looks like it takes 'em both to do the work."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

No scrofulous infection can resist the purifying power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss Nellie Kent,

Wellington, Lorain county, O., writes: "Dr. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O., Gentlemen: I have been a great sufferer from chronic catarrh, bronchitis and neuralgia of the face. I have been taking your PERUNA for one month. The neuralgia and catarrh is almost well, and the cough is much better. I like your PERUNA very much."

C. E. Dupler, aged thirty-four years, of Equality, Illinois, had been affected with a chronic catarrh which he first discovered six years ago. In succession he lost his smell, taste and hearing. The disease was so malignant that it not only attacked the softer parts, but destroyed the bony partition of the nose and seriously affected the external parts. He could only hear a watch ticking by holding it close to his ear. He suffered intense pain in the nose, from which green, dry clots of offensive odor fell. In this condition he presented himself to Dr. Hartman several months ago. He can now hear a watch eight inches from his right and six inches from his left ear. His taste and smell are again returning, and the external part of the nose is quite well. Few more grateful patients ever left a physician's office than Mr. Dupler. He said, "Why in the world was PERUNA not prescribed for me long ago?"

Cramps of the Stomach.

We have the privilege of reporting the following case. Those similarly affected can get the name and address of Dr. Hartman. The lady does not want her name in the papers. For a year, or years, (the writer does no remember the length of time,) this lady had cramps, the most fearful, of the stomach, every day and night, "which would be followed by that terrible weakness, which was something wonderful." The suffering and distress of this lady was indescribable and almost unendurable. After all the physicians and medicine had failed, and all hope had almost fled, Dr. Hartman was consulted, and from the first day of taking his PERUNA, the cramps and all bad feeling left her, and now for over a month has been entirely free from every symptom. A more thankful patient no doctor ever had.

Mr. Biggs, druggist, Charlestown, Kanawha Co., W. Va., writes: "PERUNA sells well here and gives good satisfaction. Customers speak well of it."

Dr. J. Anderson, Coshocton, Ohio, writes: "Your PERUNA sells well and gives good satisfaction. I consider it a splendid medicine."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, Land ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LANDSCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, J. Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.10 A. M.
No. 1	12.37 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	5.35 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

RUPTURED PERSONS Need a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE CURE RUPTURE.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine*. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, *Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.*

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm, containing 158 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. A near by grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 21 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Youghiogheny River.

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,
6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget to your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. YEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

YEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House.
July 5-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

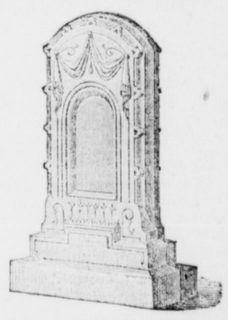
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many other eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTUPAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1885. NUMBER 24.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adopted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 417 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

I will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of **Rheumatism**, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREW, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT, MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

To be sold at ROCK BOTTOM!

Full line Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. All orders by mail promptly filled.

☞ I have a fine Stallion that will be on the stand in and near Oakland.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Ex-President Arthur's Arrest.

Now that the majesty that doth hedge an executive is being dissipated in Mr. Arthur's case by his retirement, says the San Francisco *Call*, his ex-cabinet is beginning to let out a good many little incidents of the reign of one who will deservedly go down in history under the sobriquet of "the jolly President." For illustration, one of his constitutional advisers, in a recent letter to an old crony in this city, says:

"Did I ever tell you of the fun we had during the visit of the Presidential party to Florida summer before last? You must know that, besides being a confirmed practical joker, Chet is quite an adept at certain slight-of-hand tricks, a proficiency in which he has kept up from boyhood. He flatters himself he can remove a handkerchief or watch from a pocket with as much adroitness as a professional 'nipper.' He has perpetrated many a queer joke in this way, the exalted position of the perpetrator naturally protecting him from suspicion. While at Jacksonville the 'White House gang' determined to attend a monster darkey camp-meeting about ten miles back in the country, and to avoid the eternal 'reception nuisance, we went incog. When we left the train, and were awaiting for conveyance at a small tavern, Chet noticed a fat planter dozing in the bar-room, and displaying a preposterous bunch of seals on his fob-chain. Arthur watched his chance, snaked out the man's watch, and hid it in the saddle bags of another traveller, that was hanging on the wall. Now, Bill Chandler had been waiting a chance to get back on Arthur for several days, so he in turn collared the planter's property, and slipped it into the breast pocket of Chet's big duster. Then he quietly led each member of the party aside and let them into the conspiracy, to their great delight. When the vehicles returned from the camping ground, Arthur was immediately collared by the planter who savagely demanded his property.

"'What do you mean, fellow?' said the President, trying not to laugh, and winking at his staff—all of whom, however, remained suspiciously indifferent.

"'Oh, you can't come any funny business with me. One of these gentlemen saw you steal my watch and put it in your pocket. Here, constable, I want this man searched.'

"'Very well, then, search me,' said our first citizen, almost exploding with laughter.

"'I thought so,' said the constable and to Chet's petrification, he fished out the watch from the first pocket he dived into. 'I just slam you into the calaboose, my fine fellow.'

"'You will, eh?' said the President with a chuckle. 'Here, Mr. Frelinghuysen, just tell this man who I am.'

"'Did you speak to me, my good man?' said the secretary of state, innocently.

"'Yes, yes. Hurry up and explain this thing,' said Arthur, as the constable began taking out a pair of handcuffs.

"'Explain what? I don't know you, sir,' and the state department walked off.

"'Great Scott,' stammered Arthur. 'Say—you there—Chandler! What does all this mean? Tell these people who I am—quick!'

"'If you are addressing me,' said the secretary of the navy, putting on his glasses and taking a benevolent survey of the prisoner, 'my name is not Chandler, and I never saw you before.'

"'Great heavens! this is outrageous!' screamed Arthur, fighting desperately with the constable. 'I tell you I am the president.'

"'The most impudent rascal I ever saw,' said Folger.

"'Hard looking face,' chipped in Bob Lincoln.

"'Don't be rough with the old man,' said Teller kindly. 'Perhaps he's gone in the——. What are you president of, my good fellow?'

"'I'm President of the United States, as you'll pretty soon find out!' gasped the prisoner furiously.

"'Tut, tut, tut!' murmured Chandler, pityingly. 'Clean gone, clean gone! Intelligent-looking man, too. Escaped from some asylum, likely.'

"And to his unmistakable horror, Arthur was loaded into a wagon and carted off to the county bastile, where he was kept almost an hour, until, in solemn caucus, the cabinet voted for his release. To Chet's credit, however, be it said, that although he was extradited in a white rage and vowing to smash the entire household slate, he cooled down before we reached Jacksonville, and concluded to 'set 'em up' for the crowd in true White House style. But the joke business had a rest after that."

Light Breaking in England.

Earl Granville opposed the creation of the commission to inquire into the causes of the business depression in the United Kingdom upon the ground that it might lead the people to believe that the government could afford relief by legislation. This was, in effect, the expression of his lordship's fear that the results of the proposed inquiry might afford strong arguments against the further adherence of England to the theories of Cobden. There can be little doubt that, if the proposed inquiry is conducted intelligently and thoroughly, there will be aroused a strong demand from the English masses for material relief. True, the government cannot create prosperity, but it can by legislation take advantage of existing conditions and put it in the power of the people to improve their condition.

The free-trade policy was a great thing for England in past years. It made Manchester, Sheffield and the other great industrial towns what they are. The wealth of the cotton lords, iron and shipmasters and other rich manufacturers enriched the country, and with cheaper bread the masses gained a great boon. But England's commercial sun is waning. Confronted with rivals committed to protection, she is steadily losing control of markets in which she was formly supreme. At present she not only is compelled to push the free-trade propaganda as best she may abroad, but she is forced to combat the growth of protection sentiment at home. Her colonies have adopted the protective system, and when reproached with their selfishness pleaded their common sense. A generosity on their part would have suffered them to continue as simply agricultural people would have been vastly appreciated by the followers of Cobden in the mother country, but the example of the United States has demonstrated to these new countries the wisdom of the protective system, while the nations of the Continennt are for the most part also committed to that system. Had her colonies perceived sooner the value of protection, the free-trade policy would have fewer adherents in the mother country to-day. As it is, that policy is being questioned, and the distrust of it is growing. That it will speedily be abandoned is not maintained, but its material modification, which would be the presage of its ultimate disuse, is, in the view of many close observers, not far distant.

It is stated that the personnel of the proposed commission to inquire into the trade situation is not such as to warrant materially satisfactory results, but it may suit the interests of the free-traders to discredit the commission in advance. At any rate, the fact that the commission is thought necessary is an evidence of suspicion of the Cobden theory and a purpose to test its wisdom. While England's supremacy was little disputed the Manchester school found ready believers of its teachings, but in the face of keen and increasing rivalry in the world's markets the skeptics are multiplying as the fallacies of free-trade come to be suspected and demonstrated.—*Balto. Herald.*

The words of sympany and of sorrow which come from the South in this day of the nation's affliction are unusually gratifying. The remembrance of the victor's magnanimity at Appomattox endures, and there is added to this a generous and patriotic pride in the achievements and the fame of the foremost soldier and citizen of the re-united nation. There is no cause to question the sincerity of these expressions. They bear the strongest evidence of earnestness, and are proofs of a sentiment of common nationality which ought not to be regarded with any feeling but satisfaction and thankfulness. It is really a wonderful spectacle, this unanimity of tribute to the character and service of the conquering general in a great civil war but twenty years past. In view of this phenomenon it is difficult to entertain any pessimistic opinion of the condition or prospects of the nation so far as they are dependent on union in the bonds of patriotism.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and realize how far down in the scale of health you have been living.

Animals as Barometers.

I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather says a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during rain and exude it afterward. This animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, as it is called, two days before rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain, on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that rain is coming; sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land, when the stormy petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather.

Take the ants: have you never noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restleness.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, worms, slugs, and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of the weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that a cat liks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influences of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic pains, and last, but not least, corns.

The Lottery Craze in Cuba.

Havana Cor. Inter Ocean.

Here there is scarcely a stratum of society to be found that is not directly interested in the sale or the purchase of Havana lottery tickets. Men women and children wander the streets day and night singing out the numbers which they have for sale. As the day for a drawing approaches everybody is on the qui vivi, the ticket venders being frantic to effect sales, and the rest of the population to purchase tickets in the hope of obtaining some lucky number. You will even see occasionally a paralytic or a man crippled through some accident, sitting by the wayside and crying his numbers.

At nearly every street corner and at frequent intervala between streets you will encounter stands where these tickets are sold by agents on a larger scale. Everybody patronizes these stands or the street venders, from the negro slave who hopes to draw enough money to purchase his freedom, to the rich young Cuban swell; from the thieving ragmuffin on the street to the nun or padre of the Holy Catholic church.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton.* Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Nydegger's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD ORCHARD.

In memory's halls some pictures dwell,
With dear associations blest;
Whatever be our treasures there
This stands apart from all the rest.
With some it is a face, a flower,
A glorious day, a sunset hour,
A something that's beyond compare;
But unto me the one most fair
Is of a grey old orchard sweet,
With bloom leaves scattered at my feet,
With robins flitting through the trees,
And music from the humming bees.

It was my childhood's playing ground,
And of it brightest memories come,
My brothers and my sisters dear
Played in it round our happy home;
When all our little tasks were done
The orchard echoed with our fun;
And robin gay, now gone to rest,
Tuned up his throat, with ruffled crest,
But wondering hushed, in mute surprise
While listening to the merry cries
Of children in their gladsome mirth,
The happiest sound in all the earth.

You can not die to me, old trees,
What though your usefulness be o'er,
You're living in my memory yet
As bright as in the days of yore,
When your spring blossoms, pink and fair,
Made fragrant all the balmy air:
Or when your summer's leafy shade
A cool retreat for children made;
Or autumn's sunripe fruit so sweet
Was gathered from around our feet,
And by our father stored away
To cheer us on some wintry day.

O, days have soon dropped into years,
The years into a life-time grow,
And heads that then were dark or fair
Will soon be sprinkled o'er with snow;
But years may come or years may go,
Bring wealth or want, joy or woe;
Fame, with her mocking laugh, may come
And settle round my humble home,
But only death from me can take
The picture which those old trees make.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

AUNT MADELINE.

Preserving a Sweet Disposition Through Life's Adversities.

"Gad! she's the only really beautiful old woman I ever saw."

The speaker was one of a group of men who stood on the steps of a church one Sunday morning a few years ago in a fair city of which we all know.

The group had apparently been discussing the woman whose appearance called forth the exclamation. I followed the direction of their looks and found ample warrant for the emphatic utterance which I had overheard.

The association of old age with uncommon womanly beauty in one person is rare enough to excuse the curiosity that impelled me to learn this woman's history. I will not, therefore, offer any apology for what the reader, and possibly the lady herself, may regard as an impertinence. It is a fact that I did learn the story of her life, stranger though I am in the city that is her home. It is not a thrilling tale. There is in it not one essentially dramatic incident. Yet it moves me to deeper emotion and stirs within me a loftier admiration than the story of many a life that genius has snatched out of the common for immortality.

* * * * *

Aunt Madeline (for so she is called by those who love her) would smile in mild reproof if any one were to say to her, "You are beautiful"—so many years have come and gone since she gave much thought for herself. Hers is a two-fold beauty, being made up of those singular graces of person which attracted the notice of the group at church on that Sunday morning and the higher graces of a life that is consecrated to others without flourish or pretense of self-abnegation.

I shall first try to tell how she appeared from my own point of view. The narrative proper shall be in the words of the pastor, to whom I am bound for it, as nearly as I can set them down.

The figure is tall and the carriage graceful. She walks like one accustomed to free exercise. Her attire is undeniably elegant. The least practical observer of such things may see at a glance that it came from the hands of a fashionable maker. I determine therefore, that she is not too poor to gratify her natural woman's taste for daintiness of dress. Her face quite baffles my powers of description. It is the face of sixty years. That I have learned; but when looking into it one does not think of its years. I can not say that it conforms to any established standard of beauty, having neither a "pretty" chin nor the "soulful eyes" of which we hear so much in verbal portraits of beautiful women. Nevertheless I am ready to stake my judgment on the general proposition that it is one of the loveliest faces that was ever seen out of dreams. The nose, I must say, is of perfect mold; the hair is a pure white mass arranged in a Grecian coil at the back, parted in the middle and falling in fleecy waves over the temples, half covering the ears and forming a truly artistic frame for the never-to-be-forgotten face.

She speaks to a young girl at her side, and her smile discloses a mouth full of natural teeth, whose whiteness time has not touched and whose perfect symmetry is unbroken.

Her skin is clear and fresh—an eloquent tribute to right living and a sign of freedom from those vanities of women on which the fortunes of nostrum makers are built.

One can not doubt that she is an old woman, but her years are years of peace, of purity, of sweet piety, of wholesome restrainis. I do not marvel that her face is glorified.

* * * * *

"Aunt Madeline was one of two sisters," said my friend, the pastor, in beginning the recital which I am to reproduce. "Her father was a politician, and an honest man. He loved truth for its own sake, and though he filled many offices he died poor, leaving his motherless daughter nothing in the way of fortune except the modest home in which they were born and reared. Madeline was twenty and Ethel, her sister, fifteen, when they were called to face the world. A livelihood must be made for both, and it was clear enough that only one of them could undertake the dubious task. The child Ethel assuredly was not equipped for it. Medeline alone must roll the heavy stone up the hill.

"With what resolute courage and simple faith in herself she set to work, we who have always known her best understood. She made no feeble appeals for help. A few of us gave her counsel from time to time, when she asked it, but that was all. She ceased to ask even so much long years ago, and I, at least, have many times been proud to be counseled by *her;* for a wiser woman I never knew.

"After her father's funeral expenses were settled there may have been fifty dollars in the house. Madeline saw that immediate action was imperative. What should she—what could she—do to earn an income? It was not hard to answer the question. In her happier and leisure girlhood she had moderately developed a faculty for writing children's stories, some of which had found their way into print. She resolved to make a serious test of her powers in that direction, and in the course of a few weeks, urged on by necessity, she produced a small volume of tales. A publisher was found who undertook to put the volume forth and pay Madeline a fair royalty. The venture was moderately prosperous. Others followed, and after ten years of struggle the hard-worked author found herself in possession of an income that was more than sufficient for her own and Ethel's needs. It was about this time that Ethel married. Madeline was now thirty and unmarried. She still remains unmarried, and on that fact hinges the noble devotion and the single-heartedness of this woman whose life has been a beautiful and constant exemplification of faith in the dear God whom she serves with such unostentatious zeal.

"In the early days of her struggle she loved and promised herself in marriagh to Joe Bertram. He loved Madeline, too, in his way, and, I do not doubt, meant to make her happy. Joe was in professional life—had made a promising start, and we all thought he was destined to take a commanding place. But goodfellowship was his ruin. When I look back upon it the swiftness of his descent appalls me. The convivial habit which at first manifested itself in occasional nights of gayety, soon became unmanageable. His business suffered from neglect. The blear look and blasphemous speech of the drunkard sneaked into the place of gallant and high-minded Joe Bertram—and he must once have been all that to have awakened love in a heart of gold like Madeline's. To look at her placid face now you would hardly believe there was a time when she would have accepted the martyrdom of fire for Joe Bertram's sake—for her love's sake; but I tell you that that love was long the imperious and dominating passion of her life.

"I do not suppose that this part of her story is out of the common experience of women; but Madeline's was a love that stopped at nothing short of crime. Not Joe's degradation quenched it; not her loss of respect for him weakened it; not death itself was powerful enough to lay it in the dust. Through degradation, through pity for his fall, through the black shadow of a shameful death, it mounted, a steadfast flame; and it has shone undimmed upon her pathway during all her solitary years.

"She loved Joe then. She loves him now. She will never cease to love him.

"But how bravely she has lived! While her grief over poor Joe's death was sorest, Ethel died. The husband who had been tenderly attached to her strangely disappeared, and two other children had been left helpless but for Madeline—Aunt Madeline, as everybody had called her since that time. She had given them more than a mother's solicitude and care, and all a mother's love. She worked for them, reared them, educated them. Now both are married, and their children are daily taught to ask God's blessing on the dear saint who waits, but not in idleness, for the Voice of Mercy to proclaim the end of earthly love and duty. Her home is musical with the romp and laughter of happy children; the house cat purs in sleek content; and the scent of flowers pervades the rooms where peace broods and Madeline's gracious presence reigns."

* * * * *

In the soft summer afternoon she sits and dreams. The little old-fashioned locket, in which Joe Bertram's picture has lain for thirty years, hangs on her bosom.

Little Daisy comes leaping into the room.

"Aunt Madeline, you *ain't* an old maid, *is* you?"

"Yes, dear (the chin droops lower and rests upon Joe's locket); yes, dear babe, an—old—maid."—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Harm Done.

Colonel Nat Hammond was on the train, not long ago, when a lank, inquiring looking stranger moved across the aisle and took a seat by him. He gazed at Colonel Hammond attentively for a full minute, and then said:

"Howdy do?"

"I am well, sir," replied Colonel Hammond.

A pause for about two minutes; then: "What might your name be?"

"My name is Hammond, sir."

A still longer pause, and then; "I hope there ain't no harm done?"

"There is not, sir!"

An embarrassing silence, during which the stranger contemplated Colonel Hammond closely; then, "You see, I've got an uncle lives up in Tennessee, that I ain't never seen, and I thought I might come up on him some time by jist asking folks their names!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

California Orchards.

Ten years ago, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, if any one had predicted that hill land in California, well up the mountain sides and covered with chapparal, would be covered with vineyards and orchards, most people would have put no faith in such anticipations. But to-day one sees the vineyards and orchards creeping up the mountain sides from 1,000 to 2,500 feet high, and some at even greater altitudes. Dwelling houses are perched upon elevations where a few years ago no one would have taken the land as a gift under an agreement to cultivate it. These new vineyards and orchards are the last to be overtaken by any of the pests found at lower elevations.

AUGUST COASTING.

A Novel Summer Amusement—How the Sport is Conducted.

It was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me crying:

"There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain, and they all have brought their sleds."

It seemed such a puzzle to me that I rose and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed after as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though at a casual glance it seemed as soft and velvety as a well-kept lawn, it was to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shines down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently even cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, or, more properly speaking, the foothills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children, then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking, but those children were like mountain-goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then the sleds were turned upside down, and the runners were rubbed vigorously with *candles;* this completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep but smooth; not a rock, stump or stone on its surface; there was no danger, and the sleds stopped on the sandy road.

For two long hours this colony of children coasted—till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted.

After all the little ones were weary, we older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once—that was quite enough for me.

I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, startling as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sounds of coasting in midsummer.—*Mrs. Frank M. Gregory, in St. Nicholas.*

CELESTIAL MOTION.

The Essential and Everlasting Condition of the Universe.

The view of the cloudless and moonless firmament on a dark clear night, when the whole vast black arch seems tremulous with the scintillations of 3,000 stars, is always overwhelming to one who gazes steadily at the sublime picture and yields himself up to the train of reflection which it suggests. But the night scene grows doubly interesting when it is known to be all in motion—not only a movement of the whole expanse, but an individual motion of each separate point of light. Suppose the universe were stationary, how would it appear? Let us see. The motionless earth would forever have one side turned toward the blazing, motionless sun and the other in perpetual night. There would be no rising and setting of the sun and no rising and setting of the stars. The silent, mighty procession of the skies would be ended and the heavens would be dead. The condition would be unendurable to human beings, if there were any human beings to see it. But there would be none. Life would be equally impossible on that side of the earth where there was perpetual day without a night and on that side where there was perpetual night without a day.

Motion, then, is the essential and everlasting condition of the universe and everything in it. There is no rest. And this motion is inconceivably complex. Our earth itself has four motions that we know of—one on its axis every day; one round the sun every year; one swaying motion on its axis, which causes the celestial pole to describe a great circle in the heavens every 25,000 years, and one by which the solar system is carried through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules. And there are, probably, other movements which we know nothing about. —*Exchange.*

The Solitude of Sleep.

Seek some spot where no foot of man has trod. There the wild bird gives you shrill, sweet greeting and the cheery insect vibrates in its hidden nook with a murmur of companship. Forsake humanity as far as may be and the echo of the great pulsating machinery, of which, even against your will, you are a part, will never leave you. You may be lonely—lonely in the heart of a crowd. You may in the circle round the fireside, in the busy streets, in great assemblies or friendly gatherings, feel yourself utterly alone. That is a different thing; it is loneliness, not solitude. Life has no solitude save the strange, sweet solitude of sleep. For it is only in the sleep world, so Sphinx like in its reserve, so grave like in its absolute silence, so death like in its complete separation, that we go away off by ourselves, leaving even our nearest companion, this dearly cherished body of ours, and wandering, who knows where? — *Charleston (S. C.) News.*

—A writer in *Harper's Bazar* says that in France the house cook becomes indignant if any of the dishes are procured at a restaurant. Our cook is very different; she becomes indignant if we want her to do anything at all—*Boston Post.*

—The French have more suspension bridges than any other nation on the globe.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Though the Hawaiian people have been partially converted to the Protestant religion, they still are superstitious, and call upon their gods and goddesses to help them in any great trouble.

—Bowdoin's new President is only six years out of college, and three years from graduation at the theological seminary. But if youth is an objection to a man for such a responsible position, it is one that he is constantly correcting.—*Boston Post.*

—It is stated that the women of the Indian Presbytery of Dakota have contributed more for the missionary fund than all the other Presbyteries in the Territory together. This is a good showing for the religious zeal of the tawny sister.—*Chicago Times.*

—P. T. Barnum has erected a fine fire-proof building for Tutt's College at Bridgeport, Conn., which will be known as "The Barnum Museum of National History." He has also promised the college the skin and skeleton of Jumbo when he dies.—*Hartford Courant.*

—According to President Seelye, Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., ten years ago began with fourteen students and now has 340 on its rolls; and during that time but one death (a drowning accident) has occurred among the students and graduates.

—There is not much indication that the students of our colleges differ from those of past days in their predilections for professional careers, if this year's graduating class of one of the great institutions may be taken as an example. Thirty-one of its members have determined to be lawyers, fifteen doctors, ten preachers, and fourteen business men. —*Chicago Current.*

—At the commencement exercises of the grammar department of the public schools of Wheeling, W. Va., three of the twenty-seven graduates were colored pupils who had completed the course of study in the schools devoted to their race. This is believed to be the first time that white and colored pupils have been graduated at the same place south of Mason and Dixon's line.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Archbishop Riordan will restore all the privileges to the Jesuits on the Pacific coast which were taken away by his predecessor, Archbishop Alemany. These include the right of absolution and sacrament, the privilege to bury the dead having been granted by the Pope in the face of Alemany's order. The new Archbishop has also decided to close up the Roman Catholic school for training of priests at Mission San Jose in Santa Clara County, Cal., and transfer the thological students to the college at Baltimore.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are eighty-two glue factories in this country, and the price of gumdrops is kept within the means of the poorest citizen.

—Nothing is vainer in Nature than the slim man who has suddenly grown fat, unless it be the elderly matron who has just been mistaken for her daughter.—*Boston Post.*

—Summer joy:

A slender waist, just lightly clasped,
As up the scented lane they stroll;
A small, white hand, just lightly grasped,
Two heads beneath one parasol!
—*Boston Courier.*

—An Iowa girl has an album in which she keeps pictures of all the young men who have flirted with her without coming to the point. She calls it her rogues' gallery.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The face value of all the money in the world is said to be $550,000,000,000. We can't help wondering sometimes just how many people the other $549,999,999,998.23 is divided among.—*Louisville Journal.*

—A book on etiquette advises: "Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently until your turn comes to speak." The book-agent who handles this book has the bulge on the world. She can come into your office unannounced, take a seat uninvited, and talk you to death under the rules.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The Great Dismal Swamp contains 14,000 acres, all resting on a bottom of quicksand. Now, if the youngest soldier in the late war and the oldest living Mason and the surviving soldier of the Revolutionary war would like to hold a reunion right in the very middle of that 14,000 acres is the natural spot for their encampment.—*Burdette.*

—The *Oregonian* says that the unfamiliar sight of a man dressed in buckskin was seen on the streets of Portland recently. He was an old trapper from Montana, who had become disgusted with that territory on account of the railroad there, and is now on his way to Alaska, where he can trap beaver in peace.

—An exchange says that to get the full flavor of butter, the bread upon which it is spread should be inserted in the mouth buttered side down. The fact that the buttered side up is the general custom is an indication of a general and perhaps hereditary disinclination to get the full flavor of the butter. We have known the flavor of butter to be so full as to fairly stagger.—*Springfield Union.*

—An old South Carolina lady who always had a good word to say of the absent, found herself last week in a predicament. She was at a sewing society, where a rather lively young girl was discussed, of whom every one spoke harshly. Mrs. Brown sat a while in thought, but soon brightening up and shaking back her snowy curls that hung on either side of her sweet old face, she said "Ladies, have you ever noticed how well Miss Giddy walks and how beautifully she turns out her toes?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Kindergarten French.

Congratulatory Friend—"Just arrived from the Continent, eh? You are looking remarkably well. How long were you in Paris?"

Returned Tourist — "About six weeks."

"How did you manage? You can't talk French."

"O, gestures went a great way. Sometimes I sketched what I wanted."

"Made a drawing of it, eh? And you were always understood?"

"Well, not always. Once I made a drawing of a mushroom. Now, what do you think the waiter brought me? The idiot brought me an umbrella."—*Philadelphia Call.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW.

The Action of Alcohol Upon the Brain and Nervous System—The Four Stages of Alcoholic Disease—The Horrors of Delirium Tremens.

In one of a series of articles by Prof. A. B. Palmer, M. D., LL. D., in *The Wide Awake*, the writer says:

The strong resemblance between the narcosis of alcohol and that of chloroform or ether is apparent; but that of alcohol is much more likely to become habitual. The essential character of the condition is so similar that the same terms may be applied to each. If chloroform is a narcotic, so is alcohol; if one is a depressing, lethal agent, so is the other. If chloroform is a poison, so is alcohol. The greatest difference in their immediate action is, that the chloroform is more speedy in its effects and sooner over; and its secondary consequences are less severe.

But in studying the effects of alcohol on the brain and nervous system we must go beyond the speedy action of a single or a few doses, and consider the more important, because the more permanent, effects of its continued use. These effects are varied by the quantity used, the length of time it is continued, and by the temperament and power of endurance of the drinker.

In its habitual use, *four* stages of alcoholic change are recognized, corresponding in many respects with the four acute stages that have been described.

There is a mild *first* stage where only small quantities are used, as where an occasional glass of light wine or beer is taken with the meals, and where such limits are not exceeded. In this the condition of the brain and nerves is but little changed from the physiological or natural state.

There is a *second* stage where a change from the normal state is more perceptible—where the force and regularity of brain and nerve action is impaired, but not in any extreme degree; but where the tone of the intellectual, and particularly of the moral, character is lowered, but yet where the subject of it is not regarded as a drunkard.

There is a *third* stage where there is unquestionable intemperance or inebriety—where the subject is called a "hard drinker" or "drunkard" according to the degree of indulgence; and there is still a more advanced or *fourth* stage, where the victim is a complete sot, given up to continued and extreme indulgence, whenever the means are within his reach, where there is the greatest debasement, physical, mental and moral, where there is advanced alcoholism or alcoholic disease, where the wretched victim is tottering on the verge of destruction, unfit for any useful occupation or respectable association, a disgrace to himself and friends, and a nuisance to all about him. These stages shade off into each other with no abrupt line of demarkation, but are different degrees of the one general process of abnormal change.

All are ready to admit the very great, the almost inexpressible, evils to the brain and nerves of individuals, to the happiness of families, to the interests of communities and the country, of the third and fourth stages of habitual alcoholic indulgence. The changes of the brain usually discoverable in its structure, but which more certainly exist in its functions—in its actions and tendencies—are most profound; and are all in the direction of physical, mental and moral degradation.

The structure of the brain is changed in various ways from its normal state. It is sometimes hardened from the increase of its connective tissue, and sometimes softened from a form of fatty change; and in both cases the proper brain cells—the seat of cerebral action—of physical and mental power—are more or less diminished in number, altered in structure, and impaired in activity. The vessels are often found degenerated, and are liable to great distention and rupture, constituting congestion and apoplexy. The membranes of the brain are often found inflamed and thickened, their transparency and pliability impaired—and, in short, the whole organ is degenerated, enfeebled and perverted.

Under the immediate effect of the liquor the drunkard is regardless of his duties and obligations to himself, his family and to society. He is inefficient, improvident, unthrifty, unreliable; often violent, dangerous and criminal. When deprived of his accustomed dram, he is morose, despondent and often unendurably wretched, with a craving for the liquor, which in the perverted state of his brain is irresistible. His depression and despair sometimes lead to suicide, preceded, it may be, by the murder of his family, with the motive of relieving himself and them from their living death. Mingled with this despair are often fits of fury which the drink excites, and his causeless and unreasoning vengeance may be inflicted indiscriminately on himself, his family, his friends, or strangers, as well as on imagined or real foes. In many cases nothing is too absurd or too depraved for him to do, and no suffering is too severe for him to endure.

The drink which for a time relieved his agony, at length fails to do so unless carried to the extent of stupefaction and unconsciousness. This quantity is therefore taken, and this increasing indulgence, if it does not induce sooner some fatal form of disease, brings him to the fourth and extreme stage of habitual drunkenness, which, though it sometimes is endured for a considerable period, usually soon results in death.

Besides rendering other diseases and accidents much more severe and fatal, this excessive drinking produces several particular diseases of the brain and nervous system.

The one best known to persons not of the medical profession, because of the striking character of the symptoms, is delirium tremens. In this terrible disease the brain becomes so affected by the alcoholic poison that all its functions, physical and mental, are performed in the most irregular and fearfully perverted manner. There is usually a premonitory stage in which the patient is restless, wakeful and apprehensive of some violence, misfortune or calamity. When attempting to sleep he is awakened with frightful dreams which are so vivid as to appear to be realities for a time after awaking. These and other symptoms may cause the patient to stop his drink, but too late to prevent its effects. In other cases, quite as numerous, the premonitory symptoms are less regarded, and the full development of the disease comes on in the midst of gross indulgence in drink; but the phenomena in either case are similar. The face now becomes paler, the surface is covered with a profuse sweat, there is trembling in every muscle, the patient looks wildly about him, seeing in his delusions frightful objects in every quarter; and though his pulse is weak and fluttering and his whole appearance indicates great debility, he still moves about restlessly, and often actively, and he frequently exerts himself violently to escape from imaginary enemies. His whole mental functions are perverted even more than his bodily ones. The most characteristic mental condition is *fear*, which is always present. His ever-present hallucinations, or morbid imaginings of sight, sound and feeling are of a frightful character. He thinks he is pursued by "a man with a hot poker," that "snakes are in his boots," that disgusting bugs are crawling over him, that great bats are flapping their skinny wings in his face, that vampires are sucking his blood, or that demons are about to seize him; and he cries out and struggles in mortal agony. He may make a fatal leap from a high window, or, escaping from his room, may run half-naked through the streets. No condition of horrors or mental suffering can exceed this state. The ancient ideas of Gorgons and Furies must have been derived from experiencing or witnessing this disease, which occasionally occurred among the wine-bibbers of the time.

In this disease, left to itself, sleep and rest are banished, and death by exhaustion is likely to occur in from a few days to a week. Many cases, however, under proper management, recover from a first, and some from a second or third, attack. It would seem from such a warning that the first attack would be the last—that the cause would be avoided. But the desire to return to drinking is so great, the force of habit so strong, the self-control through brain impairment so feeble, that indulgence again occurs, and subsequent attacks generally follow. With each recurrence of the disease the chances of recovery diminish, until death closes the earthly scene. Subsequent attacks of this particular disease may not occur, death following from other forms of alcoholism, or from complications of other diseases; but when the brain is so far impaired as to produce delirium tremens permanent reform is almost hopeless, and the victim is almost sure to die a drunkard.

Death to our natural instincts is a fearful thing, come in what form it may; fearful when amid friends and family and loving care; made less appalling by affection earned by years of self-control, of duty done, of virtue, kindness and love. It is a terror even when life passes away with these surroundings in resignation and hope, and ceases as gently as music from a slumbering harpstring. What then must be this dread event to him, who drives from his death-chamber, or perhaps his gloomy cell, by his raving violence or his profane mutterings, his family and kin, who may have but the tattered remnants of abused affection, while he puffs out his last foul breath, a token of the corruption within, and nothing remains but an inheritance of painful memories, and possibly of propensities which may lead his offspring to repeat his career.

Can it be possible that an article, which so often produces the effects upon the brain and nervous system which have been sketched in mere outline, is, as a beverage, even necessary, useful or safe; or indeed entirely innocent, habitually used in any quantity, however moderate?

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

An esteemed clergyman writes thus: "Very recently a boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father home from a public-house. He found his parent drinking with some other men; one of them invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the boy replied: 'No, I can't take that; I'm in the Band of Hope.' The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said: 'Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some candy.' The boy took the penny and said: 'I thank you, but I had rather not buy candy; I shall put it into the savings bank.' The men looked at one another, and for some moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words: 'Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the bank the better.' The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two speeches of a box six years old. How many old people have made much longer but less effective speeches! 'A little child shall lead them!' "—*Golden Censer.*

May a Christian Sell Liquor?

The dram-seller offers liquor to every man (not already intoxicated) who applies for it. Among those who apply are many to whom the liquor is poison, and worse than poison. To some of them it will bring bodily death; others it will madden to the commission of fearful crime; others find in it that which ruins family peace; and to a great number it brings the curse implied in the words: "Neither thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Can it be right to offer liquor promiscuously to men, whom it *may* lead (and a vast number of whom it *will* lead) to hell?

May the wholesale merchant furnish whisky to the retailer to be used for this purpose? Alcohol is sold and bought for manufacturing purposes; that, of course, is right. But can it be right to furnish it to the dram-seller for a use that leads to the ruin of soul and body? Nations will not allow a neutral to furnish munitions of war to the enemy. Is not the dram-shop drinking of whisky a weapon of the Evil One? May a child of God furnish it?—*Christian Observer.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BOY STAMP-COLLECTOR.

Three months ago he did not know
His lesson in geography;
Though he could spell and read quite well,
And cipher, too, he could not tell
The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
The stamp-collecting passion
Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
And lists of names he now can reel
Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
Heligoland, Bavaria,
Cashmere, Japan, Tibet, Soudan,
Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
Khaloon, Siam, Bulgaria—

Schleswig-Holstein (oh! boy of mine,
Genius without a teacher!),
Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
Jelalabad and Kandahar,
Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong-Kongs,
A Rampour, a Mauritius,
Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po—
And how much else no one can know;
But be, kind fates, propitious!
—*Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas.*

FIFTY CENTS.

The Many Things They Were to Purchase, and the Disposition Finally Made of Them.

Frank came flying in while the family were at supper. "Aunt Catherine," he began, when the dining-room door was half open—

"Take off your cap, Frank," broke in his sister Ada, who was her impetuous brother's mentor in points of etiquette.

"Oh, dear!" cried Frank, jerking the cap off. "Aunt Catherine"—

"You must wash your hands before you sit down to the table," said his mother.

"Mother," sa'd Frank, pitifully, "I never shall get a chance to tell you."

The others laughed. "'Twon't take but a minute, Frank," said Ada, consolingly.

At last, his cap off and his hands washed, and seated at the table, he went on with his story.

"Aunt Catherine," said he, "has promised to give me fifty cents. Ain't it splendid! I've been splitting up a little kindling wood for her, and she's going to pay me just as much as she would a man."

"Hasn't she paid you yet?" asked Ada.

"No, she didn't have the change; but she's going to just as soon as she gets it. I think I shall buy a ball with the money, a real tip-top hard one. I've been wanting one ever since I can remember."

Fifty cents was a large sum to the two Willis children. Their father was not poor; he was able to give them the comforts of life, but there was very little to spare for extras. Frank and Ada had very little spending money of their own. The most they had was given them by their Aunt Catherine, who had no children and was well-to-do.

So Frank's prospective fifty cents loomed up to his fancy like a little mountain of silver.

His Aunt Catherine lived two miles away, so while he went to school through the week he could not very well go to see her. He generally paid his visits to her on Saturday, as he did on the occasion of the kindling wood and the promise of the fifty cents.

All the week following he was in a state of excitement and impatience. He teased his mother to let him go up to see his aunt after school, but she said he must wait till Saturday.

So all he had to console himself with was anticipation, and he made the most of that. The famous dairymaid with her basket of eggs was nothing to Frank with his fifty cents before the week was out. Monday night he came home from school with a change in his plans.

"I've been thinking it over, mother," said he, "and instead of getting a ball with that fifty cents Aunt Catherine promised me, I guess I shall buy a knife. I can get a splendid one for fifty cents; Eddie Perkins has just got a beauty."

Frank talked knife all the evening, till the rest of the family were rather tired of it. Next day, however, they had a respite, if a change of subject could be considered one. Frank rushed in at noon all alive with a new scheme — "Say, mother," cried he, "I've changed my mind, I ain't going to buy a knife with that fifty cents. I'm going to buy a bicycle."

"Why Frank Lee Willis," cried Ada. "You can't buy a bicycle for fifty cents; the idea!"

"Of course I can't; don't you suppose I know that. This fifty cents is just going toward it, that's all. I'm going to save up money for one, and I'm going to put this into my tin bank for a beginning."

"You'll never do it," cried Ada, incredulously.

"I'm a-going to *try*," said Frank, with a determined air.

In the course of a day, Ada came to her mother in dismay. "Mother," said she, "what *do* you think Frank's going to buy with that fifty cents now—a little yellow puppy! He is; one of the boys has one to sell, Frank says, and he'll let him have it for fifty cents. It will worry my cat, and I don't like a little yelping dog, any way. Isn't it *too* bad?"

"I wouldn't fret if I were you, dear," said Mrs. Willis, "I don't think it's very probable that Frank will buy it."

So it proved; for the next day Frank contemplated purchasing six white mice; and the next, he was undecided between Robinson Crusoe, a top and a drum. When he finally had set out for his Aunt Catherine's on Saturday evening, Ada produced a paper which she opened to her mother. "See here," she said, her little round face twinkling all over with fun, "I've set down all the things Frank was going to get with that fifty cents; and which *do* you suppose he will? Look at the long list. This morning he told me he didn't know but he might buy a rat-trap; and last night he said, after all, he didn't know but he might as well buy fifty cents, worth of marbles, and have a real good stock. I set them all down, so as to remember, for I don't believe Frank will buy one of them. He'll get something else he's never thought of."

Frank came home rather earlier than usual from Aunt Catherine's, and he walked into the house rather soberly for him, too. His father had just come home, and his mother was putting tea on the table.

"Did you get the fifty cents?" asked Ada, curiously.

"Yes."

"Where is it? Let's see it."

"I—haven't got it."

"Why, you haven't spent it, so soon?"

"Yes, I have. Supper 'most ready, mother?"

"Yes," said his mother. "What did you buy with it, Frank?"

Frank colored up to his closely cropped hair. "I wish you wouldn't ask me. I—didn't spend it for anything bad."

"Why, tell me at once what you spent it for," said his mother. "What are you acting so for, Frank?"

At that the little boy put his hands up to his red face and began to cry.

"Why, Frank Lee Willis, what is the matter?" asked Ada.

"Frank," said his father, "tell us at once what you have bought with the money."

"Oh," said Frank, sobbing, "you'll—laugh at me. You've been making so much fun—about my buying so many things with that fifty cents."

"No, we won't, dear," said his mother, pityingly; "go on."

So Frank, catching his breath at intervals, told how he had finally disposed of his wonderful fifty cents. "I got the money," said he, "and I was coming home early. I'd 'bout made up my mind to buy a pocket-book; and I thought, if I got it to-night, I could carry my contribution in it to-morrow. I'd got as far as High street, and I was going down the hill real fast, when I heard somebody holler: 'Halloo, Frank!'

"When I looked there was Benny Wheelock in his window. He broke his leg awhile ago, you know, and he's just got so he can sit up. He looked awful white and thin, though he seemed real tickled to see me. I stopped, and talked with him a minute, and I says to him: 'Ain't it pretty tiresome for you keeping in so?' Then he tries to laugh, and it made him look thinner. 'No,' says he, 'not so very. Folks come to see me some. Mrs. Stowe came to see me last Sunday,' says he, '*and* she brought me an orange. My, wan't it prime!'

"Benny's mother'd been moving round the room, and now she came up and pats his head. 'Yes, that tasted good, didn't it, Benny,' said she. 'I wish mother was rich enough to feed you on 'em all the time.' You know Mrs. Wheelock is dreadfully poor, and does washing for folks.

"Well," Frank went on, "I—don't you laugh at me—I walked right down to the store, and—I bought a whole dozen of the *beautifullest* oranges for him. I put 'em right in his window, you know, and I told him he needn't mind taking 'em, because the money was given to me, and I didn't know what to do with it. My, you ought to have seen him!"

There was a moment's silence. "Why Frank Lee Willis!" said Ada. Then: "I think you were just splendid to do it, and I guess we won't laugh!"

Mrs. Willis said nothing, but she stooped down and kissed the little boy's flushed face. And his father gave him a big pat on the shoulder. "For all our making fun of you, I guess you've proved you can spend money about as wisely as any of us," said he.

Ada kept on staring at Frank with big loving eyes. Presently, she went and whispered something in her mother's ear. "Mother," whispered she, "can't Frank have a piece of the best plum-cake for supper to-night? I don't want any myself; just a little piece for him, you know. I made lots of fun of him."

Mrs. Willis laughed, "I don't care," said she.

Then Ada went down cellar, and joyfully cut a very thick slice of the best plum-cake for Frank. —*Mary E. Pilkins, in Congregationalist.*

MOURNING.

The Goods That Are Considered the Thing to Denote Grief.

For mourning wear there is a new material, the crepe imperial, that bears a close resemblance to crape, although it is made of wool. It is not only less expensive than the crape japonica and the silk and wool crape Jappo, but it is durable enough to last as long as it is necessary to use it. The popular canvas cloths, nearly transparent in their delicate lightness, and the fine nun's veiling fabrics are cooler than silk, and perfectly adapted for the summer months. There is a new cotton material named Armure Royal of the finest black dye and guaranteed to be fast jet black. It is thirty-two inches wide. Extremely heavy mourning is no longer imperative, especially for widows, who have been made ill by the heavy swingings of crape in veils and trimmings. Dresses are trimmed only, if preferred, with crape, nor are the veils worn over the face since physicians have denounced them as being impregnated with poisonous dyes. Dainty white crepe lisse ruchings in the neck are permitted with a black one outside as a relief from the unbecomingness of the black next to the skin without relief. In addition to this there are fluffy soft collarets made of white crepe lisse with knots and ends of black gros grain ribbon, graceful jabots and fichus attached to a black lusterless dog-collar softly flowing to the waist; for elderly ladies black China crepe caps are more becoming than the closely-fitting mull, and yield a lovely contrast to the soft white hair. Cool caps for elderly ladies are made of black etamine in squares or half squares, pinned on with dull jet pins; but if white caps are insisted upon they must be of mull, very fine, with close borders. The handsome crepe stone jet buttons are a delusion and not to be trusted for use, but will remain on securely for trimming purposes. The flat black button that resembles bone or ivory without luster is trustworthy. Henrietta cloth must be of the finest, and if it can not be afforded, a fine nun's veiling is an excellent substitute, and for summer wear there are pongees, China crepes, soft China silks and flannels, both white and black.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A contractor offered to build the Bartholdi pedestal for $199,000. The committee however, went on in its own way, and the result is that the pedestal will cost about $400,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

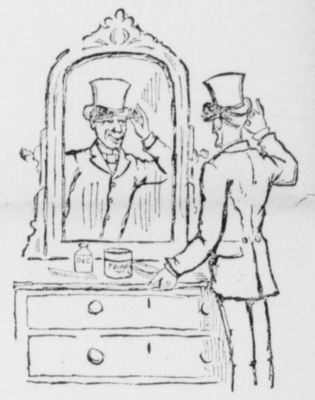
PRETTY, BUT DEAD.

A Highly Moral Lecture on the Foolishness of the Sterner Sex.

The Phenomenal Silliness of Mankind in General, and the Stupidity of Dyeing Their Hair in Particular—Aboriginal Experiences.

I notice with sincere regret that another New York gentleman has lost his life as a result of over-indulgence in the hair-dye habit. This habit is now sapping the life blood of many and sowing the seeds of death throughout our entire land.

The hair itself is not improved by dyeing as an Indian is. The Indian, prior to dying, is disagreeable and annoying, but afterward he at once becomes docile and harmless. The hair when dyed becomes rough, and if colored a dead black is the gloomiest



sight I know of. You take a heavy moustache, and after coloring it a crushed tomcat black, hang it over a new set of white commercial teeth that were made for another party and you have a picture which will make a horse leave his stall with pleasure.

Nothing looks more beautiful than beautiful hair growing where it was planted by an All Wise Hand; but nothing can be more pitiful than the picture of an old widower rising up out of his grave on the morning of resurrection day with a lot of London dyed second-hand hair and a set of dollar-store teeth in his hand.

I have made some experiments in the hair line, and I find that I can let my grocery account run just as long without hair as I could with hair. So that, for the purposes of trade, hair is not essential.

Let us go still farther and see how it is about matrimonial matters. It is claimed by gray-haired widowers especially, and bachelors who were born a long time ago, that gray hair or seldom hair is injurious to matrimonial opportunities. This depends, of course, upon who the victim is to be. If she be a young and skittish thing from the kindergarten, who regards hair as a mark of success in life, perhaps you are right in trying to improve on nature; but if she be the kind to stand up and fight for you instead of with you, a large assortment of damaged hair will not catch her.

I know that a man with five cents' worth of hair may marry far above his station in life, for I have tried it myself. So the dangerous and foolish habit of wearing the hair that has been rifled from a foreign morgue is not excusable on the ground that we can not be properly loved if we are bald.

This ought to be equally true of the hair that is gray. People who have nice gray hair should remember those who part their hair with a Turkish towel. If I had gray hair instead of a site for it, as I now have, I would spend my time largely combing it instead of blacking it. Those who black their hair as a rule do not comb it as much as they should for fear of wearing off the blacking. Is it not singular that a man should prefer paralysis and black hair to health and handsome white hair? Isn't it odd that a man who is old enough to know better should choose to be a premature angel with dead black hair and a dab of hair dye on his nose when he really don't have to?

The other day I saw an old party who had two long brindle trifles of hair pulled in front of his ears and colored. On top he had no hair and behind he had neglected to color it, so that when he looked in the mirror and had his hat on he could fool himself. He certainly did not fool anybody else.

I could not help thinking how he would look when Gabriel sounds his horn and the old gentleman begins to scrabble around for his hair dye and his hat so that he will look pretty before the judgment-bar.

We should so live that 5,000 years from now future generations will not stop to ask: "Don't he wear his own hair or that of a total stranger?" We should lead such lives that people will be sorry when we are gone and regret it for two or three days at least. It is better to die bald-headed and beloved than to live forever wearing coal black hair and surrounded by millions of people who assure us that we need not postpone our death on their acount. Still there are men who do not care for all this. Neither do they care for health. They would rather die a pretty paralytic than to live white-haired and on the square.

We talk much of the folly and vanity of woman, but, when a man really becomes ambitious to be a star fool, he shames all the female fools of his time into an early grave.—*Bill Nye, in Travelers' Magazine.*

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Said this duffer: "My dear, let us see
What that curious ball there can be;
Why, it's hornets, I swear,

Of yourself, love, take care,
This umbrella will answer for me."

REV. SAM JONES.

How the Noted Southern Revivalist Looks—A Newspaper-Man's Talk With Him.

Rev. Samuel Jones, the famous revivalist, arrived in the city yesterday morning. Mr. Jones greeted our scribe with a hearty hand-shake, rolling a quid of tobacco in his mouth at the same time. In reply to a question as to the class of people numbered among his conversions, Mr. Jones answered that the number included lawyers, doctors, editors and newspaper reporters. "Some people have an erroneous idea," continued Mr. Jones, "that the newspaper

THE NOTED EVANGELIST.

men are beyond redemption, but my work in the South proves the falsity of such a notion, as I succeeded in the course of my labors there in reclaiming a large number of press representatives."

"Do your converts, as a rule, freeze to the faith after once embracing it?" asked the reporter.

"They do; but occasionally a few fall back into their old haunts—this being due to improper nursing."

"What kind of nursing do converts require?"

"Spiritual nursing. When a convert once grasps the truth he must be put through a thorough course of religious training, in order to prove to him the wisdom of his move. In nine cases out of ten the convert sticks, provided, as I said before, he receives encouragement and religious instruction for some time after his change of life."

"To what do you attribute your unprecedented success in revival work?"

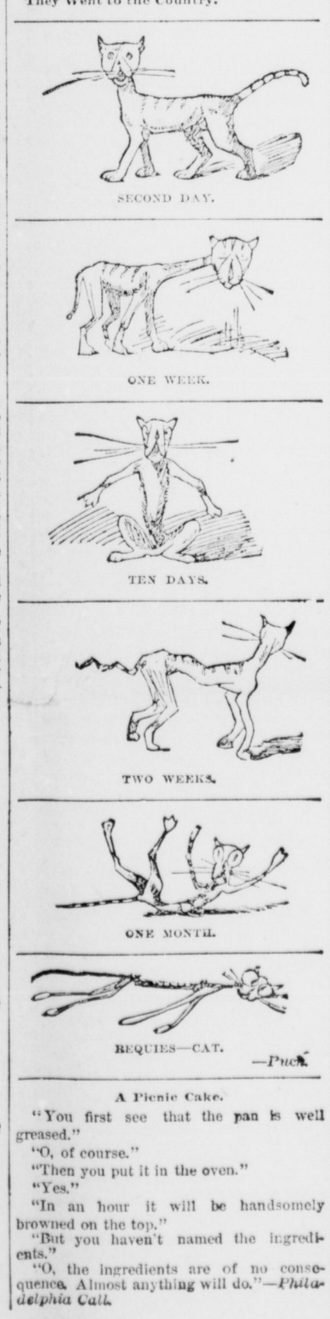
"In the first place, the present year is an unusually good one for this kind of work. The faith has risen like a mighty cyclone, and left marks of its good work on all sides. In the second place, the people are becoming more alive to their religious wants, and lose no opportunities in attending religious instruction."

"Don't you think, Mr. Jones," queried the scribe, "that your auditors are in a semi-frenzied condition when they acknowledge their conversion in the revival-meetings?"

"Certainly not. They listen to the Word of God preached by His emissary, and in obedience to the workings of their conscience rise in the possession of newly-infused faith and acknowledge their conversion; that being the case in all instances of camp-meeting conversions."—*St. Louis Republican.*

TO HUMANITARIANS.

The Melancholy Fate of a Pet Cat That Was Left Behind by the Family When They Went to the Country.



SECOND DAY.

ONE WEEK.

TEN DAYS.

TWO WEEKS.

ONE MONTH.

REQUIES—CAT.

—*Puck.*

A Picnic Cake.

"You first see that the pan is well greased."

"O, of course."

"Then you put it in the oven."

"Yes."

"In an hour it will be handsomely browned on the top."

"But you haven't named the ingredients."

"O, the ingredients are of no consequence. Almost anything will do."—*Philadelphia Call.*

AMERICANIZED CHINESE.

How the Celestials on the Pacific Coast are Adopting American Habits and Institutions.

The Tapes have been raising a *tapage*. It was through the application of the Tapes to the Supreme Court that the Chinese public school was opened in San Francisco. The Tapes are Americanized Chinese, and how Americanized the following story will show: John Tape is an expressman, drives one wagon and owns another, wears his hair cut short and goes to Sunday-school. In taking goods to the mission he met Mary, a servant, who wore her hair in a butterfly chignon, painted flowers and did embroidery. John and Mary courted and were married. John built a neat little house out in the western addition, where in due time appeared two little Tapes—Mamie and John. It was an American family in custom, costume and speech, and the mission folk used to take visitors out to the Tapes, and exhibit them as examples of how very Caucasian the Mongolian might be made. A little while ago, however, John came to the mission in a very unpleasant frame of mind. Something was the matter with Mary. He could not for the life of him tell what it was, but Mary was not herself. She was neglectful and listless, but would give no explanation of her behavior. Would some of the ladies go up and find out what was the matter? Nothing would please the ladies better, and the very next morning they paid a visit to the Tape residence. There was plenty of evidence in Mrs. Tape's manner that John's complaint was well grounded.

"What's the matter, Mary?" asked one of the visitors; "has John been doing anything?"

"No; John's all right," said Mary.

"Have the children been misbehaving?"

"No; the children are all right."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"Another man," said Mary, plainly.

Without any more pressing Mary confessed that she had fallen in love with the Chinese interpreter of the Sacramento Courts, and that she did not care any longer for her husband. Attempts to impress her with the heinousness of this domestic offence were fruitless, and the ladies left much cast down. When John came home that evening Mary told him the terrible news with as little circumlocution, and added that she intended to pack up and leave the next day. Arguments and entreaties were fruitless, and, sure enough, next day Mary placed her children with a mutual friend and left. Something—John said it was God, but it was probably Oriental cunning—told John to be at the Market Street depot that afternoon. Soon after his arrival a Union Street car brought Mary and a bundle on the scene. John hid behind a pillar and saw his wife joined by the Sacramento interpreter. With a howl he rushed out, and, seizing the interpreter's pigtail with one hand swung him round and with the other hand planted such a terrible blow between his rival's eyes that he fell like a log. Mary looked at the fallen interpreter, then at John's terrific right hand, took his arm and quietly walked home with him.—*San Francisco Call.*

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

A Chapter on Prudence in Conduct and Temperance in Diet.

The extreme heat of the season, with the increased number of deaths, suggests great prudence in conduct and temperance in diet. A large proportion of the fatal results traceable to thermal causes might easily be prevented by a little care. Of course the few who can afford to gratify their desires by fleeing to some cool and quiet retreat, and there have the good judgment to be temperate in their habits, are the furthest removed from all seasonable dangers, but to the many this is impossible. The less fortunate ones can comply with well established hygienic principles.

Cleanliness is of the first importance and it applies not only to the person but also to the premises. The body should be sponged once a day, and twice is better, with water not cold; clothing next to the person should be frequently changed; the bedroom and linen should be thoroughly ventilated and aired after use. The common practice of shutting up the sleeping room all day in order to keep it dark should be avoided; the clothing should be aired throughout the day, and the couch not made up for use until evening. Keep no fresh meat or decayed vegetation anywhere about the premises. Whitewash the cellar and be careful to avoid keeping remnants of food about to decay and mould.

Equal in importance to cleanliness is the supply of pure air. Let every room in the house from cellar to garret be abundantly ventilated during some portion of each day. Flies and hot air are preferable to a dark, stuffy apartment, which is thus converted into a disease breeding nest. Hot air naturally rises, and, if the upper rooms are kept closed throughout the day, they will be found charged with the foul air that has been generated in the living rooms. Take the utmost care of the sewers.

Temperance should be observed, both in eating and drinking. Where the appetite or the vocation demand, it is better to eat more frequently, rather than overload the stomach at long intervals. Unripe fruit and vegetables are poisonous, and are especially injurious in hot weather. Meats and vegetables should be thoroughly cooked before eating, and all should be fresh when cooked. Intemperance in the usually regarded harmless summer drinks and compounds is followed by as serious results as over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Eat and drink seasonable, ripe, well cooked food and light fluids in small quantities and at more frequent intervals.

Do not attempt any over-exertion of excitement of body or mind. Start in time to meet every engagement without hurrying. Whether in the harvest field at the work-bench, in the counting room or study, or enjoying the leisure and comforts that wealth afford, be careful to observe these precautions. There are none so poor or unfortunate that they may not have them, and none so rich that they can safely neglect them. These hints are useful at every season, but they are essential now and will be during the succeeding six weeks.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Ice cream and iced drinks have made the American stomach what it is—a cavity which produces cramps, headaches and several sorts of fever, to say nothing of bad temper.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Beef is now slaughtered in Omaha for the eastern markets. The first car load from that point reached Boston a few days ago, making its 2,000 miles' journey in six days in excellent condition.—*Boston Journal.*

—The last remaining toll-house on the old Philadelphia turnpike was torn down last week, and for the first time in fifty years the great thoroughfare between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh was open its entire length without charge to the public.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The Hawaiian *Gazette* tells how a native of Hilo came to his death while endeavoring to kill a fish he had just caught. He placed it in his mouth to bite it, according to custom, when it slipped down his throat, and, as it was too big to be swallowed and the expanded fins forbade its removal, the fisherman was choked to death.

—There are many novel ways of making a dime, but the last just inaugurated by the Mexican boys of Yuma caps the climax. It is the selling of smoke in old tin cans from the burning of a weed called "hediondia." They go from house to house and offer to furnish enough smoke to drive the mosquitoes away for the small sum of ten cents.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—Profane words having been occasionally spoken within the hallowed precincts of the court house at Palatka, Fla., the county officers agreed to inflict a tax of ten cents on each repetition. A fund for the poor is rapidly growing, and there seems to be some prospect of a lawsuit to decide what shall be done with the proceeds. A man from the country paid forty cents for the pleasure of a five minutes' conversation.

—The eight tons of cherries shipped from California to Chicago recently sold at an average of fifteen cents per pound. The cost of placing them in Chicago is put at nine or ten cents a pound. This leaves the grower a profit of five or six cents per pound, or $100 a ton. The San Francisco *Bulletin* remarks: "While this profit is not a large one when the cost of cultivation and the value of the land is taken into account, it is still a better profit than it ever derived from wheat farming."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subject for safety.

—Names of lakes and rivers as they appear in the writing of the early French explorers: Lake Ontario was called Frontenac. Lake Erie, Erike, Erige or Erie, from the nation of Eries; also Lake of Conti. Lake Huron was Karegnondi and Lake of Orleans. Lake Michigan was called Lake of Puans, Lake of the Illinois, Lake Mischigonong and Lake of the Dauphin. Lake Superior was Lake of Conde. Illinois River was the Seignelay. The Ohio was called Ouabouskigon, Oyo, Ouye and Belle Reviere. The Mississippi was the River Colbert, River St. Louis, Meschasipi and Meschasabe. Missouri River was called Pekitanoni, Reviere des Osages and Massourites.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

—A bachelor German immigrant who went west three years ago, and who had succeeded in getting a farm under a good state of cultivation, recently sent to Castle Garden, New York, to have a wife selected for him. His request was published in the papers, and he now prays that the marriageable maidens be informed that he is no longer in the market. He has been deluged with letters from all sorts of feminine creatures—slim, fat, tall, short, blonde, brunette, fair, freckled and with black, brown, red and gray hair, and coming from every part of the country. He says that he would require the bank account of a Gould and a regiment of stenographers to reply to the letters he has received, which ask him about the size and value of his property, the climate, soil, products, population, schools, churches, and age and description of the minister. He is married now.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Chinese Restaurant.

You have never dined, reader, at a Chinese restaurant. You enter and perch upon a stool near a large square table. The next moment the attendant has put down in front of you a tea-pot filled with fresh, boiling tea, a teacup one-third the size used by Americans, two ebony chop sticks, a porcelain spoon, a tiny liqueur-bowl, and a saucer filled with a chocolate fluid called se-yu. This is a hybrid between salt and dilute Worcestershire sauce. The first course is cold roast chicken, served with pickled perfumed turnip. The flesh is tender, snow white and free from sauce. It is cut into small pieces, but these are arranged so as to preserve the outline of the fowl. You seize a piece with your chop-sticks, dip in the sauce, and then eat it in solemn silence. The next course is fresh fish, steamed, boiled, or fried whole and covered with a dark and very aromatic sauce. With it is served a bowl heaped to overflowing with rice. It is cooked as only the Chinese can—each grain soft and tender and distinct from its fellows. Next appears a bowl of chicken soup, on whose surface floats a few thin slices of some green vegetables. Then follow roast duck with pickled carrot, chow-chop-sue (a ragout of chicken liver, lean pork, bamboo-tip, celery, bean-shoots and onions), dried fish, steamed chopped pork, macaroni and chicken, and dainty dumplings filled with spiced hashed meats. With the foods are served tiny pitchers of liqueurs. One is a brown rice arrack, the second a date brandy, and the third an orange gin. All the dishes are well cooked and served, and are a novelty to the most blase gourmet. The made dishes especially are new and strange.—*Won Chin Foo, in Chicago News.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1885.

The Hagertown *Daily News* (whose editor, by the way, is a Democrat) has the following deservedly complimentary notice of Hon. L. E. McComas in connection with the Santos case:

If it is true that Julio Santos has been released (and we have received no contradiction of his reported release) there are two Washington county men to whom, more than to anyone else, credit is due for untiring industry and unfailing effort in that behalf, viz: Hon. Louis E. McComas and Mr. Henry Onderdonk. The latter being his old preceptor naturally felt a warm interest in the fate of his former scholar Julio, and most nobly has he championed his cause.

Mr. McComas had no such intimate personal connection with Santos, his interest being exclusively confined to that which a faithful representative should have in the welfare and safety of a constituent or fellow-citizen. It is probable that Mr. McComas' efforts were the most potent factor in producing the action on the part of our government of Ecuador. He was unremitting in his efforts to place the matter in its true light before the State Department, and in presenting it in such a manner that its merits as a question of international law, of national honor and personal liberty might be clearly understood. This was done with all the ability, persistency, earnestness and knowledge of the subject which are cardinal traits in the advocacy of any cause undertaken by Mr. McComas. At one time it seemed as if all effort would be unavailing—that is, verbal effort—but thanks, mainly to Mr. McComas, a different termination has been reached, and the prospects are that Julio Santos will soon have an opportunity to express his appreciation in person to Mr. Onderdonk and to Mr. McComas.

The Business Outlook.

The business prospect continues to improve. The silver question seems to be the sole retarding influence, but in spite of the uncertainty which it begets the signs of improvement are constantly multiplying. The iron trade is looking up and dry goods are in growing demand, with a firmer tone. The money market is more active, and railroad earnings show an improved tendency. Out of 188 woolen manufacturers 117 take a hopeful view of the outlook.

The general drift of trade reports is encouraging. There has been an absolute increase of nearly $8,000,000 in fifteen days of the present month in loans by the New York banks, and it is fair to surmise that a corresponding advance of credit is being made in other cities. Still, it is not thought prudent to count upon the certain maintenance of the improvement. Its continuance will depend largely upon the realization of the crop estimates. The certainty of an abundant supply of our leading staples will furnish a good basis for commercial confidence, which is requsite for sustained activity in trade. Reports from the country at large show firm prices as a rule, better prospects, more confidence, and expectation of a good fall trade. The outlook appears to be brightest in the South, the cotton crop of that section promising remarkably well. Baltimore is likely to fare as well in the expected improvement as any of her sister cities, and, if her merchants and manufacturers watch their opportunities as they should, she may come out ahead of many of her rivals.—*Baltimore Herald.*

Some of the Republican newspapers are saying savage things because, fot example, a Cincinnati rough, convicted of interfering with a free ballot, has been pardoned by the President; because a horse-thief and ex-convict has been made an agent for the Postoffice Department; because a man in jail for robbing the Government has been made a postmaster, receiving his commission while in durance vile—and more of the same sort.

We understand that all of these appointments are in the line of the President's determination to recognize all elements of the party in hope of fusing the factions into a solid mass. Is there any fault to be found with this policy?—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

—Hon. Wm. Motter is very ill at his home in Hagerstown.

[From the Cumberland Independent.]

CUMBERLAND, MD., Aug. 11, 1885.

The following paragraph appeared in the "Oakland Letter" to the *Cumberland Times* of the 10th instant:

"The Baltimore and Ohio has probably got its fill of Miss Jennie Smith and local option, and it will probably go to the wall next time. It was a bad speculation for them in bringing her here on a salary. They catch the fare on local trains and have it come back on them by local option, which means big money out of the coffers of their hotels."

Now, Mr. Editor, for downright meanness and willful or ignorant misrepresentation of facts, the above item caps the climax; there are no less than four false statements in it, in addition to doing gross injustice to a noble, earnest Christian lady, and one whom all respectable people of whatever sex or creed love and respect for her many virtues as well as her earnest effort to make men and women better, and aid them to lead better lives.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company never got Miss Jennie Smith to go to Garrett county. She was sent a few years ago on the railroad lines of the country as the representative of the W. C. T. U., and in that capacity came on this road and has been working among its employes in the interest of temperance. She located at Mountain Lake Park for many reasons, but principally, I suppose, because she wanted to, and it was her right to locate where she pleased; and the work which Miss Jennie has done among the railroad men along this line and others will live long after the writer of the above squib has been forgotten.

We never heard that the B. & O. had taken any hand in local option affairs in Garrett county. We have heard for many years that the company would not employ any man that used intoxicating liquors, thus saying to the world "we cannot trust our property and the lives of those coming over our lines in the hands of drunken employes." This is the kind of local option that the company enforces, and it is the business kind.

The B. & O. company never paid Miss Jennie Smith a salary or compensation of any kind for any work she has done. They did not buy the lot for her cottage at the Park, or build the cottage free. She paid them the full price for the building in cash and holds their receipt therefore; they having erected the same for her.

This is the first time that we ever heard that the company expected to "fill its coffers" with whisky money, and we do hope that whenever that company shall get so far away from its chartered purpose that it must become a keeper of saloons in order to fill its coffers, that it will speedily become bankrupt and close up. * *

W.

Beer Against Whisky.

For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, &c. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians.

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammation of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrest the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable in resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally.

Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers.

Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatility.—*Scientific American.*

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—*Bradstreet's* in its commercial summary to-day says:

Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* from leading business centres report a continuance of the improvement recently noted in the movement of staple dry goods, of wool and boots and shoes. This is specially noted at the East at all the large cities. At most Western centers this is reflected in reports of a somewhat heavier movement of merchandise and a more hopeful feeling among merchants.

Chicago states that North western farmers are in a fairly satisfactory position to make full purchases, but the expected call for funds to move the crops has not been felt there. The situation is rather better at the South, where the bright cotton crop prospects are encouraging interior merchants to purchase in excess of earlier expectations. At the East, bleached cottons and flannels are strongest. Flannels are selling at an advance of 5 per cent. Wool maintains its late firmness. Purchases are fairly liberal, and while many buyers are very conservative in taking supplies, it remains true that sales are heavier than at the like period last year. Prices, however, while firm, are unchanged.

In grocery staples the deliveries of coffee and sugar are behind those of last year. Dairy products are still depressed, with a falling off in the exports of cheese. Wheat is dull and weak and lower. Heavy stocks and the light export demand are the chief depressing influences. Indian corn is moderately firm, with light stocks and small receipts. The statement from the West that no official reports on the grain crops in Minnesota have been made by the Washington Bureau of late owing, as stated, to the lack of funds, opens to inquiry the value of the August report on ths extent of the damage done to wheat in that region in July. Our own advices, including those received by wire yesterday, report a greater amount of damage than had been previously reported.

There is no improvement in actual business in iron or steel. The few new inquiries thus far have resulted in no new business in pig iron. The late orders from rail mills were from Southwestern and Southern roads, but the decision of rail manufacturers to curtail production next year points to the extent of the depression in that line. There were 160 failures in the United States the past week as compared with 192 the preceding week.

PITTSBURG, August 17.—The outlook in the iron trade has not been more favorable for a number of years than it is at present. Signs of improvement are coming to the surface every day, and manufacturers are beginning to concede that the black mantle of depression is being gradually lifted from the staple industries of Pittsburg. Orders are increasing rapidly and many mills are running on double time. One thing noticeable as a result of the suspension of operations is the diminished stock of spikes on hand.

Will 1886 Be a Year of Doom?

From the London Globe.

Somebody has unearthed an old prophecy for the year 1886 of a decidedly uncomfortable nature. It appears that in the church of Oberemmel, near the City of Treveri, in Germany, there is a stone tablet some two centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse—in prose it may be rendered: "When Mark shall bring us Easter, and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John shall swing the censer at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weepings and wailings." Now it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's day, June 24. Here, then, are the first conditions of the prophecy fulfilled, so that now-believers in prophecies and anxious-minded people generally have only to sit down and think of everything disagreeable that can possibly happen to this poor old planet and the dwellers thereon between January and December, 1886. And really if the cyclones and earthquakes, and epidemics, and "wars and rumors of wars" of the years 1882 3-4 5 are to be eclipsed, the prospect is not an agreeable one.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, August 17, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5½@5¾ c. that generally rated firstquality 4¾@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 3¾@4¼ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2¾@3¾ cts; extreme range of prices 3¾@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 3¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,146 head, against 1,958 last week and 3,249 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,297 head, against 1,129 last week, and 1,888 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade has been slow on the hill today. The offerings showed some improvement, as compared with those of last week, tops being more numerous than they were then. On these, as to quality, full prices were obtained, but other grades showed a decline on last week's figures of ¼@½c. Prices ranged from 2¾ to 5¾c., while some few choice cattle sold, on private terms, at a fair fraction higher figures, but most sales ranged from 3¾@5¾c., more selling at and near the latter figure than last week.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The receipts are rather lighter, but appear to be equal to a very moderate demand, at a shade lower range of quotations than they were recorded last Monday. The quality is scarcely as good as last Monday's offerings. Prices range from 6@7¼c. for common hogs—rough sows and stags and grassers—and at 6¾@7 for the better grades, with most sales ranging around 6¾; same time last year hogs sold at 7@8¼.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The receipts are ample for a very moderate demand, though the numbers offered are 120 head less than they were last Monday, and the quality is not as good as it was then. There is no outside demand, and the market has in consequence, ruled dull. Prices range at 2@4c., as to quality, few selling at either extreme. Lambs sell at 3@5c., gross. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4½c., and lambs same as to-day.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 18th, 1885.

Public Examinations of public school teachers for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

At Accident, Sept. 1st and 2nd,
At Oakland, Sept. 8th and 9th,

at 9 A. M. Candidates will provide themselves with pens and paper.

By order
C. B. LUDWIG,
7 22 2 Examiner.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of October, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Fort Pendleton, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at the house of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
GEORGE L. LAYMAN,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE.

Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Thos. Coddington to Frederick A. Thayer, Trustee.

No. 335 Equity, Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a Court of Equity, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, that the report of the sale of the Real Estate made by said Frederick A. Thayer as Trustee in this said cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 31st day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks before the said 31st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale of the Real Estate under said trust to be $40.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Test:
8 15 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

I AM NOW OFFERING
Good Bargains
—IN—
BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, Sr.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to
EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address
THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned. Offenders will be visited with the full extent of the law.

Aug. 8, 3t. PETER GORTNER,
FRED. GORTNER.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

—:o:—

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alpha Hinebaugh and Fannie B. Hinebaugh, his wife, and John Hinebaugh and Mary A. Hinebaugh, his wife, to Matthew Cullen, dated June 8th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county, in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folios 168, &c., and assigned to Henry A. Rasche by said Matthew Cullen, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgagee, will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday,
SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885,

at 3 o'clock P. M., all the following Real Estate, viz:

First. All that tract of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, known as

"SWALLOW FALLS,"

containing about eight hundred acres.

Second. All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and designated as

Military Lots Numbers 1256, 1258, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266 and 1269,

containing fifty acres of land each, and included in a tract of land called

"The Falls of Muddy Creek."

All of which said lands are more particularly described in the said mortgage, reference to which is hereby made.

Said lands are situated on and near the Youghiogheny river, about seven miles north of the town of Oakland, are well timbered, and improved by several DWELLING HOUSES and out-buildings, and the same property on which the said Alpha Hinebaugh recently opperated a saw mill.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

HENRY A. RASCHE,
8 15 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest low book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS
Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

GO TO
H. WEBER'S,

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Bocuets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address
H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

MILITARY LOTS

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

On TUESDAY, August 25, 1885,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, we will, on behalf of P. M. Lusson and wife, the owners, offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder the following

MILITARY LOTS to wit:

Nos. 2724, 2721, 2726, 2727, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2097, 2494, 2463, 2460, 2429, 2431, 2472, 2473, 2582, 2490, 2493, 2441, 2442, 2490, 2493, 2593, 2584, 2585.

These Lots are a part of the tract of land called

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"

and lie in the neighborhood of Accident. The tract, "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS" was patented to General Walker K. and John B. Armistead, April 20th, 1854. On June 30th, 1867, the widow and heirs at law of General Walker Armistead filed their bill in Equity for a sale of said land, No. 881 Equity, Allegany county. A decree was passed by which W. M. Price was appointed trustee to make said sale. Said Price, trustee, sold and conveyed said lots to P. M. Lusson, and said sale was ratified and confirmed by the Court.

Any person desiring to examine the title of Lusson and wife to said lots can do so by calling on the undersigned who will furnish any information in their possession with reference to the title.

TERMS, EASY.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Attorneys.

JOHN R. KERFOOT,
8 15 2t Agent for owners.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.

No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.

No. 1367. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.

No. 136. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.

No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.

No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.

No. 1234. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.

No. 65. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of
E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY,
—AT—
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

BUT FOUR.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4 00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

—Parties desiring to buy cider mills, will find it to their interest to call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—Tuesday last was the 50th anniversary of the wedding of Samuel Luman and wife, of Cumberland.

—Rev. Finkbiner, pastor of the English Lutheran church, Cumberland, is at the Glades Hotel.

—Mr. Peter Nathan has been appointed Justice of the Peace for district No. 3, *vice* Mr. Henry Winterberg, resigned.

—The Orchilla Guano has given the best satisfaction of any fertilizer in use. J. M. Davis & Son have just received a car load for fall crops.

—Mr. N. C. Browning has been appointed postmaster at Sang Run, and Mr. Henry Zinkan at Accident, both in this county.

—Mr. Armour Craig and wife, of Uniontown, Pa., spent a couple of days at Oakland and Mountain Lake Park last week.

—Miss Ridie Jamesson, of Alexandria, Va., who had been visiting relatives and friends here, was called home last week by a telegram announcing the sudden death of a niece.

—Mr. R. W. McWilliams, who has been in California and British Columbia for about a year returned to Oakland Tuesday for a short visit among his many old friends.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—The sixth session of the Oakland District Conference, (M. E. Church,) will be held at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, commencing Tuesday, Sept., 1st, 1885, at 7 o'clock P. M.

—A number of officers of the Baltimore custom house have been removed to lessen expenses. Among them is A. A. Perry, of Oakland, who was an inspector. The saving by the removals will, it is said, amount to $17,000 annually.

—Reports from Elk Garden say that George Blackburn, a boy about fifteen years of age, was bitten by a rattlesnake, last week, and died before he could reach home. He was engaged in binding oats for a neighbor, about three miles from his home, and while in the act of binding a sheaf was bitten on the nose by the snake.

—We last week gave an account of the death of Daniel Beeson, son of Jonas and Rebecca Glotfelty, aged 12 years 2 months and 10 days, which resulted from the bite of a rattlesnake. Since our last issue we received a communication from his Sunday School Superintendent in which he says:

"He was an obedient child to his parents, a kind and loving brother, a much loved companion to his playmates, and one of the best scholars in the Deep Creek Sunday School. His seat was seldom vacant, his lessons were perfect, his attention and behavior good, and when instructions were given in regard to honoring and obeying parents, loving, serving and obeying Jesus he always responded in the affirmative. Although he suffered excruciating pains while under the influence of poison, yet his death was calm and peaceful. He passed away with a smile on his face. So we can say, 'Not lost but gone before.' While we mourn the loss of so promising a youth we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, knowing that our loss is his gain. The friends have the sympathy of the entire community."

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

—Miss Georgiana Savage, of near Deer Park, has just returned from an extended visit to Uniontown. During her absence she taught a three months' term of school at Fairview, on the National Pike.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and reception of probationers into full membership. Also baptismal service for infants. Preaching at 7½ P. M.

For Sale!

An exceptionally good saddle mare. Is quiet, young, (6 years old.) Has smooth action and is beautifully gaited. Has been driven a few times single and once double. Is not thoroughly broken to harness, and will not guarantee her to drive kindly. Will sell her (for want of use) to the highest bidder, Tuesday, September 8th, at 11 o'clock. A. M., in front of the *Democrat* office. In the meantime mare can be seen at my stable.

DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Oakland, August 19th.—3t.

Accidentally Shot.

Lieut. P. A. Chisholm was accidentally shot by Lieut. R. S. Jamison Wednesday morning, while hunting in the glade one mile south of Oakland. Jamison shot at a pheasant, not knowing that Chisholm was near, while he was only about thirty yards distant, and received about 100 No. 7 shot in his body, arms and face, one of the shot taking effect in the eye, which may cause the loss of the sight. He was conveyed to Oakland on a hand car, and from the railroad to his residence in a carriage, where he was attended by Dr. Cheston, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Bartlett, of Oakland. Beyond the danger of loss of sight in one eye, no serious consequences are anticipated.

Base Ball.

A very long and interesting game of base ball was played at Mountain Lake Park between the Park and Keyser clubs. Two of the Park players being away their places were filled by Messrs. Will Denny, of Terra Alta, and J. Ed. Kildow, of Oakland—Denny as first baseman and change pitcher, and Kildow as short stop and change catcher. Mountain Lake won the toss and sent Keyser first to the bat, making four unearned runs before they were retired. The Park boys were blanked in their half of the first inning. The second inning both sides were blanked. In the third, Keyser's catcher was disabled and Mr. D. E. Bolden, of Oakland, filled the vacancy as third baseman. Numerous and costly errors were made on both sides as the number of runs on each side will show. Denny and "Bob" Burley did the best playing on the Park side, and Shaw and Davis for the Keyser boys. Mr. James Litzinger, of Oakland umpired the game in a fair and impartial manner, both clubs expressing themselves well pleased with his decisions. Robert Townshend and ——— Virtz acted as scorers. Appended is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl.
Keyser	4	0	1	5	3	0	5	0	0—18
Mt. Lake Park	0	0	3	1	3	1	4	4	0—16

Democratic County Convention.

The Garrett county Democratic convention, to select delegates to the State Convention, met in the court house Thursday of last week.

The convention was called to order by R. T. Browning, Esq. Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh was made Chairman and Mr. Ed. A. Browning Secretary.

On the first ballot the following gentlemen were selected as delegates: R. T. Browning, W. A. Brydon and R. S. Jamison.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett and Messrs. G. S. Hamill and J. C. Getty were placed in nomination for Alternates. Upon motion of Mr. G. W. Merrill, the nominations were closed and they were declared the unanimous choice of the convention.

Districts 1, 9 and 11 were not represented.

The proceedings were harmonious—on the surface.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

The Chisholm Family.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late ramble through the wilds and bold sceneries in Garrett county, Md., and Tucker and Grant counties, W. Va., I was enabled to make good a deferred promise to visit an old friend, James Chisholm, now in his 85th year, living on his ample farm in Grant county, bodily feeble with the weight of years, but clear and vivid in intellect and memory.

A series of articles have recently appeared in the columns of your paper on the subject of old and prominent families of Garrett county, and really I know of none more worthy of such attention than the Chisholm family, which is an interesting one in many ways. They are an ancient clan of Inverness county, Scotland. James, the youngest of the family, was the last to emigrate to this country in 1828, and his first American employment was upon the work of the B. & O. R. R. Co. at Sykesville. He there saw the first labor riot in this country. The mob moved down the line to Ellicotts Mills, destroying everything in its way, and was finally quieted by a single Priest in his robes. James soon thereafter went to the Glades, now Garrett county, and joined the rest of the family which, by this time, had all settled down where he became a grazer and herder, and in later years a miller. Sometime since he sold out his Garrett county possessions, and moved to his present quiet home in Grant county. He is a great lover of fine cattle and sheep, and has some splendid specimens on his blue grass plats. His great age has retired him from active service on his farm, which is now performed by his son Archy. Mr. C. was married to Mary McQueen in his native country, who died about four years ago, verging four score. Their children are eight in number: James, William, Alexander, John and Daniel, Mary, wife of Louis Nydegger, Isabelle and Jennie. The two last are unmarried and seem to esteem it a religious privilege to administer to the increasing wants of their aged parent. Their next enjoyment is the cultivation of flowers, which environ the comfortable home in numberless beds of all imaginable devices and tastes. These profuse and tender flowers are the resort and food for the many humming-birds which are constantly darting from one attraction to another.

Mr. Chisholm is a steady reader, but of solid matter, fit for ripe and reflective minds. In religion, a Presbyterian of the strictest sort, adhering closely to the old home church and customs. The old Westminster catechism needs no revision or amendment for him. It seems really hard for one so deeply pious and good as he, to be entirely deprived of church advantages. He is many miles away from such. He is still familiar with his native dialect. His Bible and Psalm books in Gaelic are always near at hand.

The immediate ancestor of the Chisholm family was William, who came to this country in 1822, and died near the Red House in 1837, aged 89 years, and his wife, Mary McQueen, in 1843, an octogenarian. He had seven children: Alexander, William, Jr., Daniel, Archibald, James, Jane and Nancy. Alexander was married, left a progeny and died in 1837, aged 54 years. William, Jr., died in 1866 at 81 years. Archibald deceased at his home near Oakland in 1879, at the ripe age of 83 years, and Daniel, who was somewhat of a hermit, was mysteriously murdered at his lonely home in 1858 a few miles west of Oakland. He had attained nearly seventy years. "Murder will out," but the adage in this case fails signally after a test of twenty-seven years. Not a single clue—scarcely a suspicion as to the perpetrator of this foul murder. In the Mollie McQuire parlance the crime was a "clean job." Jane Chisholm died in 1862, aged 71, and Nancy in 1872 at four score and five years. It will be thus seen James is now the only survivor of this remarkable and worthy family, and he and Alexander the only two out of the seven who ever married, or left children. Both have a considerable progeny. The first of the family to emigrate to this country was William, Jr., during the war of 1812, who at once received the patronage and friendship of Gen. John Swan, in the way of stewardship over his extensive landed estate in Allegany county, but now in Garrett. The Chisholm family not only possessed the friendship and confidence of Gen. Swan himself throughout life, but also of his descendants to the present time, and these unpretending people merit that confidence from such a worthy source if fidelity, truth, honor and honesty count for anything.

It will be noticed without suggestion that there are at least two things remarkable among the Chisholms: Longevity and celibacy. Only two of the seven brothers and sisters ever married. Their rules and habits of life were as exact as pure morals could prescribe. No wrongs or transgressions, or needless frictions, hence life ran on evenly till it was spent.

REMINISCENCE.

August 13th, 1885.

Accident.

August 15th, 1885.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The Normal School is still increasing in numbers and promises to be one of the largest ever held in the county. Forty-nine scholars are so far enrolled and more coming. We have spoken to quite a number of the pupils and all express themselves as highly pleased with the teachers, Prof. Z. K. and Miss Brown. A great many of those attending go home on Friday evening, the central location of the place making it convenient to be at home over Sabbath for quite a number. The citizens of Accident claim it is one of the best locations in the county for a Normal. Though it is impossible to please all, it seems. The success of the present school justifies the favorable predictions made by our citizens. We have heard that there has been some rather ungenerous reflections made both as to people and place, but we think them ill-timed and unmerited. The school house might be larger and better, and the town might be more lively. There should be a railroad and a telegraph office, but there isn't, and the better way is to make the best of it. Speaking of the school generally it is not only one of the largest ever held in the county, but it is also in personnel of the best. There is a great deal of genuine work done and there seems to be a general desire to improve every moment. The students are certainly all well behaved and we should judge that the examination will show good work done.

The Literary society was well attended on Thursday evening, there being a large audience on hand aside from the teachers. The discussions were quite animated and the recitations, declamations and organ music all well rendered. The critic, Prof. Brown, certainly very pleasantly performed his delicate task and inculcated some most useful lessons. Prof. Brown is a graduate of the University of West Virginia, and is exceedingly zealous in working to push forward the school, and in making some very necessary criticisms, performed his duty in a manner that caused no offense and still proved effective. The query box was quite interesting in many respects, but very grave objection were found to some of the question which were very frivilous and and others entirely too personal to be pleasant. We think the honorable secretary would do well to use some discrimination and quietly suppress the more offensive ones. The paper of the society is edited by Miss Ida Shoup, which is called the "Boomerang," and reflects much credit on its editress and contributors. By proper effort it can be made very effective. The music on the organ by Miss Kale contributes very greatly toward the interest of the society. An effort will be made to continue the society after the adjournment of the Normal.

OCCASIONAL.

Mountain Lake Park.

On Tuesday evening of last week Dr. Baugher gave us his grand illustrated lectures "On Some High Places" which gave us a most pleasant and profitable tour through many delighful places on she eastern continent.

As Dr. Masden is now in Europe, Dr. Hamlin, of Carlisle, Pa., took his place, and gave us an earnest and eloquent lecture on Roger Williams on Wednesday morning. In the evening Dr. Warner of Parkersburgh, W. Va., gave us an earnest lecture on "The Preachers and Preaching Demanded by the Age." On Thursday morning Rev. N. L. Reynolds gave us a magnificent lecture on the "Origin of the Earth," which was illustrated by a number of globes and charts. As Dr. Frysinger says, the Assembly gets better and better, this last lecture being the most entertaining and instructive I have ever heard on the subject of or relating to Astronomy. In the evening Dr. Warner gave us a very good lecture on "Is Protestantism a Failure." Prof. Reynolds gave us another of his illustrated lectures on Friday morning on "The Origin of the Earth." Friday night one of the best concerts was given here that many of us had ever witnessed. The ladies and gentlemen who managed it deserve great credit and have received many thanks for their great success in this splendid entertainment. On Saturday morning Prof. Reynolds gave us his third and last entertaining and instructive lectures on the "Origin of Man." How I do so wish that thousands could have heard what we have been hearing these last few days. The like is seldom found, especialy at such little cost. In the evening Dr. Hamlin gave us another good lecture on "Learning to Read," and on Sabbath morning he gave us a very earnest and instructive talk, as he termed it. Early in the morning Rev. S. E. Jones conducted a very good prayer and praise meeting. By special request Miss Jennie Smith gave her experience in suffering and and in healing, but she did as she said she wished to do, made more especial mention of God's keeping power, all through the journey. Immediately after this Rev. H. P. Hamill gave us a very excellent sermon. On Monday morning the Auditorium was handsomely decorated, and the Assembly work was renewed in all its departments, with Rev. J. T. Judd as our lecturer on "Self Help." He certainly has helped himself or he would not know so very well how to help others. In the evening the amateur entertainment and camp fire was had by the members and friends of the Circle. The first part of the evening was spent in concert readings, interspersed with splendid singing. At the close of this the camp fire was lighted. The grove was lighted up beautifully, and the crowd gathered thick and fast around the fire, but they were especially anxious to surround the barrel containing the splendid sweet corn which was to be roasted in the glowing coals. Quite a number of extempore speeches were made from a chair in the crowd, which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. J. A. E.

Deer Park.

We are having most delightful summer weather. The Hotel is very full and summer visitors are also stopping at various boarding houses in the town.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. H. G. Havis have been at Saratoga for the past week.

Mrs. M. E. Porter, of Briarly Hall, Poolesville, Md., Miss Effie Jamison, of Piedmont, and Miss Carrie Adams, of Baltimore, are guests of Mrs. W. R. Davis.

Mrs. G. W. Harrison is at present visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. F. Graham.

Capt. Harrison, Mr. Samuel Harrison, of Wheeling, and Mr. Frank Harrison were in town on Sunday.

Mrs. E. J. Roberts, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting Col. E. C. Tillson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grant, of Grafton, spent a few days at Wing-and-Wing lately.

Miss Kate Hayden, of Washington, is in Deer Park at present.

The exercises at the last Band of Hope meeting were very interesting. Several young ladies who were visiting Deer Park at the time, kindly consented to assist the programme committee. Very fine selections and recitations were given by Misses Minnie Lott, of Baltimore, Laura Dunnington of Fairmont, W. Va., Rosa Poesche, Mary O'Driscoll, Florence Howell, of Washington, and Rose Carter, of Virginia. Singing by Mrs. J. V. and Miss E. R. Howell, of Washington, Miss Lavinia Haulenbeck, of Baltimore, and Miss Rose Carter, of Virginia. Everything was excellently rendered and made a pleasing entertainmeat. The following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: President, Col. E. C. Tillson; Vice President, Dr. J. W. Laughlin; Secretary, Mr. J. Bruner Bantz; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Rodeheaver; Programme committee, Mrs. A. C. Lott, Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield and Miss Joe Hoye. The next regular meeting will be the first Saturday in September, and as there is a promise of outside assistance, it will, doubtless, be a very entertaining session.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Washington—Miss J. V. Howell, Miss Florence Howell, Miss Birdie Howell, Master Fred Howell, B. F. Bringham and wife.

Baltimore—G. M. McComas.

Philadelphia—Harry Boon.

Sandusky, Ohio—Mrs. T. F. Barney, Mrs. F. T. Spencer, Miss Mary Spencer.

Mannington, W. Va.—C. J. Trippett and wife.

Terra Alta—Charles W. Mayer and wife.

***

Advertise

If you want a farm put a small advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN; you will get more information in that way, in spending $3 or $5, than you would by spending $50 in traveling. If you want to sell your land, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN; it goes to all parts of our county, as well as to adjoining counties in Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is seen by those who are looking for new homes. If you have anything to sell or buy, any wants, advertise in the paper having much the largest circulation of any paper in the county. It gives value received, and can not fail to reach the most desirable parties, and bring excellent results.

Attention Wheat Growers.

Lime insures a paying crop. Geo. E. Bishoff, near Johnstown, can supply you with the celebrated Bear Creek Lime.

Obituary.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Allow me, through your widely circulated paper to announce the loss of one of our old friends, Mrs. Jane H. Browning, one of the last two daughters of the famous old hunter, Meshach Browning. She was born at Bear Creek Glades, at the foot of the Great Negro Mountain, and near the headwaters of Bear Creek. She was married at an early age to Joab Browning, of Frederick county, this State. They resided in what is now Garrett county at different places until about 1838, when they rented the Old Bear Creek Farm and removed to it. There they remained until the first day of January, 1850, when the husband died, leaving her a widow with her third son, Francis F., to superintend the farm. By care and economy they succeeded very well until about 1857, when she and her elder son, J. Z. who was then in West Virginia, purchased the old farm. She remained on it until the fall of 1858, when she sold her interest to J. Z., and having accumulated some other property she sold all and removed to Bloomington, Ill., where she again bought and lived with her daughter Martha and her youngest son J. R. She remained there for several years until she was afflicted with dropsy, and, thinking a trip to the mountains would be good for her health, she, with her son J. R. returned again to Garrett county, where he bought property, and her health greatly improved she again went to keeping house for him and made it her permanent home. She was a consistent member of the Catholic Church and ever faithful to her duties. She was a kind mother and tried to raise her children in the faith of the church. She was the mother of seven sons and four daughters. The daughters are all living. Only three of the sons were living to witness her death. She was a good neighbor, always ready to give aid or assistance to the sick or afflicted. She was much loved and respected by all who knew her. She was in the 78th year of her age when that dreadful disease, dropsy, warned her that her end was nigh. She was conscious to the last, and believed that she was going to die. She bore her pain and misery with great patience, and uttered no complaint only saying that she did not know why she was detained here so long. She died on the morning of the 5th of August, in the 79th year of her age, and was buried on the 6th, in the Catholic church yard at Johnstown, Father Mattingly, of Oakland, officiating. She was attended the last months of her life by two of her grand-daughters, Minerva Dumire, of Illinois, and Dalphene Browning, of Pennsylvania. Their kind attentions to her cannot be expressed. May God in His great mercy conduct them through this life and add His blessing to them and the departed soul, now and forever. Z.

The Weight of the Sun.

An astronomer gives us an idea of the relative weight of the sun and the earth as follows: "Let us, to start with, weigh the sun. Suppose we have a balance gigantic enough for the purpose, and the sun is resting on one of the scales. Nor put the earth in the opposite scale. You might as well weigh your head against one of the towers of the East River Bridge. Pile a hundred thousand earths into the balance, and the sun does not stir. There lies colossus immovable. But get together another hundred thousand, and then another hundred thousand, and stack them up in the pan against the sun. Three hundred thousand worlds piled up on one side of the balance and still the sun keeps them up. It would take 30,000 more, or 330,000 earths, to move the beam even against a single sun, and six sextillions is the number representing the weight of the earth in tons—a mass which is shooting through space at the rate of eighteen miles in a second."

Nothing to the Harvest Apple.

A Watermelon and a Cucumber which found themselves on the same stand at the Central market yesterday began quarreling.

"You are all colic, to say the best of you," remarked the Melon.

"And you are all seeds and rinds," retorted the Cucumber.

"Come, now, what's all this row about?" queried the stand keeper, as he finished selling a quart of strawberries.

"Why," answered the Melon, old Cholera Morbus here is jealous of me."

"No such thing! Old Rind and Seeds prides himself on being able to kill two men to my one, and you know that is all wind!"

"Hush, my children," whispered the stand keeper. "While I appreciate both of you for all you're worth neither of you is justified in doing any bragging at this season of the year. The Harvest Apple is now knocking 'em out in one round."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A LESSON IN TENNIS.

They played at tennis that summer day—
Where was it? O, call it Mount Desert—
The place matters not; I will simply say:
They were playing tennis that summer day,
And she wore a short and striped skirt.

He played but ill—'twas his first essay—
And she his partner and coach was both;
Though perhaps not "up" in the points of play,
Yet she knew the game in a general way
And to give him points seemed nothing loath.

He did his best, but his best was poor;
The balls served to him on his side staid;
And thus it went on for a round or more,
Till, anxious, he ventured to ask the score.
"The score? Why, it's Thirty—Love," she said.

"And Love? What is love?" he fain would know,
Yet blushed to ask it, for he could see
What pardonless ignorance he must show;
But she calmly answered him, speaking slow:
"Why, Love is nothing, you know," said she.

. . . . . .

The sun of that summer day is set;
That season is gone, as seasons go;
But his heart was caught in that tennis net,
And they might have been playing partners yet
Had she not given her answer: "No."

He plays no tennis at all this year,
But he mopes, and moans, and sighs—heigho!—
That fate is so hard, and life is so drear;
And, worse than all else, he remembers clear;
That "Love is nothing"—*she* told him so.

—*C. F. Coburn, in Century.*

THE ELDER'S BACKSLIDE.

His Trip to Macon and What Befell Him on the Journey.

Elder Brown told his wife good-bye at the farm-house door as mechanically as though his proposed trip to Macon, ten miles away, was an every-day affair, while, as a matter of fact, many years had elapsed since, unaccompanied, he set foot in the city. He did not kiss her. Many very good men never kiss their wives. But small blame attaches to the elder for his omission on this occasion, since his wife had long ago discouraged all amorous demonstrations on the part of her liege lord, and at this particular moment was filling the parting moments with a rattling list of directions concerning thread, buttons, hooks, needles and all the many etceteras of an industrious housewife's basket. The elder was laboriously assorting these postcript commissions in his memory, well knowing that to return with any one of them neglected would cause trouble in the family circle.

Elder Brown mounted his patient steed that stood sleepily motionless in the warm sunlight, with his great pointed ears displayed to the right and left, as though their owner had grown tired of the life burden their weight inflicted upon him, and was, old soldier fashion, ready to forego the once rigid alertness of early training for the pleasures of frequent rest on arms.

"And, elder, don't you forgit them caliker scraps, or you'll be wantin' kiver soon an' no kiver will be a-comin'."

Elder Brown did not turn his head, but merely let the whip hand, which had been checked in its backward motion, fall as he answered mechanically. The beast he bestrode responded with a rapid whisking of its tail and a great show of effort, as it ambled off down the sandy road, the rider's long legs seeming now and then to touch the ground.

But as the zigzag panels of the rail fence crept behind him, and he felt the freedom of the morning beginning to act upon his well-trained blood, the mechanical manner of the old man's mind gave place to a mild exuberance. A weight seemed to be lifting from it ounce by ounce as the fence panels, the weedy corners, the persimmon sprouts and sassafras bushes, crept away behind him, so that by the time a mile lay between him and the life partner of his joys and sorrows he was in a reasonably contented frame of mind, and still improving.

It was a queer figure that crept along the road that cheery May morning. It was tall and gaunt, and had been for thirty years or more. The long head, bald on top, covered behind with iron-gray hair, and in front with a short tangled growth that curled and kinked in every direction, was surmounted by an old-fashioned stove-pipe hat, worn and stained, but eminently impressive. An old-fashioned Henry Clay cloth coat, stained and threadbare, divided itself impartially over the donkey's back and dangled on his sides. This was all that remained of the elder's wedding suit of forty years ago. Only constant care, and use of late years limited to extra occasions, had preserved it so long. The trousers had soon parted company with their friends. The substitutes were red jeans, which, while they did not well match his court costume, were better able to withstand the old man's abuse, for if, in addition to his frequent religious excursions astride his beast, there ever was a man who was fond of sitting down with his feet higher than his head, it was this self-same Elder Brown.

The morning expanded, and the old man expanded with it; for while a vigorous leader in his church, the elder at home was, it must be admitted, an uncomplaining slave. To the intense astonishment of the beast he rode, there came new viger into the whacks which fell upon his flanks; and the beast allowed astonishment to surprise him into real life and decided motion. Somewhere in the elder's expanding soul a tune had begun to ring. Possibly he took up the far faint tune that came from the straggling gang of negroes away off in the field, as they slowly chopped amid the thread-like rows of cotton plants which lined the level ground, for the melody he hummed softly and then sang strongly, in the quavering, catchy tones of a good old country churchman, was: "I'm glad salvation's free."

It was during the singing of this hymn that Elder Brown's regular motion-inspiring strokes were for the first time varied. He began to hold his hickory up at certain pauses in the melody, and beat the changes upon the sides of his astonished steed. The chorus under this arrangement was,

"I'm *glad* salvation's *free*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free* for *all*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free*."

Wherever there is an italic, the hickory descended. It fell about as regularly and after the fashion of the stick beating upon the bass drum during a funeral march. But the beast, although convinced that something serious was impending, did not consider a funeral march appropriate for the occasion. He protested, at first, with vigorous whiskings of his tail and a rapid shifting of his ears. Finding these demonstrations unavailing, and convinced that some urgent cause for hurry had suddenly invaded the elder's serenity, as it had his own, he began to cover the ground with frantic leaps that would have surprised his owner could he have realized what was going on. But Elder Brown's eyes were half closed, and he was singing at the top of his voice. Lost in a trance of divine exultation, for he felt the effects of the invigorating motion, bent only on making the air ring with the lines which he dimly imagined were drawing upon him the eyes of the whole female congregation, he was supremely unconscious that his beast was hurrying.

And thus the excursion proceeded, until suddenly a shote, surprised in his calm search for roots in a fence corner, darted into the road, and stood for an instant gazing upon the new-comers with that idiotic stare which only a pig can imitate. The sudden appearance of this unlooked-for apparition acted strongly upon the donkey. With one supreme effort he collected himself into a motionless mass of matter, bracing his front legs wide apart; that is to say, he stopped short. There he stood, returning the pig's idiotic stare with an interest which must have led to the presumption that never before in all his varied life had he seen such a singular little creature. End over end went the

man of prayer, finally bringing up full length in the sand, striking just as he should have shouted "free" for the fourth time in his glorious chorus.

Fully convinced that his alarm had been well-founded, the shote sped out from under the gigantic missile hurled at him by the donkey, and scampered down the road, turning first one ear and then the other to detect any sounds of pursuit. The donkey, also convinced that the object before which he had halted was supernatural, started back violently upon seeing it apparently turn to a man. But seeing that it had turned to nothing but a man, he wandered up into the deserted fence corner, and began to nibble refreshment from a scrub oak.

For a moment the elder gazed up into the sky, half-impressed with the idea that the camp-meeting platform had given way. But the truth forced its way to the front in his disordered understanding at last, and with painful dignity he staggered into an upright position, and regained his beaver. He was shocked again. Never before in all the long years it had served him had he seen it in such shape. The truth is, Elder Brown had never before tried to stand on his head in it. As calmly as possible he began to straighten it out, caring but little for the dust upon his garments. The beaver was his special crown of dignity. To lose it was to be reduced to a level with the common wool-hat herd. He did his best, pulling, pressing and pushing, but the hat did not look natural when he had finished. It seemed to have been laid off into counties, sections and town lots. Like a well-cut jewel it had a face for him, view it from whatever point he chose, a quality which so impressed him that a lump gathered in his throat, and his eyes winked vigorously.

Elder Brown was not, however, a man for tears. He was a man of action. The sudden vision which met his wandering gaze, the donkey calmly chewing scrub buds, with the green juice already oozing from the corners of his frothy mouth, acted upon him like magic. He was, after all, only human, and when he got hands upon a piece of brush, he thrashed the poor beast until it seemed as though even its already half-tanned hide would be eternally ruined. Thoroughly exhausted at last, he wearily straddled his saddle, and with his chin upon his breast resumed the early morning tenor of his way.

II.

"Good-mornin', sir."

Elder Brown leaned over the little pine picket which divided the book-keepers' department of a Macon warehouse from the room in general, and surveyed the well-dressed back of a gentleman who was busily figuring at a desk within. The apartment was carpetless, and the dust of a decade lay deep on the old books, shelves, and the familiar advertisements of guano and fertilizers which decorated the room. An old stove, rusty with the nicotine contributed by farmers during the previous season while waiting by its glowing sides for their cotton to be sold, stood straight up in a bed of sand, and festoons of cobwebs clung to the upper sashes of the murky windows. The lower sash of one window had been raised, and in the yard without, nearly an acre in extent, lay a few bales of cotton, with jagged holes in their ends, just as the sampler had left them. Elder Brown had time to notice all these familiar points, for the figure at the desk kept serenely at his task, and deigned no reply.

"Good-mornin', sir," said Elder Brown again, in his most dignified tones. "Is Mr. Thomas in?"

"Good-morning, sir," said the figure. "I'll wait on you in a minute." The minute passed, and four more joined it. Then the desk man turned.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

The elder was not in the best of humor when he arrived, and his state of mind had not improved. He waited full a minute as he surveyed the man of business.

"I thought I mout be able to make some arrangements with you to git some money, but I reckon I was mistaken." The warehouse man came nearer.

"This is Mr. Brown, I believe. I did not recognize you at once. You are not in often to see us."

"No; my wife usually 'tends to the town bizness, while I run the church and farm. Got a fall from my donkey this morning," he said, noticing a quizzical, interrogating look upon the face before him, "and fell squar' on the hat." He made a pretense of smoothing it. The man of business had already lost interest.

"How much money will you want, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, about seven hundred dollars," said the elder, replacing his hat, and turning a furtive look upon the warehouse man. The other was tapping with his pencil upon the little shelf lying across the rail.

"I can get you five hundred."

"But I oughter have seven."

"Can't arrange for that amount. Wait till later in the season, and come again. Money is very tight now. How much cotton will you raise?"

"Well, I count on a hundr'd bales. An' you can't git the sev'n hundr'd dollars?"

"Like to oblige you, but can't right now; will fix it for you later on."

"Well," said the elder, slowly, "fix up the papers for five, an' I'll make it go as far as possible."

The papers were drawn. A note was made out for $502.50, for the interest was at one and a half per cent. for seven months, and a mortgage on ten mules belonging to the elder was drawn and signed. The elder then promised to send his cotton to the warehouse to be sold in the fall, and with a curt "Anything else?" and a "Thankee, that's all," the two parted.

Elder Brown now made an effort to recall the supplemental commissions shouted to him upon his departure, intending to execute them first, and then take his written list item by item. His mental resolves had just reached this point when a new thought made itself known. Passers-by were puzzled to see the old man suddenly snatch his head-piece off and peer with an intent and awe-struck air into its irregular caverns. Some of them were shocked when he suddenly and vigorously ejaculated:

"Hannah-Maria-Jemimy! goldarn an' blue blazes!"

He had suddenly remembered having placed his memoranda in that hat, and as he studied its empty depths his mind pictured the important scrap fluttering along the sandy scene of his early morning tumble. It was this that caused him to graze an oath with less margin than he had allowed himself in twenty years. What would the old lady say.

Alas! Elder Brown knew too well. What she would not say was what puzzled him. But as he stood bare-headed in the sunlight a sense of utter desolation came and dwelt with him. His eye rested upon sleeping Balaam anchored to a post in the street, and so as he recalled the treachery that lay at the base of all his affliction, gloom was added to the desolation.

To turn back and search for the lost paper would have been worse than useless. Only one course was open to him, and at it went the leader of his people. He called at the grocery; he invaded the recesses of the dry goods establishments; he ransacked the hardware stores; and wherever he went he made life a burden for the clerks, overhauling show-cases and pulling down whole shelves of stock. Occasionally an item of his memoranda would come to light, and thrusting his hand into his capacious pocket, where lay the proceeds of his check, he would pay for it upon the spot, and insist on having it rolled up. To the suggestion of the slave whom he had in charge for the time being that the articles be laid aside until he had finished, he would not listen.

"Now you look here, sonny," he said, in the dry-goods store, "I'm conducting this revival, an' I don't need no help in my line. Just you tie them stockin's up an' lemme have 'em. Then I *know* I've *got* 'em." As each purchase was promptly paid for, and change had to be secured, the clerk earned his salary for that day at least.

So it was, when near the heat of the day, the good man arrived at the drug store, the last and only unvisited division of trade, he made his appearance equipped with half a hundred packages, which nestled in his arms and bulged out about the sections of his clothing that boasted of pockets. As he deposited his deck-load upon the counter, great drops of perspiration rolled down his face and over his water-logged collar to the floor.

There was something exquisitely refreshing in the great glasses of foaming soda that a spruce young man was drawing from a marble fountain, above which half a dozen polar bears in an ambitious print were disporting themselves. There came a break in the run of customers, and the spruce young man, having swept the foam from the marble, dextrously lifted a glass from the revolving rack which had rinsed it with a fierce little stream of water, and asked mechanically, as he caught the intense look of the perspiring elder, "What schrup, sir?"

Now it had not occurred to the elder to drink soda, but the suggestion, coming as it did in his exhausted state, was overpowering. He drew near awkwardly, put on his glasses, and examined the list of syrups with great care. The young man, being for the moment at leisure, surveyed critically the gaunt figure, the faded bandana, the antique claw-hammer coat and the battered stove-pipe hat, with a gradually relaxing countenance. He even called the prescription clerk's attention by a cough and a quick jerk of the thumb. The prescription clerk smiled freely, and continued his assaults upon a piece of blue mass.

"I reckon," said the Elder, resting his hands upon his knees and bending down to the list, "you may gimme sassprilla an' a little strawberry. Sassprilla's good for the blood this time er year, an' strawberry's good any time."

The spruce young man let the syrup stream into the glass as he smiled affably. Thinking, perhaps, to draw out the old character, he ventured upon a jest himself, repeating a pun invented by the man who made the first soda fountain. With a sweep of his arm he cleared away the swarm of insects as he remarked: "People who like a fly in theirs are easily accommodated."

It was from sheer good-nature only that Elder Brown replied, with his usual broad social smile: "Well, a fly now an' then don't hurt nobody."

Now if there is anybody in the world who prides himself on knowing a thing or two, it is the spruce young man who presides over a soda fountain. This particular young gentleman did not even deem a reply necessary. He vanished an instant, and when he returned a close observer might have seen that the mixture in the glass he bore had slightly changed color and increased in quantity. But the elder saw only the whizzing stream of water dart into its center, and the rosy foam rise and tremble on the glass's rim. The next instant he was holding his breath and sipping the cooling drink.

As Elder Brown paid his small score he was at peace with the world. I firmly believe that when he had finished his trading, and the little blue-stringed packages had been stored away, could the poor donkey have made his appearance at the door, and gazed with his meek, fawn-like eyes into his master's, he would have obtained full and free forgiveness.

Elder Brown paused at the door as he was about to leave. A rosy-cheeked school-girl was just lifting a creamy mixture to her lips before the fountain. It was a pretty picture, and he turned back, resolved to indulge in one more glass of the delightful beverage before beginning his long ride homeward.

"Fix it up again, sonny," he said, renewing his broad, confiding smile, as the spruce young man poised a glass inquiringly. The living automaton went through the same motions as before, and again Elder Brown quaffed the fatal mixture.

What a singular power is habit? Up to this time Elder Brown had been entirely innocent of transgression, but with the old alcoholic fire in his veins, twenty years dropped from his shoulders, and a feeling came over him familiar to every man who has been "in his cups." As a matter of fact, the elder would have been a confirmed drunkard twenty years before had his wife been a strong-minded. She took the reins into her own hands when she found that his business and strong drink did not mix well, worked him into the church, and sustained his resolutions by making it difficult and dangerous for him to get to his toddy. She became the business head of the family, and he the spiritual. Only at rare intervals did he ever "backslide" during the twenty years of the new era, and Mrs. Brown herself used to say that the "sugar in his'n turned to gall before the backslide ended." People who knew her never doubted it.

But Elder Brown's sin during the remainder of the day contained an element of responsibility. As he moved majestically down toward where Balaam slept in the sunlight, he felt no fatigue. There was a glow upon his cheek-bones, and a faint tinge upon his prominent nose. He nodded familiarly to people as he met them, and saw not the look of amusement which succeeded astonishment upon the various faces. When he reached the neighborhood of Balaam it suddenly occurred to him that he might have forgotten some one of his numerous commissions, and he paused to think. Then a brilliant idea rose in his mind. He would forestall blame and disarm anger with kindness—he would purchase Hannah a bonnet.

What woman's heart ever failed to soften at sight of a new bonnet?

As I have stated, the elder was a man of action. He entered a store near at hand.

"Good morning," said an affable gentleman with a Hebrew countenance, approaching.

"Good-mornin', good-mornin'," said the Elder, piling his bundles on the counter. "I hope you are well?" Elder Brown extended his hand fervidly.

"Quite well, I thank you. What——"

"And the little wife?" said Elder Brown, affectionately retaining the Jew's hand.

"Quite well, sir."

"And the little ones—quite well, I hope, too?"

"Yes, sir; all well, thank you. Something I can do for you?"

The affable merchant was trying to recall his customer's name.

"Not now, not now, thankee. If you please to let my bundles stay untell I come back——"

"Can't I show you something? Hat, coat——"

"Not now. Be back bimeby."

Was it chance or fate that brought Elder Brown in front of a bar? The glasses shone bright upon the shelves as the swinging door flapped back to let out a coatless clerk, who passed him with a rush, chewing upon a farewell mouthful of brown-bread and bologna. Elder Brown beheld for an instant the familiar scene within. The screws of his resolution had been loosened. At sight of the glistening bar the whole moral structure of twenty years came tumbling down. Mechanically he entered the saloon, and laid a silver quarter upon the bar as he said:

"A little whisky an' suger." The arms of the bar-tender worked like a fakir's in a side show as he set out the glass with its little quota of "short sweetening" and a cut-glass decanter, and sent a half-tumbler of water spinning along from the upper end of the bar with a dime in change.

"Whisky is higher'n used to be," said Elder Brown; but the bar-tender was taking another order, and did not hear him. Elder Brown stirred away the sugar, and let a steady stream of red liquid flow into the glass. He swallowed the drink as unconcernedly as though his morning tod had never been suspended, and pocketed the change. "But it ain't any better than it was," he concluded, as he passed out. He did not even seem to realize that he had done anything extraordinary.

There was a millinery store up the street, and thither with uncertain step he wended his way, feeling a little more elate, and altogether sociable. A pretty, black-eyed girl, struggling to keep down her mirth, came forward and faced him behind the counter. Elder Brown lifted his faded hat with the politeness, if not the grace, of a Castilian, and made a sweeping bow. Again he was in his element. But he did not speak. A shower of odds and ends, small packages, thread, needles and buttons, released from their prison, rattled down about him.

The girl laughed. She could not help it. And the elder, leaning his hand on the counter, laughed, too, until several other girls came half-way to the front. Then they, hiding behind counters and suspended cloaks, laughed and snickered until they reconvulsed the elder's *vis-a-vis*, who had been making desperate efforts to resume her demure appearance.

"Let me help you, sir," she said, coming from behind the counter, upon seeing Elder Brown beginning to adjust his spectacles for a search. He waved her back majestically. "No, my dear, no; can't allow it. You mout sile them purty fingers. No, ma'am. No gen'l'man 'll 'low er lady to do such a thing." The elder was gently forcing the girl back to her place. "Leave it to me. I've picked up bigger things'n them. Picked myself up this mornin'. Balaam—you don't know Balaam; he's my donkey—he tumbled me over his head in the sand this mornin'." And Elder Brown had to resume an upright position until his paroxysm of laughter had passed. "You see this old hat?" extending it half full of packages; "I fell clear inter it; jes' as clean inter it as them things thar fell out'n it." He laughed again, and so did the girls. "But, my dear, I whaled half the hide off'n him for it."

"O, sir! how could you? Indeed, sir, I think you did wrong. The poor brute did not know what he was doing, I dare say, and probably he has been a faithful friend." The girl cast her mischievous eyes toward her companions, who snickered again. The old man was not conscious of the sarcasm. He only saw reproach. His face straightened, and he regarded the girl soberly.

"Mebbe you're right, my dear; mebbe I oughtn't."

"I am sure of it," said the girl. "But now don't you want to buy a bonnet or a cloak to carry home to your wife?"

"Well, you're whistlin' now, birdie; that's my intention; set 'em all out." Again the elder's face shone with delight. "An' I don't want no one-hoss bonnet neither."

"Of course not. Now here is one; pink silk, with delicate pale blue feathers. Just the thing for the season. We have nothing more elegant in stock." Elder Brown held it out, upside down, at arm's-length.

"Well, now, that's suthin' like. Will it soot a sorter red-headed 'ooman?"

A perfectly sober man would have said the girl's corsets must have undergone a terrible strain, but the elder did not notice her dumb convulsion. She answered heroically:

"Perfectly, sir. It is an exquisite match."

"I think you're whistlin' again. Nancy's head's red, red as a woodpeck's. Sorrel's only half-way to the color of her top-knot, an' it do seem like red oughter to soot red. Nancy's red, an' the hat's red; like goes with like, an' birds of a feather flock together." The old man laughed until his cheeks were wet.

The girl, beginning to feel a little uneasy, and seeing a customer entering, rapidly fixed up the bonnet, took fifteen dollars out of a twenty-dollar bill, and calmly asked the elder if he wanted anything else. He thrust his change somewhere into his clothes, and beat a retreat. It had occurred to him that he was nearly drunk.

Elder Brown's step began to lose its buoyancy. He found himself utterly unable to walk straight. There was an uncertain straddle in his gait that carried him from one side of the walk to the other, and caused people whom he met to cheerfully yield him plenty of room.

Balaam saw him coming. Poor Balaam. He had made an early start that day, and for hours he stood in the sun awaiting relief. When he opened his sleepy eyes and raised his expressive ears to a position of attention, the old familiar coat and battered hat of the elder were before him. He lifted up his honest voice and cried aloud for joy.

The effect was electrical for one instant. Elder Brown surveyed the beast with horror, but again in his understanding there rang out the trumpet words,

"Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer-unc, -erunc, -unc, -unc."

He stooped instinctively for a missile with which to smite his accuser, but brought up suddenly with a jerk and a handful of sand. Straightening himself up with a majestic dignity, he extended his right hand impressively.

"You're a goldarn liar, Balaam, and, blast your old buttons, you kin walk home by yourself, for I'm dauged if you sh'll ride me er step."

Surely Coriolanus never turned his back upon Rome with a grander dignity than sat upon the old man's form as he faced about and left the brute to survey with anxious eyes the new departure of his master.

He saw the elder zigzag along the street, and beheld him about to turn a friendly corner. Once more he lifted up his mighty voice:

"Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer- unc, drer-unc, -erunc, -unc, -unc."

Once more the elder turned with lifted hand, and shouted back

"You're a liar, Balaam, goldarn you! You're er iffamous liar." Then he passed from view.

III.

Mrs. Brown stood upon the steps anxiously awaiting the return of her liege lord. She knew he had with him a large sum of money, or should have, and she knew also that he was a man without business methods. She had long since repented of the decision which sent him to town. When the old battered hat and flour-covered coat loomed up in the gloaming and confronted her, she stared with terror. The next instant she had seized him.

"For the Lord sakes, Elder Brown, what ails you? As I live, if the man ain't drunk! Elder Brown! Elder Brown? for the life of me can't I make you hear? You crazy old hypocrite! you desavin' old sinner! you black-hearted wretch! where have you been?"

The elder made an effort to wave her off.

"Woman," he said, with grand dignity, "you forgit yussef; shu know ware I've ben 'swell's I do. Ben to town, wife, an' see yer wat I've brought—the fines' hat, ole woman, I could git. Look 't the color. Like goes 'ith like; it's red an' you're red, an' it's a dead match. What yer mean? Hey! hole on! ole woman!—you! Hannah!—you." She literally shook him into silence.

"You miserable wretch! you low-down drunken sot! what do you mean by coming home and insulting your wife?" Hannah ceased shaking him from pure exhaustion.

"Where is it, I say? where is it?"

By this time she was turning his pockets wrong side out. From one she got pills, from another change, from another packages.

"The Lord be praised, and this is better luck than I hoped! O, elder! elder! elder! what did you do it for? Why, man, where is Balaam?"

Thought of the beast choked off the threatened hysterics.

"Balaam? Balaam?" said the elder, groggily. "He's in town. The infernal ole fool 'sulted me, an' I lef' him to walk home."

His wife surveyed him. Really at that moment she did think his mind was gone; but the leer upon the old man's face enraged her beyond endurance.

"You did, did you? Well, now, I reckon you'll laugh for some cause, you will. Back you go, sir—straight back; an' don't you come home 'thout that donkey, or you'll rue it, sure as my name is Hannah Brown. Aleck!—you Aleck-k-k!"

A black boy darted round the corner, from behind which, with several others, he had beheld the brief but stirring scene.

"Put a saddle on er mule. The elder's gwine back to town. And don't you be long about it, neither."

"Yessum." Aleck's ivories gleamed in the darkness as he disappeared.

Elder Brown was soberer at that moment than he had been for hours.

"Hannah, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, sir, I do. Back you go to town as sure as my name is Hannah Brown."

The elder was silent. He had never known his wife to relent on any occasion after she had affirmed her intention, supplemented with "as sure as my name is Hannah Brown." It was her way of swearing. No affidavit would have had half the claim upon her as that simple enunciation.

So back to town went Elder Brown, not in the order of the early morn, but silently, moodily, despairingly, surrounded by mental and actual gloom.

The old man had turned a last appealing glance upon the angry woman, as he mounted, with Aleck's assistance, and sat in the light that streamed from out the kitchen window. She met the glance without a waver.

"She means it, as sure as my name is Elder Brown," he said, thickly. Then he rode on.

IV.

To say that Elder Brown suffered on this long journey back to Macon would only mildly outline his experience. His early morning's fast had begun to make itself felt. He was sore and uncomfortable. Besides, his stomach was empty, and called for two meals it had missed for the first time in years.

When, sore and weary, the elder entered the city, the electric lights shone above it like jewels in a crown. The city slept; that is, the better portion of it did. Here and there, however, the lower lights flashed out into the night. Moodily the Elder pursued his journey, and as he rode, far off in the night there rose and quivered a plaintive cry. Elder Brown smiled wearily; it was Balaam's appeal, and he recognized it. The animal he rode also recognized it, and replied, until the silence of the city was destroyed. The odd clamor and confusion drew from a saloon near by a group of noisy youngsters, who had been making a night of it. They surrounded Elder Brown as he began to transfer himself to the hungry beast to whose motion he was more accustomed, and in the "hail fellow well met" style of the day began to bandy jests upon his appearance. Now Elder Brown was not in a jesting humor. Positively he was in the worst humor possible. The result was that before many minutes passed the old man was swinging several of the crowd by their collars, and breaking tha peace of the city. A policeman approached and but for the good-humored party, upon whom the Elder's pluck had made a favorable impression, would have run the old man into the barracks. The crowd, however, drew him laughingly into the saloon and to the bar. The reaction was too much for his half-rallied senses. He yielded again. The reviving liquor passed his lips. Gloom vanished. He became one of the boys.

The company into which Elder Brown had fallen was what is known as "first-class." To such nothing is so captivating as an adventure out of the common run of accidents. The gaunt countryman, with his battered hat and claw-hammer coat, was a prize of an extraordinary nature. They drew him into a rear room, whose gilded frames and polished tables betrayed the character and purpose of the place, and plied him with wine until ten thousand lights danced about him. The fun increased. One youngster made a political speech from the top of the table; another impersonated Hamlet; and finally Elder Brown was lifted into a chair and sang a camp-meeting song. This was rendered by him with startling effect. He stood upright, with his hat jauntily knocked to one side, and his coat tails ornamented with a couple of show-bills, kindly pinned on by his admirers. In his left hand he waved the stub of a cigar, and on his back was an admirable representation of Balaam's head, executed by some artist with billiard chalk.

As the Elder sang his favorite hymn, "I'm glad salvation's free," his stentorian voice awoke the echoes. Most of the company rolled upon the floor in convulsions of laughter.

The exhibition came to a close by the chair overturning. Again Elder Brown fell into his beloved hat. He arose and shouted: "Whoa, Balaam!" Again he seized the nearest weapon, and sought satisfaction. The young gentleman with political sentiments was knocked under the table, and Hamlet only escaped injury by beating the infuriated elder into the street.

What next? Well, I hardly know. How the elder found Balaam is a mystery yet; not that Balaam was hard to find, but that the old man was in no condition to find anything. Still he did, and climbing laboriously into the saddle, he held on stupidly while the hungry beast struck out for home.

V.

Hannah Brown did not sleep that night. Sleep would not come. Hour after hour passed, and her wrath refused to be quelled. She tried every conceivable method, but time hung heavily. It was not quite peep of day, however, when she laid her well-worn family Bible aside. It had been her mother's, and amid all the anxieties and tribulations incident to the life of a woman who had free negroes and a miserable husband to manage, it had been her mainstay and comfort. She had frequently read it in anger, page after page, without knowing what was contained in the lines. But eventually the words became intelligible and took meaning. She wrested consolation from it by mere force of will.

And so on this occasion when she closed the book the fierce anger was gone.

She was not a hard woman naturally. Fate had brought her conditions which covered up the woman heart within her, but though it lay deep, it was there still. As she sat with folded hands her eyes fell upon—what?

The pink bonnet with the blue plume!

It may appear strange to those who do not understand such natures, but to me her next action was perfectly natural. She burst into a convulsive laugh; then, seizing the queer object, bent her face upon it and sobbed hysterically. When the storm was over, very tenderly she laid the gift aside, and bare-headed passed out into the night.

For a half-hour she stood at the end of the lane, and then hungry Balaam and his master hove in sight. Reaching out her hand, she checked the beast.

"William," said she, very gently, "where is the mule?"

The elder had been asleep. He woke and gazed upon her blankly.

"What mule, Hannah?"

"The mule you rode to town."

For one full minute the elder studied her face. Then it burst from his lips:

"Well, bless me! if I didn't bring Balaam and forgit the mule!"

The woman laughed till her eyes ran water.

"William," said she, "you're drunk."

"Hannah," said he, meekly, "I know it. The truth is, Hannah, I——"

"Never mind now, William," she said, gently. "You are tired and hungry. Come into the house, husband."

Leading Balaam, she disappeared down the lane; and when, a few minutes later, Hannah Brown and her husband entered through the light that streamed out of the open door, her arms were around him, and her face upturned to his.—*H. S. Edwards, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

One of the Queerest Birds of That Queer Country, Australia.

Among the birds of Australia I know none more extraordinary than the "Laughing Jackass." He is a true kingfisher, alike in his personal appearance, his structure and his habits. One's idea, however, of a kingfisher is generally associated with a water-loving bird; but this Australian kingfisher is not a water-bird, but a land-bird, and preys not upon fish, but rather upon grubs, worms, snakes, frogs, mice, etc.; he is, in fact, a scavenger in the true sense of the word. For the last few days I have had a "Laughing Jackass" in my possession—as fine a jackass as could be found within a hundred miles of St. Paul's. In fact, I have only one fault to find with him, and that was he would never laugh. The cause of this defect in his education possibly may have been that I never gave him anything to laugh about; this, however, was not my fault, for I gave him plenty of good and wholesome food in the shape of raw meat, etc., which he took with a dignity becoming this most distinguished of strangers. Wishing, moreover, to try his destructive powers, I showed him one day a mouse; in a moment all his feathers bristled up, and he appeared to be (like an enraged tom-cat) twice his natural size. I held the mouse to his cage, and in an instant he seized the animal with his tremendous beak and gulped him down with apparently the greatest satisfaction. He then began a slight titter, which I trusted he would increase gradually to a laugh, but I suppose he thought it an occasion hardly worth laughing about, so he shut up his feathers again and composed himself to sleep. In this attitude I fancied I detected a sly expression about his eyes, as much as to say: "I know you want me to laugh; I can laugh if I like, but I will not laugh."

My bird was about the size of a large magpie, very like an English kingfisher in general shape; though his color was brown, still he was a very pretty bird—so beautiful, indeed, was he that a lady borrowed him for a day or so, to exhibit at a bazaar in the Hanover Square Rooms. Here, I understand, he was much admired by the fair visitors, though, from all I hear, he did not appreciate the compliment as much as he ought. In due time he was brought home. I gave him his breakfast and put him out in the sun, which he much enjoyed after his sojourn in a hot, crowded room. I turned my back for a moment, and on looking round again was perfectly horrified at what I saw. Alas! alas! the jackass had found a bar of the cage which had been broken at the bazaar, had tested it with his beak, and, finding that it yielded, had pulled it on one side and flown away. Delighted with his cleverness, and, possibly, also rejoicing at the discomfiture of his owner, away he flew into Regent's Park. One parting farewell only he gave me; the rascal actually stopped in his flight, and for the first and last time I heard his hearty laugh. The poor bird had at last found out something to laugh about—namely: that he had made his escape most cleverly; and, though he had been denominated a jackass, his actions and the clever manner in which he got out of the cage proved most effectually that he really was no jackass at all.—*Life of Frank Buckland.*

—It is the man who has the most property that has the greatest will power.—*Chicago Times.*

ROLLO AND HIS FATHER.

Reasons Why Fat Policemen are Usually Selected by the Authorities.

Mr. Holliday was confined to the house by a severe attack of rheumatism, as Mr. Holliday chose to call it.

It will be noticed that Mr. Holliday was not above the habit, common to most Americans, of using a long word where a short one would better serve the purpose.

As has been said, Mr. Holliday was confined to the house by a severe attack of gou—, beg pardon, of rheumatism—and Rollo, as was his custom, comforted his father and made him quite forget his bodily pain by plying him continually with conundrums.

"Father," said Rollo, "does fat run faster than lean?"

"Yes, Rollo, in hot weather, much faster; but why do you ask my son?" replied Mr. Holliday, winking at Jonas, who was engaged in bandaging the old gentleman's foot.

"Because, father," said Rollo, "I notice that they never make a man a police officer until he is very fat."

Mr. Holliday was much pleased to find that Rollo was so observing; though Jonas remarked under his breath (upon which there was a suspicion of whisky) that nobody with eyes in his head could help observing that.

"The reason why fat men are selected for policemen, Rollo," said Mr. Holliday, "is that it takes fewer of them to make a platoon, and therefore the expense to the city is much less when a certain superficial area of police officer is called for. Then, again, two officers, or three at the most, are quite sufficient to block up one of our great thoroughfares and prevent the passage of any of the dangerous class!"

"And that, Rollo," interrupted Jonas, this time above his breath, "is why the dangerous class always takes to the alleys; a policeman can't crowd himself into an alley, you know."

Mr. Holliday suggested to Jonas that he was engaged to dress the feet of his employer, and not to volunteer any alley-byes.

Mr. Holliday, it should be mentioned, indulged in paronomasia only when it was considered necessary to making himself understood by the menial olasses.

"And, father," said Rollo with animation, "the reason why so many thieves and murderers and other gentlemen of that kind escape is because they slip through the fat fingers of the fat policemen."

"No, Rollo," replied Mr. Holliday, "you are wrong there. To say that the thieves, murderers *et al.* slip through the fat fingers of the fat policemen argues that the fat policemen get their hands on the thieves, murderers *et al.* aforesaid; which would be in the nature of *reductio ad absurdium*, or, as we say in the vulgate, proving things that ain't so. No, Rollo, whoever told you that the fat policeman ever gets his hands on a thief or a murderer" (and here Mr. Holliday looked hard at Jonas) "was, I suspect, codding you—that is to say, trying to deceive you."

"But, father," exclaimed Rollo, in surprise, "if the fat policeman never gets his hands on the thief or murderer, what is he good for?"

"Give it up!" was the irrelevant suggestion of Jonas, who was apparently becoming drunker every moment.

"Of much good, Rollo," replied Mr. Holliday, not deigning to notice Jonas' remark. "In the first place it takes twice as much cloth to uniform him as it would an ordinary person; consequently manufacturers and dealers in cloth are directly benefited, and through them the people generally are made to prosper. It would be impossible to say how soon it would result, but there can be no kind of doubt that were it not for the large demand for cloth on account of the fat policemen, the mills would be obliged to shut down, sooner or later, and the dealers, of course, would be obliged to shut up. Thousands of working people would thus be thrown out of employment, and nobody can tell where the evil would end. You see, Rollo, when you look into this question of fat policemen, you must discuss it in a large way."

"Really," said Rollo, somewhat abashed, "I have looked at the fat policeman many times; but I never suspected that there was so much in him."

"Full 'most all the time!" exclaimed the miserable Jonas, who was evidently far gone.

"Then there is another thing," resumed Mr. Holliday. "He is of great help in preventing crowds. Where he is there is no room for a crowd. In helping ladies across the street, too, he is very useful. No horse would undertake to run over him. Horses never run up hill unless they are forced to it."

Mr. Holliday said there were some other things for which the fat policeman was good; but owing to the press of business and the distraction of the gou—that is, rheumatism—he had quite forgotten what they were. Therefore he directed that he be left alone for awhile, and that Jonas be taken to the pump and treated as the exigencies of his case seemed to call for.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Camel Express.

Of all varieties of Indian letter carriers, clothed or unclothed, none are so picturesque, says Miss Gordon Cummings, as the camel express messengers. The men wear a serviceable red uniform and large green turban, embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved sabre in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels, ornamented with blue beads and gowrie shells and small brass bells round the neck to give notice of their swift approach. It is said that their rough and rapid trotting, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their days. Two heavy mail bags hang to right and left on each side of the camel, and the saddle is so arranged that a passenger can take a seat behind the postman.—*Exchange.*

—Paris green is made of arsenic, carbonate of soda, blue vitriol, acetic acid, chloride of barium, and sometimes White's sugar of lead. It is a double salt, known to chemists as aceto-arsenite of copper.

FASHION NOTES.

Articles of Feminine Attire That Are Desired for the Nonce.

Hat brims are very narrow.

Huge garden hats are still worn.

Lace grows in favor as the season advances.

Round waists and wide sashes grow in favor.

Long flowing sashes are more fashionable than ever.

Tulle bonnets are worn with the dressiest thin summer frocks.

Lead-colored beads trim some very dressy black lace frocks.

Rhine stone pins for the hair are the order of the day at present.

Lace capotes with very high crowns are much worn at Saratoga.

The jersey jacket, now dazzling with beads, gains more favor than ever.

Cream color and pure white can not be tastefully combined in a costume.

To find what is fashionably worn just now, one must go to the seaside or Saratoga.

White drawn, silk muslin bonnets are the latest novelty for wearing with thin summer dresses.

The milkmaid overskirt and the housemaid frock are rivals in women's favor at the moment.

Hats are higher than ever, with towering bunches of flowers worn in front over the forehead.

Gold and pale pink are introduced effectively in embroideries on white satin for full dress purposes.

Black canvas over orange silk, striped with *tilleul* color, makes a dressy walking costume for early fall.

The Scottish token of good luck is a spray of white heather now put into the bouquets of fashionable brides.

The imagination of the modiste is the only law that governs hats and bonnets and their trimmings this season.

The prettiest and most economical summer bonnets are of white muslin and white lace, piece and border lace.

Small pins or brooches, no ear rings, few finger rings and very slender bracelets make up the catalogue of the summer jewelry of a woman of taste.

A few women, generally of mature age, wear a terrace-like projection at the back of their dresses, but as a rule big bustles are only seen in "fashion plates."

The horrid, waggling crinolette bustle is no longer worn. The best dressed women have learned to wear their draperies in a manner that makes any save a very small bustle unnecessary.

Pretty black straw Fanchons, dotted with cut jet, lined with black velvet and trimmed with two rosettes of white mauresque lace, fastened on the top with long, dead gold pins, are effectively worn with either white or black frocks.

A new waterproof apron for the use of equestriennes has been brought over from London, invoiced the "Norpa." It rolls up in a small compass, and buttons on to the front of the saddle, where it is held in place by small straps. When wanted it is easily unbuckled, and, opening out wide, covers the knees and the off side of the saddle far enough to conduct the raindrops downward instead of allowing them to soak into the leather. It is fastened over the knees by three wide hooks, one of which attaches to a button of the habit, while the other two are fastened to buttons placed for them on each side of the jacket, thus forming an effectual protection to the knees in a vain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MANNY WOMEN.

Description of the Creature Who Affects Masculine Ways.

The trouble is that the "manny" woman always overdoes the thing. In her frenzied endeavors to appear and do and be like a man she usually succeeds in being like four or five men. And somehow or other she selects for her models the very type of men that all other men despise. She exaggerates every attribute of man that she attempts to copy. If she carries a cane she usually carries a Bowery-looking kind of stick I wouldn't want to be found dead with. If she whistles she does not aim to whistle in melodious bird notes, but she whistles like a stable-boy. If she wears a man's hat and ulster, as often she does, she wears a most offensive hat and the zebra ulster of the song-and-dance man. She doesn't chew tobacco, thank Heaven, because if she did she wouldn't look at silver-leaf fine-cut; she would chew "cowboy plug." And she wouldn't chew it; she would "chawr" it. When she walks down street with your brother she takes longer strides than her mortified escort. She talks loud, as some men, but no gentlemen, do. She doesn't try to be a gentleman; she tries to be a man. She overdoes everything, like a boy learning to swear, who drags in his blanks and dashes without regard to grammar or fitness, time, occasion, or place. And nobody likes her very much. O, she sometimes, when she is naturally a very bright woman, makes the circle about her lively and animated. Men cluster about her if she is handsome and laugh with her to her face and at her behind her back. Her name is mentioned lightly and jeeringly at clubs, my daughter, where yours is never whispered save with profound respect. All men speak of her by her Christian name. Frequently they are a little afraid of her, because the "manny woman," always striving to be a man, never relinquishes certain privileges of her sex, and has a savage way of saying sarcastic things to men and about women, which, were she a man, would bring her many a cuff on the ear. But being a woman she can say them with impunity. But you say men leave the society of quieter, more refined young ladies to go with the "manny" one? O, no, they don't. The "manny" woman has a way, peculiarly her own, of collaring a man and dragging him captive whither she will for a time. But he always escapes as soon as he can. Rarely, indeed, does he go willingly. Her loud talk, her long strides, her whistle, her sarcastic remarks, her cane and her dog, her slang and her politics, her soubret lightsomeness scare the average man, and he runs away the moment a safe line of retreat is open for him.—*Burdette.*

—So large a colony of Japanese reside in Vienna that a Buddhist temple is to be erected there. The decorations and furniture will be sent from Japan.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If the hands are stained there is nothing that will remove the stain so well as lemon. Cut a lemon in halves and apply the cut surface as if it were soap.—*Exchange.*

—If, upon weaning a calf or other young animal, it is so far separated from the dam that one can not be heard by the other, from one to three days will suffice to render them quiet.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Layer Cake: Four eggs, one cup of white sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one and a half cups of flour, one large teaspoon of baking powder, six tablespoonfuls of water; flavor to taste; bake in moderate oven.—*The Household.*

—A farmer is mentioned in the late discussion of New England farmers, reported in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, who for two years planted seed from the seed-end and stem-end of the potato separately. Both years the seed-end gave him a crop from twelve to fourteen days earlier than from the stem-end.

—Milan cakes are nice for tea. Half a pound of sifted flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of thick, sour cream and one egg. Mix a paste of these ingredients, roll it out and cut it in diamond-shaped pieces; glaze with egg and bake in a hot oven; when cold place a bit of jam or jelly in the center of each and serve.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Gapes are produced by a parasite in the windpipe of the fowl. It may be removed by thrusting a feather into the windpipe, twisting it around and quickly withdrawing. It is said that confining a fowl in a box and filling the air in it with lime-dust will sometimes cause the fowl to cough or sneeze up the intruder. No preventive is known, but an occasional dose of turpentine is recommended.—*Troy Times.*

—Deft-fingered maidens may make a pretty fan to suit each toilet. Take a round or oval fan of pasteboard and cover it with tulle in folds and have a full puffing of the tulle about the edge. On the side on which the folds are fastened arrange a mass of loops of narrow satin or velvet ribbon and place three or four velvet butterflies as if hovering among the loops. The handle is wound about with the ribbon and loops and ends depend from the point of union with the fan.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best. Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

Red and White Clovers as Disintegrators of the Soil.

Probably no merely theoretical solution of this question that could be offered would be accepted as satisfactory or conclusive; but I have a case in view where a practical demonstration of it has been made, and to the word "fertilizer" I attach here the widest signification, meaning by it any substance or plant which will enhance the yield by any process, whether chemical, vital or mechanical.

On contiguous farms in the Muskingum Valley, Southern Ohio, there are two fields, one of twenty acres, one of ten, separated only by a fence. They both lie on the second plateau or bench, have been cleared and in cultivation the same length of time (about seventy years), and have been subjected to the same rotation of corn and wheat—the ten-acre field without interruption, the twenty-acre field with a rest of a year or two about every fourth year. The reader will please bear this fact in mind, since it shows that the larger field has had the advantage in one respect, and it should have full force attached to it in connection with the results about to be recorded.

The greatest and most important difference between the systems of cultivation pursued in these two fields is, that the small field has been kept seeded in red clover, while the large one has been allowed to seed itself to white. At any rate, this has been the case for the last twenty-five or thirty years. The little field is part of a small farm, while the large one is part of a large farm; and, though the successive owners of the small farm have been on the whole better farmers than the owners of the other, yet the latter have maintained a system of tillage which was better than the average of Ohio, and which might, perhaps, be said to have been inferior to that followed on the little farm, only in that it neglected the seeding of the ground with red clover, allowing the white to take its place.

The proprietor of this small farm has, as I say, cropped with wheat and corn alternately. Every spring when there is wheat on the field, in February or March, he sows about two quarts of seed per acre; and this small amount suffices to keep the ground occupied. White clover never makes its appearance, nor any other vegetation, in fact, except some rag weed after harvest, so thoroughly has the red clover taken possession. But in the field just over the fence, white clover is equally firmly established. It comes up after harvest so thick as to hold the ragweed in check fully as well as the red clover in the neighboring field, if not better.

Now, it will hardly be denied by the experienced farmer that red clover acts as a better mechanical divisor of the soil than white clover. It has coarser and more abundant roots and stems. It lays, as it were, a great number of minute tile-drains through the soil. In the red clover field, with an equal amount of tillage, the soil will always be finer, less lumpy than that in the white clover field. Therefore, whether it has a greater or less percentage of nitrogen (which I have not the tables by me at this moment to determine), it serves as a better inductor of that element from the rain and the atmosphere into the soil.—*Stephen Powers, in Country Gentleman.*

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

Suicides in Austria.

In Austria the dog-days appear to have the curious effect of causing more suicides than any other season of the year. To-day (July 1) several remarkable cases are reported. In one instance, a cadet, aged twenty, living in barracks in Vienna, put the muzzle of a gun to his chin, and, pulling the trigger, died instantly. Another case is that of an artillery lieutenant at Cattaro, who blew himself to pieces by firing a large cannon against himself in a rather ingenious manner. In a third case a young man and girl jumped into the Danube together. A fourth suicide was that of a sculptor who hanged himself. These by no means exhaust to-day's list. At Prague two young lovers, aged respectively sixteen and fifteen, fastened themselves together with a rope and then jumped into the Moldau. At Pesth a fashionable master tailor ended his troubles by hanging himself to a bedpost, while a waitress at Brunn shot herself with a revolver. A son of a rich Vienna merchant, aged twenty-one, and a clerk also took their lives with revolvers. The latter gives as his reason his inability to support his parents owing to the smallness of his salary, while the other was the victim of a so-called American duel.—*Vienna Cor. London Standard.*

"TIME works wonders," said a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ABOVE all other earthly ills,
I hate the big, old-fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they traught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pellet, rather, that is all—
A Pleasant Purgative, and *small;*
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

ECCENTRICITY in a rich man is lunacy in a poor one. False alarm—One that does not go off at the proper hour.—*Boston Post.*

The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE Hartford *Journal* says there is poetry in vegetables. This is tough news for vegetarians.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

WE suppose they call it "the silver moon" because there are four quarters in it.—*Boston Bulletin.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

WHEN two girls meet they kiss. When two men meet they don't. This shows plainly who want kissing the most.—*Chicago Times.*

A POLITICIAN who has been straddling the fence and fallen on the wrong side is the most offence-sive partisan.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SOME one calls a couple of tramps "a pair of revolvers." Yes; and they ought to be fired out of every house they come to.—*Philadelphia Call.*

POSITIVE, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, get it yourself.

THE presiding officer at a political meeting is probably called "the chair" on account of the apparently very general desire to sit upon him.—*Chicago Times.*

"A MINE is a mine for once, and then it becomes a hole in the ground; but a turnip field will grow turnips for centuries."—*San Francisco Post.*

A CHEMICAL paradox—That Prussian blue should make tea green.—*Lowell Courier.*

BIG Mr. X.: "Why did you eat the whole of that pie?" Little Master X.: "'Cos you told me to do nothing by halves."—*Golden Days.*

"NEVER mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A CURRENT event—Worms.—*Marathon Independent.*

"A MUFF has no sense; it holds a pretty girl's hand without squeezing it."—*Incorrigible Exchange.* A spoon has still less; it touches her lips without kissing them.—*Philadelphia Call.*

DISCUSSION between a wise child and its tutor: "That star you see up there is bigger than the world." "No, it isn't." "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

"I HAVE a tinder affection for ye," said an Irishman to his girl. "Ye have, have ye? Thin why don't ye strike the match?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

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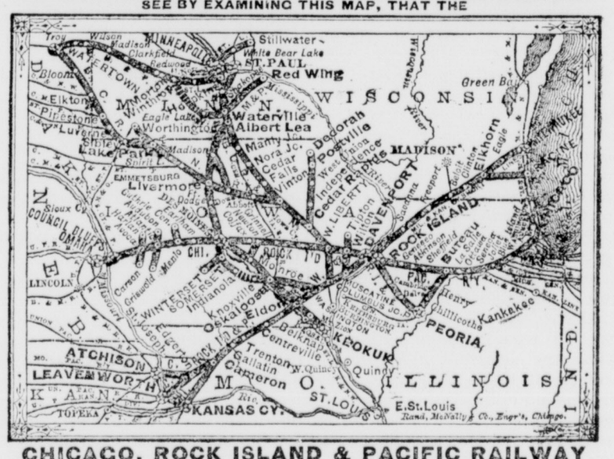
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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THAT
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A. N. K.—C. 1043

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Second Summer.

Dr. A. Jacodi in Babyhood.

The faul lies not with the *second* summer, nor with the children, but with the *heat* and the parents. The summer heat may in itself be dangerous; in conjunction with bad diet it becomes frequently fatal. It is an established fact that nearly all the mortality among children in summer is caused by disease of the digestive organs, and that all these fatal cases would be averted were these organs not to become diseased. Now the second summer is the summer in which the artificial feeding of children has begun or is about to begin. Rational artificial nourishment is the proper one for children who are old enough and whose organs have been sufficiently prepared for it. With proper feeding and intelligent care few children need suffer from stomach or bowel troubles. Sensible mothers in good dwellings, even those in poor circumstances, lose no children from this cause. Hence it is not the second summer that kills the children, but the ignorance or negligence of those who attend them. This is all the worse from the fact that the rules for the proper nutrition of children are very simple—indeed, so simple that they are not observed on account of their very simplicity.

My purpose, however, is not to discourse about medicine or about my personal views, but about popular hygiene as it is and as it should be. Now, in the matter of the feeding of the children the most preposterous things are done, because sanctioned by custom. In the first place, every possible food is administered; naturally the little creature swallows everything that is put into its mouth. "It looks so cunning!" Ask any dispensary physician what answer he receives to the stereotyped query in the case of children suffering from bowel complaint, "What does the child get to eat?" "Anything;" or "It eats at our table." I shall not dwell on particulars—colored candy, sour milk, fresh bread, sausage, coffee and tea, raw fruit, vegetables. The result: diaerhœal diseases and death. And the cause of death? Of course, the second summer.

The Pain of Being Hanged.

Dr. James Barr in Popular Science Monthly.

Dr. Taylor states that "death from hanging appears to take place very rapidly and without causing any suffering to the person." Prof. Tidy, also, speaks of the painless nature of death from hanging, while Prof. Haughton, in his paper read before the Surgical Society of Doublin, says that "the old system of taking a convict's life by suffocation is inhumanly painful, unnecessarily prolonged and revolting to those whose duty it is to be present." Those who speak of the painless nature of death by strangulation arrive at this conclusion from the fact that many cases of suicide are not completely suspended, and that if they wished they could easily relieve the constriction by assuming the erect posture, and in other cases of recovery from attempted suicide by hanging there is no recollection of any suffering. It should be remembered, however, that there is a great difference between the mental attitude of the suicide and one who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. In the former case he is regardless, and perhaps also not very sensitive, of a little suffering, while in the latter every nerve is braced up to resist the inevitable result. Moreover, in those cases of recovery the loss of recollection of suffering does not prove that there was none. It might almost as well be said that, because in many cases of recovery from meningitis there was no remembrance of any suffering, therefore there was none. No doubt, the pain in hanging can under no circumstances be very acute, yet when we see a culprit heaving his chest and almost raising the whole body in his struggles for breath we must conclude that there is at least a considerable amount of mental torture.

Cheap Clocks.

The manufacture of cheap clocks and watches has come to be one of the great industries of the country. A prominent engraver of New York says that several years ago officers of a certain clock company came to him to know if he could not make an engraved paper imitation of the French porcelain face that was then used on their clocks. He spent several hundred dollars on the experiment, and finally gave it up in despair, through inability to find paper that would answer the purpose. The company refused to let him stop his experimenting, and he finally hit on a glazed and enameled paper which answered the purpose. He has made from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 of clock faces for the company, at a cost of about 1 cent each. The old cost for porcelain was $1, which is the present cost of a clock complete. Machinery has been specially invented for turning out the paper faces.—*The Argonaut.*

A Pastor's Salary.

If a man is fit to preach he is worth wages. If he is worth wages he should receive them with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for what he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man in whose work the community is intered—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important.

Of what proportionate use can any man be in the pulpit, whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and petty economies. Every month, or every quarter, on a certain day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation, he can preach the truth with freedom, and parpare for his public ministrations without distraction.

Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or disastrous to his work can be done, than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. He is the creature of a popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due the man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be a torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charity doled out to him. Good, manly pastors do not want gifts, they want wages. They need them, and the people owe them; but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place their pastors in an awkward and false position. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friend, and the religion he preaches at the price its professors are willing to pay in a business way for its ministry.

A Telling Temperance Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do."

"Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah was a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah'n a half I eahned. Wall, one mawnin I went into de butchah shop, and who shood eum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop.

"'Geb me 10 or 12 pounds po'terhouse steak,' he said.

"He got it and went out. I sneak up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had lef'.

"'What do you want?' said de butcha.

"'Gib me 10 cents wuf of libber,' wuz my reply.

"It was all I could pay fur. Now you go and git yo' drink. You can eat libber, but de man wat sells you de stuff will hab his po'terhous steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' 30 yeahs, and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—*Foxboro Reporter.*

Curiosities of the Mails.

From the St. Jame's Gazette.

The chief of the permanent staff of the postoffice may be excused if he is rather a cynic. He gets a better view than most people of the exceeding folly which abounds in human nature. He finds for instance (according to his last report), that during the last 12 months there were 26,000 persons who posted letters without putting any address upon them. It was only to be expected that 1,600 of these remarkable beings took the precaution to "put coin and other valuables" into their unaddressed letters. The prize for fatuousness in this kind is difficult to adjudge. The gentleman who drew a check (uncrossed) for $500 and slipped it without an envelope into a letter-box has high claims. He is run hard by the laborious idiot who wrote a letter on the back of a postage-stamp and posted that document, or the less harmless persons who send live owls, snakes and other specimens of the smaller fauna by parcel post. Next to a station-master a postoffice official has the most right to regard the intellect of his species with contempt.

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

The Age of Niagara Falls.

Mr, Blakewell, an eminent English geologist, gave personal attention to the problem as early as 1840, and, from everything he could learn at that time, estimated that the falls had receded about a hundred and twenty feet in the forty years preceding. He recurred to the problem again in 1846, 1851, 1856 and was each time confirmed in the belief that the apex of the horseshoe fall was receding, on an average, three feet a year. On the other hand, Sir Charles Lyell, upon his first visit, in 1841. "conceived" (upon what basis he does not tell us) that at the utmost the rate could not be more than one foot a year, which would give us thirty-five thousand years as a minimum time. But as it appears the result of the recent survey is to confirm the estimate of Mr. Blakewell, thus bringing the period down to about seven thousand years.—*Science.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place, PERUNA and MANALIN should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expression of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others, certain powers only are lost while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these PERUNA and MANALIN should at once be taken.

Mrs. S. Smith, Hillsville, Lawrence County, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O.: I have been a great sufferer for ten years. It seemed as though every organ in my body was diseased at one time or another. I had about given up all hopes, when I commenced taking PERUNA and MANALIN. I immediately began to improve, the soreness and pain disappeared, strength gradually returned, and now I am as well as ever in my life, and I owe it all to your PERUNA and MANALIN. I recommended it to my friends and it gives better satisfaction than any other medicine I ever heard of."

Miss Maria Roderick, Warren, Ohio, writes: "It is with pleasure and many thanks that I write to you to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from the use of the PERUNA. I have used several bottles of your PERUNA, and can safely say it has done me a great deal of good. I have improved ever since I commenced its use."

Mr. T. J. Webber, Plymouth, O., writes: "I am selling your PERUNA, and having a good trade on it. It gives excellent satisfaction."

Mr. Thomas Acton, Brooklyn Village, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I received a severe wound in my foot by tramping on a spike. It inflamed and was painful and swollen. I had every reason to fear lockjaw. Your simple suggestions as to local applications and the taking of your PERUNA and MANALIN were followed to the letter, and, thanks to you, my foot is entirely well, and I am happy."

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

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A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

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SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

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GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

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Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

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NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

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and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

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SYMPTOMS OF A

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Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is Nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

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PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine*. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & CALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. P.R.R.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,
6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS

and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m

An Old Soldier's

EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '81 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. Jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

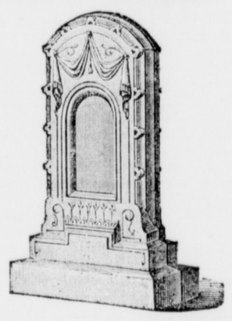
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1885. NUMBER 25.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUCH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY, Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot inclosed by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

SCROFULA

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

CATARRH

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES

Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 26th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1334. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 65. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.
TERMS—Part cash, part time.
Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Grant's Military Ability.

Gen. Horace Porter in Harper's.

General Grant was created for great emergencies. It was the magnitude of the task that called forth the powers by which he mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man; in momentous affairs he became a giant.

When performing the routine duties of a frontier camp there was no act to make him conspicuous above his fellow-officers, but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth and his masterstrokes of genius placed him at once in the front rank of the world's great captains.

When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in St. Louis, with all his industry he did not drive as advantageous bargains or make as good a living as most of the farmers about him; but when he came to cope with the trained diplomatists of Europe in conducting the intricate negotiations which resulted in forcing a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* claims, he put forth abilities which showed from the start that the matter was in the hands of a master. When conducting the business of his store in Galena his financiering was hardly equal to that of the average country merchant, but when a message was to be sent to Congress that would puncture the fallacies of the inflationists and throttle by a veto the attempt of unwise men to cripple the finances of the nation, a State paper was produced which commanded the admiration of every believer in a sound currency. He could collect for the nation fifteen millions from Great Britain; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who lately robbed him in New York.

His methods in warfare all bore the stamp of originality and ingenuity. His success depended upon his powers of invention rather than adaptation. The fact that he has been compared at times to nearly all the great commanders of history is the best proof that he was like none of them. He saw that the art of war as practiced in Europe, with its open country, macadamized highways, and densely populated states, would not answer for America, with its dense forests, inpenetrable swamps, difficult rivers, mud roads, and sparse population. He found the necessity of devising an American system of warfare applicable to the conditions surrounding him, and while it had been part of his education to study the instructive lessons derived from the great European campaign, yet he never wasted time in trying to fit a European square peg into an American round hole.

The importance of celerity in action was always uppermost in his mind. There was a spur in the heel of every order he sent. No one could "feed a fight" more rapidly, that is, rush fresh troops promptly to the spot where they were needed. Every point gained was tenaciously held, and the enemy never recaptured an important position which had once been wrested from him.

The combinations and movements of the several great armies of the Union during the last year of the war were on a scale never before or since attempted. Over half a million of men were in the field in commands separated by more than a thousand miles, and all moving under the guiding hand of their chief: Meade manœuvering around Petersburg, Ord hanging on to Richmond, Sheridan galloping through the Valley of Virginia, Sherman cutting the Confederacy in two, Canby seizing the strongholds on the Gulf, Thomas crushing Hood in Tennessee, armies defending the Mississippi and resisting raids in Missouri. When communication was open, daily reports came in to the chief, who sat in his little hut quietly smoking his cigar, studying the maps and sending out instructions to all points of the compass. His selfreliance in the field was perhaps his most characteristic trait. He never convened formal councils of war, though he always consulted and advised with his officers, whose opinions never failed to have with him the weight to which they were entitled. He manifested no pride of opinion, but in a campaign he felt that the person who had to shoulder the responsibility ought to decide the movement. One of his objections to a council of war was that there would naturally be some officer who would oppose his plans, and in urging their objections and finding arguments with which to fortify the position they had taken, they would reach a frame of mind which, in case they were overruled, might make them lukewarm in executing the movement.

General Sherman once made a very fair criticism when he said, in his graphic way, and with his crisp style of expression: "Grant always seemed pretty certain to win when he went into a fight with anything like equal numbers. I believe one great reason why he was so much more successful than others was that while they were thinking so much about what the enemy was going to do, Grant was thinking all the time about what he was going to do himself."

My Boy Do You Smoke?

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the Government since the war to educate the "blue jacket," upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is, the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable responce is, "No, sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in 99 cases out of 100 the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming as it does, from so high an authority and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day and month after month. It should be a warning to parents that the deadly cigarette is sure to bring about incalculable injury to the young. A law passed restricting its use to the dudes would not, perhaps, bring popular disfavor, because it might reduce the number of these objects about our streets, but boys indulging in the cigarette ought to be treated to liberal doses of "rod in pickle" until the habit is thoroughly eradicated.—*Scientific American.*

Ancient and Modern Divorce.

"An Antiquory" in St. James's Gazette.

There is little new under the sun. In Saturday's papers appeared an account of the final ceremony of divorce in France which has just been gone through by Mme. Patti and the Marquis de Caux. The parties, we are told, seated themselves in the chairs set apart for the use of brides and bridegrooms before the mayor, only, in place of sitting side by side, their chairs were separated by a row of four others without occupants. Witnesses attended on both sides, and they went their respective ways. Now these French ceremonies of marriage and divorce have an exact parallel in the oldest modes of forming and dissolving the marriage tie among the ancient Romans. The religious ceremony called confarreatio is thus described by Gibbon: "A sacrifice of fruits was offered by the pontiffs in the presence of 10 witnesses; the contracting parties were seated on the same sheepskin; they tasted a salt cake of far, or rice, and this confarreation, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, served as an emblem of their mystic union of mind and body." Thus were couples married for more than 500 years before Christ; and even more striking is the parallel to be found in the dissolution of such a marriage. This was effected by the dffarreatio, in which the parties sat on two separate sheepskins, and tasted, presumably, of two distinct salt cakes, with the same formalities. Such parallels are always interesting, and this mode clearly points to a survival.

As an illustration of cruelty of fashion, it is said that in one locality a dealer bought from local gunners 70,000 birds in four months, and an enterprising woman from New York has contcted with a Paris millinery firm to deliver it during the summer, 40,000 or more skins of our small birds.

No family or traveler, in a malarial district, should ever be without that sure antidote—Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure all malarial disorders.

Humorous.

A country seat that always rents—the barbed wire fence.

What causes the flowers to shoot is that they all carry pistils.

To the pure all things are pure, except city milk and cheap groceries.

It was a German who pronounced cricket such a bat and wicket game.

This is the season of the year when the hook and lyin' stories fill the air.

"The richest man in Oregon began business by tanning calfskins," says an exchange. This is reversing the rule. Most men begin by being tanned.

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again. You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

"People who raise green apples have only their labor for their pains." People who eat green apples generally have pains for their labor.

"What must I do," asked a mean and conceited man of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own portrait," was the reply.

A child who had once seen a grab-bag in church, after the contribution box had passed by one Sunday, whispered to her mother; "How much did you get? I grabbed a quarter."

"Out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers," says an exchange, seven marry every year." How many times do the remaining 102 marry? Give us all the facts.

The composer of "Put me in my little bed" announces that he got ten dollars for writing that interesting lyric, and hints that it was not enough. It was not; he ought to have got ten years.

"Is the man honest?" asked old Hyson. "Honest as thr day is long," was the reply. "Ye-es," said old Hyson; "but then he won't do at all. I want him for a night watchman."

"How old are you my little man?" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years to whom he was being introduced. I'm not old at all," replied the little man; "I am almost new."

Coddlepate used to rave over Miss Gurlingur's hyancinthine curls. Since he has discovered that they are fastened on with hairpins he has chosen a new floral emblem and now calls them "lie-locks."

The discovery has been made that the world does not revolve with the same momentum it did a thousand years ago, but it still swings round fast enough to satisfy the man with a heavy bill coming due.

"Give stock plenty of light" is the advice of an agricultural paper. That is all right as far as it goes, but we have the word of an eminent financier that it should be well watered if the man expects to make any money out of it.

Sydney Smith's Anecdote.

Exchange.

"Have you ever observed," wrote Sydney Smith, "what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a great deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking-chair and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect that we were using a very expensive article when a cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers, on which the prices were marked, before giving them into the hands of Betty. 'Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?' 'Oh, please sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes a lather as well again as the other.' 'Well, Betty, you shall have it, then.' And thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year."

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Nydegger's Drug Store. **Large Bottles 50c and $1.00.**

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CONDENSED ROMANCE.

"Duck? Dove!"
Young love.
Die cast;
Clings fast.
"Nuff sed;"
Must wed.

Parents kick,
Lovers stick.
"Can not be! "
"We shall see!!!"
Bright night;
Seek flight.

Church found;
Grist ground.
Folks come;
Struck dumb.
"Too late!"
Fixed fate.

First year,
Skies clear.
Years two,
Rather blue.
Years three,
Jamboree.

Spats; sport;
Divorce court,
Groom, bride
Untied.
Hearts crack,
Jill, Jack
Trot back.

—*I. E. Jones, in Judge.*

MY WINNY.

How I Won a Wife Amid the Ocean's Surges.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new-world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grass land, corn fields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock, too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago, without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers' pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half-hour to dinner-time yet, and it's a story I never tire of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the South of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscome.

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding-school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different; but we were alike in never having known a woman's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London boarding-school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways—then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the men of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her fair, sweet face—then deathly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this, he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loftus, the young Squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a galley-slave—starved, and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By and by I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a Power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study-table, and a work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all that was finished, I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Branscome had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? O, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the Captain eyed me rather askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any questions. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two, looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the fogs told us we were somewhere off the Banks of Newfoundland, but where no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the Antarctic had struck.

It's a fearful thing, if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black hat. The cabin light had been left burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held any one but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried—"O, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then; and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great fur-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above, all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled, and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which make one's heart glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic. The Captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for the over-crowded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon: a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was, I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone!

One or two of the crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below, the sea was too strong. The Captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell, the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after all those ten long weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her,) and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and know that life was there still, and hope lived, too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the Mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired, and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unneccessary, somehow. Caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and a position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young Squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal—the Captain of the Antartic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work basket and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulder. Come into dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.—*Bright Days.*

BABY DESTROYING.

The Many Deaths of Children Caused by Ignorance and Neglect of Parents or Attendants.

It has come to be a gospel with young married folk that the second summer is the destroyer of the baby. It is fate—kismet. That the second summer costs more lives than it ought is not the fault of the summer; it is the fault of the heat and the parents. The summer heat is dangerous to all young children; it is in connection with the bad diet of the second summer that it is fatal. It is a well-established fact that nearly all the mortality of second-summer babies is from diseases of the digestive organs, and these come from irrational artificial feeding. Children come to the table, eat pickles, unmashed or fried lumps of potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like, and the trouble begins. The stereotyped answer to the question: "What does the child eat?" is: "O, it eats at the table with the rest of the family." The result is enteric diseases and death, and the cause of death is ascribed to the "second summer." The first summer the baby stays at home, has its natural food, and pulls through fairly well. But the second summer it must show off. It is trundled down town through the heat of a July or August day, is overheated, excited, and its nervous system put to the strain. Keep the yearlings at home; give them a grass plat and a sand-pile. Do not let them come to the table, give wholesome food—milk, oat meal ground very fine and stirred and cooked for twenty minutes. Put them to bed at dark; with a garment they can not kick off when the nights are cool. Bathe them in tepid water night and morning. Stay at home with them and take care of them yourself, for it is not "the second summer" which kills the children, but the ignorance or negligence of those who attend, or rather do not attend, them. Colds and calves get through their second summers quite as well as their first, and there is no reason that the human animal should not live quite as close to nature and do quite as well.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Texas Centipede.

The centipede is not a pretty insect. He runs too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of little Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their creation. In the course of my checkered career I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with post whisky—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army mule—the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about 200 little lances conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawls across your body—which he'll most likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail and you'll remember his visit for weeks. No man ever died from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The tribal government of the Cherokees is democratic in form, with an elective chief magistrate and an upper and lower house of representatives. The judiciary is also elective, and criminals are punished after the manner of the whites.—*Chicago Times.*

—The last blow to the roller-skating rink has been given by a Philadelphia physician, who says that roller-skating enlarges the feet.

—A deaf mute was recently ordained a clergyman of the Church of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the great London divine, is pastor of a flourishing Baptist Church in Auckland New Zealand.

—About twenty per cent. of the graduating class at Williams are six feet high or over, or, to be exact, eleven in a class of sixty.—*Troy Times.*

—Christian, make a note of this: The net gain in communicants the past year was *nine times greater* in foreign missions than in Christendom!—*Christian Union.*

—It has been decided to rebuild the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Charleston, S. C., which was burned in the great fire of 1861, and at that time considered the finest ecclesiastical building in the South.

—There are over one thousand members in the three Congregational churches in Scranton, Pa. Between two and three hundred of this number have been admitted since the 1st of January.

—The avarage Sunday plate collections of Rev. Newman Hall's church, in Westminster Bridge Road, London, is $175, and of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's congregation in the great Tabernable, $345.

—A Boston *Courier* reporter asked the Superintendent of Schools the other day: "How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" and he replied: "Because school teachers are as a rule, women of sense, and no sensible woman will give up a sixty-dollar position for a forty-dollar man."

—The journals of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts are to be printed. It may not be generally known that those journals contain the earliest historical records of the Church in America, Canada, and the West Indies. They will fill five octavo volumes of about 700 pages each, and the cost of the set will be six guineas. Only 250 copies will be printed, unless the number of subscribers who come forward will warrant the issue of 500 copies, in which case the price will be five guineas a set.

—There is a church in Milton County, Georgia, that is badly split up on the subject of cyclone pits. It seems that a goodly number of members of the church have dug cyclone pits, which is considered by a majority of the church as a flagrant violation of their doctrines and a temptation to God to wipe them off the face of the earth. As the pit-diggers were more fearful of cyclones than of the wrath of the majority, they have been turned out of the church. They immediately organized themselves into a church, under the name of Cyclone Primitives.—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man is always wanting some or to tell him how handsome he is. A woman will just stand before the glass and see for herself.—*Springfield Register.*

—Scientists claim that cigarette-smoking leads to idiocy. We do not know how true this is, but are satisfied that idiocy leads to cigarette-smoking.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A scientific journal says "few fishes die a natural death." That is not our fault. Just as many die a natural death as if we didn't go a-fishing.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The worm is not the most despised thing in the world when it can sleep in flowers, travel in peaches and rest for the winter in the pious chestnut.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—An Ohio court decides that a husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. It is to be hoped that in the future he will take off his high hat while he and she are at the theater.

—Olive Logan says that the Raphael for which the British Government paid $350,000 is a bad picture. This reconciles us in part to the disappointment in not securing it for our private collection.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—This is the way the ladies convey their meaning: Mrs. Brown—"How is that dear little baby of yours, Mrs. Smith?" "It was dreadfully sick last week; thought it would die, but it's nearly well now," says Mrs. Smith. "O, I'm so sorry," says Mrs. Brown.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—A New York lady wants a receipt "for making daisy mats from rickrack braid." If this lady will tell us how to make rickrack braid and what it is like after it is made, we shall be pleased to send a receipt for the mat. It will be a daisy.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Hadn't yet occurred:
"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Asked the tonsor of the dude,
Who, clad in corkscrew trousers
And an Anglo-maniac mood,
Said, "Why weally I would like to,
I would upon my word;
But the beard I longing wait for
Somehow hasn't yet occurred."

—An exchange says that "the first pure monkey ever born in America saw the light of day recently in New York." If these Italian Counts who go around the country disguised as members of the Handle Musical Association are foisting an adulterated article of monkey on the American people it is about time to cry "Halt!" There is too much adulteration in our food and amusements.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"You should have a thermometer to ascertain the proper temperature of the water," said a fond mother to the colored nurse who was giving the baby a bath. "Whaffor?" "To tell when the water is too hot or too cold." "Don't need no sich dockerment. Ef de chile turns blue de water am too cold, an' ef hit turns red den hit am too hot." And now the colored lady is open to offer.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why He Didn't Go to Dakota.

"So you've given up the idea of going to Dakota to settle down?" said a Gotham bachelor to a Brooklyn Benedick.

"Yes, forever," he replied with a sigh.

"What's the reason?"

"Sh!" he hissed, as he glanced nervously at his wife, but seeing that she was occupied he whispered:

"I am told that out there the atmosphere is so dry and clear that talking can be heard for more than a mile."—*N. Y. Journal.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

HEART-BROKEN.

The Piteous Wail of a Poor Wife and Mother Whose Husband Will Drink—The Terrible Outlook for Herself and Her Seven Children.

We received a letter this week from Iowa, which contains the following sentences:

"I have seven children living. *Their father will drink, and I am so heart-broken.* My trouble is greater than any ever described in print, but I conceal it as best I can for the sake of the children."

There is more of it, but this is sufficient.

God help the poor woman! "*I am so heart-broken. I have seven children and their father will drink.*"

Of course she is. It could not be otherwise. She came to the man who is her husband, an innocent girl, full of hope, full of anticipation, full of love, dreading nothing, trusting everything. He was to stand between her and the cold world, she was to do her woman's share and he was to do his man's share, and they were to go down through life to the valley and shadow, hand in hand, each a help and comfort to the other. She had visions of the home he was to furnish her, of the children that were to be born to them, of the labor made pleasure by the anticipations of the good that, through it, was to come to them, and finally, of the peaceful ending when the garnered treasures that well-lived, prosperous years had brought would be left as a heritage to those they had reared in honor and usefulness. That's what was in the girl's mind when she stood up in the parlor of her old home and resigned her life into the keeping of the man who had wooed and won her.

What has happened to her?

"I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

This is what is the matter. "*Their father will drink, and I am so heart-broken.*" That sentence should be repeated over and over again. We would that we could burn it into the very heart of every man in the land: "*I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken.*"

Their father got in the habit of frequenting the miserable corner grocery which the cupidity of the brewer established near him, and the regular thing happened.

He commenced in a light way, he progressed to regular drinking, and then, the appetite once fixed, he came home drunk every night. Possibly he beat the patient, uncomplaining woman, but more likely he came home so sodden he was incapable of that brutality, but simply rolled into bed, and slept the sleep of a drunken beast.

He rose in the morning, incapable of labor, and went, as soon as possible, back to the beer-shop, where he stayed all day. As a matter of course the farm was neglected, the work that was done was done by the woman and the children, and their little earnings were wrested from them to supply the never satisfied demon of drink that had possession of the father. Scant food, rags, cold and hunger followed. The children are not well enough clad to go to church or school, and they are growing up in ignorance, and are being fitted for the penitentiary or gallows.

The mother loves these children, and, seeing the inevitable before them, no wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

She gets up in the morning as tired as she went to bed. She goes to bed to sleep, but she does not sleep. The drunken brute beside her prevents sleep. He has murdered sleep, not for himself, but for his suffering wife. Her pillow is wet with tears. She has in her mind, all night long, the children, ill-fed, ill-clad and growing up without proper education, without proper surroundings and without any advantages. There come before her visions of her four boys, all sneered at by the neighbors as drunkard's boys, and almost certain to go the way their wretched father has gone; of the three girls, who, ignorant and debased by the example that is always before them, will finally drift off into that current of vice from which there is no return. She knows their fate, and there is no sleep for her. She rises always more tired and more dragged out than when she sought her pillow. No wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

What is there in life for her? Nothing, or rather worse than nothing. Better for her that she should die and find that peace in the grave that the brewers will never give her in life. She lives only because there is in her mind some sort of a hope that something, she knows not what, may yet save her husband. But the outlook is dreary enough, and, as she says, her troubles are greater than can be described in print. What is there for her? Rags, hunger, cold, desolation, despair, death. Nothing in life for her and worse than nothing for her children when she leaves them. Clothes! She has had none for twenty years. Food! Warmth! She has neither. She has none of the luxuries of life and falls far short of the necessities. There are no carpets on her floors, no curtains to the windows, if indeed she has glass in them; only the barest of the commonest necessities of life. She and her children do not live, they exist. There are good things in life, but they are not for her. There are pleasant surroundings, there are comforts, there are luxuries, but they are not for her. The brewer and his lieutenant, the beer-shop keeper, have a mortgage on her husband's earnings, and even on hers, and they take all the good to themselves. Their houses are well furnished, and why should they not be? Her husband, and the husbands of a score or more like her, are contributing all they have to their use and behoof.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

She conceals her trouble from her children as best she can, for should she give up what would become of them? The sodden father, debased beyond help, caring nothing for the woman whom he swore to cherish and protect, caring nothing for the helpless children he brought into the world, chained to a habit which has complete control of him, is worse than nothing to them. The best thing she can do with him is to keep him out of their sight, and so she is glad when he leaves the wretched home, and sorry when he returns. She is compelled, for the sake of the children, to keep them away from their father, and so she has to carry her own load and his, too, his being trebled in weight by the debasing influences that have possession of him. What is there in life for her? A dreary journey day by day, bare-footed, over sharp rocks, with the certainty that at the end she shall fall and perish, leaving those she loves behind her, helpless and hopeless.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

And all this time the brewer brews, and the seller sells. There is a profit of one dollar and fifty cents on each barrel to the brewer, and nine dollars to the retailer. What care they that the money the poor wretch pays down upon the bar is bread taken from the mouths of children and clothes from their backs? What difference does it make to them that this infernal appetite is not only dragging down the father to death and a hell afterward, but is killing a mother and making thieves of four boys and outcasts of three girls? What difference does it make to them that the community must in time bury the poor mother, and bear the expense of the criminality of the seven children? Not a whit. There is the brewer's dollar and a half, and the miserable retailer's nine dollars, and the piteous moan, "Their father will drink. I am so heartbroken," has no more effect upon them than would a paper wad against an iron-clad.

Possibly there will a time come when the public conscience will be awakened to the enormity of the crime against humanity. Possibly the time will come when the people will say to the brewer and his tool: "You shall not kill this woman, you shall not kill, body and soul, these children." Possibly, some time, this heart-broken plaint will be heard, and will rouse men and women to action. There is a day coming when some sort of action will be taken in self-protection. It is not alone the poor woman in Iowa who is uttering this piteous moan. There is the same plaint in the houses of the rich. Cold and hunger can not reach them, but disease, disgrace and death can. The liquor fiend cares not who his victims are, and its claws reach in all directions. It is as merciless and as greedy as a grave-yard—it takes everything that comes to it. Wine at five dollars a bottle kills just as certainly as beer at five cents a glass. There are mothers in velvet and satin who moan just the same as the calico-clad woman in Iowa. It is all the same.—*Toledo Blade.*

What Drink Costs Canada.

The Canadian people spend more for whisky and other intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufactures.

Five millions more for liquor than for meat.

Six millions more for liquor than for either bread or woolen goods.

They spend more for strong drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building houses, barns and fences, and furniture.

One-third more of the stuff that puts snakes in their boots than on the boots themselves.

Twice as much for alcohol as for cottons.

Nearly three times as much as for sugar.

While they spend $8,000,000 for clearing their heads by education, they spend three and a half times as much for muddling them.

A single year of this baneful expenditure costs as much as would buy out the farms and stock of either of the wealthy counties of Hastings and Elgin.

Thirty-two years of the annual drink bill would purchase the farms, stock and implements of the whole Province of Ontario.

Liquor costs the Dominion as much as an ordinary war, and kills more than such a war generally does.

The direct cost for the maintenance of prisoners and asylums and in the loss of labor is another item in the drink bill of the country which would swell well the total financial loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum.

And the financial loss, after all, is *the smallest evil of the whole business.*—*Irish World.*

A Telling Temperance Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do."

"Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah was a gin-mill next to the shop wha' I wucked and I spent fifty and sebenty cents a day outer de dollah 'a half I earned. Wall, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he sa'd.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had lef'.

"'What do you wan'?' said the butchah.

"'Gib me ten cents' wuf of libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yo' go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo'—de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched the stuff in thirty yeahs, and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—*Foxboro Reporter.*

PEOPLE need not tell me that I am excited on these questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I was not. In my ministry I meet the horrid fruits of these whisky-shops. I see that men and women are perishing in these pitfalls. The number of the victims is so great that it overwhelms me. My brain is burning, my heart is breaking. The church is asleep, and the world, too; and they are hugging each other. I am weary with holding in. I must cry. I would rather be counted singular in the judgment of men than be unfaithful in the judgment of God.—*Rev. Dr. Arnot.*

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

A Woman's Experience in the Haunts of the Noble Red Man.

A woman of this city who has several times visited the frontier as a guest of acquaintances in the regular army was speaking the other day of her experiences last summer. She was one of a party of ten, among them two or three women from the East, who were visiting at one of the frontier posts. A gallant officer conceived the idea of a trip lasting several weeks, which should include the various Indian agencies and army posts of the Northwest. The women were particularly delighted with the idea and the party set out.

In speaking of Lo, the traveler said: "If you want to know what real dirtiness is, you ought, without doubt, to see the inside of an Indian tepee. And until you have do not consider yourself capable of judging in such matters." These uncleanly habits, she thought, were innate, for the Indians abhor water as much as a dog attacked with rabies.

At the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, considered the typical one in the country, and which is presided over by Agent McGillicuddy, is a mission school conducted by Mrs. McGillicuddy, a woman of superior education and refinement. The little Indian girls live in the school-building, which is conducted as are Eastern seminaries for young women. One day two of the little girls, about ten and twelve years old, ran away from the school and returned to the wigwam of their parents, who at once brought them back. Mrs. McGillicuddy thought they ought to be punished, and discussed with the squaw the advisability of a whipping, but was told in substance it would do no good; that the most severe and effective punishment possible to inflict would be an extra bath that week, which was administered, much to the discomfiture of the children. It had its effect, however, and they were among the most obedient thereafter. She agrees with all authorities as to the constitutional laziness of the noble red man.

A number of humorous incidents that happened while on the trip were related. While at one of the agencies, one Sunday, the Indians were gathered near the officers' quarters devoutly performing certain religious duties. An officer induced a young woman from one of the Eastern cities, who was possessed of a remarkably heavy head of blonde hair, reaching to the ground, to allow it to flow loosely and let the Indians admire it. She at once became the center of attraction, to the utter neglect of the religious ceremonies. They gathered about her in swarms, and manifested their pleasure at the sight by jumping about, rubbing their hands and gesticulating wildly. They pronounced it the finest scalp they had ever seen. The young woman was badly frightened, and the rest of her stay at that place was made rather unpleasant from the fact that the Indians manifested such an admiration for her that she was afraid to venture out. One evening during their stay at the Pine Ridge Agency the party attended church in the little Episcopal chapel. When they went in all was perfectly quiet, but services had hardly begun when they were startled by a terrible excitement among the Indians. Dr. McGilliendy endeavored to quiet them, but was unable to do so. The cause of the commotion was that news had been received announcing the death of White-Thunder, a very popular Chief on one of the other reservations. The despair of the Indians seemed so intense and their grief so uncontrollable that the question was asked: "Why do they wail and moan so loudly?" It was explained that when a brave dies he who does the most and loudest mourning receives from the widow the choicest pieces of personal property left by the deceased. All of the property is thus given away by a "graduating scale" based upon the display of anguish made by grief-stricken friends.

The traveler related an incident coming under her observation which tends to dissipate the idea that the savage can not be civilized. It is the story of poor Enoch Arden in terra cotta tint, with slight variations.

There was one young buck, of industrious and frugal habits, who, unlike his more trifling brothers, had adopted many of the white man's ideas, and by steady work at teaming acquired a comfortable cabin (instead of a wigwam), which he furnished in some taste, lived quietly with his squaw, and enjoyed the confidence of the white man. He went out on one of his regular trips, but did not return at the expected time. Search was made for him, but after the lapse of a week or so he was declared lost. The other braves at once began to mourn for him. This is said to have been the best, or perhaps the worst, exhibition of howling ever heard. It was exciting for the double incentive of securing the personal effects of the dead Indian and receiving the smiles of the rich young squaw, who was possessed of unusual personal charms as well as wealth.

Not unlike her white sisters in similar positions, this bereaved widow displayed considerable tact and executive ability. By her coy manners she had induced one fine young brave to outlast the others in the contest. His grief had been so intense that she rewarded him with nearly all of the personal property left by her lamented husband, and as a happy culmination gave him her fat, greasy hand in marriage. The honeymoon had only fairly begun when "the supposed deceased," who had apparently died intestate, put in an appearance, after an unusual and extended drunk. Right here is where Enoch Arden was outgeneraled. Instead of going away and leaving the young couple to spoon, this resurrected Indian asserted his rights, retook his goods, chattels, tenements, and hereditaments, including the gentle Annie, instructed the copper-colored Philip to "git," and he "got."

The simple, child-like vanity of the Indian is well illustrated by the following: At one post, "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses" came into the little photograph gallery, or tent, to have his picture taken. When the tin-type was shown him he went into ecstacies at the reproduction of his own manly form arrayed in Government clothes and whatever else he could accumulate on his person. To understand how complete was his joy it is only necessary to say that, in unbounded glee, he wanted a picture taken of his squaw, who was placed in position before the camera. Just as everything was about ready the "Y. M. A. O. H. H." wanted to see how his better half would look. He put his head under the cloth of the camera, and, to his horror, saw she was standing on her head. He instantly jerked his head out from under the curtain, but saw her standing on her feet. Thinking he might have been mistaken, the Indian took another peep and saw she was again standing on her head. He remonstrated with her, saying she could not expect a picture to look like her if she persisted in standing on her head. The squaw denied any such acrobatic performance. Upon taking one more look Mr. Indian flew into a rage, grabbed his squaw by the shoulders, shook her violently, and dragged her out of the place, saying she was bewitched and should not have a picture until she learned to stand on her feet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ADAPTATION IN AGRICULTURE.

Folly of Settling Facts Which Have Already Been Settled by the Experience of Others.

While every intelligent cultivator of the soil is doubtless well aware of the fact that the same kinds of plants and animals do not thrive equally well in all climates or under the same conditions, still there are comparatively few persons who pursue this subject further than what is forced upon them through dear-bought experience. It is quite true that experience is often the most direct medium through which a man can obtain the information or facts which he may be seeking, but it can scarcely be said in this age that all must travel the same road in order to secure the same amount of knowledge. Accumulated individual experience may be considered as at least a fair basis upon which to establish principles that will not mislead the inexperienced, even if they do not enable the novice to secure greater results. It is a waste of time, if nothing more, to repeat experiments just for the purpose of being able to say that you have settled certain facts or fallacies by actual individual experience. There is still room enough for experiments without going over old ground, and agricultural science has certainly reached a stage where some of the old and mooted questions may be considered as decided, and it is worse than folly to spend more time in their investigation. We have certainly determined the fact that there are climates and soils especially adapted to the growing of wheat; and while the natural limits may, by artificial means, be somewhat extended, it is a question if it will pay the agriculturist to undertake to force nature in such matters and try to raise crops that at best are uncertain, and in a majority of instances cost more than they are worth. To run counter to natural conditions is, however, one of the follies of a large number of agriculturists in all civilized countries, and perhaps nowhere are the numbers greater than in the United States, for here we have thousands of farmers and fruit growers who seem to be perfectly oblivious to all principles of adaptation as well as to ignore the experience of all who have gone over the same field before them. If a hundred or even a thousand men have utterly failed to make any special branch of agriculture a success in a locality, they will not be satisfied until they have tried it themselves. They will try to raise wheat on a soil only adapted to rye, and perhaps winter wheat upon land where it is almost certain to be thrown out by frosts in winter and killed, and do not once imagine that the results were due to their own ignorance or persistent stupidity. Now, it is well known that we have vast regions of country where both the soil and climate are especially adapted to the growing of wheat and oats, others for corn, rye, potatoes, and various farm crops; and while the farmer may by artificial means achieve partial success where natural conditions are against him, we should at least hesitate to advise others to attempt to do the same as a matter of business.

There are natural dairy regions where all things seem to combine in making conditions especially favorable for the production of milk, butter, and cheese. The pasture and meadow grasses may grow fully as luxuriantly in other localities, and still dairy husbandry can not be made a success, the reasons for the failure being due to other causes than food. Low, moist soils in warm climates may produce more succulent food than high and dry land, and yet that from the former may be deficient in nutritive properties. Low lands also produce more food when used for pasture than high grounds, but they are never as healthy for cattle, and fevers, foot-rot, and similar diseases are usually developed on moist soils. What are called malarial regions are really as unhealthy for domesticated as for human beings, and should always be avoided by stockmen if they expect permanent and continued success in their business.

Large, heavy breeds of cattle, like the Shorthorns, are not adapted to hilly regions, where they will have to climb for their food; neither are they suited to the thin pastures of the Western plains, where they must travel a long distance to obtain sufficient food and water. The breeds that are light of foot are best for such regions, and the same is true of horses, sheep, and other stock. The stock raiser should keep these things in mind when looking for a stock farm, and, further, not expect to find any one breed equally valuable for all purposes. The long-sought "general purpose breed" has not as yet appeared, and until one is developed it will be safe to select the very best of those already known that are especially adapted to certain purposes and the conditions under which they are to be reared.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In Tenejapa, Oaxaca, Mexico, the Indian residents are more sanguinary than the Chinese in the administration of justice. They surrounded the houses of seven well-known robbers and burned them alive in their houses. When the militia arrived they only found a heap of ashes.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Smoking plum trees with sulphur is recommended as a preventative of the ravages of the curculio.

—Fruit jellies may be preserved from moldiness by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with pulverized sugar.—*Chicago Times.*

—For stomach cramps, ginger ale or a teaspoonful of the tincture of ginger in a half glass of water in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved.—*Boston Budget.*

—Eggs at twelve cents per dozen give the same food value as lean beef or mutton at ten cents per pound. Eggs, therefore, are economical food, and they are excellent for the farmer's family.—*Troy Times.*

—It is said that scarcity of water is one chief cause of tough beef. Animals fatted in summer on succulent food are more tender than those of the same age and character fatted in winter.

—It is well-known that when a cow aborts in a herd it becomes contagious. This is due to a disease which causes the difficulty rather than from any physical disorder. No cure is known, and the loss among the herds annually is very great—*Albany Journal.*

—If your blacksmith insists upon burning your horses' feet, says the *National Stockman*, in order to make the shoes fit, hunt another farrier at once. The horseshoer who will do such a thing is either an ignoramus or is too lazy to do his work as it should be done.

—Milk toast (for invalids): Take a couple of slices of bread and toast well—that is, crisp. Take new milk or cream, also a bit of butter (varying according to toast required), and melt in a saucepan together. Then dip in the slices of toast, let them soak for a moment or two, lift on to a deep plate and pour the remains of milk and butter on top. Serve very hot; add salt as required.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Currant Vinegar: This fine vinegar is made by simply pressing the fruit to a mash, let it stand a night, then strain the juice off clear and fill bottles to the brim. Set them uncorked in the sun, or in a warm place, until the fermentation ceases. Any little impurities that arises skim off with a piece of blotting-paper, and cork the bottles well. White currants are excellent for delicate pale vinegar. Red ones make a vinegar equal to that made from the finest red wine.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The putting up and marketing of butter in good shape during the summer months is an almost impossible task. The butter often comes into market really unfit for use, when, no doubt, it started from the dairy in fine condition. Farmers should put up their butter just as well as the regular dairymen, pack it solidly in vessels made especially for the purpose and in every way prepare it to go on the market in the best possible shape. If they do this there will soon be no reason to complain of selling butter in summer at ten to fifteen cents per pound.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The Soldier's Broil: Half roast, or stew, or parboil a moderate-sized shoulder of mutton, lift it into a hot dish, score it on both sides down to the bone, season it well with fine salt and cayenne or pepper, and finish cooking it upon a gridiron over a brisk fire. Skim the fat from any gravy that may have flowed from it, and keep the dish which contains it quite hot to receive the joint again. Warm a cupful of pickled mushrooms, let a part of them be minced, and strew them over the broil; when it is ready to be served arrange the remainder round it and send it to table instantly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SWINE.

The Proper Summer Diet for Young and Growing Pigs.

There is no better food for young pigs after weaning than good skimmed milk, with a little sweet, moderately fine wheat bran and corn meal stirred into it. There should not be a large proportion of meal in the mixture at first, nor so long as the pig is making growth, though corn meal is excellent to finish off fattening with. Many a young pig has been spoiled by overfeeding with corn or corn meal. It is impossible to get a good growth on such food alone. Clear milk would be better, but milk will pay a larger profit when given in connection with some grain. Milk alone is rather to bulky for a sole diet; it distends the stomach too much and gives the animal too much to do to get rid of the surplus water. Many young pigs are spoiled by overfeeding. When first weaned they should be given a little at a time and often. They always will put a foot in the trough, and food left before them a long time gets so dirty that it may be entirely unfit to be eaten. But one of the worst methods of feeding milk to pigs is to have it stand in a sour swill barrel, mixed in along with cucumber parings, sweet corn cobs and other kitchen wastes, till the whole mass is far advanced in the fermentation stage. Sweet milk is good, and milk that is slightly sour may be better, it may be even more easily digested, but milk that soured until it bubbles, till the sugar in it has turned into alcohol or into vinegar, is not a fit food for swine of any age, and certainly not for young pigs that have just been taken from their mother. A hog will endure considerable abuse, will live in wet and filthy pens, will eat almost every sort of filthy food, and often thrive fairly well, but a pig that is kept in comfortable quarters and fed upon wholesome food will pay a much better profit to the owner and furnish much sweeter pork for the barrel. Nearly all the diseases which hogs are subject to are caused by cold, wet pens, or by sour, inferior swill. Better throw surplus milk away than to keep it until it rots and then force it down the throats of swine. Farmers should keep swine enough to take all the wastes of the farm while in a fresh condition and then supplement it with good wheat middlings and corn meal. Our own practice has been to keep pigs enough to take the skimmed milk each day direct from the dairy room, without the use of a swill barrel to store and sour it in. A swill barrel in summer is a nuisance on any farm. We could never find a good place to keep it—where it would not draw flies or breed flies. In winter it would be less objectionable, but it is a nuisance at all times and in all places.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for Governor in a "pivotal" Western State arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob, of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

Why did the porcupine? How much did the armadillo? What was it the rabbit! Why did the ant eater?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women,' said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffe , no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer the household is askew.

"THERE she blows," the old whaler remarked when his wife commenced to give him a curtain lecture.—*Palmer (Mass.) Journal.*

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

SOME Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are eight to six.—*Peck's Sun.*

* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose three letter stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SCHOOL journal advises: "Make the school interesting." That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A HALF holiday is better than no loaf.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Farms, $10 to $25 Per Acre.

Before buying write J. C. Hall, McLeansboro, Ill., for list and prices.

EXPERIENCE is the cream of life—but it often sours with age.—*Whitehall Times.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

THE reason a woman is continually looking in the glass is because she wants to see herself as others see her.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"NO," SAID the pork butcher, "I am not in the habit of swearing, but when that boy came in and stole a string of sausages I could not help exclaiming dog-gone!"—*Chicago Times.*

THE agricultural papers are printed on Hoe presses.

WHAT toe is it that annoys a man more than any other, and yet never has a corn on it? A mosquito, of course. Why don't you give us a hard one?—*Philadelphia Press.*

AS WE daily print the bills of fare for three of the largest Watch Hill hotels, our compositors are enabled to live like epicures—in their minds.—*Stonington Mirror.*

A POUND party—The young woman who is learning to play on the piano.

THE Chinese have a proverb that every man who rules himself is a King. Royal Blood is not scarce in America if every woman who rules her husband is a Queen.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A PIPE organ—The Tobacconist's Gazette.—*The Judge.*

THE revised Bible—The one that is read.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A CONTEMPORARY asks: "What is the difference between a man and a pitcher?" At times the difference is very striking. The man may be full and the pitcher be empty.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOME girls, 'tis said, when asked to wed will murmur: "To papa go;" "I can't say nay" 's the softer way adopted in Chicago.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE inhabitants of Burmah worship idols made of brass. How they would get down on their knees if only an American commercial traveler were to get around their way.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"PA," said a little boy, "what is an absolute monarchy?" "I can't explain it, my son, so that you can comprehend it. Wait until you get married, my son, and then you'll know."—*Newman Independent.*

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.

CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

"THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE." **Indestructible Fire Kindler, Cooking Blocks, Grate Logs, etc.** Cleanly, convenient, economical and safe. No family after using them will be without them. Good men wanted to represent us at County Fairs and act as Agents. LEE, E. & CROWL, 31 Prospect Street, CLEVELAND, O.

CANCER of the TONGUE.

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek, to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Traylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of LaGrange, Ga. MRS. MARY L. COMER.

LaGrange, Ga., May 14, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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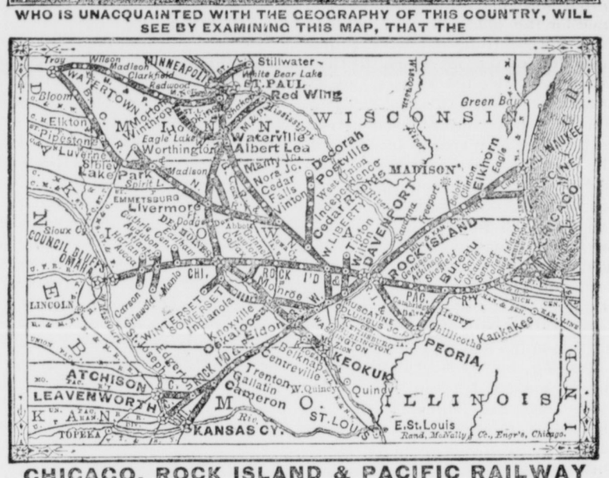

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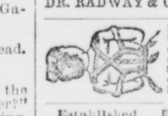

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SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1885.

Put Good Men on Guard.

Sometime ago we called the attention of our Republican readers to the importance of nominating our best men for the offices to be filled next fall. Since writing that article ample time has passed in which to thoroughly consider the subject, and we trust not only that this has been done but that the Republican party of Garrett county is prepared to act upon the suggestions we then made. We feel that the importance of the subject demands our earnest and careful thought and our energetic action, and we trust we may be pardoned if we again urge its attention upon our readers. The Republican party owes it to itself to nominate good men. If both political parties would nominate good men the public interests would not suffer, no matter which party might succeed for the time being. Experience has demonstrated that the public interests have not been subserved by the election of Democrats heretofore, and with the experience of the past two years before them the people are not likely to repeat the experiment. This is a Republican county by a majority although not large yet decided, and we may reasonably look forward to the election of a Republican ticket. This being, as we believe, the case, we regard it all the more important that none but good men should be nominated, and then, when the people vote for such men, they will feel not only that they are voting for the men who are going to be elected, but that when they are elected they will have the ability as well as the integrity to faithfully discharge their duties. Don't nominate men simply because they say they are strong; don't nominate them because they think they can capture a few Democratic votes; don't nominate half-and-half milk-and-water Republicans. Nominate men about whose political principles there can be no doubt, true men—men who command the confidence of their party and challenge the respect of the opposition. With a ticket composed of such men we may snap our fingers at the Democracy. With a ticket composed of different material we will deserve defeat.

Early in the season the attention of the corporation authorities was repeatedly called to the necessity of opening certain streets and alleys in the town for the comfort and convenience of the people. Attention has also been called to the obligation resting upon The Burguess and Commissioners in connection with the opening of these public thoroughfares, which have been closed without a shadow of authority. To all appeals thus far, so far as we know, a deaf ear has been turned by the town authorities, who seem to regard themselves as the masters of the people. How is this matter to be understood? Is the law designed for the government of a few only, or does it apply with equal force upon all? Can two or three gentlemen of some prominence in the town keep alleys and streets closed up and defy the law, whilst men of less influence are required to obey the law? The people do not complain because some are required to obey, but rather because others are not required to respect the law.

Some of our people seem to feel that forbearance has long since ceased to be a virtue in this matter. They seem well assured, also, that it is of no use trying to induce the town authorities to enforce the plainest provisions of the law. We have often heard that for every wrong there is a remedy, and it seems to us the remedy in this case would be to lay the matter before the Grand Jury, to which the people and officials are alike accountable. At any rate there can be no harm in trying this remedy.

For months and months past, in addition to all the other cries of hard times, we have daily heard the report of a failure of crops. We now suspect that many of these reports have been industriously circulated by men who were speculating in grain with a view to profit thereby. From the Agricultural Bureau we have the cheering information that the country is to have a very large aggregate of crops this year. The cotton and corn crops, we are told, will be the largest ever grown, whilst the wheat crop, although less than usual, will be far more than we can possibly consume. With this point settled we need not be seriously disturbed, although the dispute about the quantity or yield of wheat is kept up even after the entire crop is harvested. If any fellow wants to lie in the interest of his grain investments we can't prevent him, but the people know enough about the crops now to feel very comfortable withal.

Register.

The September sitting of the Registers of this county, will commence on September 8th, and continue five days. This will be their longest continuous sitting and it ought to be taken advantage of by every Republican who either neglected or forgot to register at the previous sittings. Persons who fail to embrace the opportunity offered during the September sitting may be debarred from registering in October for want of time and thereby become virtually disfranchised. Should this misfortune occur they will have no one but themselves to blame. A citizen who possesses all the qualifications of a voter except the simple one of being registered might as well not possess any qualification whatever. The awkward position he will occupy on election day must be exceedingly mortifying. Let the closing of the books on the last day of the September sitting show a complete Republican registration on the muster roll of registers. A long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether is all that is wanted. Every Republican vote should be cast on election day, and to be able to do it every Republican voter must be registered.

The reports from Marseilles indicate the appearance at that place of a very fatal type of the cholera, in which the patient dies without the occurrence of either diarrhœa or vomiting, but apparently stricken with a chill from which it is impossible to cause a reaction by any known medical process. The deaths in the city are increasing daily and it looks now as though the horrors of last year were to be repeated. In Spain there is no perceptible decline in the ravages of the epidemic. On the contrary the reported death list has risen to two thousand a day and it is probable that many deaths are not reported owing to the disposition on the part of the peasantry to oppose or ignore all sanitary requirements. The government is doing all that is possible to aid the sufferers, but it is uphill work to aid those who from ignorance or prejudice resent all interference in their behalf.

Colonel James C. Mullikin, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has issued a call notifying the members of the committee to meet in Baltimore on Thursday, August 27th, at 11:30 A. M., at the rooms of the Young Men's Republican Club, 70 Saratoga street. Arrangements will then be made for holding the State convention, which will nominate candidates for State Comptroller and clerk of the Court of Appeals.

Death of Judge Wm. Motter.

HAGERSTOWN, August 22.—Ex-Judge Wm. Motter died between 11 and 12 o'clock last night at his residence, this place, aged sixty-eight years four months and twenty-seven days. He was in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. Deceased was born in 1817, at Emmittsburg, Frederick county, and graduated at the age of nineteen at Princeton College, having also attended for a short time Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa. He studied law with William Schley and Edward A. Lynch, at Frederick, having as a fellow-student at the time the late Judge Geo. A. Pearre, with whom he afterwards practiced law for six months in Cumberland. Giving up his practice at Cumberland at the end of that period, he removed to Wheeling, W. Va., and thence, in 1845, to Hagerstown, where he has since resided. He was defeated for the State Senate in 1857, but two years later was elected state's attorney of this county, and in 1867 was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. In the same year, at the first election under the new Constitution, he was chosen associate judge of this, the Fourth judicial circuit of Maryland. He was succeeded in 1882 by Judge A. K. Syester, who is now on the bench. Upon his retirement from the bench he resumed the practice of the law. While on the bench, he was regarded as a safe and impartial jurist, and he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community in every position he held. Judge Motter was twice married. By his first wife he had one daughter, who married Dr. Bruce, of Cumberland, and by his second wife, who was the daughter of Mr. W. D. Bell, former editor of the *Herald and Torchlight*, he had six children. His funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, with services at the St. John's Episcopal Church, where he held the position of vestryman for a number of years. He will be interred in Rose Hill Cemetery.

The Situation in Ohio.

Now that the Ohio nominations are complete on both sides, speculation as to the results of the election turn chiefly upon two elements of uncertainty—the Prohibition vote and the colored vote. It is asserted, and reiterated with great positiveness, that there is much dissatisfaction among the colored voters of Ohio with the nomination of Foraker. This statement is, however, emphatically denied, and no substancial proof has been offered in support of it. There are about twenty thousand colored voters in Ohio, and, of course, any bolt they might make of the Republican nominations would be seriously felt, but there is at present no reason to fear that any such bolt will take place. It is Democratic wish that is the father of the thought.

The Prohibition vote is rendered uncertain by reason of an element of comedy that has forced its way into the very serious canvass. It is charged upon the sworn statement of a witness who cannot be ignored that the Prohibition candidate, while suffering with dyspepsia, took bottled ale as a medicine, but took it clandestinely in the woods at a camp-meeting. This is positively denied by the Prohibition candidate, but the witness makes his statement in detail and promises to give the name of the doctor who prescribed the ale and other proofs. It is not improbable that the Prohibition vote will be seriously affected by it.

There are other elements of uncertainty. There is said to be a free trade revolt in Hurd's district, where the nomination of Hoadly is regarded as "a rebuke." There is also a split in the Democracy, led by Mallon, a defeated Democratic candidate for sheriff. He leads a "workingman's party," and has the support of the Knights of Labor.

There are other and lesser elements of uncertainty, but one of the most powerful of these is the personal popularity of the candidates. Foraker is a popular man. Hoadly is quite the reverse. The Republicans will rely on an active an stirring campaign and the Democrats on a still hunt.—*Balto. American.*

State of Trade.

NEW YOTK, August 22.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: "The encouraging features of the general trade situation heretofore reported have been reported in special telegrams received by *Bradstreet's* this week. Those specific advices from Boston state that while the feeling in trade circles is more encouraging, the gain in the volume of trade which has taken place is not large. Still it is of significance that at Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Memphis and Burlington, the leading jobbers record better sales and an improved feeling in trade circles. At Chicago there has been some depression, owing to the decline in the price of wheat, but otherwise there is no change. At St. Louis the threatened strike of the Gould road operatives belonging to the Knights of Labor depressed trade by causing the withholding of orders from the interior. At Cleveland it is wired that trade is fair for the season only. At New York only a moderate average of the reports recorded above is true. Leading dealers in staple lines at New York regard the general improvement noticed here, mainly in cotton goods and wool, as pointing to the usual excess demand customary at the opening of autumn. The necessitated outlay in the fall is heavier than in the spring. General inquiry fails to find an exceptation of a continuing revival in trade in the existing improvement.

The improvement in iron at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago is mainly in pipes and plates, for which orders have increased. There has, however, been considerable enthusiasm respecting the gain. The improvement in prices of steel rails, reported at $1 50@1 00 per ton, has amounted to less than $1 in reality. The intention of the Long Branch conference of steel rail workers is to put prices up to $30 per ton against nominally $27 50. The Rensselaer Iron and Steel Works, New York State, having reorganized with new capital, will build furnaces and continue work.

BOSTON, August 22.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market continues active, with large sales reported, while the figures would have been even greater had dealers been able to open their goods fast enough to meet the demand. There is no boom in the market, but for the past six weeks sales have been large, as an average of over 4,000,000 pounds per week, and the effect of this lively business most of course grades, noted a week ago, dealers have found no trouble to place their goods, and they are now in many instances trying to obtain a little more advance. The price of wool here is considered low as compared with the cost in the country, and it is claimed that at present figures, the goods sold cannot be replaced with any profit to the dealer.

CONNELLSVILLE, August 22.—The *Keystone Courier* says: While there is no tangible improvement to note in the coke trade, the future prospects are not quite so dark and unpromising this week as they have been during the past three months. The coke operators who have been patiently singing: "Wait till the clouds roll by," while the same clouds didn't stir an inch, now wear a look of hopefulness. Said one of the more sanguine, yesterday: "I'll bet a new hat the coke trade is better inside of two weeks." There is some foundation for the prediction. The iron trade is better, and upon this the coke trade chiefly depends, of course.

Destructive Storms.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 25.—Charleston was struck by a cyclone this morning and one-fourth of the houses in the city are unroofed. Parts of the spires of St. Michael's and St. Matthew churches were blown down and the spire of the Atadel Square Baptist Church is demolished. The wharves and warehouses are badly demoralized. At Sullivan's Island steamers are aground, and the new Ashley river bridge now constructing is swept away. Four vessels which arrived yesterday are wrecked. The telegraph wires are down and no cars are running. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000. The work of restoration has already begun.

SAVANAH, GA., August 25.—The storm this morning did but little damage in this city or neighboring plantations. At Tybee a dwelling house was blown down but no one was injured. The bark Caroline Chalmers went ashore on the knoll inside of Tybee. A dispatch from Darien reports no damage either to the shipping or the rice crops.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, August 25.—The heaviest rain storm for years prevailed here almost continuously for forty hours, ending at noon yesterday. Over seven inches of rain has fallen, causing great damage to streets and crops. Several washouts are reported on the railroads, and trains from the west and southwest have been delayed. The loss in bridges washed away in this county will amount to several thousand dollars.

On the Mercer County railroad a train of cars went through a bridge, involving a loss of $20,000. A brakeman named Frank Fense was buried in the wreck.

In the 24 hours ending at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the Mississippi river rose 15 inches.

FREDERICK, MD., August 25.—For the third time this summer a heavy storm swept over Frederick county to-day. The Catocatin river running through the Middletown valley, overflowed its banks and carried away everything that afforded obstruction. Barns, bridges and dwellings were demolished and fully $15,000 damages was sustained. Several of the bridges have been swept away within the past three months and much of the loss falls on the poor farmers, who can ill afford it. Considerable damage was done to growing corn throughout this section of the State.

PITTSBURG, August 25.—A freshet in Girty's run last night, caused by a cloud burst, near Evergreen, Pa, flooded 22 houses, washed away 13 railroad and township bridges and drowned a large lot of live stock. The damage will reach many thousands of dollars. No lives lost.

A Killing Frost in the Nothwest.

ST. PAUL, MINN., August 24.—The signal service here has advices reporting a killing frost over the greater portion of the Northwest Territory, extending southward to the northern portion of Minnesota. The temperature fell to 27 degrees at St. Vincent just before sunrise this morning. This is low enough to form good, stiff ice and kill vegetation. The lowest temperature reported this morning was 25, observed at Minedoca, Northwest Territory. The air here in St. Paul is crisp and chilly, but there is no frost. The guests are leaving the lakes in large parties today for the South.

A curious discovery was made recently when a lightning rod, which had been in place fifteen years imbedded in soft clay was removed. There was found attached to it a solid lump of iron ore weighing ninety-six pounds, supposed to have been produced by the conversion of the clay by the action of electricity.

A National Grant Monument.

From a letter in the Boston Herald.

Of course the Washington people are thinking somewhat about the Grant monument to be erected here; but they do not expect to raise the money for it, nor do they expect to determine its character. If it is to be a truly national memorial and worthy of the greatness of the name it shall commemorate it ought, it seems to me, to be a grand triumphal arch, and it ought not to cost less than $1,000,000. A grand arch would be in the completest possible contrast to the Washington obelisk, and it could be so placed as to show to wonderful advantage. One admirable site for such a work of art would be on the high ground at the head of Sixteenth St. This is nearly as fine an elevation as that on which the Are de Triomphe stands in Paris, and the surrounding avenues could be made very splendid. But the grandest site that could be named would be the hill at Arlington. Then we should have the Washington monument on one side of the river and the Grant monument on the other. Very soon the growth of the city will require the occupation of the land between Arlington Cemetery and the river bluff opposite Georgetown for dwelling sites. Ultimately the District of Columbia must be restored to its original size of 10 miles square. There is great need of a new and adequate bridge on the high level of the city to span the river between the National Observatory and Arlington House. To build this vast highway and to put the Grant triumphal arch at the Arlington end of it would be the most admirable improvement that could be suggested. It is too great and costly an enterprise for the citizens of the District to think of carrying through without the help of Congress.

Awful Responsibility.

WASHINGTON, August 25.—"The government at Washington still lives," but there is only one member of the Cabinet in the city. Most of the departments are run by the rascally Republican chiefs and employes, whom Democratic editors have been finding so much fault with of late, and the government is being carried along in the same manner as it was under a Republican administration. It will be remembered a great deal was once said about the present administration being a business affair, and during the last campaign Mr. Cleveland was credited with saying that a President of the United States had no right to absent himself from Washington, where the business of his office called him, for a longer period than two weeks at the most, but here he has been absent now going on three weeks, and there is nothing known as to when he will return. Mr. Cleveland has probably changed his mind since he entered the White House as to what a President of the United States should do. At any rate, "the government at Washington still lives," in spite of the absence of those who have sworn to administer it.

It is pretty generally conceded now that although there will be some decrease in the wheat crop—how great may be the injury is very differently estimated—the falling off will be more than made up by the increase in the crop of corn. It is a magnificent one, and will in all probability exceed last year's enormous yield by 100,000,000 bushels. There has been an increase in acreage of 6 per cent, as compared with last year, and of over 8 per cent, as compared with 1883, and the condition of the crop is excellent, the average, by a recent report, being 94 per cent. for the whole United States, as against 96 per cent. in 1884 and 88 in 1883. How great is the interest now taken in corn is shown by the figures of the acreage, the total in 1883 having been 68,302,000 acres, while this year no less than 73,864,000 acres were devoted to this crop. The South, as was noted recently, reaps this year a great deal of benefit from this crop, its share of the increase being estimated at fifty millions of bushels over the yield last year, while its increased yield of cotton is put down at from one to one and a half million bales, and its crops of tobacco, fruits and vegetables were never surpassed. The rice crop, too, is a splendid one, and the sugar more productive than last year, as prices are better and the cost of production has been less.

Advertise

If you want a farm put a small advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN; you will get more information in that way, in spending $3 or $5, than you would by spending $50 in traveling. If you want to sell your land, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN; it goes to all parts of our county, as well as to adjoining counties in Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is seen by those who are looking for new homes. If you have anything to sell or buy, any wants, advertise in the paper having much the largest circulation of any paper in the county. It gives value received, and can not fail to reach the most desirable parties, and bring excellent results.

A gentleman said to a minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly. "The Deacon is in heaven."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES —AT— HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Thos. Coddington to Frederick A. Thayer, Trustee.

No. 335 Equity, Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a Court of Equity, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, that the report of the sale of the Real Estate made by said Frederick A. Thayer as Trustee in this said cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 31st day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks before the said 31st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale of the Real Estate under said trust to be $10.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Test:
8 15 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, 4t. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned. Offenders will be visited with the full extent of the law.

Aug. 8, 3t. PETER GORTNER, FRED. GORTNER.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

—:o:—

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alpha Hinebaugh and Fannie B. Hinebaugh, his wife, and John Hinebaugh and Mary A. Hinebaugh, his wife, to Matthew Cullen, dated June 8th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county, in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folios 468, &c., and assigned to Henry A. Rasche by said Matthew Cullen, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgagee, will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday,

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885,

at 3 o'clock P. M., all the following Real Estate, viz:

First. All that tract of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, known as

"SWALLOW FALLS,"

containing about eight hundred acres.

Second. All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and designated as

Military Lots Numbers 1256, 1258, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266 and 1269,

containing fifty acres of land each, and included in a tract of land called

"The Falls of Muddy Creek."

All of which said lands are more particularly described in the said mortgage, reference to which is here y made.

Said lands are situated on and near the Youghiogheny river, about seven miles north of the town of Oakland, are well timbered, and improved by several DWELLING HOUSES and out-buildings, and the same property on which the said Alpha Hinebaugh recently opperated a saw mill.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

HENRY A. RASCHE,
8 15 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends I have consented to announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

WM. W. FRAZEE.

—Senator Getty was in town Tuesday.

—Judge Ritchie is at the Glades Hotel.

—Jacob Brown, Esq., was in Oakland this week.

—Mr. E. O. Hinkley, of Baltimore, is at Miss Edward's cottage.

—About $300 was realized at the Presbyterian fair and festival last week.

—Parties desiring to buy cider mills, will find it to their interest to call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—Peter Nathan, Esq., Grantsville's new Justice of the Peace, was in Oakland this week.

—Mr. Samuel C. Hoye has been appointed postmaster at Deer Park, *vice* Col. E. C. Tillson removed.

—Major W. O. Ison, of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., is in Oakland for a short vacation.

—Mr. P. A. Chisholm, who was accidently shot last week, is doing well. The probabilities are that he will not lose his eye.

—The Orchilla Guano has given the best satisfaction of any fertilizer in use. J. M. Davis & Son have just received a car load for fall crops.

—W. W. Cole's circus was greeted with a large crowd last Friday. The performances were said to be good. The street parade was among the best ever seen in Oakland.

—Mr. John E. Thrasher, a young married man, residing near Deer Park, was seriously burned Tuesday night, by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

—Mrs. Stahl, widow of the late John Stahl, desires to dispose of her house and lot in Oakland. Persons desiring a cheap property should make a note of this. 7 18 tf

—We had a frost throughout this county Thursday morning, but the extent of the damage to the crops is not known. It is feared that the buckwheat and corn has been seriously damaged.

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—The following named players of the Athletic Association of this place have been selected as the permanent team to play all match games of base ball, the selection of substitutes being left to the captain: Captain and catcher, J. Ed. Kildow; pitcher, Perry White; first base, F. P. Arnold; second base, D. E. Bolden; third base, W. P. Townshend; short stop, W. Dawson; left field, S. Spedden; centre field, R. Townshend; right field, C. Peddicord.

—The Circuit Court was in session on Saturday last, Judge Hoffman on the bench. The special session was held for the purpose of hearing a replevin case between O. W. Heiskell and John Shartzer. On Wednesday morning Mr. Shartzer distrained one of his tenants, taking as the distress, property found on the premises of the tenant. Mr. Heiskell had a mortgage upon the property of the tenant which was distrained, and under his mortgage he replevied the property and took it into his possession. Mr. Shartzer then, through his counsel, docketed a motion for a return of property, which was heard on Saturday as above stated. The question before the Court was whether the distress or the replevin would hold. The Judge rendered his decision Wednesday in favor of Shartzer, sustaining the legality of the distress and ordering a return of the property in controversy.

—A warrant was issued Saturday last by Esquire Gonder for the arrest of Joseph Helbig and John Bell, both of Oakland, charged on oath of A. Laughlin, telegraph operator at Mountain Lake Park, with assault and battery with intent to kill. The assault was made on the previous evening. They have so far eluded arrest.

—The following is not ours, but our sentiments exactly: "If you have an item of news, an item with no taint of abuse, an item that's kind well stored in your mind, let it go to the press, it's always of use. Hoard your dollars and cents; prize your home for its sacred contents, hoard your malice and hoard your spite, never talk crooked when your can talk right. But above all, when the news man is around, tell him where an item is found. Or better still jot it down and promptly send it around, the printer will be pleased to type it."

—Mr. Nathaniel Bell Harvey, of Ryan's Glade, Garrett county, has been the father of fifteen children, eleven of whom are living. Mrs. Harvey, his wife, is one of the finest Christian characters we have ever met. Her robust, cheerful piety is so attractive that it is quite a treat to sit down and converse with her. A few years ago, while she was spending a night some distance from her home her house was burned to ashes, together with all her furniture. A messenger was despatched to break the sad news to her. It was especially sad for the reason that it was a new house which herself and husband had labored hard to rear as a shelter for their old age. When the news was told her, she asked if her husband and children were safe, learning which fact she appeared cheerful and contented. On reaching the spot she found her husband almost in a state of despair. Said she, "Cheer up, Nathan, and trust the Lord. He will help us to get another home." We had the pleasure of spending a night in a comfortable house built on the site of the one destroyed. They believed the Lord helped them, and we believe so too.—*Balto. Field Record.*

—Died, at the residence of H. E. Friend, in Garrett county, Md., Aug. 3d, 1885, Mr. Edwin J. Blackburn, in the 42d year of his age. He was born in Harrison county, W. Va., Dec. 12th, 1843. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he enlisted in Co. C, 34 Regt. Md. Vols., served for three years, re-enlisted and served to the close of the war and was honorably discharged. About eight years ago, while running as engineer on the B. & O. R. R., he was knocked from his engine by a coal house, and received a spinal injury, which resulted in his death. During his affliction he was a great sufferer, and for more than four years unable to walk, but he bore his affliction with christian resignation. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church and lived in a glorious anticipation of a blissful immortality beyond the grave, and hence death came to him as a welcome messenger, releasing him from a life of suffering and introducing him into the realms of immortal bliss. His funeral was preached in the M. E Church at Johnstown, by Rev. F. G. W. Ford, to a large congregation of friends and weeping relatives. He was a kind and loving parent and an affectionate husband. He leaves a wife and five children and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. May they all meet in Heaven. H. E. FRIEND.

Piedmont papers please copy.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Attention Wheat Growers.

Lime insures a paying crop. Geo. E. Bishoff, near Johnstown, can supply you with the celebrated Bear Creek Lime.

Harvest-Home.

The Lutheran people of the Accident pastorate will have a grand harvest-home rally in the grove adjoining Forks church, on Saturday, Sept. 5, 1885.

An enjoyable day is promised, and all who can, are cordially invited to attend.

J. B. SHOUP, Pastor.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

For Sale!

An exceptionally good saddle mare. Is quiet, young, (6 years old.) Has smooth action and is beautifully gaited. Has been driven a few times single and once double. Is not thoroughly broken to harness, and will not guarantee her to drive kindly. Will sell her (for want of use) to the highest bidder, Tuesday, September 8th, at 11 o'clock. A. M., in front of the *Democrat* office. In the meantime mare can be seen at my stable.

DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Oakland, August 19th.—3t.

Sad Death of a Minister.

Rev. S. S. C. Idleman, a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, stationed at Oldtown, met his death under distressing circumstances there Saturday evening. He lived with a Mr. Wilson and had been very ill for some time past with typhoid pneumonia, which caused delirium. Saturday evening Rev. Idleman was left alone a few moments, when he arose from his bed and jumped from the window of the second story in which he was. He fell on his head and was instantly killed. He was about 26 years old, unmarried and had supplied the Oldtown church for two years past. His remains were yesterday sent to the residence of his father, near Elk Garden, West Virginia.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

Base Ball.

Last Monday the Mountain Lake base ball club went to Keyser to play the return game with the club of that place. As the train pulled into the depot the boys were greeted by cheers from the crowd to welcome them. A committee from the Keyser club escorted them to a boarding house where they donned their uniforms and were then taken to the base ball grounds, where a crowd of about one thousand had gathered to witness the contest. The game opened with Mountain Lake at the bats. The first ball thrown struck Dawson, the batter, on the head who was given his first, but prevented him from playing his usual strong game. There was some good playing done by both nines, but at times they were very careless, thus allowing the score to stand at the close of the game 15 to 11 in favor of Keyser. The spectators showed very little partiality, applauding good plays on both sides. After the game the visiting boys "took in" the town, but did not forget to be back in time for a good, substantial supper to which they did justice, Mr. Crowe, of Lonaconing, umpired the game to the satisfaction of all.

Mountain Lake Park.

There being no lectures on Tuesday morning of last week the whole of the morning was devoted to the Normal work, the evening was spent listening to readings from Shakespere and from the Bible by Mrs. Hart, of Washington, D. C.

The Schools of Art and Elocution are prospering finely. The entire day on Wednesday was devoted to review and examination of the Greek and Normal Classes, and at night reports were made of the different branches of work done during the entire Assembly. The results were very gratifying, the finances especially, bringing them out a few dollars ahead.

There were several graduates "in the school of one," Frysinger, who received their diplomas with honor, This was a very pleasant and gratifying part of the evening's exercises.

Assembly officers were elected for next year, which resulted in the re-election of all the officers just retiring: Dr. Frysinger, President; Rev. J. B. Young, Secretary; and Mr. R. W. Armstrong, Treasurer.

The time for the next Assembly was fixed for the first Tuesday in August, 1886.

The hour for closing having arrived, Dr. Frysinger requested that several would make short speeches, stating to what extent they had been benefited by the Assembly. Several, with Rev. J. T. Judd, partook heartily in these exercises. He said that although Dr. Frysinger had served so faithfully and successfully in conducting the Assembly without any financial reward, the Greek and Normal Classes were anxious to show their high appreciation of his earnest labors, by each class presenting to him a handsome little volume. The meeting closed by singing from the Epworth Hymnal, "God be with you till we meet again.

Thursday morning we were all startled with the report that Mr. Atkinson's dog had bitten and nearly killed the nine months old child of Prof. White. Two doctors were quickly summoned. On examination they found that although the largest wound was about three inches long across the front part of the head, and that it was cut through the scalp, but as it had just missed the fatal spot, it was not necessarily dangerous. To prevent a similar occurence, the dog was killed on Friday. The children had been playing with the dog in Prof. White's yard. He started to crawl through the wire fence, when one of the little girls thoughtlessly ran up to him pressing the child against him, when he immediately thurned his head and bit the child.

Bro. Thompson was to leave Friday morning for home, so on Thursday evening a few of his friend were invited to tea. Among them were Miss Jennie Smith and her mother. No sooner had they left home than some special friends of Miss Jennie's began decorating the cottage and preparing for illumination. It was all done so quietly and secretly that Miss Jennie and her mother knew nothing of it until they were summoned back and found the whole front beautifully lighted up with gas jets and Japanese lanterns, and a number of Roman candles were being fired off, and quite a company had gathered to celebrate her birthday anniversary, with their cheerful faces and loving words, and in their little deeds consisting of a little over seventy dollars as a birthday present. Bro. Thompson was asked to make the opening speech which he did very nicely. Miss Jennie making a very earnest and touching reply. Revs. Lakin, Rider, Dr. Frysinger and J. T. Judd followed with a few appropriate remarks. Then Rev. Lakin and Miss Jennie lead in prayer. The remainder of the evening was spent in a very pleasant social manner.

Mrs. Hubbard invited the public to examine the work of her Art Class. The progress was gratifying and nearly surprising. She begins another term this week. Any who may wish to take advantage of this very efficient teacher, would do well to begin at once. On Sabbath we had morning meeting at nine o'clock and preaching at half past ten, by Rev. Mr. McGrew, he and his wife having just returned from India as missionaries. Mr. E. E. Shelden conducted a young peoples' meeting at seven in the evening, and at eight Mrs. McGrew held a meeting in the interest of the W. F. Missionary Society. An auxiliary society was formed here. All the officers were elected and were instructed to arrange for an anniversary next year.

J. A. E.

ACCIDENT, MD., Aug. 21 1885.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—It is certainly a matter of continual wonder to me where and how false reports originate. That they can be circulated innocently is easily understood, but to manufacture a lie out of the whole cloth and then start it on its mischievous mission certainly requires a mind lost to all feelings of moral restraints whatever. Give a good lie a few hours start and the truth will never catch up much less get ahead. I am moved to these moral reflections by a little personal experience of rather an aggravated character, connected with the recent fight here for the postoffice. Since Mr. Zinkan has been appointed postmaster the report has been circulated that my petition, which was a large one and signed by many influential citizens of both parties, was separated from its head and then attached to Mr. Zinkan's petition and thus forwarded to the Department, and thus helped to secure the appointment for Mr. Zinkan. The real facts in the case are that my petition was gotten up in good faith, for my own vindication, and to keep Republicans out of a Democratic family quarrel. My petition was forwarded to Hon. L. E. McComas, and I will take pleasure in showing Mr. McComas' letter acknowledging its receipt to any one who still have doubts in the matter.

Very respectfully,

JOHN E. GNAGEY.

Accident.

Henry Zinkan postmaster.

The country now is safe.

Quite a number of young men find business of great importance calls them to Accident.

The Quarterly meeting at Friendsville was well attended.

The apple and pear crop promises to be phenomenal. The present weather is quite favorable for apple dumplings.

Very extensive improvements are promised by the new postmaster.

The plaining mill is doing an extensive business and is found a very great convenience in many respects. Mr. Camp's saw mill is also running very regularly in connection with the planer.

The Normal has reached over fifty scholars actually enrolled.

The town more than lively of evenings.

We regret to learn that Mr. Samuel Friend, the boss photographer, leaves Friendsville soon. He will locate in West Virginia. Mr. Friend aside from photography has done some excellent work in lettering.

Rev. Shoup has been requested to deliver a lecture to the Normal class.

Mr. J. Z. Browning's steam thresher is heard in the neighborhood. At the present time there are three separators at work near here.

The abundant showers have forwarded fall plowing.

Mr. Joel Beachy and wife of Grantsville lately paid us a pleasant visit. The height of our ambition is to go down the vale of declining years beloved as is Mr. Beachy. The highest of earthly praise can fully be bestowed upon Mr. Beachy, a christian, a useful citizen and a good neighbor.

There are several summer visitors lingering at Mr. Miller's.

E. H. G.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst., Oakland, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains Iodide of Potassium and Iron, with the best vegetable blood purifiers.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, August 24, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¼@5¾ c. that generally rated first quality 4¾@5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 3½@4 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2¼@3½ cts; extreme range of prices 2¼@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 3@5¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,866 head, against 2,146 last week and 2,900 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,957 head, against 1,297 last week, and 1,453 head the corresponding week of last year.

A very large proportion of the offerings to-day—much larger than usual—consisted of thin, light cattle, few good butchers' cattle being among them. The tops were quite as good as those of last Monday, and possibly as numerous as they were then, but there was a very long line of medium and thin cattle. Prices ranged from $2 25 to $5 65 per 100 pounds, with most sales from 3 to 5¼. Dealers generally consider the decline in tops as about 20c., and medium and common cattle 37½c. per 100 pounds.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The run of hogs is quite light this week, and their average quality is not as good as last week's offerings, there being more grassers and rough hogs in proportion among them. Trade is fairly active in all the yards with the light supply. Prices for rough hogs—sows, stags and grassers—6@6½c., and the better grades 6¾@7. Same time last year hogs sold at 6½@7¾c. for rough hogs, and 8@8¾ for the better grades, with extra 8c. net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a very heavy run this week, and numbers will be left over unsold, or be reshipped East at owners' risk. Trade is very slow, there being no outside demand whatever. The quality of the offerings does not average as good as last week's. We quote butcher Sheep at 2@3¾c., gross. Lambs sell at 2¾@5c., few selling at either extreme, most sales being from 3 to 3¾. Same time last year Sheep sold at 2½@4¼c., and Lambs at 2@5½, gross.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 26th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 14th, 1885,

for the purpose of the transacting of general business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL, Clerk.

8 30 2t

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

MILITARY LOTS

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

On MONDAY, Sept., 14th, 1885,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, we will, on behalf of P. M. Lusson and wife, the owners, offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder the following

MILITARY LOTS to-wit:

Nos. 2724, 2721, 2726, 2727, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2697, 2494, 2463, 2460, 2429, 2431, 2472, 2473, 2582, 2490, 2493, 2441, 2442, 2490, 2493, 2593, 2584, 2585.

These Lots are a part of the tract of land called

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"

and lie in the neighborhood of Accident. The tract, "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS" was patented to General Walker K. and John B. Armistead, April 24th, 1834. On June 30th, 1847, the widow and heirs at law of General Walker Armistead filed their bill in Equity for a sale of said land, No. 861 Equity, Allegany county. A decree was passed by which W. M. Price was appointed trustee to make said sale. Said Price, trustee, sold and conveyed said lots to P. M. Lusson, and said sale was ratified and confirmed by the Court.

Any person desiring to examine the title of Lusson and wife to said lots can do so by calling on the undersigned who will furnish any information in their possession with reference to the title.

TERMS, EASY.

PEDDICORD & THAYER, Attorneys.

JOHN R. KERFOOT, Agent for owners.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

August 26, 1885.—tf.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 18th, 1885.

Public Examinations of public school teachers for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

At Accident, Sept. 1st and 2nd,

At Oakland, Sept. 8th and 9th,

at 9 A. M. Candidates will provide themselves with pens and paper.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG, Examiner.

7 22 2

GO TO H. WEBER'S,

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address

H. WEBER, P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of Ocober, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Fort Pendleton, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at the house of Jehu H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND, Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER, Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL, Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING, Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE, Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS, Officer of Registration 8th District.
GEORGE L. LAYMAN, Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE, Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY, Officer of Registration 11th District.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

WHY HE SOLD THE FARM.

"Then why do I sell?" you ask me again,
Big cabin, an' clearin,' an' all?
Well, stranger, I'll tell you; though maybe you'll think
It ain't any reason at all.
There's plenty of hardships in pi'neer life;
It's a hard workin' stint, at the best;
But I'd stick to it yet if twa'n't for this:
A heart like a log in my breast.
D'ye see over there by the cotton-wood tree,
A climbin' rose close by a mound
Inside of a fence made of rough cedar boughs,
With woodbine all runnin' around?
Well—Netty, my darling old woman, lies there;
Not very old either, you see;
She wa'n't mor'n twenty the year I come West,
She'd be, comin' grass, thirty-three.
How she worked with a will at our first little hut,
In the fields and among garden stuff,
Till her forehead was burned, and her poor little hands,
Through hardships, grew rugged and rough.
She never complained: but many a time
I have come in and found her just there,
With eyelids all red and her face to the East—
You see all her own folks were there.
I'd cheer her and tell her we'd go by an' by
When the clearin' an' plowin' was through;
But then came the baby. He wa'n't very strong,
And poor Netty had plenty to do.
So after awhile she got gloomy again;
She would hide in the corn-field to cry;
We hadn't no meetin' to speak of, you know,
Not a woman to talk to was nigh.
An' she wanted to show little Joe to her folk;
She was hungry, I s'pose, for the sight
Of faces and scenes she had loved all her life,
Which 'twas natteral, stranger, and right.
But just when we'd planned to go over the plains,
The devilish Sioux came about,
So we waited, it may be, a harvest or two,
And then came the summer of drought.
That left us poor people. The next coming spring
Such a wearisome fever came round;
An' stranger—hold on till I tell you—there now—
It laid little Joe in the ground.
Netty pined to a shadder, and moped by his grave
And her eyes grew so large and so clear,
That I knowed we had got to go soon to the East
If I cared about keepin' her here.
If you'd seen her poor face when at last I could say
I would take her home visitin.' Well—
I'll never forget how she put up her hands
Into mine, and for joy cried a spell.
She didn't feel strong though, that week or the next,
An' the cough an' the fever increased.
But softly she'd whisper—she couldn't speak loud—
"We'll go—by an' by—to the East."
She never got east any further than that,
Right over there under the mound;
But I'm going to take her and Joe in the spring
To her father's old burying ground.
That, stranger's the reason I'm willin' to sell;
You can buy at a bargain, you see;
It's mighty good land for a settler to have,
But it seems like a grave-yard to me."

—*Texas Siftings.*

THE HAUNTED ENGINE.

An Engineer's Terrible Revenge Upon a False Friend.

By such parties as were in the habit of frequenting the Transverse & Devious Railway Company's offices, Julius Wright must be well remembered. This observation is supposed to apply more particularly to the toilers and delvers, who were not likely to meet the man under other conditions. Socially considered he was very much more of a swell than apperred at all justifiable by his position or his personal qualifications—always excepting that indefinable, mysterious quality known as "magnetism," which is, as novelists and telepathists inform us, quite independent of either beauty or merit. He was an insignificant little fellow, not over five feet four in his biggest-feeling moments. His face was alert and keen, but, to my eye, always fraught with the peculiar expression of a man liable at some time to go wrong. One does not follow any business for the years that I have done without learning to recognize the signs of potential guilt—that is to say, in faces of the active type. I never try to analyze a pretty face; I can not do it. I think no man living can.

Wright was a man of accomplishments. He could dance and sing, and play prettily upon several instruments, and turn off neat little verses—*vers de société*—isn't that the term? And he was a manly little chap; could swim and shoot, ride, drive spar and run with the best. So, as men liked him for his good-fellowship, and women for his love-making and liberality, Wright was a popular man.

But I knew a thing or two about him. I was not surprised—not much—when, after a few days of uncertainty and suppressed rumors, it came out that Julius Wright had absconded with a sum of the railway company's funds reaching well up toward the hundreds of thousands—more than it appeared should have been accessible to him. The general inference and the natural, was that he had betaken himself out of the country to the refuge of a government not on terms of extradition with the United States. Great, then, was the astonishment of the community when it transpired later that the escaped defaulter had been living for many weeks in easy reach of his pursuers, and actually in the employ of the company he had robbed. It was no wonder, said his late companions, with retroactive admiration, somewhat misplaced, that the officers of the law had failed to find, in the stoker of a freight train over the southwestern division, the spruce and fastidious individual who had been almost a social autocrat in the headquarters city of his company.

The newspapers got the story, of course, and gave it the usual send-off, with extra-heavy head-lines, and all the alliteration the dictionary would supply. I remember one of their phrases about "Engine No. 23 pulling into Walling with importance in every clank of the metal," and "the pluck and power displayed by the engineer, who had to report a notable occurrence on his run." Briefly stated, it appeared that No. 23 had come into Walling minus her fireman. The engineer's story was that some twenty miles back, as they crawled up a hard grade, the fireman had jumped from the train, discovering his identity to the engineer, together with a satirical message to the directors of the road.

"'Tell 'em,' says he to me—'from Julius Wright—that's me—their office was better than a school of polytechnics. Say, Stacy, *can't* I fire?' And with that he jumped, just as we started to run down the grade. I brought her in alone. I knew I could do it, and we was too short of hands to call one of the boys from the twists—the brakes; so I just come on and fired for myself. Tired? I should smile! and so shaky and starty I couldn't sleep—couldn't even set down and eat. You bet! The boys'll tell how ali broke up I was. But I daresn't stop short off. No, sir! I just rustled round and cleaned the engine, and put her to bed myself. Well, I've heard men say they could run an engine *sixty* mile and fire for themselves, but I'm blamed if I could! Twenty's enough for me," he said, with what struck me as rather defiant emphasis and a keen, underbrowed look—for I got the story from his own lips, when I was sent out to Walling to work on the case.

I am not, as a rule, an imaginative man. "A patient, persistent plodder"—that is the characterization I once heard as made of me by our chief, who is given to alliteration in his rhetorical flourishes. Thus lacking imagination, it seemed to me little was to be gained by following Wright to Walling, whence he had gone with no form of taking leave. But to Walling the chief chose to dispatch me, after two of our best men had come back from a fruitless stay there.

"Certain uncommon avenues of receptiveness are abnormally alive to impression in you," he said; "I'd like you to go to Walling."

And to Walling I went, after some preliminary training under the fireman of a local train on one of the company's branch lines.

But the night before I started I got a note that surprised me. It intimated that my services were required by Miss Mirabel Duane, and requested me to wait upon her at the earliest opportunity. Miss Duane had but just returned from a trip abroad. I could not conceive what she could want of me. Moreover, in view of my impending departure, it appeared not much worth while to obey her summons. And yet—and yet—her father was President of the T. & D. Railroad Company; Julies Wright had been a guest of the house, and I might obtain incidental data.

Miss Duane was a handsome girl, of the dark, heroic type. I had seen her coming off the steamer, and I was genuinely shocked at the change in her in a fortnight. She was haggard and thin, as if she had been ill for months. She wasted no time in making her wishes known. She wished to employ me to trace up Julius Wright. Most women would have assumed some trumped-up reason, more or less unplausible, to account for her interest in this man, who was virtually hardly more than her father's clerk. Miss Duane very properly assumed that her motive was no affair of mine. Her one concern was to spare no expense in finding Julius Wright.

"I am so very sure you will find a clue at Walling," she said; "I can not put that conviction from my mind. And when you find him give him this from me."

"I was obliged to tell her of my prior undertaking, and to intimate that I feared that the mission was opposed to hers. She tore open the note she had given me.

"Read."

"X Y Z thousand dollars (the sum with which Wright had absconded) "were this day paid in your name to the T. & D. Railway Company. Your immediate return will cause the charge against you to be withdrawn."

"Here are the railroad company's receipts," she said, and displayed them, duly attested. "Now, you must see, the one thing is to find Mr. Wright. Every added day of his absence makes it harder to reinstate him——"

She paused, gasped, shuddered, and put out one hand toward me with a look of fright and pain. As I caught her cold slim fingers in answer to that appeal, she fell back swooning in her chair. Deathly as she looked, I could not bring myself to call for help. It seemed to me it would be an infamous thing to expose her to the indifferent curiosity and comment of domestics and chance guests. With my free hand I tossed the flowers from a vase close by, and dashed the water in her ghastly face.

"O, God!" she moaned, "the fire! the merciless fire!"

Her left hand was clasping some ornament at her throat, dragging down the supporting chain until, it threatened to strangle her. I bent to unclasp that clinging hand. It yielded its grasp stiffly, and the pendant locket swung into my own hand. The gold burned my flesh as if it were a coal. And with that contact an unaccountable thrill swept over me—a sensation like that we have when we seem to re-live in a dream some part of a former existence. Out of this vague mistiness of thought and feeling, I seemed to resolve the face of Julius Wright, distorted, full of horror and agony unspeakable. I started. Miss Duane was languidly opening her eyes.

"I fainted again, I suppose? No; pray call no one," she said, weakly, but with decision. "I am so grateful that you brought no one here—but you may give me, if you will, a cup of wine from the cabinet in the corner."

She sipped the restorative slowly, and graciously smiled at my clumsy speeches of sympathy.

"Then you will make additional efforts to give me relief, will you not? For this arises from pure anxiety and grief. I never swooned in my life until a fortnight ago. It seems contemptible to trade upon one's weakness, does it not? But—well—you men will let yourselves be moved by the sight of physical suffering, where the extreme of mental anguish would make no impression."

"Madam," I said, "what does that locket contain?"

She started with a haughty, questioning glance, that became lost in wonder.

"It holds—a miniature."

"Perhaps a lock of hair? Yes, I thought as much. Now, let me advise you. Take it from your neck, with care to touch only the chain, put it away in a safe, or drawer—where you will—out of reach of contact with you, and I guarantee you immunity from these swoons."

"What do you—what can you mean? What do you know?"

"I know no more than yourself—only that there is a subtle essence of relation between the material and the spiritual that our finite, faulty knowledge has not grasped. You wear the portrait and the hair of a person for whom you have a strong congenial affinity, and on physical contact with it your over-susceptible organization receives the force of his suffering—stay! it may not be bodily suffering—it may be grief, or apprehension—or remorse."

Her proud head drooped.

"I believe you are right," she said; "my folly has been so great that I have fancied I found actual consolation in touching the lock of hair I had arranged to meet my hand. And now I fancy that I can remember how every attack of this nature has been coincident wi' a such a lapse of weakness. At all events, I will experiment on your advice. My very life is sapped by these swoons, from which I bring no definite recollection, but a sense of indescribable horror, and peril to Julius Wright."

All the restlessness and the intensity of Miss Duane's own spirit seemed to possess me when I went to Walling. And all futility and non-fruition of effort seemed to confront and mock me. It was easy enough to set any Walling tongue a-wagging about "the swell that fired for Stacy, and skipped between two days," but to the published facts no one could add a word. Wright had been a clever actor, and had given no clue. His record here was like the outward life of any man in his apparent station. Stacy was willing enough to repeat his story, but it was the same unvarying account he had already given so often. His conclusion of it now began to be colored, as I have intimated by a touch of resentment. He was evidently not a little vain of his unassisted management of his great machine in that memorable night-run, and jealous at hearing that others had surpassed the feat. Indeed, he had become so arrogant and unreasonable as to have offended most of "the boys at the yard." Walling being a division terminus, the little town was a general stopping place, whence the men were variously assigned to the trains dispatched night and day.

"All Stacy wants now is a Jew-store diamond-pin to make a way-up conduc., but he'll have to sport a double chin before he can get to be a director. He'll be a runnin' the whole thunderin' line pretty soon," said a railroad man, one of a group lounging on the boarding-house piazza.

"Well, he can start in right now," said another, "and I'll copper on any train he starts. I'd sooner drive the devil's dump-cart than to fire on '23' again to-night. That engine's got the phthisic, and she's go'n t' bust and blow the whole crew over into Utah."

"Give us a rest," spoke up a boss from the machine shops; "'23' 's the best on the division. They's not a rivet sick about her."

"O, they ain't, ain't they? Well, what I want to know's what makes them sulphur fumes just settle down in the cab so thick you could make a sieve out of 'em with a shot-gun. I swear, I thought I'd choke last week."

"That's so," said a quiet little fellow, who was busily plucking out his mustache, hair by hair. "I fired on '23' week 'fore last, and I could hardly breathe; and worse 'n that, somehow I got scared, and—and—well, I don't know what was the matter, but I went to sleep—or fainted, or something—and when I come to, there I was a lying full o' cold sweat, and Stacy shovelin' double coal right over my head."

"Them's me!" cried the malcontent.

"Scared! Why, my heart clim up and clawed at my tongue, and it felt as big and hard as a driving-wheel, and *I* keeled over. Gents, '23' 's freight, but she's got a passenger aboard. His name's Mr. Spook, and his profession's warnin'. He's served notice on me that '23' 's got a notion o' layin' down on her back, and makin' poached duck out o' me. I'll promenade over, and sort o' tell Mr. Train-Dispatcher I'm caught out."

"Suppose he'd put me on in your place?" I said.

The men gathered about me with notes of admiration, both decisive and sincere. It was an off hour, and the bunch escorted me over to the office and presented me to the train-dispatcher. There was much mock ceremony, conducted with a gravity that would not discredit Parliament, and much humor of a quaint, original cast. The train-master looked annoyed when he saw my credentials. Hitherto he had deemed me what I appeared—a supernumerary "hand," awaiting assignment.

"Well, I don't like this,'" he said, having bidden me into his private office. "Couldn't you make your opportunity some other way? It's taking such chances for the train. O, you can fire? O, that's all right, then. Just so Stacy has help—I couldn't risk him alone."

"Drink?" I said, casually.

"Not a drop. No, I guess it is the strain of the other night. He's getting all broke up."

At nine o'clock "23" stood coughing for her start; a great ten-wheeler, shining, mighty. The yard lights shone on the close brown cars of the through freight behind her, stretching back, a long line, like some articulated, sentient creature. A group of the boys stood near, and speeded us with good-natured chaff.

"Look out you don't lose your mate again, Stacy," cried one; "this is another new man, and it's just a month to-night since the other said 'Good-bye, sweetheart!'"

When I looked at Stacy after this, his face was as white as the aerated fluid in the tube of the water-gauge. We had scarcely left the lights of Walling behind, when I felt a singular sense of oppression. Our smoke seemed to settle down upon us, laden with sulphurous gas, as when confined in a tunnel. Our train was a "time fright" that ran but once a week, and at this period the line was clear for our passage over the whole division. Carrying the water supply in a tank-car, we had no need to stop on the whole run. We clattered past small way-stations, fast asleep already, dark, save for the signalman's lonely light. We clanked through defiles tremblingly, as if the dark mountains on either side were crouching monsters, gathering for the spring. We hurled ourselves upon the shadowy shapes of spectral bridges, with the indrawn breath of uncertainty with which man ever approaches the insubstantial and mysterious.

"Fire up!" cried the engineer; "he is not burnt!"

Since our first start he had been leaning on his rest, save when he mechanically tended the machine. But now he turned, with a swift whirl, caught the chain door-swing of the fire-box, swung it open with the stoker's accustomed swaying pull, peered into the fiery gap with searching gaze, and slammed the iron door as if upon a foe.

"Fire up! Why don't you put in coal?"

It wanted half the usual time, but I was constrained to obey. I had not yet wiped the blackened sweat from my brow, when he whirled about again and opened the furnace door.

"Plainer and plainer!" he cried; "put in more coal!"

He turned to the window again as I brought the scoop. That coal never was burned. I threw it over the side, impelled by prudential motives less than by a curious appearance that arrested me when I opened the fire-box door. And so, through the rest of the run, while the smoke gathered thicker, denser and more fœtid, again and again, and a score of times again, we repeated that same formula—he commanding, I alternating actual obedience with simulated compliance.

The way-stations were thickening toward Belen, when the engineer approached me, after one of his wistful, reluctant visits to the fire.

"You are a good lot," he said; "you have got sand. The others all fainted dead away—they couldn't stand it. Yes, you're good pluck. Come!" he said, ingratiatingly, "*you* look and see if he is there."

I opened the iron door. "Yes, he is there."

He caught the loaded scoop and thrust it into my hand. "Throw it on him!" he cried, "and burn him up. Perhaps you can do it."

I shoveled in the coal, then turned and took him by the arm.

"Why did you burn him up?" I said.

He cowered behind me toward the tender, turning his face from the furnace, yet glancing back at it askant, as he had done all along, drawn toward it by reluctant fascination.

"Now I will tell you," he said. "I knew all along that he was Julius Wright. We lived behind his rooms, up yonder in the city—my wife and I—my Josie. Why—yes—he got me this berth! Do you suppose I'd have given him away to the company—not for ninety millions!—when he came out here and told me he was sweet on Miss Duane, and had robbed the company to get a start for her? No, sir! He carried that pile of notes with him day and night—you know how much of it I could have got by giving him up. He fired for me two months, ate with me, slept in my bed. The boys wondered to see me so thick with Sam Barnes, my fireman. Fire up! Is he——? O, it's no use!" He took up his recital: "He got a letter that night at Belen. There was a picture in it. See."

He took from his breast a letter and a photograph. Blood was on them both. The face in the picture was the face of a woman I had seen often enough in a luxurious little cottage on our northern bay—a merry, blonde face, with perfect teeth peeping through the parted lips—the type of woman who could smile into a man's eyes while she dishonored him.

"I happened to come behind him while he read. I saw the picture, and knew it. I knew the writing. She signed: 'Your loving Josie!' I stole away without his having heard me; and the first mile out of Belen I struck him down, and took my false wife's picture from him, and I burned him! But mark you I killed him first—he was dead when I thrust him into the fire-box. But I've been burning—through him—in the flames of hell, and burning alive! Fire up, and see—is he there? O, yes! I knew it. You see, on this run it is all reversed. He begins to grow into shape back near Walling, where his bones fell into ashes as I stirred them into the coals. The melted lumps of his jewelry are in my trunk at Walling—I *could* clean my engine that night, and I found them. Well, he grows and grows in the fire, until he stands like life on the spot where I killed him. You'll see soon—yonder ahead, where a pile of rock is over a Mexican grave."

And in truth, when the headlight flashed on an upheaped cairn of stones, topped by a rough brown cross, once more John Stacy cried in my ear "Fire up!" and from the open fire-box door appeared to issue something in human form, pallid and bleeding—the shape of Julius Wright. Farther and farther the dead man pressed the living, to the very edge of the tender's slippery step. Then I succeeded in stopping the train. The cab was empty, and a few rods farther back John Stacy lay beside the rails, stone dead.—*Y. H. Addis, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

NO CHUMPS NEED APPLY.

Uncle Sam Only Wants Good Men for His Regular Army.

"Is this where they enlist?" inquired a sallow-faced young man, stepping into the United States army recruiting station on West Congress Street.

"Yes. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Open your mouth." The examining officer took a firm grip on the young man's chin and forehead and looked long and earnestly into the opening presented to him. "No, I can't take you," he said, finally.

The sallow young man turned on his heel and went out without a word.

"Three back teeth on one side gone," the officer explained to a bystander. "If he'd lost only one he might have passed."

Another candidate for military honors came in a few minutes later. His teeth were found to be satisfactory and he was introduced to the next stage of the ordeal.

The candidate was sent to the opposite end of the room and invited to look at some cards, the spots on which at a distance of twenty feet appeared to the eye to be exactly the same size as a bull's-eye at one hundred yards. The next test was for color-blindness, after which the victim was required to strip himself stark naked. In this condition he was weighed, and his height, chest-measure, etc., carefully noted. A brilliant series of gymnastics followed. The candidate was made to swing first one arm and then the other, after the fashion of a wind-mill in a strong breeze. He then dropped on his knees, rose on one leg, hopped across the room on his right foot and back on his left, executed a standing jump, and finally stood erect and kicked backward three times—each movement being directed by the examiner. The whole person of the man in undress was then carefully gone over for imperfections and evidences of disease. Varicose veins were looked at with especial attention, and feet examined for in-growing toe-nails, flatness, etc. A small anchor in India ink was found on one arm.

"We don't object to tattooing in general," the examiner remarked, "but once in a while we find a fellow with some obscene picture or other pricked into his skin. That cooks his goose. Uncle Sam don't want to collect a picture-gallery of that kind."

After the candidate's various birth-marks, scars, etc., had been taken account of and the color of his eyes and other points of identification all noted he was requested to dress himself. He then answered a long series of questions respecting hereditary diseases in his family, his previous occupations, experience or lack of it in jail, and the like. Finally enlistment papers in triplicate were made out and the process of "listing" was complete.

"We get some queer letters some times," the officer said, when the examination was finished. "One man wrote a few days ago asking if he could live with his wife if he enlisted, and if they would have a separate house. He also wanted to know whether he would be given a house in Washington or Detroit. I merely said in answer that we took no married men—which is the fact. Of course the requirements are very much more exacting than they are in war times. We don't care to enlist very many men, and we are careful to pick out the very choicest that offer themselves."—*Detroit News.*

THE GREAT MAJORITY.

A Michigan Farmer's Experience with Strapped Theatrical Companies.

"No, it isn't the tramps I complain of," said a Wayne County farmer, as he called for ginger ale yesterday. "I can drive a tramp off by simply bringing out my shot-gun, but with this other class it's different."

"What class?"

"Why, these busted theatrical people who are hoofing it back to Detroit. They come along at all hours of the day and night, and in all sorts of shapes. When a chap turns into your gate and announces that he is Damon, and that Pythias is in a fence-corner half a mile back, too far gone to foot it another rod, and he backs this up by quoting Shakspeare and giving you the route of his company for four weeks, why, you've got to do something."

"Of course."

"Romeo came along the other night and roused me up, and I went to find Juliet on the grass under a pear tree, resting after a walk of twenty-two miles. They had to have something to stay their stomachs and put new life into 'em, and I thought they'd eat me out of house and home. I'd had leading men, leading ladies, villians, lovers, chambermaids and property men walk in on me singly and by droves, and I wish the season was over. Curus how they all tell the same story."

"What is it?"

"Why, they had the boss play and the keenest manager. Everything was calculated right down to a cent, company was the best on the road, and there couldn't be no such thing as a failure. But there was. The treasurer skipped with the funds—weather too hot—too many roller rinks—allus some good reason for busting up. Poor critters! Whenever I am woke up at night by a voice calling out: 'Me noble lord, a tranger begs a glass of buttermilk of thee,' I get into my clothes and go down, feeling as if all the cold meat in the house likewise belonged to him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The British Museum.

According to a British Parliamentary paper the number of persons who visited the general collections in the British Museum in the year 1884 was 468,873. This number is the least recorded in six years, and is less than that of 1881 by nearly 300,000. On the other hand, the number of visits to particular departments was greater than in any of the five preceding years, being 200,269, of which 154,729 were visits paid to the reading-room for purposes of study and research. The number of persons admitted to view the collections in the Natural History Museum was 375,231, the greatest number in any one year since its opening on April 18, 1881.

"HER CHANCE."

A Practical Illustration For Mothers and Their Marriageable Daughters.

About thirty years ago two young girls were graduated from the same school in a quiet town in one of the Middle States. Each was clever, good-tempered and attractive, and the daughter of a farmer who could give to his children a comfortable home, but no fortune.

The mother of one of these girls (we will call her Mary) declared that her child should "have her chance." An outfit of silk, velvet and evening dresses, Paris hats and jewelry was provided by selling off part of the family acres; and the mother set out with her on a round of visits to the springs and other fashionable resorts. The girl was shown off to every eligible young man, precisely as a horse would be exhibited to a buyer, but in vain. The effort was renewed summer after summer, until the mortification and shame which the girl had felt at first were worn away, and she became at heart a hard, vulgar adventurer, whose sole object was to make a brilliant match: in other words, to sell herself for a good price. Just as she was beginning to grow old and soured with disappointment, she succeeded in marrying a man of sixty with a large fortune. His habits were dissolute and his temper intolerable. Her two children, having grown up in an atmosphere of show and pretense, unwarmed by a spark of love, truth or religious faith, naturally were indifferent to their mother. The son became a spendthrift and drunkard; the daughter an almost imbecile, fashionable woman. Mary has the stately house, the servants, the equipages, for which she planned and struggled so many years. But she has nothing more.

Her classmate, leaving school, entered at once into the work and life of her home. She was the friend and companion of father and mother, the teacher of her little sisters.

"She shall be fitted to become a wife and mother," her mother said. "If God sends her that great happiness. But she shall not go out in the world husband hunting. The hare should not chase the hounds."

According to this homely philosophy she remained at home, among her own friends and neighbors, and married a young man who had no wealth but industry and honesty, whom she heartily loved. They live still in her native village. Their small income goes far there. They have comforts and luxuries; their children are healthy, intelligent, successful men and women and all devoted lovers of their mother.

Mary sometimes sees her classmate in town, in her old-fashioned country carriage, with rosy cheeks beneath her gray hair, and pities her because she never "had her chance."

Girls, remember your chance in life is something higher and deeper than the chance of being sold as from an auction block to the highest bidder.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHOLERA.

The Theory That the Disease May be Rendered Harmless by Inoculation.

People are much more willing to accept Dr. Ferran's theory that cholera may be prevented by inoculation than they were Dr. Jenner's positive demonstration of the efficacy of vaccination. One is the complement of the other; and belief in the one is likely to be followed by a willingness to be convinced of the worthiness of the other, but as yet Dr. Ferran refuses to reveal the secret process which he uses, and the world must be permitted to express a certain degree of incredulity until it knows the cause which produces the effects claimed by him. Jenner's discovery was so simple that the dullest mind could comprehend it, yet the learned scoffed at it for years, and the ignorant even now have a superstitious horror of being operated upon. Had he possessed some secret device which he would not reveal even to scientists, the beneficial effects of vaccination would not have been known when they were, if at all. Dr. Ferran lives in a very different age, as is proved by the fact that, although no one but himself knows exactly what his process is, he finds many people who are willing to be operated on.

The report of the experiments in the town of Alcira, Spain, as made by himself, are of great importance, if true. Of the 20,000 inhabitants he inoculated 9,100 and of the 130 deaths from cholera only ten were of persons who had been thus treated. This record is convincing enough on its face, but it may be that the persons inoculated were ones not exposed to the full rigors of the plague, and if so the mortality might be considered sufficiently large. The doctor will have to reveal his secret and give others an opportunity to experiment with it before the world will be prepared to acknowledge him as a second Jenner. The American medical journal's query that since one attack of the cholera itself is no safeguard against another one, how can inoculation be expected to accomplish anything? will also haunt a great many people, professionals as well as laymen.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Water Supply.

It should never be forgotten that water is of more importance to animals than solid food. Every drop of water taken into the stomach is absorbed into the blood and passes through the system, leaving behind it in the blood whatever injurious impurities it may have contained. Moreover, the water swallowed by an animal goes at once into the stomach and is absorbed into the blood in a few minutes. If the water is icy cold it takes from the stomach and blood a large amount of heat and chills the system dangerously. Most of the ailments and diseases of cattle, sheep and horses at this season are due to impropriety in the water supply; either it is impure, or scant, or is too cold; and all these defects should be carefully guarded against. In the dairy the water supply is the most important part of the whole business.—*N. Y. Times.*

SOME FIGURES.

Calculations Showing That the World Is the Heritage of the Caucasian.

Among the little-noticed but most important facts in the history of the world is the enormous recent increase of the number of white men in it. It is barely two centuries (1683) since those races, though even then the most energetic of mankind, formed but a small fraction in the total of humanity—probably ten per cent. of the whole—and were by no means certain that they could defend themselves against the remainder. The white races in and out of Europe, under the influence of some still mysterious call upon their energies, have multiplied nearly threefold, and are to-day, as Mr. R. Giffen has shown in his recent address to the Statistical Society, 420,000,000. As there is no evidence of any corresponding increase in the dark races, and as, indeed, such increase has been, outside India, nearly impossible, the white men are now, by the best calculations, one-third of the entire population of the world, instead of being, as they were only two centuries ago, a little more than ten per cent. They have, moreover, if anything, increased in physical strength and have so developed in brain and consequent power of organization, that it may be doubted if the whole remainder of mankind, even if all were reduced to equal weapons, could seriously injure the white third, which again, if it chose to act together and employ without pity the weapons its intelligence has enabled it to construct, could in a few years reduce the remainder of the world to an uninhabited desert. They have lately taken to conquering Africa, and are entering at a hundred points at once; seizing almost silently, certainly without serious effort, huge slices like French Africa, South Africa, Madagascar, the vast valley of the Niger, and the still more extensive region drained by the system of rivers called the Congo. Nor is there much reason to believe that the process will soon be checked, for the white men are urged forward by an irresistible spur over which they have no control. The increase of the yellow race, which must once have been so incredibly fast, has stopped, and that of the dark races of India, which for a century has been amazing, is being checked by recurrent famines; but that of the white people goes on so fast that the transport of a huge army every year across the Atlantic makes no impression on their numbers, and at their present rate of increase they will in 1984 be a thousand millions, or much more than half of then existing mankind.

The world is the heritage of the white man; that is the first lesson of Mr. Giffen's figures; but there is another, also, which Englishmen will do well to think over patiently, and, if they can, without hatred in their hearts. They have no right to anger with the visible will of God. If Mr. Giffen's figures are correct—and, subject to some arrest of existing law, they must be as correct as if they were merely unapplied calculations—there is but one race on earth with whom it behooves the Teuton, in all his branches, to keep friends. This supremacy of the white man will in the end—and, recollect, children may be born to-day who will see the end, and then be younger than Sir Moses Montefiore—be the joint supremacy of the Teuton and Slav. In 1984, when the world contains 1,000,000,000 of white faces, 600,000,000 of these will be English and Germans, and 300,000,000 will be Slav. There will practically be no other white races, the French not increasing, the Spaniards increasing slowly—if, indeed, as in Mexico, they do not rather suffer absorption in a dark people. If the Teuton and the Slav can keep friends, the world is theirs; and if not, there will be the most terrible struggle recorded in history since the white barbarians fought the white Romans and their darker allies. We are not sure that an agreement is possible until a great fight has taken place, for Slav and Teuton seem unwilling to comprehend each other, though there is not between them the internecine hatred sometimes observed in history; but if their statesmen could arrange terms on which the conflict could be permanently avoided, a huge mass of misery might be saved to our immediate descendants. To avoid the quarrel will be difficult, for the Slav is just now strangled; and to reach the open water, and so take his natural part in the greater movement of mankind, he must pitch himself on somebody, be it on Turkey, on England or on China; but the means of avoidance are worth the study and patience of years.—*London Spectator.*

ACCIDENTS THAT ARE COSTLY.

The Expense That Railroads Are Put to by Even the Most Ordinary Accidents.

"You occasionally hear people find fault because managers of railroads do not prevent accidents," said a railroad man in Jersey City the other day. "There may be bears among railroad owners who rejoice in wrecking railroads that they do not own, but to the practical railroader a train wreck is a big loss directly, besides the loss in prestige which follows."

"Is the rolling stock so costly?"

"Yes, a freight train for instance, that rolls down an embankment, where half of it is burned will give you a good idea of the loss. The average engine is worth $7,000. A common freight car is worth $475, or perhaps $500. The ordinary gondolas are worth from $400 to $425. An engine is rarely ruined beyond repair, but a wreck can knock $3,000 out of it just as easy as rolling off a log. A burned car is a ruined car, of course, and repairs on those that are crushed may cost any where from $50 to $200 each. If a passenger car, such as is used on ordinary roads, is burned, $3,500 goes up in smoke. These figures are for the cars in use, and not new out of the shop. From this you can see that wrecks may happen which cost a company $10,000, and yet nothing is likely to be said about them in the papers unless some one gets hurts, and not then if the railroad men can keep it quiet."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—They have twenty-eight base ball clubs and twenty brass bands in Salt Lake City.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft thro',
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more on them;
And, as time rolls on, your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—*C. G. Tharin, in Golden Days.*

JOHNNY'S POOR RULE.

It Proved a Very Unpleasant and Disagreeable One When Worked Both Ways.

Johnny James had been growing sullen for some time whenever he was asked to do anything he did not exactly want to.

And when he once began yielding to the inclination to refuse obliging people, it was astonishing how the tendency increased to do less and less to help others.

Johnny's kind parents did all they could to make him happy, and his mamma especially tried every way she could think of, to show the little boy how wrong and selfish it was to want only to please himself. No matter whether little sister Mattie had a good time or not, Johnny didn't care so long as he enjoyed himself, and no matter how tired mamma was Johnny never could be made to feel it was his duty to help her.

And things went on from bad to worse, until actual disobedience began, which was so promptly punished that Johnny made up his mind it was no use trying to break rules, but he went as far as he could go without incurring punishment.

One night, Mr. James came home and found his wife very much discouraged. And to his kind inquiries as to what troubled her, she said it seemed utterly impossible to make Johnny do right. She had coaxed and punished him; she had read to him from the Bible showing how God hated disobedience, and a naughty, unwilling disposition; had read and told him stories of children who were not kind and obliging, but it was of no use, Johnny pouted and muttered, and only obeyed when spoken sternly to and obliged to.

She had told him three times through the day to go to the post-office, and he declared he had forgotten it; and when sent for a dozen eggs, he had managed to carelessly break three, and didn't seem in the least sorry.

"Well," said Mr. James, "I'll talk to Johnny."

That evening he took Johnny and said in a very kind but decided way:

"Now, my boy, your mother and I have tried every way we could, properly, to make you a good boy, but, as all our efforts have seemed to fail thus far, I think we must try a new plan. Did you ever hear it said, Johnny, 'that it's a poor rule that won't work both ways?'"

No, Johnny had never heard of that.

"Well, now that means," explained his father, "that it is a poor rule which will do for one person, but won't do for another. For instance, how do you think it would do for mamma and for me to treat you as you treat us? Suppose we disregard your wants, forget to do what you ask us and forget or neglect to treat you politely or with kindness, now do you think it would do?"

"Don't know," said Johnny, sullenly.

"Very well," continued papa, "now I warn you, my little son, that hereafter we may try what seems to be your rule, and if it doesn't please you, why there'll be only yourself to blame."

This talk set Master Johnny to thinking, and all the next day he took care to do as he was told, and really avoided any direct naughtiness. But bad habits are not easily conquered, and, the second morning after the talk, papa called to him before breakfast and asked him to go and get a morning paper just in the next street.

"Can't Mattie go?" he whined. "I ain't got no boots on."

"Put them on then," said papa. "I want you to go, not Mattie."

His papa heard the muttering and flinging of things around so customary when Johnny was displeased, and the moments went gliding by until the breakfast bell rang, and no Johnny had appeared.

Just as all were seated at the table, a cross-faced boy appeared, and seeing breakfast all steaming on the table he asked, fretfully:

"Can't I go for the paper after breakfast?"

"No," said papa. "I'll get it myself after breakfast."

Johnny looked satisfied and went directly to the table.

"Why, where's my plate?" he whined again, "and my napkin, and ——"

"Oh we didn't feel like giving you any breakfast," said papa, in so surly a tone that Johnny looked at him in surprise.

"I want my breakfast dreadful!" said Johnny, half crying.

"Well, you can't have it if you do! I don't feel like working all day just to buy breakfasts and dinners and suppers for a little boy who never feels like doing anything for anybody but himself, so run away and don't bother us."

"But there's milk toast and omelet, my two favorites," said Johnny, really crying.

"Well, so there was a speech from my favorite speaker in the morning paper," said papa; "but I've had to do without it. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, my boy, so now go into the library at once."

Johnny thought there never was such an abused boy as he, when he was actually obliged to make his breakfast on a slice of bread or nothing at all, but the lesson proved a good one, for Johnny remembered it for some time, then he began falling into the same trying old habits again.

Papa asked him to weed the flower pot one morning, but at night he said he had forgotten it. Mamma asked him to please stay in the house with Mattie, Wednesday afternoon, because she had a cold and couldn't get out, and at night he said he didn't stay in because he didn't feel like it, and mamma didn't say he must.

Then papa asked him another morning to weed out the flower bed, and at night when asked why it had not been done, he replied: "'Cause you didn't say I must, and I didn't want to."

Papa went into the house without saying a word, and Johnny somehow felt very uneasy. He followed papa around and watched him closely.

Just after supper papa remarked, quietly:

"I had a letter from your Uncle Fred this morning, Johnny, and your cousins Will and Joe have a birth-day party to-night. They invited you."

Johnny's eyes surely would have made any one laugh to see how widely a boy's eyes could open, then he fairly gasped in astonishment:

"Why—papa—James! why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't feel like it;" fretted papa.

"But I'm invited to the party!" cried Johnny, "and I must go, I wouldn't miss one of those parties for the world!"

"Well," said papa, indifferently, "yes, they invited you if I chose to let you go, but they didn't say I must, and I don't want to."

Well, it was a hard lesson, a dreadfully hard lesson; but nothing except a dreadfully hard lesson was going to make any lasting impression on Johnny's mind or help him overcome his faults. Uncle Fred's house could have been reached by a ride in the horse-cars, and nothing could be more enjoyable than the birth-day parties the cousins Will and Joe were often allowed to give. Johnny had attended two or three, staying all night afterwards, and always thought them the most delightful occasions imaginable.

In vain he coaxed, and cried, and promised; all he could get papa or mamma to say was that they didn't feel like letting him go, or didn't want to. Kind-hearted little Mattie tried to persuade papa to forgive Johnny, "just this once," but papa laughed and said Johnny had been forgiven "just this once" so many times, he should feel it was wicked to forgive him again. Besides mamma didn't feel like dressing him for a party.

But poor Johnny grew so thoroughly disgusted with a miserable rule which could only work two ways in such a wretched, disappointing way, that he finally grew wise enough to make up his mind to have nothing to do with such rules.

Then as soon as he showed a disposition to do right and began making real efforts to be a good, willing boy, his kind parents helped him in every possible way, and he began to find how pleasant it was to be good and helpful, and so by degrees papa's experiment proved itself to have been an excellent one, for Johnny adopted rules which it was pleasant to have work both ways.

—*Faith Irving, in Golden Rule.*

OLD SHOES.

The Parts They Fill in the Boudoir and Parlor.

It may be a surprise to some people to learn that the old shoes cast into the ash barrels are liable to appear in the boudoir and parlor. A New York reporter who saw a couple of rag-pickers quarreling over a lot of worn-out and seemingly worthless foot gear interviewed one of the chiffonniers, and found that they sold them to the manufacturers of wall paper. He followed up the clew, and on questioning the foreman of one of these establishments elicited the following bits of information:

"We buy," said the foreman, "all the boots and shoes that the scavengers can bring us. We pay different prices for the different qualities of leather. A pair of fine calfskin boots will bring as high as fifteen cents. We don't buy cowhide boots. The boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off them. Then the nails and threads are removed, the leather ground up into a fine pulp, and is ready to use.

"The embossed leather paperings which have come into fashion lately, and the stamped leather fire screens, are really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of this pressed leather pulp. The finer the quality of the leather, the better it takes the bronze and old gold and other expensive colors in the designs painted on them. Fashionable people think they are going away back to the mediæval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with embossed leather. They don't know that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash barrel a month before form the beautiful material on their walls and on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire.

"We could buy the old shoes cheaper if it were not for the competition from carriage houses and bookbinders and picture-frame makers. I don't know how many other trades use old shoes and boots, but the tops of carriages are largely made of them, ground up and pressed into sheets. Bookbinders use them in making the cheaper forms of leather bindings, and the new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet."—*Scientific American.*

—A girl with three arms is an attraction in a Louisiana side-show. She can play the piano with two of them and turn the music with the other, thus saving the expense of a young man.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

—There seems to be trustworthy evidence to the fact that boiled celery—not the raw stems—is a preventive of rheumatism.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Idiotic Tendencies of the Average Young Person.

The Present Craze as It Appears to the Reporter of Base-Ball Matches—Gibbering Idiots Whose Proper Place Is in the Insane Asylum.

Those who have made insanity a special study are of the opinion that a new cause of mental disturbance has arisen in the shape of printed rules of lawn tennis. Any one who has seen the frantic efforts of a man engaged in trying to master the details of this game and has watched his facial contortions and bodily agony as he strove in vain with terms the meaning of

which is withheld from the uninitiated, will readily coincide with the above expressed opinion. Those who have themselves attempted to master these rules and have preserved their sanity will tremble at the peril they have escaped. How many gibbering idiots there are now in our asylums who wander around with their heads full of terms like "swift overhand service," "high front delivery," "right-hand twist," "fore overhand," "lobs," "skyers," "volleys," will never probably be known. It is only of late that the attention of scientists has been directed to this matter, and a commissioner should be promptly appointed to look into the matter.

There are many ways by which this committee could be placed in a proper position to ascertain the facts, but the best way is to go to the Prospect Park grounds and study the subject in its worst and most aggravated forms. Here many games are going on at once, and all varieties of players are present, surrounded by a crowd of friends, some standing, others seated or in carriages, but all staring at the players with a common expression of intense stupefaction. They all pretend to be intensely interested in the proceedings, but with few exceptions they don't know what on earth it is all about, and don't care. Many are in tennis costumes, especially the ladies. It is wonderful what an assortment of stockings one sees on these occasions—more varieties than you would suppose existed.

There appears to be no quarreling about tennis. It is milder even than croquet in that respect, and it also appears that the element of danger is eliminated from the game. A holy hush is over all. You know they are playing something because they move around nimbly and whack at flying balls with an object that looks like a petrified crab-net, and they are separated from one another by a long, low fish-net across the field. The fun goes on inside of a place marked on the grass by wide lines of powdered chalk, reminding one of the boyhood's game of hop-scotch on a large scale. The more you look at it the less you understand what it is they are trying to do. Now a young girl with beautiful clocks on her ankles trips forward and bangs the ball towards the fish-net, and a tall young man, whose brow is furrowed with care on account of the fit of his knickerbockers, ambles forward, takes a crack at it and calls out: "Love fifteen!" and casts an amorous glance at another little beauty, whose quick, responsive eyes flash back that she "catches on" to the point, whatever the point may be. Then another fellow runs over and knocks the ball into the eye of a sleepy old matron on a side seat. In his hurry to apologize to her he rushes forward, gets his feet tangled in the ropes of the net, plunges head first into a baby-carriage and creates a real lively little diversion for a few minutes.

This is lawn tennis. There is not much excitement about it. The most you ever hear is a slight disagreement over counts, and then the umpire makes a speech something as follows: "It's 15 for the first ace, you know, 30 for the second, 40 for the third and game for the fourth, you know. When the score stands at 1 to nothing, it's 15 love. When the tally is 40 to 40, you know, the call should be 'deuce;' when the next ace is scored after deuce the call is vantage, and the next ace scored after vantage, if by the same player, is game. If the next after vantage is by the opposing player, ye know, the call is deuce again." Whereat they all agree that they don't know, and go on poking the balls around. When you get your strength back you crawl away and go see a game of college foot-ball and have the satisfaction of seeing three men killed, eighteen limbs and three heads broken, and enough blood shed in fifteen minutes to put a new course of life into as many consumptives, and you rub your hands and say: "There is a game worth seeing."—*N. Y. World.*

A Very Effective Hint.

"Don't you think ear-rings would become you?" inquired Kosiusko Murphy of Birdie McGee. Kosiusko had been paying Birdie very assiduous attentions of late.

"O, I don't know," replied Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt to have your ears bored."

"O, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already quite often—almost every evening, in fact, for the last three weeks."

Then Kosiusko reached round to the piano, dragged his hat off the cover, and commenced to fade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosiusko and the charming Birdie.—*Texas Siftings.*

After the Soiree.

Dusenberry—"Charming woman, old boy! I congratulate you."

Judge (languidly)—"Thanks."

Dusenberry—"Such grace! Such wit?"

Judge (as before)—"Y-a-a-s."

Dusenberry—"Such conversational powers! I could listen to her for hours."

Judge (gloomily)—"I often do."—*Philadelphia Call.*

DISASTER.

Under her bonnet I kissed her,
Under her bonnet of straw—
It would not have been strange had I missed her,
For but half of her visage I saw.

A glimpse of her chin and her dimple—
And her nose showed its exquisite tip;
And it seemed so remarkably simple
To carom right there on her lip.

And under that mighty poke bonnet
I dived for a moment of bliss—
You may wager your wardrobe upon it,
I delivered a lightning-speed kiss.

Yes, under her bonnet I kissed her—
And somehow—the bonnet shows how—
I found 'twas her Boston-bred sister.

* * *

There are *two* girls don't speak to me now.
—*Puck.*

JANE'S GRAMMAR.

The Meanderings of the Childish Mind Through the Intricacies of English Grammar.

Little Jane had repeatedly been reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say "I be" instead of "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally, Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer an incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery and little Jane over her doll. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be."

But Aunt Kate was counting and did not answer. Fatal word, be! It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what that is going to am!"

Still auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement.

Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what that is going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last and great effort.

"Aunt Kate, what am that going to are?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

TWO VIEWS.

NO. I.—FROM THEIR STAND-POINT.

NO. II.—FROM OUR STAND-POINT.

Investigating the Children.

"I ain't gwine ter stay in dis heah country no longer den I ken he'p," said an old negro whose general good humor and satisfied condition rendered his observation significant.

"What's the matter, Eli?" some one asked.

"Never mine whut's de matter, I kain't stay hyar."

"Anybody been abusing you?"

"Yas, sah, da is."

"Infringe on your rights?"

"Sah?"

"Trample upon your rights?"

"Yas, sah, da did. Tramped on me wit bof feet."

"Tell me about it."

"Wall, yer knows, sah, dat I'se a mighty han' fur chillun. I'se got twelbe ur fifteen at my house, yer know. Dis mawnin' while da wuz all out in de yard it struck me dat dar wuz er powerful chance o' them, so I 'gunter count. Wall, sah, I counted twenty-three. 'Look heah, wife,' s'I, 'how come all dese chillun in heah?' She sorter 'vaded the subjec, but at las' she 'knowledged dat de extra chillun 'longed ter her sister whut wuz dun run away. Now, boss, how long does yer reckon I had been er totin' dat extra load?"

"I have no idea."

"No, sah, I doan' 'spoze yer has. I'd been feedin' dem chillun fur two munts, sah. I thought dat it tuck a powerful chance ter eat, but I didn't think, sah, dat my wife wuz er stuffin' de ballock box dat er way. No, sah, I ain't gwine ter stay heah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE ART OF GOOD TALKING.

The Virtue in a Good Subject and the Value of Silence.

Those who are not very good talkers, and are mortified sometimes by being the wall flowers of the evening, may get some consolation from the consideration that there is a great deal of talk that could very well be spared, and that idle words must be accounted for. Indeed, they also serve who only listen. A Frenchman once said of a gentleman in whom he could detect no other quality worthy of compliment, "that he had a great talent for silence." And some people are very valuable in that way. We have known people who could listen so inspiringly as to draw eloquent discourse from very ordinary people.

"The whole force of conversation," some one says, "depends on how much you can take for granted." The good listener may contribute to that force by intelligent nodding. We once introduced two friends who were going in the same car on an all-day journey. One of them was an inveterate talker; the other, also a good talker, could keep still when necessary. Meeting the latter a few months after, we inquired how they enjoyed that day together. "The doctor enjoyed it first rate," said the quiet man. "He began talking when the train started, and never stopped until it pulled into Jersey City, encouraged by only intermittent nods and smiles from me. Parting as we left the train, the doctor remarked effusively, 'We have had a good day; I don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation so much.'"

Talk and silence do make good conversation sometimes, if they be rightly adjusted to each other. Successful conversation assumes, in the first place, sympathetic people. There must at least be a willingness to get on common ground. Dr. Johnson once tried a fellow traveler in a stage coach on various topics and could get nothing out of him. At last the poor fellow, realizing the humiliating situation, in despair exclaimed, "Try me on leather!" He did and found an eloquent talker. He who can adjust himself to his company will always be entertaining. A good talker must have, in the second place, a good subject. Gossip leads to affectations. The man or woman having a worthy subject will talk naturally. Small natures talk about people, earnest souls talk about things. It is easy to be fluent in canvassing our neighbor's peculiarities, but one can't gossip about astronomy and Free Trade and inductive philosophy.—*Boston Beacon.*

HINDOO TIME.

The Curiosities of the Eastern Method of Reckoning Time.

The Hindoos also employed ages in the computation of time, and these, too, divided into periods of different durations. The present age is the *kali yuga*, or the age of iron; 4,985 years of it have already passed, but its total duration is supposed to be 432,000 years. The succession of the ages, counting back, is given as follows:

Fourth age—*Kali yuga*, age of iron, or of woe (the present age), to be of 432,000 years.

Third age—*Dvapara yuga*, 864,000 years.

Second age—*Treta yuga*, or age of silver, 1,296,000 years.

First age—*Krita yuga*, age of gold, or of innocence, 1,728,000 years.

These four ages form the *maha yuga*, or great age, of 4,320,000 years. The length of a patriarchate is seventy-one maha yugas, or 306,720,000 years, to which is added a twilight period of 1,728,000 years, making in all 308,448,000 years. Fourteen of these patriarchates, augmented by a dawn of 1,728,000 years, gives 4,320,000,000 years, which form a *kalpa*, or the *æon* of the Hindoo chronology.

A kalpa is only a day in the life of Brahma, whose nights are also of the same duration. Now, Brahma lives a hundred years of the three hundred and sixty days and three hundred and sixty nights. The present epoch is the *kali yuga*, of the twenty-seventh grand age of the seventh patriarchate of the first æon of the second half of the life of Brahma, who is now in his 155,521,972,848,985th spring. Yet the whole life of Brahma is only a little longer than a single wink of Siva's eye!—*M. L. Barre, in Popular Science Monthly.*

MR. RUSKIN'S LATEST.

A Writer Who Will Not Be Popular With the Children of the Well-to-do.

In future, we should say, Mr. Ruskin will not be particularly popular with the children of those who are well-to-do, to judge from a letter he has been writing. "The father," he says, "should never provide for his children. He should educate and maintain them to the very best of his power till they are of mature age." Then, "when they are strong enough, throw them out of the nest, as the bird does." "No fortune" should be "left to them." The "nest" should always be at their disposal—"father's house open, says Mr. Ruskin—but "nothing more." Mr. Ruskin does not say what he means by "mature age," so that we are left to fix the period of maturity for ourselves. Some would place it at one time, some at another. And, moreover, Mr. Ruskin does not tell us what is to become of the property which would, in ordinary course, be handed over by a father to his children, if he had it to hand over. Is it to go to the State, or to an institution, or to any other relatives than the unfortunate offsprings? "Honorable children," says Mr. Ruskin, "will have their own houses." But that is not always the case; and what is the use of the said children "providing for their parents," if the said parents do not require to be provided for? Mr. Ruskin is good enough to lay down that "no guilt should ever stand between child and parents;" but, though this sounds generous, it is not wholly intelligible. People will still want to know why, if they have the means, they should not "provide for" their children; and the only persons, we fear, who will salute Mr. Ruskin as a prophet are those who may be glad of an excuse for casting their progeny upon the world.—*London Globe.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Alaska pays a greater revenue to the General Government, in proportion to the population, than any Territory now or heretofore in existence in the United States.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Two young men, one of whom was disguised as a woman and passed as the other's wife, have been reaping a harvest from charitable citizens of Stockton, Cal., by their pitiful tale of destitution.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—At Seneca Falls, N. Y., the largest single electric light ever produced was recently placed on exhibition. It was 50,000-candle power, and placed on a tower at a height of seventy-five feet it lighted up the whole village.—*Buffalo Express.*

—As two men were fishing in a mill-pond at Valatie, Columbia County, N. Y., the other day, they saw a crocodile about six feet long crawl into the water. It was put into the pond six years ago, when small.

—One of the greatest puzzles to the observing spectator who watched the youngsters playing Copenhagen at the children's jubilee was to know why those little girls who fought so hard against being kissed played the game at all. They didn't have to.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Commercial.*

—A swallow has made its nest and is rearing its young in one of the railway signal balls at Bow Crossing, N. H. The covering of the ball became torn, which allowed the entrance of the bird. The signals are lowered and raised many times daily, but the pets of the switch-tender appear to like their home very much.—*Boston Post.*

—Joseph D. Fuller, an old gentleman of seventy, claims that he is entitled to 160 acres of Philadelphia. It was willed to Sally Mercer Fuller by William Penn before he went back to England the last time. When she died nobody claimed the land and it was taken by the city and sold. Mr. Fuller has been looking up the genealogical record of the family and is convinced that he is an heir.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—It is said that when old Green Hill Protestant Episcopal Church, on the Wicomico River, was built, in 1733, the people drove their cows to the building, milked them, and with the milk mixed the red ochre with which the pews were painted. The color still remains. The effort to restore the old church has taken a practical shape and will be successful if its friends promptly respond to the appeals made in its behalf.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—The man who drives the sprinkling-cart revives the ancient feud, turns on the water with a start, and almost drowns the dude; the man who draws the lager beer awakens from his sloth, and does it so that very nearly all of it is froth; the man who eats bananas drops the peelings on the street, the man who follows after flops along for twenty feet; and, so on, half a hundred things combine to make it clear the heated term, with all it brings of cussedness, is here.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A few days ago a Watervliet, (N. Y.) farmer was induced by a stranger to act as agent for a wire fence, signing what he was told was an agent's certificate. Soon after two men visited him and showed him a paper, the one he had signed. It was a contract to purchase $5,000 worth of wire. He invited the men into his barn, where he snatched the paper from the hands of the one that held it and drove both from the premises with a pitchfork.—*Troy Times.*

—One of the neatest retorts ever made in Cambridge, Mass.—not a bad soil for good things—was a brief response lately given by a young lady to an undergraduate, who offered her, with some hesitation, his seat in the horse-car. She got in with an elder companion. The car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him—disguising it, however, in German—why he did not give his place to the young lady. "Because she is not pretty enough." After a little reflection, however, he, too, rose and surrendered his seat. The young lady took it, and thanked him—in German—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SCORPIONS IN MEXICO.

Dark Victims Preferred to Fair Ones—Stinging at Midday.

The most common of these pests are the scorpions—alcarans—for they become hale and hearty grandparents within twenty-four hours, and their numerous progeny are forever darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity, their tails, which hold the sting, ready to fly up at an instant's warning. They are in the wall, between the bricks of the floor, lurking within your garments. Turn up a corner of the rug or the tablecloth and you disturb an interesting family of them; pick up your shoes in the morning and out they flop; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken." The common variety hereabout are about three inches long, and the yellowish-brown ones are considered most poisonous. In Durango they are black and so alarmingly numerous that the authorities offer rewards—so much per tail—to the boys for killing them. Their sting is usually fatal to a child and more or less severe in its effects on adults, according to the state of the system. Some have been known to recover after remaining for eight days foaming at the mouth in convulsions and with stomach swollen as in dropsy; others, by prompt and energetic treatment, do not suffer much. The favorite remedies are brandy, taken in sufficient doses to stupefy the patient, gulacum, ammonia and boiled silk. It is said that scorpions have the poor taste to prefer dark people to fair ones, and that their sting is most to be apprehended at midday. My irrepressible Betsy has become expert in catching them with lassos of thread, after which we suspend them, head downward, in bottles of alcohol, to send to microscopically inclined friends at the North. The Indians eat them, after extracting the sting—as delightful a morceau, no doubt, as crabs, clams, frogs, snails and similar delicacies of civilization; but I beg to be excused from rendering other than hearsay testimony on the subject.—*Fannie B. Ward, in San Francisco Sunday Chronicle.*

"Wait Awile, Girls."

When a man chooses the profession of law he does not expect to be a musician and a journalist also; he knows that if he would succeed he must devote himself to the one chosen calling. When a woman marries she realizes that in order to reach the lofty heights of wife and motherhood she must sacrifice lesser aims. She must willing to lay aside the delightful occupations that make her girlhood pleasant: she must know that from the hour when the baby is laid in the little cradle, dressed with loving forethought, to that darker hour when the mature man lies down in his last sleep, that she will give full meaning to the words 'constant care' that her mind, once unfettered, will be at liberty no more, but is bound by ties stronger than life or death to those who have come to her from out the great unknown.

Wait awhile, girls; think it all over before you promise to become wives—to take these duties and burdens upon you. Sweet and satisfying as are the obligations of wife and mother, they are not to be taken lightly. A husband must not be looked upon as a sort of perpetual beau; and children as extremely uncertain and improbable adjuncts. Unless, like Wilhelm Meister, your apprenticeship ended, you reach out of yourself and ask for larger duties, for a wider field of labor, you had better stay at home with father and mother, dignifying the relation of daughter, filling the old established home with mild radiance, which would seem but a dim light in a new one.

Pearls of Thought.

Friendship is not to be bought at a fair.

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

The vain abhor the vain, but the gentle and unassuming love one another. It is the effect of sympathy in the latter, the want of it by the former.

Do you think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended? Cast them all aside; they may be slight and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that.

Remember if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all.

To revenge one's self is to confess that one has been wounded, but it is not the part of a noble mind to be wounded by an injury; a great mind and one which is conscious of its own true worth, does not avenge an injury because it does not feel it.

The sphere of our affections is one in which we are very apt to expect too much from others, and thus to cause bitterness and often estrangement. Where we love we naturally crave to be loved; but this craving, if not regulated by reason, is very likely to blossom into a selfish oppression.

Two Singular Lunatics.

A lunatic at the Morris Plains Asylum was mute for five years. Even the physicians thought he had lost the power of speech. One day two of his fingers were mangled in a washing machine. To the astonishment of everybody who heard him he exclaimed: "By the great and jumping Moses, a devil is better than an inventor." That was three years ago, and he has not spoken since. Another patient, a boy in the same institution, is a lightning calculator. The most intricate problems are solved by him in fractions of a minute. The boy believes that his head is filled with little blocks with figures upon them, and they instantly fall into different positions and work out the problems. He thinks his brain in fact, is a multiplication table. His insanity seems pardonable, for only a few sane men can compete with him as a mathamatician. Every day he soaks his head in water to prevent the blocks from rattling, and occasionally he begs for oil to put into his ears so that the imaginary squares will slip upon each other more easily.

Business Notes.

An agreement without consideration is void.

The acts of one partner bind all others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

A contract made with a minor is invalid.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

Agents are responsible to their principals for their errors.

A contract with a lunatic is void.

All Ages and Both Sexes.

An insane physician has just been discovered in Boston. He told his patients that they were not very sick, and went to work and cured them of what little did ail them in very quick time. He has been sent to the asylum.

"Pa," said Johnny, at the circus the other day, "if one of those Arabs should fall down and knock all of his teeth out would he talk gum Arabic?"

A New York woman set a speckled hen on a dried apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched fourteen nightmares with blue ribbons on their tails.

"So the misis is to be married, eh?" said the gardener to the cook. "Yis; and in illigant stoyle, too. She's goin' fer to have duress thray yarruds long and four pall-bearers ter kerry it."

The spring chicken was on deck. Old bachelor Crusty remarked that it was as tough as leather. "Shoo leather, I suppose," remarked the boarder who never laughs.

A stranger was asked if he was not afraid to sleep in the ghost chamber. He was not. In the morning he was asked if he had seen any ghosts. "I did. And I laid a subscription list before him, asking him to help our base ball club along. I did not see him again."

"In the new Bible that pa brought home," said Bobby, joining the conversation, "sister is four years younger than she was in the old one. Is that what is meant by the revised edition?"

Nasby on the Situation.

Toledo Blade.

It hez bin the rool uv my life never to question to the doins uv the dispenser uv patronage, but my outraged soul must cry out at this, or bust. Wuz it to hev a President go to the Adirondax afore singin my comishn that I rallied the Dimokris-y uv Injeany, votin there twict myself and contribbitin uv my slender meens to a fund fur tranportin Kentuckians in to the State? Wuz it fur this that I organized the groseries and seen to the distribushen uv liker in Southern Injeany and Ohio? Wuz it fur this that fur forty years, in season and out of season, I hev labored for Dimocrisy? Wuz it fur this I crossed Lake Erie in an open boat to avoid servin in the Federal army, and afterward permitted myself to be drafted in the Confedrasy? Ef I hev no voice in the Administration, my suffrins and sacrifices hev each a tongue, And yet the President—a Dimocratic President—goes to the Adrondax, and leaves my petishn unheeded. Wood that we hed reversed the tikket and made Hendrix President and Cleveland vice.

An Advertiser's Novel Expedient.

One of the largest advertisers in New York says: We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements were read. We published a couple of half-column "ads" in which we purposely misstated halfa dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters from all parts of the country from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate fool who knew so little about American history. The letters kept pouring in for three or four weeks. It was one of the best paying "ads" we ever printed. But we did not repeat our experiment because the one I refer to served its purpose. Our letters came from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, school-teachers and in two instances from eminent men who have a world-wide reputation. I was more impressed with the value of advertising from those two advertisements than I should have been by volumes of theories.—*New York Sun.*

Mosels for Sunday Contemplation.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

When you bury an old animosity never mind putting up a tombstone.

One act of beneficence is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

Trees in the forest may be barren, but trees in the garden should be fruitful.

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Lady's Opinion.

Mrs. Geo. Gilbert, Bryan, Ohio, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio: I commenced on the fifth bottle of your PERUNA this morning, and should just as soon think of doing without my meals as without my medicine. I have been doctoring for about four years, and kept getting worse all the time and was just giving up in despair when I got one of your books, "The Ills of Life." I was in bed at the time. I read and re-read your book and felt like trying your medicine. My folks thought there was no use in trying anything more, I was too far gone, and might as well make up my mind to die. I told them PERUNA was the medicine I needed, and I intended to try a bottle. It proved a success in breaking the chills, and if it had not done one thing more, I would have been satisfied. But it has done more, and I feel like another person. Everybody that sees me is surprised to see me looking so well, as they all thought I was dying with consumption, and now my own folks have as much to say for the PERUNA as I. I recommend it to everybody I see. There were two of our neighbors in yesterday inquiring about the PERUNA. I gave the one my book to read; told her to bring it back, as I prized it very highly. The other got the name of the PERUNA to send to his son in Chicago. He is a telegraph operator. My disease is something similar to Mrs. Milo Ingram's, though nothing compared to being so bad. There was a lump raised on my collar bone, and it was a long time before it looked like opening. The doctor said he would have to lance it in a few days, but I thought I would attend to that myself, so I put a little fly blister on it and it opened; then I put a poultice on and then salve, and kept the salve on all the time. It got so bad and spread upon my left shoulder, and one place under my left breast. Then there were two places on my head, one near the temple and one back of my ear that was just dreadful. No tongue can tell what I suffered. My head felt so strange sometimes, I thought I was going crazy. Since I have used the PERUNA (I don't use the salve any more) my sores healed up right away. And oh, what a relief it is to get around without chilling and having to suffer with my sores. I feel like letting everybody know all about it."

John Ferguson, Gallitzin, Pa., writes: "Your PERUNA is a good medicine, and we sell lots of it. Will you please send us some more 'Ills of Life,' with a few German."

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.

Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.

37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine*. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as any where in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,

5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,

6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Ra s! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 8 1 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on B. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. YEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to surveying and investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Forlyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1885. NUMBER 26.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH&SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD. or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 147 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

Militar Lot No. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Evans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 & 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot, improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

The "Wooland Farm,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

House and Lot

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 Acres of Land,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

House and Lot

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 20th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains —IN— BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 165. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. John Henry Boor's Dwelling.
No. 1. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 165.
No. 1331. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

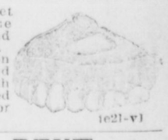
Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.



From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1621-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

A Common Want.

"People air allus askin' you all sorts of questions, and I don't know why I shouldn't," writes Aunt Betsey Allen to *The Christian Union*. "You must know lots of ministers, and we want you to help us find one. Our minister has just gone, and we don't propose to go a candidatin' till every body wants a different man. Our folks ain't very hard to suit, and I think we ought to get somebody right away. We want a young man. Parson Goodrich wasn't very old, but we all got kinder tired of him. It was the same old story all the while—sin, repentence and faith; we want somethin' different, somethin' new. We want real stirrin' sermons that'll warm you right up every Sunday, for our church has got kinder cold. But we don't want a man who is allers preachin' to us as if we was sinners. Our congregation is all good, respectable folks, and don't need that kind of talk. We don't want too young a man, one jest out of the seminary, and full of this new-fangled theology for some of our old folks are mighty stiff on the doctrines. Old Squire Hardman never got over it because Parson Goodrich sed onct that he hoped more would be saved than was lost.

"Our young folks hes bin wanderin' off to the church down to the lower village. They're allers hevin' neck-tie sociables and chicken-pie suppers and missionary tabloods and that makes religion interestin' to young people, you know. Parson Goodrich didn't believe in them things much—leastwise he never helped 'em along any. Now, ef we could only git a young man who would stir 'round lively, and keep somethin' of that kind goin' all the while, it would build us up, don't you see? Our Sunday school is kinder run down too, and our minister jest wants to tackle that; and the prayer meetin's are purty thin. But we want a man who won't git all beat out and discouraged. Parson Goodrich used to look down so in the mouth sometimes in prayer meetin's, when the brethren didn't eckerpy the time much, that folks got kinder out of patience with him.

"'Twon't do for the minister not to be married; for, sence our young men got to goin' off to the city so, there's lots of girls left, and 'twould be sure to make hard feelin's if he married one and didn't the others, and they never'd forgive him ef he went out of the parish for a wife. Besides, our Sewing Society and our female prayer meetin' hain't done much lately and we want a minister's wife to start 'em up ag'in. Mis' Goodrich wa'nt what you would call a real drivin' woman; she was allers kinder sickly. Some folks sed 'twas the house they lived in; but, law! them edicated folks are allers talkin' about drains and sich. The houce did stan' in a holler, and the grave-yard was on a side hill jest above the well, but, merciful man! everybody can't think jest where they'll hev their wells. That was the only house in the village where the minister could live, and they allers had lived there. She had a spell of typhoid fever one winter, and her little boy died of diphtheria that spring, and she never chirked up afterwards. But, bein' a minister's wife so, seems to me ef she hed ought to be cheerful end resigned ter Providence. She allers kep' a girl for as much as three months every time she hed a baby (and she hed five in the ten years they lived there,) and allers put out her washin', so she didn't hev a very hard time. But she never did much in the parish, so we hope the next minister's wife will be one of the go-ahead kind.

"I most forgot to say that ef we ken git a real smart man, ef everybody likes him, especially Squire Hardman, we will pay him five hundred dollars a year, jest as fast as we ken collect it. They was rather slow about paying Parson Goodrich, after Squire Hardman got down on him, for he wouldn't pay his pew rent punctual cos he didn't like the minister. Folks sed that when Mis' Goodrich's mother died, down in Conn., he had to borrow five dollars of one of the deacons to pay their carfare down to the funeral. But, law! everybody knows ministers ain't no hands to manage money-matters. I don't know as there is anythin' more we want, only he ought to be kinder good-lookin' and not wear a shabby coat. I declare I used to get real ashamed of Parson Goodrich's overcoat and Mis' Goodrich's bonnet to Conference and fellowship meetings.

"Oh! there is one thing more. We don't want a mad that's too rabid on the temperance question, for Squire Hardman rents a store for a saloon, and he's awful techy about it. Our church is *strong* temperance, so we don't need preachin' to about it. Besides, it makes trouble with the votes, and Squire Hardman has a hankerin' after the legislatur.

"Our folks ain't pertikeler, you ste, and I think we oughter git suited in a few weeks. They say there's lots of ministers lookin' fur places. Squire Hardman sez the woods is full of 'em.

"Hopin' to git a letter in a few days sayin' that you have got just the man for us.

"Yours in the love of the church."

For bilious fevers and malaaial disorder, use Ayer's Ague Cure. Taken according to directions, its success is guaranteed.

Despised Because they are Cheap.

"Style is everything nowadays," said a Market street merchant to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter yesterday, as he ordered a street arab out of his store and reprimanded a clerk for throwing a piece on the floor. "Yes, style is everything," he continued. "We have departed from the inexpensive and simple customs of our fathers. We are democrats no longer; we are aristocrats, whether we have money to carry out our pretensions or not. The utility of a thing is not taken into consideration in our purchases. Look at the calico on that counter. It is beautiful, makes handsome dresses and wears well, but scarcely any one buys it. Why? Because the price is only 8 or 10 cents a yard. There can be no other reason. At that rate a dress-pattern would cost about $1. What lady would be caught wearing a dress chat cost only $1? She would feel everlastingly disgraced. But the price up to 75 cents or $1 a yard, and they would all want it. The high price would make it fashionable, and there would be such a rush for it we would be troubled to supply the demand.

"Do you ever talk to your wife in that style?" inquired the reporter.

"No; but she is like the rest of them," he replied, tartly. "When I was a boy," he resumed, "rabbits were so plentiful as to be a drug on the market. They could be bought for 5 and 10 cents apiece. At that price nobody would eat them. Here in Pittsburg, where they command from 50 to 60 cents a pair, they are considered a great delicacy, and everybody eats rabbit. What makes the difference? The price. What else could it be? There is no difference in the animal, for rabbit is rabbit the world over."

After pausing a moment and glancing sharply at his clerks, the merchant continued:

"Beef liver is considered a plebeian article of diet, solely because it is dirt cheap. If by chance any person buys it, it is tucked away in the bottom of the basket, so as to be secured from prying eyes. The average man or woman would feel disgraced if it were kown they had eaten liver. Raise the price for liver to 15 or 25 cents a pound, and there would be a rush for it. It would be the fashionable dish. Ladies would serve it at their teas, and pass it around at their social gatherings. But so long as it can be had for the asking it will remain the despised thing it is. And so with many other things. You see how it is; style and price are everything, utility is nowhere. The man or woman who don't throw money away is looked down upon. If they have none of their own to squander they must squander somebody else's.

"I could tell you more of the same sort," he added, "but it is my supper hour," saying which he directed the cashier to turn out one of the two gaslights he was using, and walked off toward home, leaving the reporter to draw a moral from the discourse he had listened to, which task is submitted to the reader as the quickest way out of the difficulty.

An Important Discovery.

The most important Discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough's, and Colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it possitively cure Consumption, but Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a Trial Bottle Free, at Nydegger's Drug store

Terrible Loss of Life.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27.—Details of the destruction in Canton, China, and vicinity by the recent great rain storm there have been received by private parties in this city. The flood was the most serious which has visited Canton in thirty years. More than 10,000 people lost their lives and a far greater number are left in a starving condition. Entire villages were engulfed and the rice and silk crops in the vicinity were almost ruined. The price of rice has been raised 18 percent in consequence of the loss of the crop. The rain fell the latter part of June, filling and overflowing all the rivers. Many of the streets of Canton were flooded for over a week. At Sez Ni City the water broke through the city wall. It is reported that several thousand people were drowned in that place. The embankments of the river were broken in numerous places and the waters swept across the surrounding country, carrying everything before it.

A foreigner, who was an eye witness of the scene of the devastation, reports that one night the boat he was on anchored near a bamboo grove. By morning the water had risen to the tops of the bamboos. At other points it rose as high as forty feet during the night time. The inhabitants fled from the villages and camped on the hillsides. At Kun In, a market place situated near an embankment of one of the streams connected with the river, which brings water from the north and west rivers, the majority of the inhabitants were drowned by the water breaking through the embankment. Some escaped to a piece of rising ground in the neighborhood, but the water continued to rise and gradually overtopped the elevation, drowning those who stood upon it. Seventeen Chinese graduates in Canton hearing of the distress and suffering prevalent in their native villages, took passage on a boat with a view to proceeding home to render what assistance they could. On the way the boat was capsized, and all who were on it were drowned.

In some places parents tied their children on the high branches of trees whilst they instituted measures for their general safety. The trees were washed up by the roots, and the heartrending cries of the children were silenced in the surging water. The body of a bride dressed in her bridal robes was found floating in the river at Canton. A large tub was also seen. It was picked up and found to contain a boy and a girl. With them was found a paper stating their names and the day and hour of their birth. The parents had instituted this means to save the lives of their offspring. The writer added that the suffering which thousands are enduring is heartrending, parents replying with tears in their eyes to their children's requests for food that they have none. The people are obliged to use the filthiest water, and this, added to the disease which will ensue upon the subsidence of the waters, will greatly aggravate the horrors of the situation. Meantime all that is being done by the inhabitants to abate their misery is the beating of gongs, burning of incense, and howling of prayers to idols.

He Went.

Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Montgomery, the new commissioner of patents, while engaged in "turning the "rascals out," decapitated a messenger in his bureau who had been in office for several years without doing much of anything to earn his salary. Upon receiving his discharge he made a great ado over it, and insisted that the axe had fallen on the wrong neck. He was a Democrat, he said, and had always been a Democrat, had voted the ticket straight at every election, and stood by his party even in the face of discharge by a Republican administration. Mr. Montgomery looked him over and then called for the letters of recommendation upon which he was originally appointed.

"You are a Democrat, are you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"And always have been?"

"Always."

"Then you are discharged for falsehood and for obtaining an office under false pretences. In this application for appointment filed five years ago you state that you are a Republican, no one but Republicans endorse you, and every one of them commend you as a faithful member of that party. You can go."

There are a good many department clerks turning up who have always been Democrats, but this example has assisted to make such pretensions unpopular.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A HAMMOCK HORROR.

Softly she is singing,
Sweet and low,
In a hammock swinging
To and fro.

Just a yard above her
Hangs a worm,
Wriggling under cover—
See him squirm!

Now the maid sings louder,
Strong and high;
Nothing doth o'ercloud her
Life's bright sky.

Soon the worm gets weary,
Loses grip;
Like a bummer beery,
Down doth slip.

Maiden's mouth is open—
In a worm goes!
! ! ! *** +++ ???
Just at present no pen
Tells her woes.

Still the hammock's swinging
Overhead;
Hushed the maiden's singing—
Worm is dead!

—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

DIAMOND DECEPTIONS.

Some of the Tricks Resorted to by Swindlers.

Persons Not Experts Taken in by Numerous Clever Devices—Some Famous Cases—Other Interesting Talk About Gems and Their Wearers.

"Is there a large amount of imposition at present in your business?" asked a *Tribune* reporter of a diamond dealer.

"In an article where not one in a hundred has any knowledge whatever, and not more than one in 10,000 is a good judge, there must necessarily be a good deal of imposition. The methods of cheating may be divided into three classes. The first and most common is when flawed, imperfect, or off-colored diamonds are sold for first-water, flawless gems. This takes place every day and every hour of the day. Those who are the principal sufferers are would-be smart persons who snatch at a so-called bargain and deserve what they get. If people would remember that fine diamonds are the easiest things to sell in the world, that any jeweler who deals in gems is always willing to purchase at a small reduction from current rates, they would not be bitten so often. The next two methods are swindling pure and simple. There are several precious stones which are of an entirely different composition to the diamond, but resemble that gem so closely that none but experts can distinguish them. Even experts have often to test these before they can discover the imposition. The basis of the diamond, as almost everybody knows, is carbon. The basis of the stones I now allude to is alumina, and they are known under the generic term 'carodums.' The principal stones substituted and sold for diamonds are the white sapphire, white topaz and the zircon or jargon. White sapphire and topaz are worth from $2 to $8 a carat, zircon much less. Bushels of these stones have been and are still sold for diamonds. They can be at once identified by experts for their inferior hardness and difference in specific gravity. The specific gravity of the diamond is 3.9, that of white sapphires and topaz is 3.5, zircon 4.4. The last method of swindling is when imitation stones made in various ways are sold for the genuine article. More of this is carried on than you would think possible. In Europe, especially in Paris, the art of making fine imitations of diamonds has been brought to perfection. Many of these, of course, are sold for what they are, many are made to order for wealthy people who in temporary difficulties wish to raise money on their diamonds, and have these stones set in the same manner to wear while the real article is out of their reach, but large quantities are set in fine style and sold for first-water diamonds. A dealer or jeweler is seldom victimized in this way, except when one or two stones are mixed with a very large parcel."

"Have there been any very successful frauds in your line lately?"

"There is always something going on, but the most extensive and successful swindle in which I as well as a great many others suffered first came into operation about two years ago. It is the coating system. By saturating off-colored flawless stones—worth about $25 a carat—in a peculiar solution it gave them the appearance of first-water goods, worth $100 a carat. The solution soon wears off, or it may be removed by a good application of hot soap suds. But the trade was quite unacquainted with this method, and before we got to the bottom of it the sharpers had made an enormous pile. This is still being practiced at present to a small extent, principally for the working of pawnbrokers."

"Can you call to mind any well-planned gem confidence operations that have not been made public?"

"Did you ever hear of the clever dodge worked in London in 1881 by one of the best-known 'con' practitioners of New York? He went to London and purchased in Hatton Garden a magnificent stone weighing about twelve and a half carats. He paid between $7,000 and $8,000 for it. He then made his way to Paris and put the stone in the hands of the best maker of paste goods and ordered thirty fac-similes of it. He then had the whole of them mounted in rings of exactly the same design. In London are many large pawnbrokers who lend sums of $5,000 and upwards for short terms—fourteen days or so—at one-half or three-fourth per cent. He left the original ring with each of them in turn, took it out again, and repledged it two or three times until they were well acquainted with him and the gem. One Saturday, which is their busy day, he rushed around to the whole collection and left one of the imitations for sums ranging from $4,000 to $6,000. He placed twenty-eight in all. They possibly did not examine them closely, as he was so well known and his appearances and manners were calculated to ward off suspicion. The shrewdest pawnbrokers in London were taken in by this schemer. The Attenboroughs (this family have about eight establishhad five of these rings, the Russells had three, and so forth. A much cleverer though not such an extensive scheme was worked in Paris in 1878 by a notorious French 'chevalier de industrie.' He had a magnificent stone worth 30,000 francs, of which he also had an imitation made and set in the same manner as the original. He then went to the most extensive retail dealer there, and, handing him the genuine gem in a ring, asked him how much he would charge to reset it in a combination setting, or in a setting where the stone could be used as a ring, scarfpin and stud. The jeweler named an amount which he said was much more than he wished to spend, as the stone was only an imitation and not worth the outlay. The jeweler was astonished to hear that the fine stone he had in his hand was an imitation, and testing it slightly, assured the owner that it was a real diamond. At this the sharper laughed and stated he had bought it in Baden Baden from a gambler out of luck for 250 francs and that the jeweler must be mistaken. He willingly left it until next day for further testing. When he came the following day the jeweler assured him it was a real diamond (as he well knew) and to back his opinion offered to give him 22,500 francs for it. The sharper still asserted that the jeweler was mistaken, but agreed to sell it for that price on condition that he would not be held responsible if it was afterwards discovered to be an imitation. This was agreed to and a document was drawn up by which the jeweler agreed to give 22,500 francs for the ring and to hold the vender, who had bought it and still believed it to be imitation, not responsible after the sale. The transaction was concluded in the presence of witnesses. Just before the money was paid over and the ring delivered, the sharper skillfully substituted the imitation and palmed the diamond. In a few days afterwards, when the fraud was discovered, although the schemer was still on the spot, the dupe had no remedy, as, in the document he had signed, he had agreed to purchase the stone whether imitation or not. I could tell you many well-verified anecdotes of this description, but they are all variations of one plan. After confidence is inspired a sudden skillful stroke is played which is generally undiscovered until it is too late."

"Is it a fact that stones having all the properties of the diamond have been produced by scientific means?"

"The first effort to produce diamonds dates back to the middle ages. It must be admitted, however, that during the last half century the systematic experiments of many scientists, in France especially, have been awarded with some amount of success. Such great minds as Sir David Brewster, De Latour, Gannal, Depretz, etc., have given themselves to this exciting pursuit. The scope and method of their experiments are too involved for a brief explanation. It is undeniable from the experiments of Depretz and De Chancourtois (which are the most recent) that diamonds can be produced by the action of strong electric currents and intense heat. The gems produced so far have been of the very smallest size; the only problem now is whether gems of merchantable dimensions can be manufactured in the same way."

A few days ago a *Tribune* reporter renewed his acquaintance with a member of one of the largest New York firms who import precious stones. After some general conversation the talked veered around to the present condition of the gem business. "How have you found trade this trip?" was asked.

"Tolerably good," replied the importer.

"What are the quotations for diamonds now. Are they higher or lower than in former years?"

"That all depends on the grade. The tendency for the last few years seems to be as follows: For old mine stones or fine specimens of other kinds the price is almost stationary, or if there is any change it is in an upward direction. The flawed or imperfect goods are continually going down, and from the present outlook it is hard to say what will be the ultimate value of the stuff."

"I have heard a great deal of old mine stones; what does the term mean?"

"An old mine stone originally was a gem of peculiar color and especially fine fire found in the Golconda district. Now the term is much broader. It embraces all stones of the bluish white cast so prized by connoisseurs. Many called old mine now were found in Brazil, some fine specimens even in Africa. These gems, wherever found, always command the highest price; that is to say for white stones; of course, a rarity in the shape of a fine black or rose-colored diamond always brings an extraordinary price."

"What is the present selling price of fine stones?"

"Storekeepers generally ask between $100 and $125 for flawless carat stones of the first water. Our carat is the same as the English, and in ordinary troy weight is 3.174 grains. The price I have named is that usually obtained for average fine stones, but there are always especially fine gems in the market which bring almost double that amount. I have at present a paper of carat stones that I can not sell under $175 a carat net. To make the average profit on these goods the storekeeper will have to get from $220 to $230 per carat for them."

"How do you compute the value of stones above a carat in weight?"

"The old rule formulated by Tavernier two centuries ago was 'that the prices of two diamonds are proportioned to the square of their weight.' According to this, if a one carat stone of the first water is worth $100, a two carat would be worth $400, and so on. This rule, which was quite correct at that time, would now be very misleading. It assigns to diamonds a much higher price than at present. Here is the list we go by now, prepared during the last ten years by the best authorities in America:

¼ carat..	$ 35@.....		3 carat..	$ 500@	550
½ carat..	60@.....		3¼ carat..	600@	650
¾ carat..	100@	125	3½ carat..	700@	750
1 carat..	150@	175	3¾ carat..	800@	850
1¼ carat..	200@	225	4 carat..	900@	950
1½ carat..	250@	275	4¼ carat..	1,000@	1,050
1¾ carat..	300@	325	4½ carat..	1,100@	1,150
2 carat..	350@	375	4¾ carat..	1,200@	1,250
2¼ carat..	400@	425	5 carat..	1,300@	1,400
2½ carat..	450@	500			

"You see by the last example the five-carat stone, which would be worth, according to Tavernier's formula, taking the carat standard at $100, 100 x 5 x 5=$2,500, is now only listed between $1,300 and $1,400."

"What is the price of flawed and off-colored stones?"

"That is rather a hard conundrum to answer. There are so many graduations that each large parcel is taken on its merits and disposed of at a special price. If we have time to sort them properly and can strike the right customers we can often make much larger profits on these goods than on the finer varieties. But it's a risky business, as after a large shipment from Africa they go down with a rush. I have sold stuff as low as $9.50 a carat and up to $45. Large stones, from four to ten carats, always fetch a fair price, as there is a class of people about who will buy a big diamond even if it looks like a fragment of a soda-water bottle. All they want is to wear a large genuine diamond; the quality is quite a matter of indifference to them."

"Who are the largest buyers of this class of goods?"

"We generally sell ours to pawnbrokers and small dealers, who have them set in handsome mountings, either alone or in combination with fancy stones, for gamblers or the sporting trade, or where there is a large parcel of almost uniform size, say from one-quarter to three-quarter carat, we sell them to setters, who mount them in common gold in a showy manner, sometimes a gross or more of one pattern, and they are distributed broadcast throughout the country and worked off at holiday times. There is a large profit in these goods; they average from 150 to 200 per cent."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE THYROID GLAND.

Affections to Which This Gland is Subject—Goitre, Etc.

This is situated on both sides of the trachea (windpipe), near its top, the two parts being joined by a so-called isthmus just below "Adam's apple." It is relatively much larger in infants than in adults. It averages about one and a half inches in length, and is about half as thick as long. It is larger in females than males. It is sometimes wanting, and in the aged it sometimes wholly degenerates.

While secreting glands have ducts, through which they empty their secretions, either out of the body or into some cavity within, the thyroid and some others—the spleen, for instance—are *ductless.* They simply withdraw some elements from the blood, effect a chemical change on them, and then give them back, through the absorbents, into the circulation.

Among the affections to which these glands are liable is *goitre,* in which they become enlarged. The enlargement may be slight, or it may be so great as to reach upward to the ears, and extend down to the breast. One case is recorded in which it reached below the thighs! In some parts of the world the affection is quite rare; in others quite common, though in the latter it is largely confined to certain districts.

In England its prevalence in Derbyshire has given it the name of the "Derbyshire neck." It markedly connects itself with some mountains, and yet it occurs in some level tracts. It is generally thought to be due to something in the drinking water—some say magnesian limestone, but it is more probably due to some metallic substance.

In many cases the goitre may be merely a deformity. In others it may obstruct the breathing by pressing against the windpipe; or may cause headache, dizziness, fullness of the head, singing in the ears, by hindering the circulation in the vessels of the neck; or it may interfere with swallowing, by pressing on the œsophagus (gullet).

It is quite frequently associated with *cretinism*—that peculiar idiocy in which the brain ceases to grow, and the whole body becomes stunted and hideously deformed, but the latter is often found without the former. Doubtless each is due to a common cause.

The most effective treatment consists in the removal of the patient to another locality.—*Youth's Companion.*

SELLING FOR PROFIT.

The Hebrew Clothing Gentleman Who was Cured of Selling Goods Below Cost.

There is a Hebrew dealer in clothing in Bloomington who has recently been cured of selling goods for less than cost. During the very hot weather he was visited by Wallace Blackwart, who wished to buy a seersucker coat and vest.

"Dere vash voust der ardicle you vash need," said Moses, "und he vash so sheap like dirt."

"How much are they worth?" asked Blackwart.

"Vell, I tole you dot," Moses replied, speaking very confidentially, "He vas vort five tollar——"

"Great horned spoon!" snorted Blackwart, "I can buy the same goods at a half dozen places for three dollars."

"Vell, you see I vash not tole you all apond dot. He vas vort five tollar, but I vash sold him mit you mit thri tollar. Dot was less than he vash cosht mit der wholesale."

"So you will lose money on it, if I buy it?" asked Blackwart.

"Yah, dot vash how I vas!" Moses replied.

"Well, then, I will buy one around at Spreckel's place."

"Vy you do dot?" asked Moses, greatly amazed.

"Well, Moses, I am a warm friend of yours and don't want to see you lose money. I will go around to Spreckel's and buy a coat and vest from him. I don't like him very well, and here is a chance to get even," and Blackwart was gone before Moses caught his breath. The Hebrew clothier would not offer a customer anything at a figure pretending to be less than cost now for forty-three cents cash in hand and a promise of a life interest in the land that is fairer than day. He thinks the public has penetrated the gauzy swindle he has practiced so long and successfully.—*Through Mail.*

—During all seasons of the year, it is said, the earth at Yakutsk, Siberia, is frozen from the depth of fifty feet to that of about 1,000 feet.

LONDON SEWAGE.

What It Is Estimated to Be Worth, and Plans for Its Disposal Considered.

It has been computed that the annual value of London sewage amounts to 8s. 9d. per individual, and, estimating the population at 4,000,000 persons, the total value would be more than $8,000,000 per annum. It would thus appear, on the face of it, that in some way or other this sum should be saved for the city. There are two ways of deriving profit from sewage: One is by the application of sewage to land, as, for instance, is done at Pullman, Ill., or from treatment by chemical processes. Precedents for the first plan exist in Great Britain, the more notable ones being in Edinburgh and Doncaster; but from neither of these could the commissioners derive sufficient encouragement to infer that the pumping and other expenses would not cancel all of the possible profits. The second plan is regarded as yet more unfavorably, for the "available material value of the sewage is at present too small to admit of obtaining from it any product which can be sold at anything like the cost of its production."

With reference to the plans for the treatment of the metropolitan sewage, four possible schemes are presented and analyzed. These are broad irrigation, filtration through land, processes of deposition or precipitation, and precipitation supplemented by application to land. The testimony seems to be quite decisive and uniform that for every 100 persons one acre would be needed in broad irrigation, and that the sewage should be strained or purified before permitted to finally pass upon the surface of the land. When it is remembered that 40,000 acres are equal to about sixty-two square miles, the impracticability of this scheme is apparent, for no such farming area can be found in the neighborhood of London.

The method which meets with the greatest favor from the commission is the last one mentioned. The chief advantage is that the sewage is thereby much more thoroughly deprived of its noxious qualities. The process is found in actual use in Birmingham, and is described as follows: "The sewage is treated with lime and allowed to deposit in a series of large tanks; the clarified liquid is then passed through porous land, after which it runs into the river, being found perfectly innocuous. The sludge deposit, which amounts to 330 tons a day, is allowed to run in its semi-fluid state upon a portion of the land laid out to receive it, after which it is dug into the ground, which is covered with soil, planted, cropped, and used for filtration. One acre per week is allotted for this purpose, and the land so used remains for three years before sludge is put upon it again. Thus the quantity of land required for the disposal of the sludge would be 156 acres." Such a system meets the chief difficulties. It does not require the large area demanded for broad irrigation, and it clarifies the filth which is now polluting the Thames, even up to the bridge. The history of London's sewerage experiment conclusively shows that a city has not solved the problem when it has even devised a method for drawing off its drainage. The termini must be considered, as well as the lines of transportation.—*Bradstreet's Reports.*

HAD MONEY.

How Prosperity Affects the Average Colored Man.

"I'spz a ter see er man, 'cause he's got money, think hisse'f better'n uder folks," said old Martin Smith, the shuck-collar maker, addressing a prominent citizen.

"What's the matter; some man thinking himself better than you are?"

"Yas, sah, dat blamed Tony Sevier, whut runs de gin down on de Haywood place, passed me jes' now an hill up his head like one o' dese heah crab apple shoats. He wouldn' speak ter me. Reckon he's dun forgot de time when he chopped wood down in de swamp. He wuz er powerful fren'ly man in dem times."

"What's the matter with him now?"

"Oh, he's got money, sah, an' is too proud ter speak ter er po' man, like myse'f is. I'se gwine ter figger er roun' an' see ef I kain' hab him turned outen de church, an' I'se got de Bible on my side, 'case it say er rich man an' er camel kain't go ter Heaben nohow. When I had money I didn' hol' myse'f erbove uder folks. O, sah, I tuck ebery 'tunity o' showin' po' folks dat I wuz dar fren'. O, I wan't proud when I had money."

"So you were once well off, were you?"

"Yas, sah, I wuz. I had money."

"What became of it?"

"Los' it, sah."

"How?"

"Los' it outen my pocket."

"How much had you?"

"Lemme see. I hed er fi' dollar bill, two quarters an' some dimes, sah; but I wan't proud, 'cose I doan b'lebe in er rich pusson grindin' er po' man down."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—It doesn't make any difference how handsome or how stylish a young man is, he may have been an object of admiration to every woman in the horse-car; but the instant a girl gets in with a brown paper parcel labeled "fine millinery" on the outside, his charm is gone. No woman can resist the superior charm of that delightful mystery.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A girl ten years of age has reached San Francisco safely after having traveled alone from Harwich, England, via Liverpool, Philadelphia, Chicago and Omaha. She tells of nothing but kindness experienced at the hands of the officials all through her long journey.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A local set of Baptists called "the Koonites," with one association, five churches and 130 members has been founded in Florida. They hold that the body of Christ was unlike ours.—*Christian Union.*

—The editor of the Montgomery (Orange County, N. Y.,) *Standard* reports his discovery that the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara have worn away more than fifty feet in the past thirteen years.

FEASTS AND FASTS.

The Unaccountable Scarcity of Feast Day in the United States Compared With the Days of Rejoicing Observed by Other Nations.

There is an inherent love of festival and feasts in human nature, a desire to express joy, and that not in solitude, but surrounded by sympathetic friends; a desire to experience pleasure, and to experience it unselfishly, shared by everyone within reach; a desire, possibly, to make ourselves one in our joy with all the surrounding human race. It is certain, at any rate, that public festivals do that work for the time being; for as long ago as the period of the celebration of the Greek games, which really had their origin far back in mythical times, the Olympic games kept alive a common interest between all the Greek States, and had much to do with the existence and preservation of a national feeling, while so important were they deemed in this regard that the year of their revival, some eight hundred years before our era, was used as a chronological period from which to date.

The Romans had fixed, movable and occasional feasts; the Egyptians made them of such moment that it is recorded of one that nearly three-quarters of a million of men and women were present, while the East Indians still make their festivals quite beyond the usual range of our imaginations with numbers and with treasure. The Jews had an immense variety of feasts, all of a sacred nature, among them being the Sabbath, the Passover, the Pentecost, the Feast of Trumpets—marking a day on which every one's doom for eternity was supposed to be set down, although with mitigating possibilities, in the case of disastrous doom, should repentance take place before death—the Feast of Tabernacles, the Purim and the Dedication; while the Christian Church has, with others, its Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Easter and Whitsuntide, all joyous spiritual feasts.

But just as strong a tendency with humanity as that to festivals is that to fasts. Indeed, with many, there may be a preference as to the latter, owing to a feeling that after duly keeping fast one can enjoy more freely the riotous living of feasts. The Jews had at first but one fast, that of the Atonement, which they kept with great severity, although later the Pharisees were wont to fast every Monday and Thursday. The Egyptians, Phœnicians and Assyrians all kept their fasts and the Mohammedans keep the whole of the ninth month, Ramadan, most strictly, neither eating nor drinking, however great their suffering, from sunrise till starshine. The Sibylline books ordered a fast to be kept every fifth year in honor of Ceres. And with the Holy Orthodox Church of the East, the Fast of the Mother of God begins the 1st of August and lasts fourteen days, that Church in especial keeping two hundred and sixty-six days of the year as days of fast. Every one, meanwhile, is familiar with the customs of the religious sects about us, and with our own national feasts and fasts.

It is certainly astonishing how very few national feasts we have, on the whole—the more astonishing that in our great pleasure of business, and rapid deed and thought, we need rest and relaxation more than most. Christmas is not universally kept among us, nor is New Year's; we make nothing of the 8th of January or of the 22d of February, a little bell-ringing or a few guns compassing the most of our observance of these days; we forget the April day of the battle of Lexington till after it has passed; and we content ourselves with a sorry and solemn parade that can not be called a feast, if it can not be called a fast, on Decoration Day. The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill has sometimes a good send-off in New England and sometimes not—seldom anywhere else; and in truth we lie back and reserve all our strength for the Fourth of July, and now we celebrate that and now we don't. And when we do celebrate, we have not much idea of doing so other than with cannons and with flags, fire-crackers and torpedoes, by day, and the blue-lights and their kind by night—music, flowers, and the gentler arts seeming to us of insufficient import to turn to exterior use.

It is rather a pity that we rest so contentedly, as a people, with so few opportunities of general merry-making and acquaintanceship. It would not be amiss, at all events, if in the sweet spring and early summer season we made the most of the chance that comes to us in pleasant weather and turned it to account in general social ways. If the 19th of April, that initial day of our independence of Kings and Crowns, can not be made of much practical out-door use on account of the inclemency of that part of the year, yet the 17th of June, when we first discovered that farmers with their rusty weapons could hold the trained regulars of the King in check, can not claim any such immunity, for winds are soft and skies are blue and roses are in blossom then, and all things invite to joy and its expression. Yet however it be with those days, the heart that does not beat more quickly on the Fourth of July, and does not wish to celebrate it even when it is impossible to do so, if by no more than doing reverence to the flag, ought to beat in some more ignoble bosom than an American's.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Presence of Mind.

Pugsby (concluding story)—Thus was I saved by mere presence of mind.

Bolgertop (gloomily)—Great thing—presence of mind. I might have been a rich man to-day if my presence of mind had not failed me one time.

Pugsby—Indeed! When was that?

Bolgertop—You remember my Uncle George—rich old duffer? Well, sir, I was with him one day when he was taken with a fit. I was so frightened that I lost my presence of mind and called in a doctor, and Uncle George is living yet.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The "oyster bug" is declared by Mr. Cudington, of Fair Haven, Conn., to be a good sign, rather than one of destruction. He says: "The story about the brown, coral-like insects on oysters is all nonsense. The excrescence found on seed oysters a year old is a natural growth, and is always an indication that the young oysters are healthy and vigorous."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Fourteen of seventeen pupils of a class in a school at Bronson, Fla., rejoice in the euphonious name of Smith.

—The British Bible Society issued the New Testament at two cents a copy. In nine months 950,000 copies have been sold.

—"One High Jens and Fizzeology" was a North Carolina school-teacher's requisition for a new manual just published by the State.—*Chicago Times.*

—The land belonging to Cornell University comprises 240 acres, of which 120 is specially devoted to the farm. Not originally fertile, it has been made sufficiently so to yield $6,000 annually in gross products.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

—The venerable little church at Tadousac, the oldest in Canada, having been built by the Jesuits in 1615, is soon to be replaced by a more spacious temple. But the judicious pastor has determined to keep it intact all the same.

—The Commissioner of Education reports that in the South the school enrollment of white children has increased 297,185, and of the colored children 199,231 during the past two years. The total expenditure for public schools in 1884 was $17,053,467, an increase of $2,232,495 over that of 1882.

—The *Central Baptist* thus happily hits off the fallacy of calculations and prophecies based on ratios: "If our numbers should increase in future as in the past, then in eighty-seven years everybody would be a Baptist, but if the decrease in contributions continues, then in ninety-one years nobody would give a cent to the cause of Christ."

—On the Isle of Patmos there are more churches than houses. The churches stand together in couples and triples, and in groups almost like hamlets. All of them are small. The largest have domes, but the great majority are merely small, oblong, vaulted apartments, with a small apse at the end, and incapable of accommodating more than twenty or thirty persons with comfort.

—The past year in the Illinois Wesleyan University has been the most satisfactory and successful in the history of the institution. The professors have been earnest and thorough, the laboratory and museum are in fine order, and the students have studied with zeal and profit. A good religious interest has pervaded the school, and many were converted.—*Chicago Interior.*

—The instrumental music question, which has been debated annually for fifteen years by the Presbyterians of Ireland, but never satisfactorily settled, well nigh caused a schism this year. Indeed, a number of ministers and elders did secede from the assembly for a short time and held an opposition meeting. In a few hours, however, a truce was arranged, but such was the tension of feeling that it was deemed expedient to continue debate on the subject, which was accordingly postponed till next year.—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When the bad small boy returns at night to his home he often finds there is a breeze brewing. And usually it is a spanking one.—*Chicago Current.*

—Although a million copies of Webster's spelling book are annually circulated, some people still persist in spelling their names "Smythe."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Bell, the telephone man, has an article in *Science,* telling how to avoid icebergs. We haven't read it, but one good way is to travel only by railroad.—*Burdette.*

—O, where does beauty linger?" sings a Philadelphia poetess. Considerable of it usually lingers upon a young man's shoulder, unless her head rests very quietly.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Mormon Bishop Snow has been in Mexico to negotiate for the purchase of large tracts of land in that country for the occupation of colonies. We should think Mexico would be too hot for Snow.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The pine tree, says an authority, serves as a refuge for more than four hundred species of insects. We can now understand why Mr. Longfellow was so strenuous in advising the aspiring young men to "beware the pine tree's withered branch."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A forlorn-looking man said: "I've tried everything that I could turn my hand to, but couldn't make anything answer; and now I have decided to go up among the hills, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer.

—"It's terribly galling to a man of my sensitive pride to depend upon relatives for my living," remarked a youth; "but what is one to do?" "I thought that Smith & Smith offered you a situation at fourteen dollars a week?" "So they did," replied the sensitive youth, indignantly, "but do you suppose that I'd sell dry goods over a counter for fourteen dollars a week? No, sir!"—*N. Y. Times.*

Plain Black Dresses.

Mohair of demi-lustre, tamise cloth, albatross cloth and black flannel are used for plain dresses. These fabrics cost from fifty cents to $1 a yard double width. The mohairs, alpacas and brilliantines have never been given up by English women for useful mourning dresses, as their smooth surface sheds dust and is not injured by moisture. The tailor styles so popular for winter dresses are repeated in these serviceable fabrics, and such a dress may be worn in the house throughout the autumn and winter. Tucked and pleated waists that may be worn with or without a belt are especially liked for flannels and mohairs. One pretty way to make these is to let the fronts lap plainly for about three inches, buttoning on the left side with small buttons and holes, and have a corresponding row of buttons on the right side; then just beyond the buttons have three or four small tucks a third of an inch wide, and repeat the tucks down the middle form of the back; these tucks can be overlapped at the waist line to taper nicely with the lining, and thus a belt is not needed, though it may be added if liked.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A huge lemon was recently picked at Pansoffkee, Fla. It measured twenty-four inches in circumference one way, twenty-two inches the other, and weighed four pounds and thirteen ounces.

—During a trial in London it was developed that the plaintiff, a woman, had been divorced from her former husband because of her misconduct with her present husband, who had been divorced from her sister.

—Milton Miester, formerly of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and now of Utah Penitentiary, remarks in a letter to a friend: "I am serving out a six months' sentence for loving, cherishing and caring for my dear families, consisting of three of the best, noblest and loveliest wives in the Union and twenty-three just as good and pretty children as ever came from Heaven to sojourn for a season on this mundane sphere."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The yield of grain in Texas for the present year has been the greatest ever known in the history of the State. The Galveston *News*, commenting upon the fact, says: "With no untoward disaster to the cotton crop the State is on the eve of the grandest period of agricultural prosperity she has ever enjoyed. The commercial and general business situation may naturally be expected to sympathize with this prosperity."

—As an evidence of the ignorance which prevails through Wales, the vicar of a large district writes that he gave to a poor woman, whose daughter was ill, a little jar of extract of meat, telling her to boil it with certain seasoning. The woman complained there was something wrong with the thing. She had boiled it for hours, and could get no charm out of it. The fact was she had left the jar unopened.

—"How can I ever pay you?" "Don't try." "Don't try?" "No, if you really wish to do me a favor." "I don't understand." "So long as I know you never can pay up you will be valuable to me in another way. Whenever a bill is presented that I can not conveniently meet I will simply say that I have money due me that must be collected before I can pay my creditors. Do you see?" "Yes; and as a special favor I give you my word and honor I will never pay you."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Here is a hot weather conundrum: A gentleman remarked the other day that if he were in an elevator and it dropped from the fifth story he would break the force of the fall by jumping four or five feet in the air just before the elevator hit the bottom. And now people are arguing as to whether he could or not jump four or five feet in the air with nothing under him but a falling elevator. Could he? And would he break the fall or not?—*Chicago Times.*

—The great majority of people pay no attention to their health or their mental sanity. Their whole time and energy are devoted to securing wealth and distinction. They leave their health to the doctor, their quarrels to the lawyers, and their souls to the ministers. A little education in the right direction would change this. But it may be asked why pipe to those who will not dance. It may be that people will some time learn that health and mental sanitation are worth more than wealth and distinction.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A tadpole, the larva of a frog, has a tail and no legs, gills instead of lungs, a heart precisely like that of a fish, a horny beak for eating vegetable food and a spiral intestine to digest it. With the approach of maturity the hind legs appear, then the front pair; the beak falls off, the tail and gills waste away; the lungs are created; the digestive apparatus is changed to suit the animal diet; the heart becomes reptilian in type by the addition of another auricle; in fact, skin, muscles, nerves and blood-vessels vanish, being absorbed atom by atom; and a new set is substituted.—*Boston Budget.*

—The principal crops of Japan and their annual products are as follows: Rice, 196,000,000 bushels; wheat, 11,500,000 bushels; barley, 49,421,000 bushels; maize, 1,382,000 bushels; soy beans, 11,556,000 bushels; buckwheat, 3,367,000 bushels; raw cotton, 10,251,000 cwt.; hemp fibre, 133,700 cwt.; tea, 394,048 cwt.; tobacco, 382,441 cwt.; sugar cane, 7,149,000 cwt.; potatoes, 17,980,000 cwt.; bark of paper mulberry, 357,000 cwt.; indigo leaves, dried 880,000 cwt. The exports are annually $36,000,000, or nearly one dollar for each person on the island. The imports are $28,000,000 annually.

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

Their Peculiarity of Adding Largely to the Fertility of Soil.

The term leguminous is derived from a Latin word meaning a seed which grows in a pod. This essential characteristic is made the type of a large family of plants called by botanists leguminous, and in this class are included all such plants as clover, peas, beans, lentils, and lupins, and such trees as locust, cassia, acacia, laburnum, and many others, whose pea-shaped flowers, hanging in large and beautiful clusters, are cultivated in ornamental plantations. It is a peculiarity of this family of plants that they gather from the soil in some way or other a large quantity of nitrogen which they store in their roots and leaves, and leaving these in the soil add largely to its fertility. The plants of this kind which are grown upon farms as crops are clover, peas, beans, lucern and some others of less note. It has long been an experience with practical farmers that these crops clean the soil of weeds and leave it in the finest condition for a succeeding crop of grain, which thrives better after such a crop than by any other preparation. The reason for this was not known until the long continued investigations and experiments of Dr. Lawes, of England, showed how it was that wheat following a crop of clover produced a much better yield than if it had been grown even upon a summer fallow. It has been the experience of farmers that peas have this same result, and a crop of beans even leaves the soil in better condition than if the land had lain idle.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE ORIGIN OF "O. K."

A Suggestion That Jackson Got His Famous Abbreviation From the Choctaw.

In the language of the Choctaw Indians, one of the most frequently recurring expressions is the emphatic oke, with which an affirmation or denial is concluded. This oke (pronounced with strong accent on the last syllable) is one of the substitutes for the copulative verb to be, which is wanting in Choctaw. Oke, as pronounced in Choctaw, has exactly the same sound as the alphabetic pronunciation of the letters O. K. in English.

The meaning of expression, as nearly as it can be conveyed in English, is: "That is true; "That is all so." A few examples, out of many that might be cited, will illustrate this. "The Choctaw Indian is a good fellow" is expressed thus: Hattak api huma Chahta achukmah oke, in which hattak api huma means "Indian" (literally, man-body-red,) achukmah means "good," and oke is the copulative expression, "it is so." In the Rev. Cyrus Byington's Choctaw New Testament the first sentence of Matt. 5, 13: "Ye are the salt of the earth," is: gakni in huppi huchchia hoke, literally: "the earth is salt ye: that is so."

To General Andrew Jackson is attributed the introduction of the Choctaw word into our Anglo-American speech. Before the war of 1812, in voyages up and down the Mississippi and in trading expeditions overland from Nashville, Tenn., to Natchez, Miss., through the Choctaw Nation, he was brought into frequent communication with the Choctaws.

General Jackson, as everybody knows, was prone to the use of downright and energetic methods of assertion. Hearing this emphatic oke so frequently uttered by the Choctaw people, he learned the meaning conveyed by it to the Choctaw mind and appropriated it, out of hand, to his own purposes. From him it passed over to the multitude. This account of the origin of O. K. has been current in the South for many years, If not true, it is, to say the least, *ben trovato.*

No one who has ever read an autograph letter of General Jackson's will easily credit the story that he was in the habit, when he was President of the United States, of indorsing, in *kaltem Blute*, applications for office, with the letters O. K., under the belief that these were the proper initials for "all correct." Jackson was no scholar, but he was not so grossly ignorant of English orthography as to fall into a blunder of that sort. He may have indorsed documents with the letters O. K. as a jocular symbol of his favorite Choctaw expression. The story that these letters were seriously intended by him as an abbreviation of "oll korrect" was probably, as Mr. George Bancroft suggests, an *a posteriori* invention of the enemy—to wit, the Whigs—during the hot political contests in the days of the roaring '40's.

That the abbreviation O. K. was coined by Jackson himself and used by him long years before it passed into current slang, finds curious confirmation in an extract from the old court records of Sumner County, Tenn, quoted by Parton in his "Life of Jackson," vol. 1, p. 136:

"October 6, 1790. Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gasper Mansker, for a negro man, which was O. K." ["A common Western mistake," adds Mr. Parton, "for O. R., which means Ordered Recorded. Hence, perhaps, the saying O. K."]

Is it not more likely that the O. K. of this entry was suggested by Jackson himself, as a brief way of saying, after the Choctaw fashion, that the claim had been legally made out?—*American Magazine of History.*

Flax.

A remarkable instance of the waste of a valuable product is afforded by the fact that out of 85,320 tons of flax fibre grown last year in the United States only 699 tons were utilized for manufacture. At the same time 5,000 tons of fibre are imported yearly. This waste, no doubt, occurs because farmers have given more attention to growing seed than to the fibre. Seed and fibre cannot be grown together. For seed, thin sowing and stout stalks are required, and this produces coarse fibre; for fine fibre, thick sowing and slender stalks with few side shoots are desired; moreover, for the fine silky fibre the stalks are cut before the seed is ripe. The ripe stalks, however, are exceedingly valuable for twine, but unfortunately this fibre is driven out of use by a substitute made out of paper.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Bright Boy.

Colonel Percey Yerger has got a boy named Sam, who has never been trained to habits of obedience. He gives all manner of impudence to his parents, who, having become desperate, put the boy in the grocery store of Mr. Sid Bluford, who has the reputation of being very severe, and is one of the heaviest retail grocers in Austin.

"Now, Sammy," said Mr. Bluford to the incipient tradesman, "when you see me waiting on a customer and clap my hands, you come to me right off. Now mind, I don't want any nonsense."

"I don't want any nonsense, either," retorted Sammy, "when you are waiting on a customer and clap your hands, if you see me shake my head you may know I'm not coming till I get ready."—*Texas Siftings.*

The "Knowsomethings."

A new secret political organization, called the "Knowsomethings," was gotten up in 1854, by some German Republicans, to offset the "Knownothings." The founders were Germans, and their constitution opposed the extension of slavery, stringent Sabbath laws, and the Maine liquor hypocrisy. It was short-lived, but upward of six thousand members were enrolled, and for some time an "organizer" made a good living by going about the country and organizing lodges, each one of which paid him twenty-five dollars for a charter.—*Boston Budget.*

CREATION'S FAG END.

A Mexican State Where Disease, Revolution and Intense Heat Are Ever Present.

"A place where they can change the head of government by revolution four times in seven months, where the mercury is perfectly at home at 105 degrees in the shade, where the people eat snakes, and where small-pox and yellow fever follow each other in regular succession, year in and year out, may not be a lively enough country for some folks to live in, but it filled the bill for me," said an oil-well operator from the Pennsylvania regions.

"That locality," said he, "is the State or district of Tabasco, in Mexico. I went down there for some parties three years ago to see what there was in the reports about petroleum deposits of great richness in the region. There was no way to travel except by canoe and on bronchos, and it was no uncommon thing to travel two hundred miles or so to reach a place fifty miles away as the bird flies. There is plenty of natural pitch or bitumen there, but I couldn't see the prospect of an oil region ever being developed, although Boston capitalists were pegging away with drills in various parts of the district in hopes of striking oil. There are ninety thousand persons living in that district, and all I saw of it was one vast area of pestilence. The inhabitants are mostly Indians, and they haven't begun to be civilized yet. One loose garment, reaching from the neck to the knees, is all the clothing that either sex wears, and the children run entirely naked the year round. I got there in November, and left in July. At no time was the mercury lower than seventy-four degrees in the shade, and when I came away it was 105 degrees.

"The day before I got to San Juan Baptisa, the capital of the State, a couple of citizens had adopted the usual method of changing the government, and had shot the Governor, whose name was Foncher, his private secretary, and another member of his council, while the three were walking in the street. Foncher was the fourth Governor who had been removed in that way since the preceding May. The Governor's secretary and the other official were killed instantly. Governor Foncher fell to the ground but regained his feet. The two assassins were running away. The Governor fired two shots. One of the assassins fell dead, and Foncher dropped to the ground and expired immediately afterward. The second assassin ran on. During the night a man was found in the street, suffering, it was supposed, with the cholera, it being the season for that annual visitor. He was treated for the disease, and it was not until after he died that a bullet-hole was discovered in his back. The bullet was found in his bowels. He was undoubtedly the second one of the assassins, showing that the dying Governor's shots had both taken effect.

"Small-pox appears as soon as winter weather sets in. The natives were dying at the rate of twenty-five a day during my stay in Tuxpan, a coast village, and the coast was under quarantine. The yellow fever takes up the work as soon as the small-pox takes its yearly vacation, and that in turn rests in the fall, and cholera varies the monotony of the region until small-pox comes back again. A wagon goes around every night, and gathers up the dead at the different houses, and the bodies are loaded in and carried to the dead lot, a large piece of ground inclosed by a high brick wall. The remains are sorted out and buried next day. I was told at Tuxpan that it often happened that persons were, in the hurry of collecting the dead, placed in the dead wagon before life was really extinct, and that it was not uncommon for a person to rise up suddenly in the wagon as it passes on its rounds, glance wildly around until he recognizes his situation, and then disengage himself from the dead piled about him, jump from the wagon, and move away as long as his strength lasts, or until he is captured by others and stowed away in the hospital. Neither is it an uncommon circumstance for the custodian of the dead lot, on opening the gates in the morning, to find two or three persons waiting to get out, having been placed in the lot the night before with a load of dead.

"The natives live on cracked corn, the flesh of a hideous snake-fish called the lagarta, and the flesh of that cheerful-looking reptile or animal, or whatever it is, the armadillo. The lagarta is the favorite morsel. It is caught in the stagnant water that is everywhere in the locality. It has the head of a serpent, and a half-fish, half-reptile body, covered with horny scales. The mode of cooking is to take it as it comes from the water, run a stick down its throat, and hold it over a fire until it is baked. The few Spaniards and Mexicans who live in the district have their tables supplied with decent food; but its preparation is not such as to tempt the appetite. I found other parts of Mexico so delightful in every respect that I could hardly bring myself to believe that there could be such an altogether wretched portion of it as that same State of Tabasco."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sensational Experiments.

Electrical experiments on the heads of guillotined murderers have been too much the fashion of late, says the Paris correspondent of the London *Times.* Sensational accounts of the results have sometimes been published, and only recently at Caen a doctor professed to have produced movements of the tongue by electric action on a nerve. It is satisfactory to find that H. Paul Bert, who has been held up to odium by English anti-vivisectionists, denounces these practices. The distinguished physiologist and Deputy holds that such experiments have no scientific interest and that they ought to be prohibited. If they succeed in making the murderer live again for an instant, which, however, he regards as impossible, the law of 1791, which forbids the torturing of criminals, would be violated in its spirit, if not in its letter. Such experiments may, moreover, be made under better conditions on animals. M. Bert's colleagues in the Academy of Medicine coincide in this view.

CABINET AND MINISTRY.

The Difference—A Peculiar Feature of the British Government.

The governing executive body of Great Britain is spoken of sometimes as the "Cabinet," and sometimes as the "Ministry." The two terms are thus used indifferently in the papers and in books, as if they meant the same thing. And in one sense they do mean the same thing; that is, each is used to describe the body to which is committed the executive affairs of the Kingdom.

The word "government" is also often used to describe the same body. We had the "Gladstone government," the "Salisbury government," used with this meaning.

But in their composition the Cabinet is one body, and the Ministry is another. Every member of the Cabinet is a minister, but every minister is not a Cabinet officer. The Cabinet is what may be termed a select committee of the Ministry. It is the inner circle, the chosen spirits of the Ministry.

The Ministry consists of all the heads of the executive departments of the Kingdom. The members of the Cabinet are the heads of the most important of these departments; and they also compose, which the ministers not in the Cabinet do not, the select and secret advisors of the Crown on matters of national policy.

Mr. Gladstone, in one of his essays, speaks of every member of the Cabinet as exercising three public functions. He is the head of a department of the State. He is always a member of one of the Houses of Parliament, and so acts in a legislative capacity. And he is a confidential adviser of the Crown. It is in the latter capacity that he differs from a minister not in the Cabinet.

There are certain great departments of State, the chief of which always occupy seats in the inner circle of the Cabinet. These are, the First Lord of the Treasury (who almost always also presides over the Cabinet as Prime Minister); the five Secretaries of State—for foreign affairs, home affairs, war, the colonies, and India; the Chancellor of Exchequer, the Lord High Chancellor; the First Lord of Admiralty; the Lord President of the Council; and the Lord Privy Seal.

There are other departments, the heads of which sometimes are and sometimes are not in the Cabinet, though they are part of the Ministry. These are the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Postmaster General, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Local Government Board, and the Vice President of the Council.

Finally, there are offices held by Ministers who are never members of the Cabinet; for instance, the Junior Lords of the Treasury and Admiralty, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for England and Ireland.

The Ministry, as such, never meets in a body. The Cabinet, on the other hand, holds frequent meetings, according to the gravity of public affairs always confers in secret, and has no record kept of its proceedings. Often its decisions are kept secret from the rest of the Ministers.

No law compels a Cabinet Minister to be a peer or a member of the House of Commons. But custom has made this an invariable rule. When a member of the House of Commons is called to the Cabinet, he resigns his seat in the House and goes to his constituents for a re-election.

Every member of the Cabinet must be a Privy Councillor, and if he has not previously been one, is so created when he enters the Cabinet. Privy Councilors have the title of "Right Honorable."

The English law does not recognize any such body as the Cabinet, or any such official as Prime Minister. Both the collective power of the Cabinet and the dignity of first Minister have grown up gradually, and have taken their places in the British political system without the appliance of any statute.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CARE OF THE HAIR.

It Should Be Washed But Once in Six Weeks With Castile Soap.

The care of the hair is an important branch of fashion at all times, though often fashion dictates an injudicious treatment and prescribes modes against all rules of health and reason. Such importance has been given to the hair that some philosophers make the chignon, coils and puffs the index of civilization, and show how eccentricity in head-dress and coiffure marks the degradation of the time. It is well understood that masses of false hair injure natural growth, but a freak of fashion which seems harmless may be made equally hurtful. This apparently innocent fashion is that of fluffiness and lightness of the hair produced by continual washing. The best specialists on treatment of the hair say that the hair should be washed once in six weeks and not oftener, and that castile soap and not borax, soda or any other drying material should be used. After washing it is well to rub the scalp with some reliable ointment. The natural oil, which to some appears objectionable, is the life-giving ointment of the hair and should not be destroyed. Dry hair has a dead appearance, the ends split and growth is retarded. The fine comb is most hurtful, but a soft brush, used judiciously, gives vigor to the scalp and keeps it in a healthy condition. The practice of cutting the ends of the hair is useful, and can be accomplished easily by braiding the hair and then cutting the ends. The care of the hair is certainly as important as that of the teeth, but is much more neglected. The rules of its preservation are simple and important. Vigorous brushing, cutting the ends when necessary, washing with castile soap once in six weeks, and the desirable avoidance of false hair should preserve and strengthen the hair. But if the hair comes out and becomes lifeless and thin in spite of this treatment, the best remedy is to seek a reliable specialist on scalp diseases, and to submit to thorough professional direction.—*Boston Journal.*

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

How All the Drunkards in the World Have Been Made So—The Only Safe Way.

(Proverbs xxiii, 29-35.)

If I could bring together a thousand boys and girls from one city, and a thousand from another, and so go all over this country, and ask each one: "What do you expect to be when you grow up?" not one would say: "I expect to be a drunkard." No one wants to be a drunkard. When we hear the name it brings up in our minds a picture of a man in shabby clothes, with red, bloated face and bloodshot eyes, reeling along the streets, saying foolish things, quarreling with those about him, fighting, and at last lying down helpless in the gutter.

That is a dreadful sight that nearly all of us have seen, and drunkards must have been just the same in the days of Solomon, although they had no whisky then, and could only get drunk upon wine. Hear what Solomon says about these drunkards of his day: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

But all the drunkards in the world have been made. They were not born so; they have been made out of bright-faced children, with clear eyes, and pure, sweet breath, and strong, steady steps, and happy voices—children who never meant to be drunkards, and who never would have been if they had taken Solomon's advice. He says there is only one way to be safe, and that is not to begin: to let the wine alone; not even to look at it. He says: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; and at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

This red wine that sparkles in the cup, and has a pleasant taste, is like a beautiful serpent that is moving its beautiful coils and getting ready to bite you. A cluster of ripe grapes is a beautiful thing, and when you crush the grapes in your mouth and swallow the delicious pulp you are taking what is harmless and nourishing. But if you squeeze out this refreshing juice and let it stand a very few hours it begins to change. A part of it turns into the poison that is called alcohol: all that could nourish and feed your body is destroyed, and the juice becomes wine, just such wine as Solomon said bites like a serpent.

If you eat an apple, the juice that is ground out by your teeth is exactly the same as that which is crushed out by a cider-mill; it is wholesome and nourishing, and you like it, because it is mixed with the spicy pulp. But what is called "sweet cider" is this same juice that has stood a few days until it has begun to "work;" that means that a part of it has changed into this same poison that makes it no longer nourishing, but dangerous. The more of the poison there is in it the more it sparkles and the better it suits the taste of those who have learned little by little to love it. So, when people say to you: "What harm can there be in the juice of grapes or in sweet cider?" you can answer them: "No harm at all, if you take them just as God made them. But the juices of the grapes and the juices of the apples begin to change as soon as they are crushed out, and the poisonous alcohol is formed, and then there is always harm in it. If you were dying of thirst it might be worth while to take a drink from a spring that you knew was impure and unhealthy; but, with so many good things to eat and drink in the world, do you think it is sensible to drink what may have poison in it, just because you are not *sure* it has? If you let *all* cider alone you will be sure never to drink the wrong kind, or let your example lead any one else to do so." That is about what I would say on the cider question if I were a boy or girl; and when I had made up my mind I would stick to that of course, whatever any one else said or did. Why, one of my neighbors, at great inconvenience and expense, has all his water brought from a distance, although he has a well in his own yard. The water looks pure, and tastes pure, but he knows *some* wells have poison in them, and he thinks it quite possible his may have, and so he lets it alone. Is he not more sensible than his neighbor, who went on drinking the water because he could not see anything wrong with it, until half his family were attacked with typhoid fever?

If you mean to take Solomon's advice, and not even stop to look at this dangerous enemy, that can seem so harmless at first and yet sting like a serpent afterward, you must remember and not go with those who drink wine. Don't be found among them; keep away from them; give them no chance to tempt you; for if the children should grow up right for one generation we should have no more drunkards.—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Youth's Temperance Banner.*

REMOVING THE SIGNS.

A Heroic and Faithful Wife and Mother—A New England Incident of Fifty Years Ago.

In the old, historic and beautiful town of Lexington, Mass., more than fifty years ago, there might have been seen across the front of a large, substantial-looking building on the principal street, a sign bearing these words: "William Simonds, Inn-keeper." That this house was the resort of sleighing parties and merry making generally, needs not be told—nor that the hot mugs of flip, egg-nog and other drinks, were the chief attractions of the place. This same William was alert for the pennies of his customers, hoping thereby to replenish his exchequer.

Now, at the head of the family was a woman of sterling character, a Christian and a mother, with noble boys growing up to manhood surrounded by these contaminating influences, for whom she felt the most active interest. Having expostulated in vain with the good husband and father in regard to this business, and implored that the sign be taken down, and the legitimate products of the farm constitute their support, she took the opportunity one day, on his absence in a distant part of the city, to say to the boys: "The sign is coming down."

That the magnitude of the work may be more apparent, we will say that the sign covered nearly the entire front of the house in length, and was of conforming width, the thickness being such as in those times was deemed proper for substantiality.

Assembling her forces on the front piazza, with ladders and ropes, the oldest boys mounted the ladders, and soon the obnoxious object was swinging in mid-air, on its way to the ground. Being safely landed, the next thing was to get it up in the garret. "Where there's a will there's a way." It was pushed up the first flight of stairs without much difficulty, but the second flight was narrower and winding, which caused it to stick fast. A call to the mother was readily responded to, and with cheering words and her determined "Now boost, boys, for your life!" up it went, with the aid of her sturdy shoulders; the good woman saying: "There let it stay, boys."

Upon the return of the father at night all was as serene as though nothing had happened, the boys having been instructed to say, when asked where the sign was: "Go to mother." Not having occasion to pass the front of the house for two days the loss was not discovered by the father until on the third day, when, on coming from the barn with a wheel-barrow, his youngest son, a lad of ten years, helping, he looked up, and turning to the boy with a face livid with rage, he said:

"You villain, where is that sign?"

Quaking with fear, yet full of laughter, the urchin replied:

"Ask mother."

Dropping the barrow, with hasty, nervous strides, he made his way to the house; from whence, after the lapse of about ten minutes, he came forth with the pleasantest look upon his face, a look which he continued to wear as long as he lived.

What was said is not related, but the *mother's love* conquered. Through the many changes of occupants of the old tavern, that sign has remained where it was placed at that time, until a little while ago, when it was given in keeping of the Historical Society of Lexington.

This faithful mother reared these boys to noble manhood, the youngest, now at a mature age, giving the facts of this history. Mrs. Simonds was a sister of Cyrus Peirce, Esq., teacher of the first normal school, then at Lexington, subsequently at Newton. The spirit of this worthy woman is such as the soil of Lexington abundantly produced during revolutionary times, and such as should be emulated during all time. A grand-daughter, of this city, active in Temperance reform and works of charity generally, is proof incontrovertible that true worth descends even to the third and fourth generations.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

The Curse of Our Era.

The drink habit is beyond all question the greatest curse of modern life. Social drinking ruins more homes and destroys more young men and young women than all the social habits combined. The drink traffic does more to corrupt politics, perpetuate and multiply poverty, to incite to violence and brawls, to keep the poor poor, and to make them poorer, than all other curses combined. It costs the Nation more in life and money than war, pestilence and famine. It more urgently demands quarantine than the cholera; it is a more serious menace to national well-being than armies and fleets of foreign powers. It is the obstacle to all moral and social progress.

"The temperance cause," says Richard Cobden, "lies at the foundation of all social and political reform." How shall we lay out this foundation? How shall we establish this quarantine? How shall we decrease this awful expenditure? How shall we check, restrain, regulate or extirpate this drink habit? This is the immediate question which addresses itself to every citizen, every parent, every social reformer.—*Christian Union.*

Temperance Circular.

The W. C. T. U. of Philadelphia County, Pa., send out to the pastors and deacons of churches and the superintendents of Sunday-schools a blank, with questions and place for answers, concerning Temperance work. The questions are all pertinent, and some of them unusually suggestive:

Have you any organized Temperance society or work in connection with your church or Sunday-school?

Do you have Temperance taught in any systematic way? If so, in what way?

How many have signed the pledge in your church and Sunday-school?

How many Temperance meetings have you held and how many Temperance sermons have you preached since September 1, 1884?

Do you use unfermented wine at communion?

Do you use Temperance Sabbath-school Lessons; if so, how often?

Are you willing to give the use of your church for Temperance meetings, and if so, when?

Would you like a union formed in your church for Temperance work?

Will you do me the favor to send me the name of some lady member of your church to whom I can send communications?

We believe such a circular sent to churches and returned with their answers to the County Union will tend to unify the work of the church and the work of the W. C. T. U.—*Union Signal.*

If all of the teachers of the country were to bring before the youthful minds intrusted to their care the Temperance question in its hygienic and moral bearings, the seed thus sown would *soon* bear fruit well worth the trouble. England has, of late, availed herself with extraordinary success of this preventive means. She has found among teachers the most zealous furtherers of the good cause. A "Temperance Lesson-Book" is in the hands of the scholars as well as the teachers of Great Britain and the Colonies, and in a translated form in foreign countries.—*Consul-General Oppenheimer, of Germany, in Law and Order.*

The hotels in a district of New Zealand having been closed by the action of the people, the police officer writes to his brother as follows: "I am the happiest man in the village. There has not been one case of drunkenness before the court since the licenses were taken away."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

e copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 10 lines 0 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer han three months

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1885.

ATTENTION, REPUBLICANS.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts, on

Saturday, September 19th,

to select five delegates from each district to attend the county nominating convention at Oakland, on

Tuesday, September 22,

to nominate a candidate for State Senator; two candidates for members of the General Assembly; one candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court; one candidate for Sheriff; three candidates for County Commissioners; one candidate for County Surveyer, and to select three delegates to the State Convention to meet in Baltimore on the 24th instant, three alternates to said delegates, and three members of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

The delegates are requested to come prepared to select three persons to act as a district committee for their respective districts.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Chairman County Committee.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

In this number we publish a call for primary meetings and a county convention to nominate a ticket for the various offices to be filled in November next. We urge upon all the Republican voters the importance of attending the primaries and sending delegates to the county convention who are in favor of nominating good men. We have often heard men complain that primaries and conventions had been packed, and use this as an argument in favor of scratching or bolting the ticket. If the people would attend the primaries and support the men of their choice they would not have cause to grumble, If the people stay at home and leave the primaries in the hands of a few local politicians and place hunters who send themselves to the convention and then seek to nominate themselves for office, well may they expect to have an unsatisfactory ticket. We know it may be a small sacrifice of time for some of our people to lose a day to come as delegates to the convention, but if you want a good ticket, if you want men nominated who, when elected, will be a credit to your party and a credit to the county, you must make the sacrifice. Come to the convention and do the work thoroughly. If you do this we feel sure you will have no cause to complain after the ticket has been nominated.

In another column of this issue we publish a list of the cases, civil and criminal, which are on the dockets for trial at the September Term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, which commences on the 14th day of September A. D. 1885. This report will be a matter of interest to all persons having business in Court, as they can see the number of these cases and form an opinion as to the time when they will probably be reached. As the Term progresses we will give the disposition of the various causes. It may be well for those having cases to file the paper containing these reports.

Mr. Hiram P. Tasker, late editor of the *Herald*, at the request of many friends throughout the county, will announce himself in the *Democrat* this week as a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Democratic county nominating convention. Mr. Tasker's long service in the party entitles him to consideration at the hands of the party representatives when they shall meet in convention, and his earnest contest for the right of local self government will no doubt be gratefully remembered.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

The Dreaded Scourge.

New York Sun.

Up to last Sunday there had been 61,521 deaths from cholera in Spain, since the beginning of the epidemic, out of a total of 156,077 cases. At the present rate of its ravages, the deaths in that country will reach 70,000 by the end of this week, and the total number of attacks nearly 200,000. In Marceilles, Toulon, and other parts of southern France the scourge maintains its foothold.

Thus it is clear that while last year the excitement and terror over the presence of cholera in Europe may have been greater, the present year has been far more terrible in its ravages. The deaths from this pestilence in Italy during 1884 were computed at 10,000; but already during the present season those of Spain have been sixtimes as many. It is further evident that in spite of modern experience and appliances the present visitation of cholera in Europe is one of the most destructive ever known.

The persistence of the epidemic and its greatly increased fury during the present season are very suggestive. The notion that because cholera did not reach England and America last year, and has thus far not reached these countries during the present year, there is now less likelihood of its attacking them, is not in accordance with historic facts. The conception of its progress as being like that of a fire on the priarie, which swiftly passes and leaves its ruin wrought, is wholly erroneous. When it once gains a foothold in a country it invariably occupies it for several years, breaking out again and again in the same or some fresh quarter. Before several of its visits to America it had first ravaged Europe during several successive years.

Thus the epidemic of 1832, the first that afflicted America, had been raging in Europe nearly two years before it crossed the Atlantic. It appeared first at Moscow on the 28th of September, 1830. During the entire year 1831 it swept all over Europe east of the Rhine, causing probably 100,000 deaths in Germany alone. 1832 it spread over Great Britain and France, and the deaths in the latter country were estimated at 120.000. It was during this second year of its European course that it found its way to America.

In like manner our second epidemic, that of 1848, had broken out half a dozen years earlier in India, and thence had spread through Persia between the Black and Caspian seas to Russia, and then, like its predecessor was carried to Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen and Havre, as well as to the cities of southern Europe, and so found its way to this country after years of destruction in the Old World.

The epidemics of 1854 and 1865, on the contrary, were fully developed in this country not many months after their appearance in Europe. That of 1873 reached this country after ample warning, there having been 70,000 cases of cholera in Germany alone during the preceding year.

Of the present epidemic, we know that it began its westward march four years ago; that it was in Egypt in 1883, and in France and Italy in 1884. Instead of relaxing efforts to keep it away from America on the false theory that it would have reached this country before had it been coming at all, we should remember that cholera has repeatedly harassed Europe for years in succession before crossing the Atlantic.

Even in this country, while we habitually speak for convenience of the epidemics of 1832, 1848, 1873, and so on, as if these were the only years of their continuance, the uniform rule is that they have raged from three to five years successively, and occasionally much longer. The first epidemic in this country did not subside until the lapse of five years, and two years after its first appearance it raged furiously. Some authorities have declared that in New York city there was scarcely a year from 1832 to 1854 without well-defined cases of cholera. But the first year is one of terror and excitement; and if a season in which 50,000 victims perish is followed by others in which the losses are only 5,000 or 10,000, these latter are apt to attract little notice. This unfailing quality of persistence and reappearance through successive seasons should be a warning to continued vigilance against the pestilence. The progress of cholera is not only a march, as it is often called, but a conquest and a prolonged occupation.

Encouragement, it is fair to add, is afforded by the success which has attended the corroling of the pestilence in the southwestern corner of Europe. It is really astonishing that for two years the disease, in spite of its horrible ravages, has been kept, save for unimportant scattered cases, confined in Italy, Spain and the extreme south of France. It is almost too much to expect that it can be held and stamped out there. If this should be done, through vigorous quarantine systems, the triumph will be memorable.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, August 29.—*Bradstreet's* in its commercial summary says:

While the general trade situation as reported this week in special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* continues to be favorable, there is less to be said of the indication, as to permanence in the increased activity shown. In addition to what has been said of the improvement in textile lines, the demand for pig iron at Philadelphia, and generally West of the Alleghenies, except at Cleveland, has shown some gain. In the East this is not the case, and while there may have been some improvement in the inquiry, there is none in price or demand. Dealers in Eastern markets are inclined that, unless the competing Southern furnaces are cut off by finding ample markets nearer home or by higher freight rates, Eastern pig irons are not likely to advance much in the near future. Steel rails are stronger, but not so much higher as irresponsible reports have mentioned. The mill owners have avowed their intention of putting rails up to $30 per ton.

Notwithstanding the continued strength in the Eastern dry goods market and the upward tendency of prices some manufacturers continue to curtail production. There are others making preparations to enlarge their output. The strength of prices in leading lines continues.

In grocery staples sugar has shown an improvement, but tea and coffee are still behind last year. Dairy products are improved and higher. Wheat has been somewhat stronger at times since the severe depression of the two preceding weeks. The small advance made has served to check exports and stop business sufficient to indicate that, however short the crop may be, foreign consumers are not yet ready to assist in a material advance. In North Minnesota and Dakota it is believed that a two-thirds crop will be harvested. Spring wheat farmers are better able to hold their grain this year than last, and in view of the short crop it is expected that they will market no more than compelled to.

The demand for money at Chicago, St. Louis and at San Francisco is light, considerably less than a radical increase in the demand for merchandise would warrant.

BOSTON, August 20.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The firm tone which has been manifested for the past few weeks continues, and wool is still selling freely at full prices. During the past seven weeks the sales foot up about 29,500,000 pounds, against 22,500,000 pounds for the same time last year, and 21,300,000 pounds for the same period in 1883. The continued demand for wool by manufacturers is rather more than has been expected, as it was supposed that most of the mills would be filled up after their heavy buying; but they are still in the market, and dealers find no difficulty to sell their wool as fast as they can open it. The demand for woolen goods continues brisk and manufacturers are taking orders freely at last year's prices, while raw wool is fully 1c, if not more, less than a year ago, which leaves them a fair chance for a profit, and they are taking full advantage of it, as the large sales of wool prove.

Tariff Reduction.

PHILADELPHIA, August 31—A Washington correspondent of the *Press* telegraphs: From what I gather here from the most reliable authorities the views of the Administration on the subject of tariff reversion may be stated as follows:

First—The reduction of the revenue at least $30,000,000 and perhaps $40,000,000.

Second—The reduction of the rates of duty in accordance with this.

Third—Intense anxiety to revive the drooping industries of the country.

How to effect this puzzles the most astute. The representatives of the industrial pursuits, embracing iron and steel, wool growing and manufacturing, manufacturing of textile machinery, chemical manufacturing, silk and paper making etc., in their replies to the Treasury Department already filed, have frankly told, and will frankly tell the Secretary that they cannot, under the existing condition of business and the amount of profit arising therefrom, submit to any reduction of duties. They furthermore claim that any lowering or simple reduction of the present rates of duty would, instead of reducting the revenue, increase it,

The manufacturers take strong ground against anything approaching a revenue tariff. It will be found they say, by careful investigation of the subject, that the United States can not wisely enter upon a plan that may be called a "revenue tariff system," nor can it enter upon one that upholds tariff for revenue with incidental protection. Only one of two courses is possible, Protection for Protection sake, call it if you will high protection, or its opposite—radical Free Trade, based on the tariff system of Great Britain.

There is no middle ground where the two systems can meet, and the sooner the Administration and Mr. Randall, if their anxiety to revive the drooping industries of the country is sincere, abondon the scheme of bringing the two ends of the party together on this question the better, The representatives of the important industry will be in a position to prove, even to the satisfaction of a Democratic administration, that the present condition of the affairs of the country renders any revision of the tariff at the present time unwise and dangerous.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, August 31, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¾@5¾ c. that generally rated first quality 4¾@5¾ cts; medium or good fair quality 3¾@4 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2¾@3 cts; extreme range of prices 2¾@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 3¾@5¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,175 head, against 2,866 last week and 3,012 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales 1,498 were head against 1,957 last week, and 1,735 head the corresponding week of last year.

The offerings to day, though several hundred head less than on last Monday, were rather in excess of the demand, and a number of them (generally thin cattle) are left over unsold. Prices for tops, as to quality, show little change, the figures for them being a fraction higher, but the quality fully equal the difference. Other grades were rather weaker than they were last week, some dealers reporting a decline of ¼c., on thin common cattle, which they had hard work to dispose of, except at a concession. Prices 2¾@5¾c., with most sales from 3¾ to 5¾.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The receipts, though some 2,000 more than last week's offering's, constitute rather a light supply. Prices, as compared with quotations last Monday, are ¼c., lower, and trade at the decline is generally reported fair in all the yards. The quality will average quite as good as last week's offerings—in one only not quite as good, and in the others a little better. Prices 6¾@6¾c. for common and grass hogs, and 6¾@7¾ for better grades. Same time last year hogs sold at 6¾@7¾c., for grassers, and the better grades 8@8¾, and few at the latter price.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The offerings number nearly three thousand less than they did last week, and although there is no active demand, trade is fair, but only for good sheep and lambs. Common stock is dull. The quality is about the same as it was last week Prices range at 2@4c., for butcher sheep, and at 3@5 for lambs. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4¾c., and extras 4¾; lambs 4@5, and a few extras 6.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 18th, 1885.

Public Examinations of public school teachers for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

At Accident, Sept. 1st and 2nd,
At Oakland, Sept. 8th and 9th,

at 9 A. M. Candidates will provide themselves with pens and paper.

By order
C. B. LUDWIG,
7 22 2 Examiner.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
MILITARY LOTS
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

On MONDAY, Sept., 14th, 1885,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, we will, on behalf of P. M. Lusson and wife, the owners, offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder the following

MILITARY LOTS to wit:

Nos. 2724, 2721, 2726, 2727, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2497, 2494, 2463, 2460, 2429, 2431, 2472, 2473, 2582, 2490, 2493, 2441, 2442, 2490, 2493, 2593, 2584, 2585.

These Lots are a part of the tract of land called

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"

and lie in the neighborhood of Accident. The tract, "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS" was patented to General Walker K. and John B. Armistead, April 28th, 1834. On June 30th, 1847, the widow and heirs at law of General Walker Armistead filed their bill in Equity for a sale of said land, No. 861 Equity, Allegany county. A decree was passed by which W. M. Price was appointed trustee to make said sale. Said Price, trustee, sold and conveyed said lots to P. M. Lusson, and said sale was ratified and confirmed by the Court.

Any person desiring to examine the title of Lusson and wife to said lots can do so by calling on the undersigned who will furnish any information in their possession with reference to the title.

TERMS, EASY.
PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Attorneys.
JOHN R. KERFOOT,
Agent for owners.
J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer.
August 26, 1885.—tf.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

FOR SALE!
STATIONARY STEAM SAW MILL
On Cheat River, at Rowlesburg, W. Va.

Built in 1881, 25 by 85 feet, two stories high. All in first class order with 600 feet river front. There is a two-story dwelling house, office and dry kiln on property. Also a break-water 100 feet long, 22 feet wide and 13 feet high. Splendid chance for the saw mill business. There are immense tracts of timber lands untouched on river.

Good reasons for selling, and will be sold cheap on reasonable terms.

Apply to
E. B. STONE,
9 5 tf Rowlesburg, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 371, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O. Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
9 5 4t Attorney for Mortgagee.

Order of Publication

Joel Wiland vs. Florissa Biddinger, Simeon Biddinger and James Bowser.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 160 Equity.

The object for which the bill of complaint was filed in the above cause, was to have certain deeds therein mentioned set aside as fraudulent, and to procure a decree for a sale of the real estate conveyed by Florissa Biddinger and Simeon Biddinger to James Bowser, and to subject the same to the payment of the plaintiff's claim.

The bill states that in the year 1875 Simeon Biddinger was largely indebted to the plaintiff for work done and materials provided for him, the said Biddinger, and for board and clothes for the children of the said Biddinger, and that the plaintiff continued to furnish board for the children of said Biddinger up to the time of the filing of said bill.

The Bill further states that on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1878, he instituted suit in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to recover from said Biddinger the amount due him, and that on the 9th of September, A. D. 1879, a judgment was rendered by said Court against the said Biddinger in favor of said plaintiff for the sum of $33.45, and $75.75 costs.

The Bill further charges that after the institution of said suit at law, and until the filing of the bill in this cause, the plaintiff continued to furnish board and clothing for the child of the said Biddinger, and that the said Biddinger is indebted to the plaintiff in the further sum of $142.50, making an entire indebtedness on the 15th of September, A. D. 1879, of $611.70.

The Bill further charges that prior to the month of May, A. D. 1876, the said Biddinger purchased from Jacob Hare and wife, a tract of land in Garrett county, called "Mount Airy," containing fifty acres of land; that the said Biddinger paid the entire purchase money for said land, amounting to $750.00 or more. That after said Biddinger had purchased said land and paid for it, he intending to cheat, defraud, hinder and delay the plaintiff in the collection of his said claim, and with a view to cheat and delay his other creditors in the collection of their claims, fraudulently procured and induced said Hare and wife to convey said land to Florissa Biddinger, his infant daughter, by deed dated May 22nd, 1876.

The Bill further sates that at the time said deed was made and at the time of filing said bill, the said Florissa was an infant, under the age of twenty-one years, and that she had no money of her own, and that she was wholly incapable of earning any money, that she had not inherited anything, and that she paid no part of the purchase money for said land.

The Bill states that the said Biddinger further intending to cheat the plaintiff and hinder him in the collection of his said claim, did on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1879, procure, induce, and require his said infant daughter to join with him in executing a deed for said land to James Bowser, and that the said James Bowser knew all the circumstances surrounding the whole matter, and that his object was to cheat the plaintiff.

The Bill further charges that the said Biddinger was indebted and had not means apart from said property to pay his debts, and that the said conveyances were fraudulent and void and contrary to Equity and good conscience.

The Bill then prays that said deeds be set aside and that said land be sold for the purpose of paying the plaintiff's claim, and for general relief and for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this Second day of September, A. D. 1885, that the plaintiff cause a copy of the order together with the object and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland once a week for four successive weeks before the fifth day of October, A. D. 1885, giving notice to the said Florissa Biddinger, the non-resident defendant in said Bill, and warning her to appear in person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of October, A. D. 1885, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test.
9 5 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

GO TO
H. WEBER'S,
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address
H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to
E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE,
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 1631 and 1632, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & O. R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

BUY YOUR GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Thos. Coddington to Frederick A. Thayer, Trustee.

No. 335 Equity, Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a Court of Equity, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, that the report of the sale of the Real Estate made by said Frederick A. Thayer as Trustee in this said cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 31st day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks before the said 31st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale of the Real Estate under said trust to be $10.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.
Test:
8 15 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned not to trespass on any of my lands in any way, one tract called "Maryland," and part of a tract called "Wm. Ashby's Survey," adjoining "Maryland," as I will prosecute all such offenders to the extent of the law.

July 25, it. THOMAS W. ASHBY, SR.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned. Offenders will be visited with the full extent of the law.

PETER GORTNER,
Aug. 8, 3t. FRED. GORTNER.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alpha Hinebaugh and Fannie B. Hinebaugh, his wife, and John Hinebaugh and Mary A. Hinebaugh, his wife, to Matthew Cullen, dated June 8th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county, in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folios 468, &c., and assigned to Henry A. Rasche by said Matthew Cullen, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgagee, will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday,
SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885,

at 3 o'clock P. M., all the following Real Estate, viz:

First, All that tract of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, known as

"SWALLOW FALLS,"

containing about eight hundred acres.

Second, All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and designated as

Military Lots Numbers 1256, 1258, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266 and 1269,

containing fifty acres of land each, and included in a tract of land called

"The Falls of Muddy Creek."

All of which said lands are more particularly described in the said mortgage, reference to which is here by made.

Said lands are situated on and near the Youghiogheny river, about seven miles north of the town of Oakland, are well timbered, and improved by several DWELLING HOUSES and out-buildings, and the same property on which the said Alpha Hinebaugh recently operated a saw mill.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

HENRY A. RASCHE,
8 15 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lezge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends I have consented to announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

WM. W. FRAZEE.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Mr. John G. Rinehart is seriously ill at his residence in Oakland.

—The sixth session of the Oakland District Conference, was held in the M. E. Church here Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Rev. Lakin presided.

—Mr. J. P. Thistle has been appointed postmaster at Grantsville, *vice* Mr. H. Muhlenberg, removed.

—Elder S. H. Smith, an evalgelist, will preach in front of Coddington's Hotel Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th, at 7½ P. M.

—All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle on or before Oct. 1st, 1885. 9 4 4t

—Mr. Matt. S. Hughes, City Editor of the Parkersburg (W. Va.,) *State Journal* paid us a pleasant call Tuesday last.

—Mr. J. B. Randall, of Ohio, one of our annual hay fever visitors, arrived last week, and is stopping at Mr. W. M. Coddington's.

—C. W. Clarvoe, assistant superintendent of the B. & O. telegraph company, died at Terra Alta Saturday last.

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—Mr. Meshach Casteel, of this county, was taken to Baltimore Tuesday by his son Edward, to be treated by Dr. Chisholm for failing eyesight. Dr. B. T. Keller, of Oakland accompanied them.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—U. S. Commissioner D. W. Sloan held an examination here last Saturday of a charge against Messrs. Nelson Robinson, William Hyson and Nolan Wilhelm, of Garrett, for selling liquor without a government license. Robinson was held in the sum of $200 bail to answer. Hyson and Wilhelm were discharged.—*Frostburg Journal*, 29th.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice to Farmers.

John Shartzer has on hand a car load of Guano and other Fertilizers, which he will sell on one years' time to reliable farmers. 9 4 2t

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

For Sale!

An exceptionally good saddle mare. Is quiet, young, (6 years old.) Has smooth action and is beautifully gaited. Has been driven a few times single and once double. Is not thoroughly broken to harness, and will not guarantee her to drive kindly. Will sell her (for want of use) to the highest bidder, Tuesday, September 8th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the *Democrat* office. In the meantime mare can be seen at my stable.

DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH.
Oakland, August 19th.—3t.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland Garrett county, Md, Sept. 1st, 1885.

Aronhalt, E.	McDermott, Miss L.
Adams, Edward	Malone, L. T. 2
Brinkmann, Wilhelm	Manes, H. E.
Bucklew, Mary E.	Nicholson, J. R.
Coopper, David	Peforeris, Phillip
Dare, Jennie	Parker, Mrs. D.
Dickson, Miss Etta 3	Rutherford, Mrs. T.
Fike, Simon	Rabbitt, Della
Hartley, Miss Lizzie	Starton Thopes
Hayward, Mrs. Albert 3	Stewart, A. B.
Hayse, Thomas	Tausen, Budi
Halsted, Joe	Upole, Jessie L.
Helser, Annie V.	Watkins, Mrs. T. E.
Jacobs, Lizzie, 2	Worthington, Susan
Kirk, Fannie R.	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Our New Flouring Mill.

The new mill in Oakland, a large and commodious building, is now receiving the finishing touches. All the new machinery is being placed in position as fast as possible and will be ready for work in a week or ten days. In this building a want felt for a number of years has at last been supplied, for we venture to say that, from all appearances, so far, there will not be a finer mill in the State when completed, a full description of which will be given through these columns hereafter.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of August:

John Ople and Catharine Miller.

James C. Keys and Harriet A. Male.

John S. Carter and Maggie Metts.

Charles G. Georg and Emma B. Lohr.

Garrett J. Wolf and Minne M. Herman,

Chas. L. Wamsley and Harriet L. Sanders.

Wm. L. Riley and Mary A. Lewis.

Martin P. Altman and Mary Bond.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of August:

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Hannah Spiker, 20 acres and 5 perches of "Glen Eyry"; $100.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Thos. R. McRobie, 25½ acres of "The Pink of Allegheny"; $182.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Mrs. M. A. West, less ¼ of an acre of "Latent Worth"; $50.

Fredk. Gortner and wife to Peter P. Gortner, 11¼ acres of "Swan Meadows"; $115.

Silas Teats and wife to Jackson Teats, part of the Gleamings, 50 acres; $500.

G. S. Hamill and wife to Handy Gipson, lots Nos. 2 and 3 on the subdivision of lot No. 57 of Wilson's First Addition to Oakland; $450.

Daugald McLane and wife to Onesime Guay, ½ interest in part No. 4 of the Buffalo Marsh Property; $10 &c.

Amaziah Turney to Samantha J. Turney, a tract of land containing 113½ acres; $1300.

Hiram V. King to Clara A. King a piece of land containing 37½ acres; $250.

Richard Selby and wife to Martin V. Selby, military lot No. 2775; $709.

Joel Miller and wife to Wm. R. Getty, lot No. 16 in Miller's Addition to Grantsville; $100.

Thomas R. McRobie, admr. to Buckner Mason, 43 acres of land; $500.

Gertrude E. Stahl to Geo. M. Mason, a lot of ground in Oakland; $1,000.

Norman Barnard and wife to Johnson King, 49 acres of military lot No. 1530; $185.

John Bradley and wife to Francis B. Ross, lot No. 103 in "Wilson's First Addition to the town of Oakland;" $175.

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Friendsville.

Among those who attended Quarterly Meeting here from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Friend, Judge Friend and daughter, Miss Minnie, Mr. and Mrs. Frantz and Mr. George Browning, of Sang Run. Misses Carrie and Liza Smith, Lou and Sadie DeWitt, Jennie Custer, Rob. and Will Smith, A. DeWitt and D. Custer, from Johnstown.

Mr. L. M. Albright, of Albrightsville, W. Va., has sold his store here to Wm. Ryland.

Messrs. Albright and Wagner are off on a business trip to Stalstown Pa.

Prof. and George Steele started for Tennessee last week, where they will teach a term of school the coming winter.

Mr. L. E. Friend, the handsome photographer, is at Friendsville for the present.

Misses Annie Frantz and Alice DeWitt, of Johnstown, were visiting here one day last week.

Do you know that everybody ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

That it would enlighten the Democrats.

That we are going to have a new store at Friendsville.

That everybody thinks they know

BETSIE.

Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. John Thompson's family left us, and so have Rev. N. L. Reynolds and his company, also Messrs. J. M. Davis and J. M. Jarboe have gone back to their homes in Oakland.

Rev. Wilcox, of Harrisburg, Pa., is now occupying Rev. J. B. Young's cottage.

Rev. W. J. Sharps, and other hay fever patients, of Moundsville, is occupying his own cottage.

Prof. White's child is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

The stockholders held their annual meeting in the new hall on Tuesday, the 25th inst. They elected as directors the same ones who had just retired, viz: Dr. J. B. VanMeter, President; Rev. C. W. Baldwin, E. J. Stone, C. W. Conner, directors; J. M. Davis, Secretary and director, and A. S. List, Treasurer. They have not yet fully decided upon the plan of work for the year, but will endeavor to increase the comfort and convenience of the people, and add greatly to their numbers. Already the programme is being arranged for next season, cottages are being engaged and companies are forming in different places with the intention of spending next season at this place.

Dr. Locke, of the east Ohio conference, preached for us an earnest and eloquent sermon on Sabbath morning. A very good meeting was held in the evening for the young people by Mr. H. H. VanMeter.

Mr. Lloyd Chambers has completed the stone work on Miss Hariss' cottage, and Mr. Brooke, the contractor, has the frame well under way. He is also putting up an addition to Mrs Blake's cottage.

Mr. E. J. Stone is fencing in his cottages in Cosey Row.

We are very glad to have with us again Rev. J. B. Young, who has fled to the mountains to escape the hay fever.

Miss Jennie Smith has completed arrangements with the B. & O. Co. for very low excursion rates from Grafton and Cumberland and intermediate stations for the purpose of having a grand Sunday School and temperance pic-nic on the 21st of September. All Sunday School and temperance workers are cordially invited to come and bring their baskets and spend a happy day with us on these beautiful grounds. I am very glad to state that Rev. J. B. Young will be one of our speakers on that day. The well known "Pansy" is invited to be with us.

J. A. E.

McHenry, Md.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please allow me space in your valuable columns for a short essay on the subject "Behind the Counter." Every age of the world has had its heroes and martyrs whose names are inscribed on imperishable monuments, and whose deeds are made eloquent in history and in song, but strange to say there have been as yet no drum beatings, orations or loud hurrahs in honor of that large and respectable class of men and women who serve the public behind the counter. The jubilee day for them has not yet arrived, but when it does appear they shall then verily have their reward. I am willing to concede without argument, that the patriarch Job was the most patient man of his time, but it is well to bear in mind the fact that he was not suffered to be tried behind the counter. He was thus spared an affliction which might have tempted him to renounce his integrity and yield to the wicked counsels of his wife. Do not think, my dear reader, that they who tip the scales and wear the scissors dwell daily in gardens of roses, on the contrary, they find thorns on the yard-stick, and provacations inwoven with the purple and liven. I have served among them and gathered experience of their traits from the molasses jug to the lace counter. I beg to say that I have a warm place in my heart for many who have been considerate and kind in their manners and dealings, but no sweet memories shall ever be entertained by me for the McFlimseys and fastidious shoppers, who more than once led me almost to the verge of violating the third commandment. I dream at night of the professional sample beggars and store-to-store-runners, of the great piles of goods pulled down to gratify the curious who never buy anything, of the exactions and time spent in the bargains of a dollar, of the shylocks who always demand two for one, and I regret to say that as this panorama of daily occurrences passes around my pillow my sleep is far from sinless. I am not sanctified and cannot expect to be while in this state of mind. I venture the assertion that a great many of the Ananias and Sapphira family are still living, and that you will not find all of them behind the counter. They can be found in front of it also, with no scruples which are not readily overcome on the turn of a penny or a dime. One may see from behind the counter all the varieties of the wonderful make-up called human nature—the fiction and the fact, the poetry and the prose, the light and the shadows, the proud and the humble, the timid and the confident, the generous and the closefested, and sometimes a meanness exceeding that of the youthful Jacob in the transaction of cheating Esau out of his birthright. I am willing to admit by way of fairness that there are snobs and offenders on the side next to the shelves, who are wearers perhaps, of clean linen and starched collars, whilst they also show more polish on their patent leathers than in their manners. These and those before refered to, are the exceptions to both sides of our subject, but as the numbers are large enough to justify all that I have written, I shall have no apology to offer, and therefore subscribe S. P. S.

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Court Docket.

Below will be found a complete list of the cases which stand for trial on the several dockets at September Term, which commences on the 14th inst:

APPEAL DOCKET.

No. 1. Albert Combs vs. William Hoover, use of Josiah Bittinger. Peddicord & Thayer for appellant. Veitch & Townshend for appellee.

2. John E. Wood vs. John R. Kerfoot. Veitch & Townshend for appellant. Peddicord & Thayer for appellee.

3. Richard Selby vs Jonas Frazee. Veitch & Townshend for appellant. Hamill for appellee.

4. Andrew Nelson vs L. H. Phleger. Peddicord & Thayer for appellant. Hamill for appellee.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser.

2. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State Peddicord & Thayer for traverser.

3. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser.

4. State vs Daniel McRobie. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser.

5. State vs James Simmons. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser.

TRIAL DOCKET.

No. 1. George Schley and Buchanan Schley vs David V. Junkins. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

2. William Hoover vs Anna J. Redgely and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant.

3. Louis Nydegger vs John Shillenburg. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

4. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs Sallie Mcholin. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

5. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs Joseph C. Alderson. Peddicard & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

6. James Parker by his next friend, John Shillenburg, vs Louis Nydegger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

7. Alfree P. Ritzell vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

8. John H. Gregg vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Veitch & Townshend and Semmes for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant.

9. Peddicord and Combs vs John L. Browning and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Hamill & Semmes for defendants.

10. Peddicord and Combs vs John L. Browning and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Hamill & Semmes for defendants.

11. Margaret McFadden vs Noah Wilt. Veitch & Townshend, and Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Price, Williams and Semmes for defendant.

12. Margaret McFadden vs Thornton Wilt. Veitch & Townshend and Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Price, Semmes & Hamill for defendant.

13. Isarel M. Frankhauser vs Joseph P. Lewis. Hamill & Semmes for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

14. Elbenezer Kitzmiller vs Norman B. Bray. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Dismissed.

15. Gilmor S. Hamill, use of Niel J. Fortney, vs M. J. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

16. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Geo. R. Bullard and Lorilla F. Bullard. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

17. William Broderick vs W. F. Ryan. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

18. John B Brant vs Fanny D. Read. Peddicord & Thayer and Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

19. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Sallie Mcholin. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

20. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Jos. C. Alderson. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

21. George Pirmer vs The Mayor and City Council of Cumberland. McKaig for plaintiff. Read & Thomas for defendant.

22. Daniel O'Connell vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Williams for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

23. Richard S. McCulloch vs John F. Bartly. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

24. Adam D. Bowman vs Louis Shartzer & Co. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

25. David S. Andrews vs Ada V. Halderman and Henry H. Halderman. Hamill, Peddicore & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

26. Fink, Bro. & Co. vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

27. Henry M. Broadwater vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Sloan for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

28. Jemima Boyer vs B. F. Friend. Hamill for plaintiff. Gonder for defendant.

29. Eagle Mill Co. vs E. W. Staples & Co. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

30 Strauss, Elston & Co. vs Wm. H. Kitzmiller. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

31 Norman R. Smoot vs John E. Wood. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

32 Chambers E. Glenn vs W. McCulloch Brown. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

33 Jacob Snyder vs J. H. Rafter & Co. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

34 Martha S. Williams vs Peter W. Connell. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

35 George W. Wilt vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

36 Emily S. White vs Benjamin F. Friend and others. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

37 Lochiel Lumber Co. vs Daniel O'Connell. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Williams for defendant.

38 W. C. White & Co. vs John E. Wood and others. Hamill, Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

39 Richard S. McCulloch vs W. Scott Cormany. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff No counsel for defendant.

40 Carrie L. Allen vs School Commissioners of Garrett county. Hamill for plaintiff. Mitchell, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

41 David H. Loar vs John A. Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Daily, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

42 Guggenheimer & Co. vs C. L. Nelder, Garnesher &c. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

43 Daniel O'Connell vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Williams for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

44 Catharine McGraw vs Frank Wilt. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

45 William Soelter vs Louis Soelter. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

46. Peter W. Bosley vs James R. Bishop. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

47 William Umbel vs Jacob Maust. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

48 Peter W. Bosley vs John C. Dunham. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

49 F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs George A Sperden. Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

50. F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs C. D. Atkenson. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

51 F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs David Rush. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

52 Saran C Sanders vs John T. Ashby. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

53 F. A. Thayer, trustee, vs E. Jamison. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

54 Jesse J. Robeson vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant.

55 Jesse J. Robeson vs Amos Broadwater. Hamill for plaintiff. Brace & Richmond for defendant.

56 F. A. Thayer, trustee vs Wm. A. Browning. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

57. F. A. Thayer, trustee, vs Wm. Browning, of Wm. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

58 Roche & Co. vs Thomas Coddington. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord for defendant.

59 Ambach, Burgunder & Co. vs William Ryland. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

60 A. W. Poulson & Co. vs William Ryland. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

61 John A. Connell vs D. H. Loar. Daily, Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

62 Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs James L. Burley and Burley Bros. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

63 Richard S. McCulloch vs Francis M. Bray. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

64. Baker & McCool vs Alexander Ried and others. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

65 Bessie N. Lusson vs Lewis Hanft. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

66 Bessie N. Lusson vs J. D. Brenneman. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

67 Bessie N. Lusson vs Unas Leichty. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

68 Daniel Ducker vs Lewis Horckler. Hamill for plaintiff No counsel for defendant.

69 William H. Hay and Norman D. Hay vs Lewis Horchler. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

70 Harmon W. Hesen vs D. E. Offutt. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

71 Richard S. McCulloch vs Jesse Lee. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

72 Richard S. McCulloch vs James Moreland. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

73 Richard S. McCulloch vs Lewis Lish. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

74 J. H. Jordon vs B. & O. Co. Gordon for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant.

75 Patrick Hamill vs Wm. Loraw and J. Moon. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

76 Richard S. McCulloch vs J. W. Boker. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

77 Andrew Nelson vs E. H. Wardwell. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant.

78 William Soelter vs Michael Maroney. Garnesher, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

79 William Soelter vs James B. Gauer, Garnesher, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

80 William Soelter vs Jacob P. Gauer, Garnesher, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

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Advertise

If you want a farm put a small advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN; you will get more information in that way, in spending $3 or $5, than you would by spending $50 in traveling. If you want to sell your land, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN; it goes to all parts of our county, as well as to adjoining counties in Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is seen by those who are looking for new homes. If you have anything to sell or buy, any wants, advertise in the paper having much the largest circulation of any paper in the county. It gives value received, and can not fail to reach the most desirable parties, and bring excellent results.

Too Much for Belief.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A prominent citizen of Jones county, Miss., who stood high in the church, made a visit to Meridian recently, and upon his return told his neighbors he had seen ice manufactured in that town with the thermometer standing at 98 degrees. It soon became a settled fact in the minds of the members of the church that Brother Blank had degenerated into an able liar. Charges were preferred against him, and a committee of church members was appointed to visit Meridian and convict the erring brother of lying. They went, saw the ice manufactured, and returning home so reported to a meeting of all the church members. A look of astonishment on the faces of the assembled brethred soon gave way to one of indignation, and Brother Blank and the entire committee were incontinently expelled from the church.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 26th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 14th, 1885,

for the purpose of the transacting of general business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
8 30 2t Clerk.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of October, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Fort Pendleton, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at the house of Jehu H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MOTHER EARTH.

O, mother earth, how sweet to rest
Here on thy breast,
While overhead the fair blue sky,
With sun-lit cloud-wraiths floating by,
Bends lovingly.

How sweet the moist smell of thy sod
Where grasses nod:
Where, halo-crowned in her own rays
One slender stem the daisy sways
Through summer days;

Where clovers tempt the wandering bees
With honeyed lees;
Where lolls the wind on lazy wing,
While in his breath the light leaves swing—
Faint fluttering.

O, mother earth, so kind art thou,
My t red brow,
So long with weariness oppressed,
Forgets the aching and unrest
While on thy breast;

Forgets the striving and the pain
That racked the brain;
The blight that fell on hopes so fair,
The dreams that vanishing in air
Left heavy care!

O, mother earth, sometime to rest
With n thy breast,
With folded hands in dreamless sleep,
In peaceful slumber long and deep,
While grasses creep,

And daisies come to swing and nod
Upon the sod,
That roofs the narrow house where I,
Unconscious how the swift years fly,
Shall peaceful lie!

O, mother earth, thou art so fair
And yet somewhere,
Beyond that sky so lovingly,
So radiantly bent over me,
Shall I not see,

Awaking with unclouded sight,
In God's clear light,
A land to which thy fairest dream
A vague uncertain, flickering gleam
Shall ever seem?

Yet so, O mother kind, I trust,
When dust to dust
This throbbing head now pressed to t
These feet that walk so stumblingly,
Shall gathered be,

My soul with rapturous joy shall stand
In that sweet land;
Content if but His simple child
May in the Master's likeness mild
Walk undefiled.

—*E. F. Merrill, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE WHITE LADY.

Her Machinations Against the Young Heir of Beroldstein.

My father had been clergyman in the quiet little English parish where I was born, and I, his only child, had reaped the benefit of a careful education, which he had given me during his spare hours. When, a little after my twentieth birthday, my father died, leaving his untarnished name as sole inheritance for my mother and myself, I began to realize the value of his teaching, for it—aided by my vigorous health and a fair spirit of determination—must now keep the wolf from the door.

My father had rich influential relatives, but they were too much occupied with the responsibilities which wealth brings to take to heart the troubles of their poorer kindred—though perhaps I am ungrateful to say this, for it was through the intervention of my uncle that I gained the position which assured to me at last the happiness of my life.

In Southern Prussia, in the Duchy of Beroldstein, the position of nursery-governess to two children was vacant—a most desirable place, the children being the infant son and daughter of the late Duke of Beroldstein, who had died only six months before. Thanks to my uncle, I was the chosen applicant for this position. I felt fairly confident with respect to my proficiency, for at first my task would be only to have the supervision of the noble children and to teach them to speak my English tongue correctly; but I confess that I felt very down-hearted as I went on board the boat that was to take me to an unknown country.

"Your brother need not be uneasy about you—we shall land safe enough on the other side," said the cheery Captain, standing near me.

I smiled through my tears, for the tall, frank-eyed young fellow who watched me from the shore with such a look of anxious regret on his face was not my brother.

As Charlie kissed me—he had never kissed me on the lips before—and whispered, "Keep a good heart, Alice, my darling—we shall meet again when prospects are brighter," I felt more hopeful than I had for months before, for his words seemed to contain in them a certainty of fulfilment.

Charlie Kent and I had been lovers almost from babyhood; and, now that childhood had long since passed, I can not say that our feelings for each other had changed, save to intensity. We were both very poor, but were content enough to wait for better times.

Schloss Beroldstein proved to be a very stately old mansion, a trifle repellant in its air of antiquity and isolation from the rest of the world. A park extending many miles lay before the castle, and from my windows at the back I had a beautiful view of the Eifel mountains. The grounds at one time must have been laid out and tended with royal care; but now the statues were broken, the fountain out of repair, and an air of neglect pervaded the avenues and shrubbery.

The Duchess lived in the strictest seclusion on account of her recent bereavement, her only concern being the welfare of her children. My little charges were charming—a twin brother and sister, and the only surviving children of the famiiy.

Roderic, the young heir to the dukedom, was a truly beautiful child, rosy and cherub-like, with a promise of intelligence in his face which well befitted the high rank to which he was born. Amalie, the little girl, was a quieter, softer copy of her brother, and already the pair were devotedly attached to each other.

The children were rather more than a year old when I arrived at Beroldstein—certainly too young to derive much benefit from my presence, I thought; but, as it was customary in high families to have the children learn foreign tongues from the cradle, my conscience quieted itself.

Very little time elapsed before I found myself the friend and confidant of Frau Brenner, housekeeper at the Castle. Among other bits of information she told me what I rather expected to hear, that Schloss Beroldstein was haunted.

"It is quite the spot for a ghost to choose for midnight wanderings," I remarked, and though secretly amused at the old woman's credulity, I encouraged her by my air of deep interest to tell me more of this spectral visitant.

It was the well-known story of a lady in white appearing as the silent herald of a death in the family. Three years before, one dark, stormy night, the sentinel at the gates had seen the White Lady gliding among the trees towards the Castle, and before morning the uncle of the late Duke was stricken dead with paralysis. Three times the white apparition was seen during the week before his Highness Duke Albrecht died; and, according to Frau Brenner, no member of the Von Beroldstein family had ever been gathered to his fathers without the assistance of the White Lady. The mere mention of her name made every servant in the place shudder, and even the more enlightened members of the household did not deny her evil influence. In fact, I had frequent occasion after this to wonder at the amount of superstitution prevalent among even the higher class in this little corner of the world whither fate had drifted me.

Some months later I was out in the park with the two children. It was mid-winter, and there was snow enough for sledging; the children, clothed from head to foot in soft white fur and half buried in a polar bear robe, were enjoying a ride in their swan-shaped sleigh in white and silver, with an arch of tinkling bells attached before, in the Russian fashion.

While a footman pushed the dainty little vehicle I walked on one side talking to the children and enjoying their babyish delight at the glistening frost and snow.

Roderic was brimming over with life and excitement, and his restless little hands, mittened in fur, clutched at every low-hanging icicle and glittering twig, thereby letting in much of the cold breath of winter on his more composed sister. As we went briskly down the avenue a lady richly dressed in black velvet and sable met and stopped our little cavalcade. I wondered who this *grande dame* could be who preferred a lonely walk in the deserted avenues to a drive in a luxurious carriage with good company.

"I must pay my respects to the young Duke," she said pleasantly.

She took Roderic's hand in hers and looked at him long and intently, but not with the expression that his rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes ought to have awakened in the face of a woman. Her look was more as if she bore the innocent little fellow malice, and when he pointed with delight to the lion's heads in dead gold which fastened her mantle, she drew away impatiently. After asking a few questions about Roderic's health and mental development, which I was proud to answer with glowing praise, she resumed her walk with a stiff adieu to me and not a word or look for little Amalie, who, aided by her brother, threw most affectionate kisses from her mittened fingers after the retreating figure.

I felt a sudden unconquerable dislike to this woman; she was tall, stately and beautiful in a statuesque, heartless way, but I knew there was no more tenderness in her than there was blood in her velvety, cream-like complexion.

"Who is that lady?" I asked of the footman, when she was out of hearing.

"Mme. Elizabeth of Beroldstein, the wife of the late Duke's younger brother. She would be Duchess now if it were not for this little man"—gently touching Roderic's curly hair. "They say her mind is sometimes astray, and I believe the gossips are right."

In feature, carriage and gesture she was much more the high-born dame than was the amiable mother of the two children in my charge, and it seemed afterwards to me as if Mme Elizabeth protested silently against the fate that had not elevated her to the place which she would have adorned so well.

"Has Mme. Elizabeth any children?" I asked.

"Yes, two boys; but they can not be Dukes of Beroldstein unless misfortune overtakes my young master, which Heaven forbid! Mme. Elizabeth can not become reconciled to the fact that her husband is only the second son."

The dislike I had conceived for the newcomer only increased on nearer acquaintance; she had come for a visit of some weeks, perhaps months to the castle, and I noticed that without exception the older servants of the place either spoke ill of her or never mentioned her name.

"She is one of the beautiful demons that one hears about in the stories of my country," remarked Frau Brenner with a shake of her head. "But one should not judge her too hastily; she lived all her youth in a lonely part of Russia, with no mother to guide her and under the influence of a father who was none to saintly."

Shortly after this my attention was taken up by an event much more interesting to me than the intrigues of the Von Beroldstein family. Charlie, my lover—bless his faithful heart!—had by dint of persistent search obtained a position in a bank at Trier, a trifling distance by rail from Beroldstein, and had installed himself in that town. The delightful knowledge of a true friend and protector being near at hand gave the world a wonderful brightness for me and even little Amalie began a baby attempt at repeating the simple home tunes which from sheer lightness of heart I sang in her ears all day.

To see each other again was happiness enough for Charlie and me, and we found no time during our brief meetings to mourn that the prospect of our beginning life together was still in the dim future. I had a most trustworthy messenger for my innocent communications to Charlie in the person of an Alsatian nursemaid, Lisette by name, who declared herself ready and anxious to serve me by every means in her power. Her attachment dated from an occasion when I had shielded her from a severe reprimand. She had carelessly allowed little Roderic to play with a dog known to be fierce, and the little fellow had been bitten just below the knee—only a slight wound, but enough perhaps to cause the girl's dismissal if discovered. With a little forethought I arranged to dress and undress Roderic for a few days so that the wound would not be noticed, and neither Lisette nor I ever called attention to the three little scars left on the baby's round white leg. Lisette repaid me by accounting most ingeniously for my brief absences with Charlie.

* * * * * *

Little Roderic had been slightly ill with some childish malady, and for a few nights I had slept beside his bed, until, at the urgent request of Mme. Elizabeth, I went to take undisturbed rest in my own room. I wondered at her solicitude, for she was usually selfishly indifferent with respect to the comfort of others. Rather unwillingly I resigned my care of Roderic to a rosy-faced country maiden who promised to keep a vigilant eye on the young Duke.

In the early gray of the following morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by an uproar in the house, at the thought of which I still shudder. Cries and lamentations sounded from the children's apartments, and, rushing to the spot, I saw the Duchess on her knees before Roderic's bed, with a group of frightened servants gathered near her, the one who had been left in charge of the baby moaning and calling on the name of all the saints, her face ghostlike with terror.

"In Heaven's name, what is the matter?" I cried.

"Look!" was all the Duchess could utter, pointing to a little form moving uneasily on the pillows.

Instead of the beautiful sleeping cherub that I had kissed only a few hours before a terrible face, purple and distorted with wild eyes, and limbs rigid with suffering, lay before me.

"When did this happen?" I asked, with a shaking voice, seizing with a grip like iron the arm of the nursemaid Lottchen.

"The Holy Mother forgive me," the girl began, "for the five short minutes that I dozed! His young lordship was sleeping like one of the blessed angels or I should not have given away. As I opened my eyes I glanced towards the door, when—the saints defend me!—I saw the long trailing garments and ghostly form of the White Lady disappearing in the darkness! My voice was gone with fright or I should have screamed. As the life came back to me I looked at the bed and saw the awful change that had come over the young master. O, Fraulein, am I to blame because the White Lady stole away his health and beauty in her death kiss?

The girl fell upon her knees in a paroxysm of grief, and I could understand no more of her incoherent exclamations.

The whole scene was so weird and shocking that it seemed as if my senses were leaving me. Every possible remedy had been tried for the child, who was evidently dying. The whole household had been aroused; but Mme. Elizabeth had not yet appeared on the sorrowful scene. I inquired where she was; but no one seemed to know. Before the physicians for whom servants had been dispatched in all directions could arrive the baby had breathed his last. One could not help a feeling of relief that his sufferings were over, and no one seemed able to realize fully the great loss that the ducal house had sustained.

The doctors confessed themselves completely baffled and unable to account for the sudden and fatal turn of the child's apparently slight illness. The story of the White Lady and her deathly kiss was firmly believed in by the servants, and among the more responsible members of the household it seemed to gain credence.

The whole occurrence seemed to me monstrous and impossible, and I half believed it all a horrible dream, but there was the dead child before me—a sad reality. Late in the afternoon I had stolen in unknown to every one and stood before the bed where he lay. As I looked at the quiet, rigid form, the conviction seized me with a strange force that this child was not the heir of Beroldstein—treachery might so easily exist where misfortune was traced to supernatural influences.

The little face, marked and drawn as if from a burn, gave no idea of how the child had looked in health—the limbs seemed the same, and the light curling hair was like Roderic's, but still my eyes were dry, and I could not mourn over this mysterious changeling. Something within me rebelled against the mockery of the ducal coronet and rich lace adorning the deathbed of a poor little stranger.

I told no one my suspicions—I had, alas, no proof—and to lull my excitement I went out into the gathering darkness, paying little heed to the distance I walked. At last, feeling weary—I was miles away from the castle—I was about to return when I saw a light glimmering from a cottage window within a few steps from where I stood. I was surprised to find a house in that lonely spot, for I had been told that that portion of the moorlands was too low lying and barren for human habitation. As the idea of a short rest was not unwelcome I looked through the thinly curtained window, and saw that a tall, dark woman bending over a steaming saucepan on the stove and a little child in ragged clothes making friends with a shaggy dog were the only occupants of the room.

I was about to make my arrival known, when a second look at the child, whose face was turned full towards the window, made me pause suddenly. Was I dreaming, or were those really little Roderic's blue eyes looking up with the frank wide-open gaze that I knew so well? The soft golden curls had been cut off, and the coarse rustic clothes were a good disguise, but I knew my young charge too well to be deceived.

Like a mad woman, I flew back over the long, dark road to the Schloss. It was no safe to let my investigation go farther alone; so I seized on the first servants I found—Max, the coachman, and the maid Lisette, whom I had befriended—and, giving them a hurried account of what I had seen, I led them back to the lonely cottage.

We made our way in unceremoniously enough. At the first glance the room seemed vacant, and my heart sank; but the next moment we discovered the baby asleep upon a pillow in a dark corner. The man gathered up a little bundle and bore it to the light; the baby awoke and looked with sleepy, hazy eyes at the disturber of his rest. Even then I saw no look of recognition on the servants' faces. Could I be mistaken? The thought was misery.

But, becoming fully aroused, the little child sat up and held out his arms to me, claiming in baby language an old friend.

"It is our young master—I have no longer any doubt!" the man said instinctively raising his hat.

"Look fo; the mark of the dog's bite on his knee, to make sure," put in Lisette, trembling with excitement.

I had not thought of this before, and was thankful for the girl's suggestion. As I expected, we found the three little prints made by the dog's teeth in the baby's tender flesh. At this additional proof of my darling's identity I fell upon my knees and sobbed for pure delight, thanking from the depths of my heart the mysterious Providence that had directed my steps to the desolate cottage.

At that moment the woman whom I had seen on my first visit entered the room, and the look of terror that came over her face at seeing us I shall never forget.

"What—who," she began confusedly; but Max interrupted her by saying coolly:

"We have come to relieve you of the care of this child; he is needed at the Castle, where he belongs."

Putting the little boy into my willing arms, he whispered a few words to me to the effect that I was to go back with all speed and send two or three men to relieve his guard over the suspicious premises.

An hour later the Schloss Beroldstein was the scene of the greatest excitement. The news spread like wildfire throughout the whole neighborhood that the young Duke had been restored from the dead. I dressed little Roderic in his own clothes, gave him "on the hearthrug, and then brought his grief-stricken mother to look at the pretty picture. I shall not attempt to describe how the house of mourning changed to one of rejoicing. A last but striking proof that the young heir had returned was the unfeigned delight with which little Amalie welcomed back her brother.

* * * * * *

The dark woman of the cottage was put under arrest, and with very little hesitation made a statement to the following effect: She, Anna Freitschler, had come some weeks before from Thuringia to Beroldstein with the lady known as Mme. Elizabeth. She had brought with her her little boy, one year old—a pretty child when in health, fair and blue-eyed, but at that time much disfigured by illness. The doctor had said that the child was too ill to travel, that he might die any day; and she, Anna, had not wished to make the journey; but Mme. Elizabeth had given her a large sum of money, with a promise of more if she would bring the child; and she, being a poor widow, had not been able to resist the offer. She was required to give a promise to live alone in the cottage that Mme. Elizabeth would choose for her, and to tell no one who she was or whence she came. She did not know for what reason she had been sent for, or what purpose she was destined to serve; she was only content that the promised money was paid her at regular intervals. The baby grew much worse and became shocking to look at, with its face like a scarlet mask. One night when Anna thought it very near its end, Mme. Elizabeth, dressed in white, came alone and on foot to the cottage—her second visit there that day. She seemed very much excited, and said Anna must let her take the child to the Castle, where there was a great physician who might perhaps cure him. The woman was accustomed to obey, so she wrapped the baby in a blanket and gave him to her. Mme. Elizabeth came again that night, very late, still holding something in her arms. "They could not cure your baby—he is dead," she said, "but I have brought you this child in his place." And she laid in Anna's arms a little boy not unlike the one she had taken away. Mme. Elizabeth then gave her an astonishingly large sum of money, and told her that she was to prepare to go with the child back to Thuringia as soon as possible, there to rear him as her own, and she made her promise never to tell a soul of the exchange that had been made. Anna had no idea of the great wrong she was doing; she had only blindly obeyed every order of the mistress who had her completely in her power.

* * * * * *

It was proved beyond a doubt that Mme. Elizabeth, disguised as "a ghost," had stolen away the young heir of Beroldstein, with the intent to secure the succession of her son, a crime deserving bitter expiation. But a worse punishment than the law could inflict awaited the miserable woman—she became permanently insane, and in the asylum where she was kept in close confinement it was said that her mental sufferings were terrible.

For my efforts in restoring little Roderic to his ancestral home I received a recognition from the Duchess which made my union with Charlie possible, without fear of want in the future.—*Family Herald.*

BRIDESMAIDS.

Some Old Notions Concerning Wedding Attendants.

Importance was formerly attached to the colors which the bride wore on her wedding day. Thus, in an old book entitled the "Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," a bride and her bridesmaids are represented conversing together respecting the colors to be used for the decoration of the bridal dress. It was finally decided, after various colors had been rejected, "to mingle a gold tissue with grass green," this being considered symbolical of youthful jollity.

Again, that the office of a bridesmaid was in time past not altogether a *sine qua non* may be gathered from the fact that during the period of the wedding festivities, which often extended over a week, the bridesmaids were expected to be in attendance and to do whatever they could to promote their success.

Then there was the custom of "flinging the stocking," at which the bridesmaids took a prominent lead; a ceremony to which no small importance was attached. It has been made the subject of frequent allusion by our old writers, and one rhyme, describing a wedding, tells us:

"But still the stockens are to throw;
Some throw too high, and some too low,
There's none could hit the mark."

Misson further informs us that if the bridegroom's stocking, thrown by one of the bridesmaids, fell upon his head, it is regarded as an omen that she herself would soon be married; and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by one of the groomsmen. It was the bridesmaid's duty, too, to present the bride with the "benediction posset," so called from the words uttered over it: a practice thus noticed by Herrick, in his "Hesperides:"

"What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lilies, not of kine,
And maiden's blush for spiced wine."

Suckling thus alludes to this custom:

"In came the bridesmaids with the posset
The bridegroom eat in spight."

Once more the bridesmaids were supposed to look after the bride's pecuniary interests. Thus, at the church porch, when the bridegroom produced the ring and other articles relating to his marriage, the chief bridesmaid took charge of the "dow-purse," which was publicly given to the bride as an installment of her pin-money. Horace Walpole, writing to Miss Berry, in the year 1791, speaks of the dow-purse as a thing of the past, and writes as follows:

"Our wedding is over very properly, though with little ceremony, and nothing of ancient fashion but two bridesmaids. The endowing purse, I believe, has been left off since broad pieces were called in and melted down."

It has been pointed out, however, that a survival of this usage is preserved in Cumberland. The bridegroom provides himself with gold and crown pieces, and when the service reaches the point, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he takes the money, hands the clergyman his fee, and pours the rest into a handkerchief which the bridesmaid holds for the bride.

In Scotland the bridesmaid is popularly known as the "best maid," and one of her principal duties was to convey the bride's presents on the wedding to her future home. The first article generally taken into the house was a vessel of salt, a portion of which was sprinkled over the floor, as a protection against the "evil eye." She also attended the bride when she called on her friends, and gave a personal invitation to her wedding.—*T. F. Thistleton Dyer, in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

THE ESPINOSILLA.

A Plant That Is of Great Value to the Mexicans.

The espinosilla, or thorn plant, says Marchial Oropeza, a well-known Mexican naturalist, is native to Mexico, and abounds in various parts of the republics, principally near this capital, at San Angel, Texcoco, Santa Fe, etc. It is one of those beautiful wild plants which adorn the plains of Mexico, and is found particularly in cold, dry spots. It has been thus christened because on touching it a sensation is felt similar to that which a plant covered with thorns would produce.

The Aztecs lacking soap—so necessary to their health and happiness—found its substitute in the espinosilla. They agitated a bough in water and it produced a lather, with which they washed, using the plant as a scrub-brush. Even to-day it is used by women as a hair preservative, having extraordinary powers in that direction. But its most useful application is as a medicinal agent to fight fevers, as it is an excellent diaphoretic.

Its ancient name is beautiful. Holtzitzilxochitl, a compound word: Holtzitzil — humming-bird and xochitl flower; thus translated meaning "flower of the humming-bird."

The Spaniards called it Huichichile, signifying sparrow—a name given it on account of the resemblance between the color of the flower and that of a sparrow's head-plumes.

Those who know the Aztec tongue assert that its real name is cuachile.

The espinosilla belongs to the polemoniaceas family, and the Hoitzia coccinea genus and specie, cav.; loeselia coccinea, G. Don.; cantua hoitzia, Willd.; hoitzia Mexicana, Lauck; cantua, Poir.

It is a perennial plant of variable height, but never more than three feet in height; of a pivotal root, rather flexible, of white surface, corrugated, from which spring secondary roots, thin and separated.

In general the plant is rough and thorny, more so as its age increases. The taste is bitter, especially of the leaves; but the root has two tastes, when first tasted being sweet, after which it is bitter.

There are other varieties in the Republic—the læsalia glandulosa, growing in the hot lands; the L. supertus, in Oaxaca; the L. ciliata, in Vera Cruz; the L. involucrata, in Acapulco, and the L. amplectens, between San Blas and Tepic. —*The Two Republics.*

—The sea-serpent captured by the schooner-crew in Lake Michigan recently was covered, the whole length of its body, with burr instead of scales. Upon removing this burr the serpent proved to be a chestnut.—*Current.*

ADVANCED STEPS.

Farm Animals and Cultivated Grasses the Main Dependence of Educated Farmers.

There are two important directions in which the farmers are making advanced steps; and that, too, in matters that are not likely to undergo any retrograde movement. These are (1), steady accessions to the number of farm animals that are of improved lineage, and (2), the steadily increasing surface devoted to the cultivated grasses. Grass is the natural food of four-footed beasts. The digestive organs of the ruminants are especially roomy, made so to provide for the more bulky kinds of food. This is especially true of cattle, and a cattle beast bred for meat production is not what it should be, and is far from being up to possible development for this particular end, unless quite capable of being made fit for the butcher upon good pasture.

The natural coarseness in grass, made so by its woody fibre and its succulency, from the abundance of juices and water contained, render it particularly well calculated to keep digestion and assimilation up to their highest state. Digestion is not often disturbed by grass feed, given alone in abundance, as is evidenced by the fact that offensive gases are seldom given off with, or from the evacuations of cattle fed upon grass alone, while it is not uncommon for digestion to be disturbed while upon free rations of grain, especially if the ration is wholly or mainly of corn, as to render the offensive odor almost unbearable. The value of grass in its green state is quite well illustrated by the greater value of early-cut hay as compared to hay cut late. Early-cut hay more nearly compares with grass in the green state than any other feed, and the greater value of the early-cut is speedily shown when cows giving milk, previously fed upon it, are abruptly changed over to late-cut hay. The observations of some farmers have been so fixed upon these results as being uniform under uniform circumstances, that they have settled upon the grass ration as second to no other factor upon the farm in insuring success in feeding.

It is hardly yet known to what extent meats are affected, favorably or unfavorably, by the feed given being in the highest degree favorable to a rapid digestion and assimilation: or, on the other hand, by these processes going on tardily, feculent matter remaining for too long a period in the system, offensive gases being generated, and, through the taint, naturally communicated to all the tissues by these, on the same principle that milk is tainted by foul odors or gases in the milk-room, and through a degree of blood poisoning setting in from absorption of fecal matter. Taking, on the one hand, a bunch of steers tied up in a close, filthy stable, and crammed with still slop during an entire winter, receiving a scant ration of poor hay as the only variety —and, on the other hand, a bunch of like age and kind, on abundant grass from early spring till late frost, with access to pure running water—who will presume to say that the flesh of the one lot would not be tainted, while the flesh of the other lot would, from the nature of the influences acting upon it, be clear of any possible taint. Take two collections of dairy cows, placed under like circumstances, how well we know that the milk from the one lot would, through that same principle that causes the fluids within the body to intermingle pretty much without restraint, be perceptibly tainted. Milk so produced will hardly keep from soaring from night till morning, and a young infant fed upon it becomes thoroughly imbued with its taint; takes on a putty color, and, more clearly defining the condition, is under a state of blood-poisoning, loses flesh, and ceases to grow. It hardly requires an expert dairyman, or competent housewife upon a farm, to detect the effects of such a course of feeding, when contrasted with the grass-feeding plan, upon the milk, and, later, upon the butter product. This permeation of the tainted product of foul food through the milk and blood, and, as a consequence, through the agency of the latter to all the tissues of the body, is as invariably a necessary sequence as any other physiological process that occurs within the body of a beast.

It is not the purpose to pass lightly over the subject of feeding corn and other grains, but the point we desire to make plain is, that the rule which governs the making of a tub of butter, a loaf of bread, or any other article that requires absolute fitness in the material used, should be applied to our modes of feeding for the production of edible meats; for, in the case of the latter, the animal flesh eaten is as clearly the direct product of the food given from day to day, and as necessarily influenced by it, are the other articles named. Not perhaps perceptible to the same degree, but nevertheless there is no escaping the conclusion that more or less taint will be imbibed by the meat if it be made from blood, the product of digestion befouled by bad food.—*Live Stock Journal.*

The Laughing Plant.

It is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small, black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—*Shanghai Celestial Empire.*

—A paper piano is the latest product of Parisian ingenuity. The color of the instrument is cream white and the material is so tightly compressed that it has a hard surface and will receive a perfect polish. The tone of the instrument is said to be very sweet and its music without the short, sharp sound that marks every touch of the keys of the ordinary piano.

CÆSAR.

History of a Warlike Politician who Died Before Susan B. Anthony was Born.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born 100 years before Christ, and was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was remarkable as a scholar and a statesman, and also for the odd manner in which he spelled his name. In 83 B. C., Cæsar divorced his then wife, if you will allow me that expression, on the ground that she had utterly failed to support him. Her maiden name was Cassutia. He then married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna. Sulla, then in the height of his power, commanded Cæsar to divorce Cornelia or be proscribed. Cæsar then told Sull to shoot his dye stuff. "Go ahead and fly-up-the-creek," said Cæsar, one day. "Crack your whip. You can proscribe for me if you want to, but you can't compel me to take your old proscription."

Sulla once said to a friend, referring to Cæsar: "In that young man there are many Mariuses." Probably that was the reason Sulla proscribed for him. Whether the Marius was a species of microbe or not, I do not know. I can not remember so far back.

Soon after this Cæsar went to Asia Minor as a Roman soldier. While on his way to study oratory with Appolonius Molo, he was captured by pirates. He used to threaten, while in captivity, that when he got his liberty he would put the pirates to death. The pirates used to laugh at this a good deal, and regarded Cæsar as the rising young humorist of Rome; but when the required ransom was paid, the historian says Cæsar manned several wheat barges and put for the pirates' lair, and having captured them, he crucified them all. Cæsar made a specialty of crucified pirates, and for years after that any one who had pirates that they wanted crucified would always bring them to Cæsar.

In the year 68 B. C., Cæsar was made quæstor, and in 65 B. C. he was made ædile, but he had a robust constitution, and he pulled through all right, never repining nor complaining, and steadily refusing to allow any one to proscribe for him. He often said that a Roman proscription filled out by a Roman druggist was worse than a case of malignant Roman botts.

At the time of the Catiline conspiracy Cæsar was in the Senate. A majority of the Senate favored putting the conspirators to death, but Cæsar opposed it in a speech two hours long, in which he worked in a great many Latin quotations. He was then accused of complicity with the conspirators by Cato.

In 62 B. C., Cæsar, who had barely escaped the conspiracy trial with his life, was made prætor and the following year proprætor, but he had been vaccinated and so escaped. In 60 B. C., he formed with Pompey and Crassus the first triumvirate, a kind of blind pool for passing any kind of a bill they thought would be a good thing.

Cæsar then went into the war business, and it was a cold day when he did not sound from one to five tocsins, and with a loud whoop go on the war path. Every little while he would fire the culverin, and then you would see him roll up his pantaloons with great sang froid and wade in blood. He did not care whose blood it was, so that is wasn't his own and so that it was warm.

Cæsar's daughter, Julia, who became the wife of Pompey by request, afterward died, and a coolness sprang up between Pompey and his father-in-law, for Pompey was a leader of the aristocracy, while Cæsar ate pie with his knife in order to conciliate the common people.

Cæsar soon found himself at the head of a small army and Pompey at the head of another. He was ordered to disband his forces, which he agreed to do, provided that Pomp would do the same, but the latter refused, and on the banks of the Rubicon, with 5,000 infantry and 300 cavalry, he considered the perilous situation of going to war against his son-in-law. After thinking it over for a long time he finally exclaimed: "The die is cast." His language was at once telegraphed to the New York papers and has been used with more or less success ever since.

He then crossed the Rubicon and marched on rapidly to Rome, where he made it red-hot for Pompey. Pompey soon took his troops and went over to Greece, where it was cooler and where Cæsar could not follow him without getting his feet wet. Soon afterward, however, the two enemies met on the plains of Pharsalia. Pomp had 52,000 troops, but Cæsar succeeded in putting the kibosh on Pomp, who went to Egypt, claiming that he and Cæsar never could get along together, and as Cæsar would not go to Egypt, he would go there himself. Pompey was afterward assassinated by parties who are still at large. It is thought that they are concealed somewhere in Canada.

When Cæsar had cleaned out a large army, he would make a report to the Senate something like this:

To the President of the Senate:
SIR—Veni, vidi, vici. Yours truly,
CÆSAR.

He was afterward made imperator or emperor for life or during good behavior, with a large salary. This office he held with marked success until the ides of March, 44 B. C., when he was assassinated by a committee of influential citizens, who waited on him for that purpose.

Cæsar's great coolness in a crisis is here most noticeable, for while surrounded by assassins and with his system full of large irregular holes, seeing Brutus, whom he had been led to believe solid, he exclaimed, "Et tu Brute," and expired. In the excitement naturally incident to an assassination, in which Cæsar had been chosen to act as the corpse, his great sang froid in addressing Brutus in perfectly correct Latin shows that he well deserved the tribute paid him by an eminent historian, whose name at this moment has escaped my memory, in which he stated that "Cæsar was no slouch."—*Bill Nye, in N. Y. Mercury.*

—By falling from a wagon a Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt. There was some doubt as to his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead; likee half money."

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TABLES TURNED.

The Story of a Little Boy Who Went Fishing.

A little boy, one pleasant day,
Toward a creek pursued his way;

He kept the school-house out of sight,
Looking behind oftimes in fright,

And in one hand, as on he stole,
He clutched a willow fishing-pole.

Down by the meadow swift he passed
Until he reached the creek at last;

Then, with no thought to mar of school,
He cast his line into a pool,

And, with a smile of calm delight,
He waited for the fish to bite.

The moments glided swiftly by;
The sun o'erhead was getting high;

But not a fish would deign to look
The while at his seductive hook;

Though hungry insects o'er his head
Bit condescendingly instead.

A frog upon a lily-pad
Kept grinning at the luck he had.

The smile contracted to a frown;
The little boy he sat him down,

And there, upon the stream's soft brink,
His drowsy eyes began to blink;

Till, with his head upon his breast,
He sank back in the sedge to rest;

When suddenly he heard a "swish,"
And from the water rose a fish—

A fish of such prodigious size
That it would make a thousand fries—

A fish off which a troop might dine—
With a gigantic rod and line!

And in gruff tones the monster cried,
The while the little boy it eyed:

"By no barbed hook can we be caught;
We're not so foolish as you thought;

"The tables have been turned on you,
And we can go a-fishing too!

"This very night shall all enjoy
A chowder made of little boy!"

And, looking hideously grim,
The creature cast its line at him.

The truant watched the hook descend,
While every hair stood up on end;

Till, with a twist expert and neat,
It caught him by his trousers seat;

And then, with juvenile despair,
He dangled wildly in the air!

And while, with a complacent grin,
His scaly captor drew him in,

A piercing scream the silence broke,
And then—the little boy awoke!

And, though of fish there was no trace,
Fresh danger threatened in its place;

With look foreboding little good,
Before him his stern father stood!

—*Malcolm Douglas, in Youth's Companion.*

UNCOVER THE FAULTS.

How Reginald Was Taught the Difference Between Being and Merely Seeming to Be Pure and Truthful.

"Uncle, what are you doing?" inquired Reginald, with a perplexed face.

"I am getting rid of these offensive vegetables," replied Uncle Prescott, as he pinned two great snowy sheets of paper together and reached for the third; "I see Dugald has neglected matters since I have been ill, and left this poisonous heap upon the barn floor."

"But what is the paper for, uncle?"

"To cover it up, to be sure," replied Uncle Prescott, rapidly pinning away, until the thick white paper began to stand like a great white cone over the offensive heap upon the floor.

Reginald did not quite know what to say, and Uncle Prescott having completed the cone and glanced back at it as though with satisfaction, left the barn, with Reginald walking quietly at his side, deep in thought as to what Uncle Prescott's idea could possibly be.

"I am glad that uncomfortable object is out of sight," said Uncle Prescott, at length; "I wonder Dugald never thought to cover it up."

"Uncle, what is the use of covering it up?" inquired Reginald; "it is just as offensive."

"It is surely better covered up than exposed to the eye. It is best, is it not, always to cover up any such object?"

"But, uncle, it is there all the same."

"So it is, but if nobody sees it, the fact of its being there can not amount to anything, can it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Reginald, a little uneasily; "we know it is there just as if it were not covered."

"We know, of course, but other people do not, and we will not be likely to tell them."

Reginald glanced, a little slyly, towards Uncle Prescott, but did not seem inclined to give up the subject.

"It poisons the air just the same, does it not, uncle? I have heard you talk a great deal about all such things being unwholesome to have around."

"What is the difference so that people do not find it out? You see nobody would suspect anything impure under that snow-white paper."

"But, uncle," exclaimed Reginald, in perplexity, "what is the use of having it there; why not uncover it, and clear it out, and be done with it?"

"Why do you ask such unreasonable questions, Reginald? Your words and your actions do not agree."

Reginald thought, although he did not dare to say so, that Uncle Prescott's present action and past words did not agree, but he simply asked: "Why, uncle?"

"I can not tell why they do not agree, unless it is because it is better always to cover up our real motives and manner of doing things when we know they are not quite as they should be."

Reginald's face flushed, and Uncle Prescott continued:

"Why is it that you do not approve of my covering up the poisonous matter, and of making all pure to the eye? You know, boy, you work every day to pin white paper over a place of poison."

Reginald looked up in dismay.

They had reached the house, and Uncle Prescott sat down on the long settee in the hall, and drew Reginald close to his side.

"Reginald," he said, in a low and tender voice, "I am more sorry for you than you can guess. Your heart is not a pure, true heart; it sends out poisonous thoughts. Why do you cover them up and keep them; why do you try to seem white while underneath is the hidden trouble?"

Reginald's eyes sought the floor; he could not look in his uncle's face now. He knew his heart was not pure and true, that it only appeared to be so, but he had thought that his uncle believed in him.

"When you broke the rosebush, why did you make it appear that your baby cousin had pushed the box over and damaged the bush? When you dropped the hatchet in the cistern, why did you cast the blame on your little friend? When you broke my choicest grapes from the vine, why did you arrange that Dugald should be suspected of the act? Had you acknowledged the wrong deeds you would have been endeavoring to lay bare the poison in your heart, and taken the first step toward getting rid of it; but, though you know it is there, and is dangerous, and degrading, you keep it, and cover it, and work to hold on to it, and want nobody to know about it, and try to appear white and clean, when, in fact, under your pleasing face and manners is a corrupt heart."

Had Uncle Prescott struck Reginald a blow he would have been man enough, in his own way, to have borne it, but those words were worse than blows. He had a certain amount of pride which made him wish to be respected and thought well of. He did not care so much about being honorable, but he liked to be thought so. He had imagined that Uncle Prescott believed all he said, and thought him a fair, square boy.

His pride was wounded; his good opinion of himself was humbled; he looked so utterly wretched that Uncle Prescott took his hand and drew him close to his knee.

"Reginald," he said, kindly, "I am only pulling some of the white paper off, and looking at the impurity underneath. Tell me truly, do you think you have a corrupt heart?"

Reginald quailed under the question. To be asked to own having such a possession was a staggering requirement; yet he knew his uncle's charge was true, and he could do nothing but acknowledge its truth.

"You can not easily be rid of the impurity, my boy," said Uncle Prescott; "you have hidden it, and kept it, and fed it until it has overgrown the good in you. You have made it your sole object to try to appear good and pure; do you wish to go on feeding and hiding the poison, while it grows more and more powerful and impure?"

Reginald was too heartily ashamed of himself to have much to say, and while declaring that he did not wish to continue doing as in past, was much concerned to know how much of his deception, and how many of his tricks, perpetrated during the past few weeks spent in his new home, had been discovered by Uncle Prescott.

"If you do not wish to continue hiding and keeping this poison, let us begin now to pull the pure white paper off of it," said Uncle Prescott; "what did you cover up yesterday? I must have the secrets of each day since the time you came to share my home. Tell me frankly, what did you cover up yesterday?"

Reginald glanced at his uncle and then at the floor. He was not all bad; he did think it would be more comfortable to be true and honorable. He did feel a longing to be rid of his present inner life; he saw himself as he had never seen himself before; he felt a loathing for the acts he had only thought clever, smart.

"Uncle, you would hate me!" he exclaimed, passionately; "I never can tell you the half."

"Suppose I do hate you; suppose I never do and never can forgive or forget it; suppose you lose me as your friend; what can that matter in comparison to losing your soul, your self-respect, the respect of the whole world who may ever happen to hear of you, losing your own heart of honor? Uncover the poison, Reginald, and let me help you get it out of you, no matter how it hurts, or where it hits, or what becomes of you and of me afterward. You can afford to lose me if you can get rid of the dishonor which is destroying all the good that ever was in you."

Reginald was looking in his uncle's face; he was brave with a sudden bravery; he was true with a sudden honor; he was filled with a determination to be free with a new freedom. He recounted trick after trick, accident and deception, and Uncle Prescott could have been angry enough had he not been in soul-earnestness, helping Reginald fight a fight never to be forgotten.

Reginald, having confessed every fault he could think of, waited to hear the words which would banish him from his new home, but his uncle took his hand kindly, saying: "I believe you have faithfully torn off the covering, and tried to take the first step toward removing the impurity underneath; do you promise me at this moment, which is a solemn one, my boy, that you will faithfully, honorably bring the faults of every day to me and uncover them, no matter what their nature, rather than hide them to turn to poison in your heart?"

Reginald's promise was not a promise meant to be broken, and if in after-time he was tempted and failed and began again, are you not very sure that his heart of dishonor gradually shrunk away, as it was kept uncovered and brought to the light, while the owner grew to be happy, honorable and true?
—*George Klingle, in N. Y. Observer.*

—Among the immigrants of the steamship Eider who landed at Castle Garden the other day was Fanny Wiskochillowa, a young woman who would be "bearded" if it were not for the fact that she shaves her face three times a week. Her chin appears like that of the ordinary man who shaves. Fanny, who is twenty-five years old, appears masculine in other respects. She has two sisters with the same peculiarities. She is on her way to Chicago. She says that she has no intention of placing herself on exhibition.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A gentleman informed us recently that on one occasion he was out fishing at Barrow's Pond when the pond was so low that it was impossible to run the mill. After looking around the pond for some time it was discovered that all of the snakes had crawled out of the water and had caused it to fall several feet. To remedy this they drove them back into the pond, when the grinding of the mill was resumed without further trouble.—*Jackson (Ga.) News.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Small trees are the best for transplanting as they have all their roots in a bunch.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Ants may be killed by placing a teaspoonful of cobalt in three tablespoonfuls of sweetened warm water near their haunts.—*Boston Post.*

—It is well to change the cattle and sheep pastures occasionally. Weeds that are rejected by cattle will often be relished by sheep.—*Chicago Journal.*

—When a cheese which has been much salted and kept dry, is washed several times in soft water and then laid in a cloth moistened with vinegar, it gradually loses its saltness, and if it be a rich cheese, becomes soft and mellow.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cocoanut Pudding: Boil one pint of milk with one teaspoonful of butter in it. Pour it over a very small grated cocoanut. When cool add three eggs, beaten, with half a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Have a deep dish lined with nice pastry, pour the mixture into it and bake until is set.—*Christian Union.*

—In planting an orchard, observes an exchange, the young trees should be slightly inclined toward the direction of the prevailing winds. All the old orchards lean as the trees were bent while young, and most of these old orchards were set when there was more forest and winds were much less violent than now.

—Experiments by Dr. Sturtevant, of the New York Experiment Station, show that unripe tomato seed will grow and give a gain of fifteen days in earliness over ripe seed from the same plants. He also says that peas and corn fit for table use will grow and produce earlier crops than ripe seed; but plants from immature seed are feeble compared with those from ripe seed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Corn Muffins: One pint of corn meal, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one of soda, one cupful white sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, or one-half a cupful of sour cream, and sweet milk to make a batter like pound cake. Beat eggs very thoroughly and then add the other ingredients. Sift the cream tartar and soda both into the flour. Bake in the oven in muffin rings or little pans placed in a hot dripping-pan.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Lunch Cake: Two cupfuls butter, two cupfuls sugar, one and a half pints of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, six eggs, one teaspoonful each of extract rose, cinnamon and nutmeg. Rub the butter and sugar to a very light cream; add the eggs, two at a time, beating five minutes between each addition; add the flour, sifted with the powder, wine, extracts; mix into a smooth batter; put into a thickly papered, shallow cake pan and bake in moderate oven one and a quarter hours. When cold, ice the bottom and sides with white icing.—*Philadelphia Call.*

FEEDING MOWING LAND.

Better to Suffer from Short Pasturage—Why the Practice is Injudicious.

There is no general practice among farmers that is so injurious in its effects as that of the close feeding of mowing lands.

After the crop of hay is removed and the aftermath has made a good start, when the feed in pastures becomes short, and with cows the flow of milk begins to diminish, the temptation to get benefit from the mowing lands overcomes any thought of what the final consequences may be.

After the removal of a crop of hay, especially if the field is not unusually rich, to allow the removal of the second growth by close feeding will very soon tell in the continual diminishing of succeeding crops. It is not to be understood that all aftermath is to remain upon the soil, because it might be so heavy as to injure the grass by lying too closely upon the ground, especially upon a rich soil. It is upon fields of average fertility, such as many farms possess, where a second growth suitable for cutting would hardly be expected, that there should be an avoidance of feeding. Such a growth of aftermath, if left from year to year, will have a tendency to enrich the soil, and increase the crops that follow from year to year.

This conclusion has been reached from practice and careful observation.

When, in one case, mowing fields are fed but very little, if fed at all, and there is a very gradual increase of the annual crop from year to year; while in the other case, where fields are fed close, down to the very roots of the plants, and the annual crop diminishes very rapidly and requires reploughing every four years in order to get a fair crop, with a natural character of soil about the same in both cases, it is very reasonable to attribute results to the mode of procedure, and it becomes an exceedingly difficult matter to prevent the conclusion that feeding mowing lands may be carried to a decidedly injurious extent. It would be better even to suffer from short pasturage than to inflict an irreparable injury upon mowing lands. Rather let a supplemental feed be provided to meet emergencies in the shape of fodder corn, sorghum or something similar.—*Prof. Yeomans, in Boston Globe.*

Curious Facts.

The Russian newspaper *Zarya* mentions the following curious facts: Recently there has been presented to the Kieff Archæological Museum a complete Egyptian mummy, about four (?) vershoks in length (one vershok is equal to 1.75 inch.) At Baturin, in the Chernigoff Government, a subterranean chamber was accidentally discovered under what was known as "Mazeppa's Rampart." Here were found a quantity of clay statues, which the inhabitants took for Slavonian gods. M. Tereshkevitch, who happened to be passing through Baturin at the time, forwarded one of the statues in question to his friend, M. Sitrogofer, one of the lecturers at the Kieff University, who in his turn presented it to the museum, where it was recognized as an undoubted Egyptian mummy, and it has been accordingly sent to St. Petersburg for examination by the Egyptologist, M. Lemme.

The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Gum-Chewing Girls in Maine.

The chewing of gum appears to be another favorite occupation among women of this part of the country. Most of those whom I have thus far met are addicted to the practice, and the effect of the proceeding upon the observer unaccustomed to that sort of thing is somewhat peculiar, to say the least, especially when he comes across, as I did the other day, a party of four young women, all of whom were busily engaged in extracting comfort from the operation. I may be doing the females of the "up country" an injustice, but I have seen just thirteen of the tender sex since I left Skowhegan, and eight of them were chewing gum.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

—Japan is feeling very keenly the commercial depression which prevails throughout the world, and there is great misery among the people. In some provinces they are obliged to live in caverns, while some are dying of starvation. It is a peculiarity of the Japanese that they do not save for periods of emergency, but spend their earnings as fast as they are received.

—The late Commander Gorringe cherished among his other treasures a fragment of coal marked distinctly with fern leaves, which had been found in the Arctic snows by a polar explorer.—*Boston Journal.*

A WOMAN and a fiddle are something alike. They always come out strongest when there is a woman about.—*Boston Budget.*

"She tried her prentice hand on man,
And then she formed the lassies, O!"

"What is woman's worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A WELL-KNOWN New York tailor recently attempted to kill his wife, and subsequently committed suicide. This is evidently not a case of the survival of the "fittest."—*Life.*

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

JAPANESE fans sell from three cents up to $300. The former are the best for use. It is easier to "raise the wind" at that price.—*Norristown Herald.*

USE the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

"THIS is my golden wedding," remarked an impecunious man when he married a woman worth $100,000.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

IT is not hard for a man to mind his own business, but it is the monotony which he can't stand.

THE "Soft Answer." She (impatiently)—"Oh, George, dear! How you do smoke! Do you buy your cigars by the hundredweight, or by the ton?" He (ever patient)—"The former, love, I suppose, as I buy them by the hundred, and the man waits for his money."—*London Punch.*

CANDOR in an advertisement: "Boarders taken in for the summer."

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"CAPITAL punishment!" as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

CATS are expert climbers.—*Texas Siftings.* So they are, but we wish they could be transported to some other clime.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"A DOLLAR a pound for tea," said the careful buyer. "Is not that too steep?" And the truthful grocer answered: "Yes, sir."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"OH, if I only had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear!" said the dude, while looking at an ostrich.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PORT is the best thing to quiet the stomach of a seasick man. This may not be news, but it is a fact.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ILL-HUMOR often comes, like chemical preparations, from a retort.

THE flour mission—to make good bread.—*Boston Transcript.*

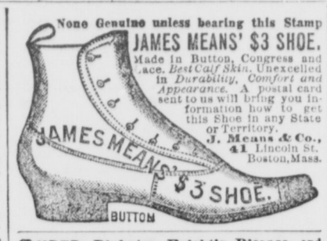
THE grandest performance out—Niagara in her great catar-act.

NO MAN can carry a feather bed and look graceful.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PATIENT—"Brain faver, is it? Oh! docthur, it's a proud man I am the day! The ould 'oman schwears Oi niver had enough fur a cockroach!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

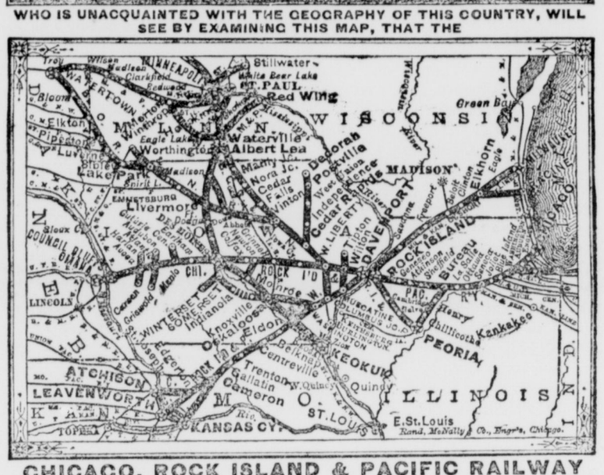
JOB was the first doctor—he had patience.—*Boston Budget.*

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp
JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE.
Made in Button, Congress and Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory.
J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.


CURED. Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and all Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Where? At Green Spring, Sandusky County, Ohio, by J. L. Brown, M. D. Dr. C. J. Turner, Asst. Write for particulars—*free.*

FOR
Man and Beast.
Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE


CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY
By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.
The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.
THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE
Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.
THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.
Still another DIRECT LINE via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or, by addressing
R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

HAY-FEVER.
I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it being, in my opinion, founded upon experience and a sure cure. I was afflicted with Hay-Fever for twenty-five years, and never before found permanent relief.—WEBSTER H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.
CATARRH

CREAM BALM
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price, 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
HAY-FEVER

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY!
DR. J. BRADFIELD—I have taken several bottles of your Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases consumed, of 16 years' standing, and *I really believe I am cured entirely*, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks. I know your medicine saved my life, so you see I can not speak too highly in its favor. Respectfully,
Mrs W. E. STRINGING, Ridge, Ga.
DR. J. BRADFORD—I have, as you know, been selling your Female Regulator for years, and have had a steadily increasing demand for it; it gives the very best satisfaction. I frequently sell it to physicians who use it in their practice with the most satisfactory results. R. THOMAS, M. D., Druggist.
Valdosta, Ga., June 26, 1883.
Send for Treatise on Woman. Mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. $1 For Sale by all Druggists.
CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

Palmer's Piano Primer, Endorsed by Dr. Wm. Mason, W. H. Sherwood, A. R. Parsons, Carlyle Petersilea, etc. Invaluable to teachers and indispensable to all learners, saving time and labor of teacher worth many times its cost. Price, in boards, 75 cents, post-paid. Address H. R. PALMER, Mus. Doc., New York City.
HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list free. B. C. Strehl & Co., 173 Wabash-av., Chicago.
ORGANS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. *Low prices, easy payments.* Send for catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., York, Pa.
Beautiful RED on Cotton Turkish Rubrum. Samples free to Carpet Weavers sending address to L. T. WHITE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

EDUCATIONAL.
Dale's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

HAGAN'S
Magnolia Balm
is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

RIDGE'S FOOD
Nursing mothers relieved by overtaxing of the nervous force or by the drain upon the system induced by prolonged nursing, should at once commence using Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will give strength to the mother, and improve the supply for the little one. Remember Ridge's Food has been in use for thirty years in England and America, therefore is not an untried preparation.

APPLY AT ONCE FOR AN AGENCY FOR
LIFE OF GEN. GRANT
By Ben: Perley Poore, *Official Biographer U. S. Congress*, and Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D. Get the *only official* and *richly illustrated work*. Complete from the cradle to the grave. Several years in preparation. *Don't be deceived by imitations.* Demand is enormous. Agents Wanted. Outfits 75c. *None free.* Address promptly if at all HUBBARD BROTHERS, Pub'rs, 51 W. Fourth St, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$50 Reward will be paid for any Grain Fan of same size that can clean and bag as much Grain or Seed in one day as our Patent MONARCH Grain and Seed Separator and Bagger or our Improved Warehouse Mill with Equalizer, which we offer cheap. Circular and Price List mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, Ohio.

LANDS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.
500,000 ACRES of Choice Hardwood Farming Lands for Sale on EASY TERMS to ACTUAL SETTLERS. Extraordinary inducements offered. NO DROUTHS or CYCLONES! Full Particulars, with good Map, FREE. Address CHAS. L. COLBY, Land Commissioner Wis. Central R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can sent by Mail, 25c.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

Andrews Folding Beds
The Only PERFECT Bed!!
40 styles, from $20 up. Plain or Elaborate.
A. H. Andrews & Co.
195 Wabash Av., Chicago.

LIFE OF GEN. GRANT, His early training, Military career, Presidential Administrations, Travels, Private Life, Sufferings, By HON. J. T. HEADLEY, the Great Historian. Outfits 60c. AGENTS write quick, secure territory. Address WAVERLY PUB. CO., Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS: Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and Increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. N. K.—C. 1045.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Delays of the Law.

The question is often asked as to why there is such an increase all over the country of a disinclination on the part of the people to let the law punish crime, instead of taking the matter, as they do, into their own hands, and executing summary vengeance upon the offenders. Within the last few years, the number of persons lynced has multiplied in an astonishing manner—in fact, it has become necessary, in case of any aggravated outrage, to take instant precautions to shield the suspected offender in order that he may have any kind of trial.

No doubt the reason lies in the long and vexatious delays of the law. The feeling has become general that the chances are about ten to one whether the guilty individual escapes, or suffers the penalty of his crime, and in the first heat of indignation, the thought is to put the first beyond human power. It is certain that while in everything else the world has progressed, in the matter of dealing out justice by law it has fallen behind. Steam and electricity are the two forces which have enabled the generations of the present to do in one day what their forefathers could not accomplish in weeks, but they are powerless to hasten the movemenss of the law, in spite of the fact that they aid in catching criminals and hunting up evidence. The whole legal machinery appears to be moved now in the direction of delay, which, as a writer in the *North American Review* well says, in the case of a capital offense, "puts off punishment to such a time that its infliction seems to be a eruelty," The American people are quickly aroused to a fever heat of indignation against wrong and cruelty, but it as quickly passes away, and a sort of sentimental pity for the offender takes its place.

The litigation and delays in civil suits are almost interminable, and a wrong decision would often be more welcome than such long, heart-sickening waiting, which frequently brings more expense than the amount involved. The slightest excuses are accepted as a reason for putting cases over to the next court. The defendant is not ready with his witnesses, or he has some reason for a postponement, which is quite as likely to be one made for the occasion and without real force, as to be a good one.

Instances are given where the trial has been kept off in this way for many years, five and six being not uncommon. Then when the case is finally tried, it is by no means certain that it is ended. There are appeals upon appeals. The defendant may go through all the courts to the highest, have the case decided in his favor there, go back to the lower court for the new trial armed with this decision, have it affirmed, and then the plaintiff may appeal on some ground for a new trial, and the round is gone over again. Such things do happen. If both parties live to be old as Methuselah the suit may come to an end in their lifetime.

It is profitable work for the lawyers, but exceedingly unprofitable for those involved. Besides the pecuniary outlay, the wear and tear of body caused by anxiety and vexation of spirit cannot be calculated.

It is evident that there should be a reform in some way. It is evident that justice should not be made a foot-ball to be played through the courts of the country. Crime should be punished with as little delay as possible. The law should take time enough to give the accused all the chances to which he is entitled and no more. Could this state of things be brought about, thieves and robbers and murderers would not, as now, pursue their nefarious callings with almost complete immunity, or terrify whole communities into an ever-abiding sense of security. Where justice has any show, order rules.—*Toledo Blade.*

The elephant Albert, of the Barnum show, who was shot because he had killed his keeper, was given to the Smithsonian Institute by Mr. Barnum, and two of the institute staff were sent to dissect him. The head and trunk were first removed, and then the hide was taken off in two pieces, being split on the back and belly. The hide was in many places an inch and a quarter thick, and the work required nearly three hours, The skeleton was then dissected, and every bone sayed intact. The firing party that executed Albert consisted of twenty-nine men, twelve of whom fired at the heart and seventeen at the head. During the autopsy, so to speak, six bullets were found in the heart, and they had all been flattened. In the evening those of epicurean tastes dined on elephant steak, and it is reported that many who did not know what they were eating pronounced the steak unusually fine in flavor, but a bit tough.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure your Catarrh, and do away with that sickening odor of the breath.

How to Breathe.

New York World.

While a reporter was in the office of a wellknown physician of this city the latter asked him if he had noticed a young man who had just passed out. The reporter answered that he had, because he thought that he had met the young man in Brooklyn a short time before.

"That was probably another person suffering from the same trouble," said the doctor.

"This is a curious affliction. It is more common than is supposed, occurs in infancy, at manhood and at middle age, and causes a great deal of suffering; yet it is a strange thing that people in general do not seem to pay any attention to this affection when occurring in their own families, in spite of the manner in which it distorts the face, until some actual disease sets in and medical aid is necessary. Even physicians do not seem to reflect that this trouble may cause any one of a large number of diseases affecting the system in general,

"Why" continued the doctor, "you can tell one of these mouth breathers anywhere the moment you see them. From disease of the nose his lips are retracted, his mouth is continually open, his gums recede and his teeth protrude, particularly those in the upper jaw; the flesh that forms the lower part of the nostrils is shrunken, the openings of the nostrils are diminished in size, there are wrinkles at the outer edges of the eyes, and deep lines run from the nostrils to the angles of the mouth. These all give the person either an expression of idiocy, silliness or suffering.

"But the principal thing I want to call your attention to," said the doctor, "is the necessity of parents and nurses watching children when they fall asleep and prevent them from breathing with their mouths open. In grown persons, diseases of the nose and throat may lead to mouth breathing and the resulting distortion of the features, but it is the other way with children. They should be taught to use the mouth for eating and speaking only, and if they fall asleep with their mouths open the lips should be gently pressed together. Thus many constitutional diseases, such as spinal trouble, pigeon breast, and, perhaps, even rickets may be avoided, not to speak of affections of the nose and throat."

It seems that medical men are not the only ones who have studied more or less carefully the habit of mouth breathing. George Catlin, the portrayer of American Indian life and customs, claimed in one of his works that it was a known fact that a man can inhale mephetic air through the nose for a certain time in the bottom of a well without harm, but if he opened his mouth to answer a question or call for help, his lungs are closed and he expires, Catlin says; "I have seen a poor Indian woman in the wilderness lowering her baby from her breast and pressing its lips together as it falls asleep." Among 2,000,000 people he found that deafness, dumbness, spinal curvature and deaths from teething and diseases of the respiratory passages were almost unknown. He attributes this exemption from these ailments, so very common in civilized life, solely to the habit of breathing through the nose.

A Lesson in Politeness.

Exchange.

I have come to the conclusion that the street car is an admirable school in which to study human nature in all of its phases. On one occasion I saw a neat return lesson in politeness administered which was extremely amusing. The car was full of passengers and side-by-side sat a big, burly negro and a nervous, rather cross-looking white man. Presently a lady entered and stood half a minute or more, when the white man turned to the negro and asked:

"Why don't you offer that lady your seat?"

"Sartainly, sah, sartainly, sah," replied the negro, as he at once rose up, politely offered her the seat and stepped to the front part of the car. Soon after a negro woman entered the car and not a motion was made to give her a seat. The negro waited a minute or two, and then stepped to where his late instructor in courtesy was sitting took off his hat and said:

"S'cuse me, sah, but why don't yo' offer dis lady yo' seat?"

The man looked as if two or three bolts of lightening had struck him, hesitated a moment and blurting out, "I will!" left the car.

Visitor (at a dime museum)—I see nothing remarkable about that man. Is he on exhibition? Showman—He is. Stand up, please, Colonel. I next introduce to you, ladies and gents, a Kentucky Colonel, born and brought up in the Blue Grass region, who never drank a drop of whisky in his life. Keep moving, please, so that each and every one may have a chance to view the wonderful curiosity.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Wonder.

A MAN WHO SUFFERED MENTAL AND PHYSICAL AGONY EIGHT YEARS PROCLAIMS HIS HAPPINESS.

Mental agony is dreadful, but when that and physical ailment combine, it is simply terrible. Such was the condition of Geo. W. Frampton, of Huntingdon, W. Va., for eight years. He was a sufferer of necroses—that is, the leg bone at the ankle was inflamed and mortified, which caused running sores. He says: "Pieces of bone the size of a silver three cent piece came out of the sores on my leg. The discharge from the sores was almost continual, and I was unable to walk. For eight years I have been doctoring. I had been under the treatment of a physician at Newport, Ky., for a year; another at Burlington, O., attended me for three years, and a doctor here at Huntingdon worked with me for a long time. None of them did me any good, and they all finally said my case was hopeless. A few months ago I commenced trying PERUNA, and now I am well. I can walk as good as anybody, and have perfect use of my limbs."

Mr. Alf. Lusk, Wooster, Ohio, writes: "DR. HARTMAN, Columbus, O, I have been a great sufferer from that dreaded disease, chronic catarrh of the stomach. I have thoroughly tried your MANALIN, and it has done me more good ten-fold than all the doctors' prescriptions, and I have used legions of them.

Mr. Edgar Harte, Smeltzer P. O., Elk county, Pa., writes: "I have bought several bottles of your PERUNA, and find it to be of great benefit. I also gave it to some of my friends; they experienced the same result."

Mr. L. R. Wollen, 45 and 47 Ross street, Pittsburgh, Pa, writes: "I am taking PERUNA with good results, and can highly recommend it to all. I have applied at the different drug stores for one of your books. They claim they have none on hand at present. Please do me the favor to send me one."

W. W. Russell, druggist, Canonsburg, Pa., writes: I handle your medicine, PERUNA. I have sold immense quantities of it, and consider it a staple article. I have a great many customers who think there is no medicine like it for a tonic or for building up the system. I recommend it as a safe and reliable remedy."

Calista Fishel, Malvern, Ohio, writes: "I take pleasure in recommending the use of PERUNA and MANALIN to any one afflicted with any form of lung or bronchial trouble. I have been for some time afflicted with a very troublesome cough, but a few bottles of PERUNA entirely cured me."

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.

Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, L, Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 8th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.55 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.53 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Strictly Vegetable: No Calomel. Sold by Druggists. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH RESTORED

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USERS IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGES

TREATMENT: One Month, - $1.00; Two Months, - $1.50; Three Months, $2.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HARRIS REMEDY CO., MFG CHEMISTS 2009 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances, WITH OR WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS. GRATIS.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine* Terms liberal.

C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, *Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.*

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms, Restloration in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL.
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Point Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit, 5 acre fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,
5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Youghiogheny river.

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and pleasure excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,
6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

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H. WHEE IR COMES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R R. platform. Jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Office in the Court House.

July 8-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to surveying and Investigation of land titles.

Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

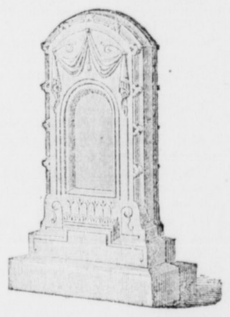
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shaffner's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1885. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparelleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY, Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, etc. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full description of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House, 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netikin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe **cold,** which terminated in a dangerous **cough.** I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,

Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.

Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.

No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.

No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.

No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.

No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.

No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.

No. 1354. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.

No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,

Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,

295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

A Thrilling Episode.

"If you write stories for the paper," said a Rock Island railway freight conductor, "let me tell you a true one that came under my observation last winter out near Des Moines when I was running on the Iowa division. This is no railroad yarn, but a fact. I saw it with my own eyes. One day we were running along and I was in the engine. As we began to cross a bridge we looked ahead and there was a little girl about six years old clambering over the timbers. She had some school books in her hand, and was evidently on her way home from school. The engineer whistled when she turned her face toward us. I never forget that face as long as I live. It was just as white as the snow on the ice in the creek thirty or forty feet below her. But she didn't scream, nor try to jump, nor do nothing. She just looked at us with a steady glare as if she'd stop the train with her eyes that we were unable to do with our brakes. At first we were all so broke up we hadn't any idea what to do, and I believe we'd of stood there like posts if she hadn't suddenly streiched out her little arms towards us in a mute appeal for help. Well, sir, that broke the charm, and we all started up wildly. I swung way out as far as I could, holding by one hand, and with the other motioning her to get down—down between the timbers. Would you believe it? That little thing followed my directions as if she'd been a man. And she took her time to it, too, and climbed down as deliberately as if she'd been at home. She was none too quick, though, for her little brown hood, with a red ribbon fluttering from it, had no sooner disappeared between the timbers than we thundered over her.

"'Let her out, Bill,' I shouted to the engineer, 'let her out lively, or that little thing will never be able to stick down there till we get over the bridge. Turn her loose!'

"So Bill he let her out, but she'd no sooner reached the bank than I jumped off and went heels over head in a snow bank. I got back to the bridge as soon as I could, and waited for our long train to get by. Don't mind tellin' ye that as I stood there I did something I never did afore—yes, sir, I stood there and prayed that that little one might be able to stick it out till I could get to her. But I guess my prayers are no good, for when the train was by I rushed out on the bridge, over timbers by the dozen, expecting every minute to see that little red ribbon. But it never showed up. Tears began to fill my eyes so that I could hardly see the crosspieces—I have a little girl of my own, you know—but on and on I went, and no brown hood or red ribbon could I find. Then I turned and looked to the ice below, and there she was. Yes, she had fallen thirty or forty feet through the bridge.

"How I got down to her I don't know, but I got there. I lifted her up in my arms. Her eyes were closed but she opened them, looked at me a second, and said:

"How did you get down here?"

"This question would have made me laugh if I had felt sure she wasn't hurt, but as it was I hurried up the bank and to the caboose. She said she wasn't hurt much, but I knew she couldn't tell, and we started for the next station.

"I am going home, ain't I?' she inquired, after we had fixed her up in our bunk.

"I told her 'yes,' knowin' that minute we were going right by her house. I was in such a hurry to get a surgeon that I thought it right to deceive her. Pretty soon she went off to sleep, and she looked so deathly lying there that all of us went to wipin' our eyes like women.

"'Boys,' says I, 'if she never wakes up I'll quit the road. I never want to see that bridge again."

"And you have quit the road?"

"No, I'm at the old business. She got well, and all the spring used to watch for my train as she would for her papa coming home from work. We never passed her house unless she was out waving that little brown hood at us and making that red ribbon dance. Our engineer used to whistle for her regularly, and she got so she could tell that whistle as far as she could hear it. Once in awhile, when not in a hurry we'd stop and talk with her. She said she loved us all, even the old engine, but she has never set her foot on the track since that day she fell through the bridge. This is a true story, and the little girl's name is Lily."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Worm Will Turn.

We were winding down one of the mountain roads of Tennessee in a cart drawn by a mule. The land was barren, the cabins no better than hovels, and it was a query how people made a bare living or were content to stay. By and by we came to a turn in the road where there was a trough to water horses, and the cabin of a settler. This cabin was the poorest of all, and nothing around it indicated that the owner made any attempt to cultivate the soil. We reached the place just in time to witnest a tableau. A woman, poorly dressed, and her face bearing the look of one who had seen much worry and suffering, stood near the trough, and a satchel filled with clothing sat on the ground beside her. Five feet away stood her husband, a burly tough-faced mountaineer, and he held a switch in his hand. Neither minded us as we drove up, and it was a full minute before the husband said:

"Mary, I'll wollop ye."

"Jim, ye dasn't," she replied.

"Mary, ye can't leave me, nohow."

"Jim, I'm gwine ter do it. I've starved an' suffered till I'm clean gone. I'm going home."

"Mary, if ye don't take up that sachel an' march in I'll wollop ye good and stout."

There were two of us beside the driver. The woman looked up and scanned our faces, as if to judge how far she might count on our help, and the driver said:

"Tain't rulable for strangers to mix in, Mary, and Jim's got a knife and would kill somebody. Better go in."

"Never!" she hissed.

"If ye don't," said the husband, as he came a step nearer, "I'll make the fur fly. Take that!"

With a swish he brought the switch down across her shoulders and raised it again. She stood stock still for a minute and looked him in the eye, and then walked into the hovel.

"Rayther peart, but the gad will cure her!" grinned the husband, as he drew the switch through his fingers.

His triumph was short-lived. In sixty seconds Mary reappeared. She had the mountaineer's heavy rifle in her hands, and as she came out she raised it on a line with the man's heart.

"Jim, I want ye to git!"

"Shoo! Can't do it."

Click! click!

"Mary, what ye gwine ter do?"

"Kill ye like a wolf in yer tracks if ye don't walk away."

"Whar to?"

"Nobody keers! Go sumwhar—keep goin'—don't never come back! Hurry up, fur I'm goin' down on the stage!"

He looked into her eyes and saw the change. Poverty and brutality had come to an end. Love had turned to disgust, and in place of fear was such bravery he would not have looked for in a man on the road. He saw "shoot" in her eyes, but he still hesitated.

"Mary, drop that rifle," he whispered.

"Jim, git! If you are here when I've finished counting twenty I'll kill you as sure as there's a God in heaven!"

He began backing away. When he had gone twenty feet he turned and walked. When he had gone a hundred feet he halted, wheeled about, and after a long look, muttered:

"Wall, by gosh! Mary, let's make up."

"Keep a-gittin' Jim," she replied, as she still covered him with the rifle.

In five minutes he was out of sight up the road. The woman placed the gun and sachel in the cart, walked into the hovel to be gone two minutes, and when she came back to the cart and took a seat with us, flames were seen creeping through a hundred crevices between the dry logs. Without a word she climbed in, and only once during the five-mile ride did she utter a word. At a bend in the road she looked back at the pyramid of smoke and flame wrought by her hands, and said, as if to herself:

"Jim didn't know Mary, Jim didn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not a particle of quinine nor any mineral substance is contained in Ayer's Ague Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

Facts About Self-Destruction.

It seems from statistics with respect to the subject, carefully gathered by the *Insurance Chronicle*, that the number of suicides in this country varies little from year to year. Reckoning from the first of March to the end of February, the figures for the last three years are: 1882 3, 1,606; 1883-4, 1,469; 1884-5, 1,608.

These years are included in the period which has been marked by a severe business depression, commonly regarded as an efficient cause of self-destruction, and yet the largest number of suicides in any single month occurred in August, 1882, when they were 212, though at that time we were only hearing the faint rumble of the coming commercial and financial catastrophes. The total for 1884, when we were in the midst of the troubles, was not more than the total for 1882, when the business sky was comparatively clear. But it seems that after the financial panic of May, 1884, the life insurance companies complained of a very considerable increase in the number of policies which were terminated by suicide. Still the fact remains that 514 killed themselves during the comparatively prosperous summer of 1882, while the suicides during the black summer of 1884 reached only 383.

The causes of suicide in 1884-5, so far as they could be determined, are thus classified:

Business troubles	174
Chagrin at parental discipline	24
Destitution	78
Dissipation	114
Election of Cleveland and Hendricks	3
Family trouble	214
Grief	39
Insanity	94
Love troubles	87
Sickness	84
Undergoing or threatened with punishment	44

Little reliance can be placed on this table, however, for it is not possible to get the true causes of the self destruction for publication in a large number of cases. Families refuse to reveal them, and the suicides themselves may leave behind them no reasons for their act, or may give false ones. But probably the majority of suicides in this country are due, more or less directly, to the use of stimulants.

Yet it is startling to see how many children take their lives because of rebellion against parental and school discipline. For instance, a Chicago girl was so much cast down by a scolding from her mother that she destroyed herself with Paris green. A New York girl swallowed rat poison because her father refused to allow her to go to a skating rink. An Illinois boy took poison in a sleeping car because he had been expelled from college.

The ages of those who committed suicide in 1885 ran from eleven years to ninety-six years. The chief methods used were, in 531 cases, shooting; in 310, poisoning; in 275, hanging; in 155, cutting the throat; in 137, drowning. Beside these thirty-seven persons killed themselves by jumping from or standing in front of moving railroad trains, twenty-five by cutting arteries, eighteen by jumping from heights, eleven by stabbing, eight by burning, and one each by scalding and starving.

The suicides were engaged in nearly every kind of occupation, but the great majority were farmers, merchants and laborers, though commonly it is supposed that the tendency to self-destruction is among men of strictly intellectual pursuits. But, in fact, suicide, like insanity, is less among those who work their minds chiefly than among those who lead sluggish lives in which their intellectual faculties are not kept bright by use. New York, though the most populous of the States, had fewer suicides in 1884 than Illinois—166 to 169.

Finally, the number of suicides in this country is small in comparison to Europe. Out of the more than twenty five thousand cases of self-destruction which occur annually in Europe and the United States together, we furnish only about sixteen hundred.—*New York Sun.*

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles free at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CONTEMPT OF "COURT."

'Twas a case of attachment, the lawyer said,
And he seemed not loth to tell,
When asked by a friend how the matter sped,
That his suit was prospering well.

Though young he argued his case with power
As soon as the writ was returned,
And argued so long that the midnight hour
Oft came ere the "court" adjourned.

But her father came down and the case he closed
By booting the youth one night,
And the latter declared such an act opposed
To legal procedure quite;

And he said to the maid, as he rubbed his spine,
He would bring an action of tort,
And ask the Judge to inflict a fine
On her pa for contempt of "court."

—*Boston Courier.*

AMONG THE INSANE.

Some of the Peculiar Characters at the Dayton, (O.) Asylum.

A Beautiful Crazy Woman Who Wanted to Bottle Men's Souls—Charley's Trip to Cincinnati and His Game of Billiards—The Suicidal Mania Among the Unfortunates.

In the past few weeks I have spent, upon different occasions, a portion of a day in the Dayton Asylum for Insane, and have picked up quite a number of matters which I believe will be of interest. One of the first matters of consequence that dawned on my mind was the fact that any such institution where six hundred individuals bereft of the power of their reason are huddled together, there surely must be skeletons in the closet, and this thought is strengtenhed by the fact that there was a perceivable effort on the part of all the officials and attaches of the institution to be as obliging and polite as possible, yet they, none of them, showed any desire to talk of the very matters that I wanted to learn something about. And this was not because of any fear of newspaper notoriety, as not a living soul but myself knew I was collecting material for a newspaper letter. It seems to be the even tenor of their ways with all visitors, and indeed it could not be otherwise, if the welfare of the institution is to be considered, for were they to tell the secrets of a hospital of this kind the people would be shocked with amazement. I know from what I learned that there are secrets in this asylum of which even the officials know nothing.

This incident I picked up through a reporter in this city previous to my visits to the asylum, and I reproduce it here because of its fantastic eccentricity. The young man who tells the story is now engaged in this city, though previously he was in the employ of the asylum. Among the numerous patients of the institution are a great many who are allowed to wander about the grounds. Among this number was a young woman, who shortly after the birth of her first child became insane. She was an extremely handsome creature, who when talked to gave no indications of a weak mind. She came from some small place in Preble County. Before her mind gave way she was known as a happy, vivacious creature, who enjoyed life, but after becoming insane she took a religious turn and then became melancholy, and would not talk except when it was necessary. She was a handy person about the asylum, and could be put at most any work. Her name was Maud, and she probably had more sympathetic friends than any other patient in the institution, which can be attributed to her beauty of face.

One day she accosted my informant, asking him if he did not want to see her two souls. The question, as was natural, aroused the young man's curiosity, and he followed her into the cellar of one of the buildings adjoining the asylum proper. She took him to the darkest corner, where she held up before him a two-ounce bottle she had taken from a crevice, and remarked:

"There they are, and bound to keep, too. The one is the soul of Stonewall Jackson, and the other my husband's."

The young man took the bottle nearer to the faint rays of light that shot through the cellar grating, and saw that the bottom was covered with a greenish liquid, evidently water discolored by age. The lady maniac went on to explain there was no need of any souls being lost; that she could save them all if the people would only let her cut them out and put them into her bottle. She knew the soul's home was on top the heart, and could be cut out without any trouble.

Stonewall Jackson's soul was in the bottle when she got it from the spirits, and she had since put her husband's in. After explaining all these things she asked the young man for his pen-knife, and told him if he would lay down she would get his soul out in a few minutes, and put it in the bottle to keep the other two company. But the young man seemed to have no desire to have his soul preserved. This young lady has since recovered, and is now at home with her family, attending to her household duties as well as any woman in the land of the free.

A cunning maniac was Charley, the scion of a wealthy and widely known family living in Miami County, just beyond the Montgomery County line. I have used the term "was" because he has been cured of the particular attack of which he was suffering at the time of which I write, but has since become insane again and is now an inmate of a private asylum in Cincinnati. He is a magnificent-looking young man of not more than thirty years of age, and when not suffering from the dread affliction to which he seems to be subject, is one of the most entertaining men possible to find anywhere. These things I say of him because I know them to be facts. When suffering from the awful disease he is, indeed, a raving maniac, though never very threatening. He is a very ingenious fellow at all times, and this is what always made him a troublesome prisoner.

At night, when the patients in a ward are locked in their rooms, they place their clothes outside of the door in the hallway, so that an attendant knows they are all in their places. This is always done. On a certain night the attendant of the ward in which Charley was a patient had performed this duty and retired, feeling confident every thing was secure and all right. But for two or three nights previous to that Charley had been at work on the heavy iron bars on his window with a file he had procured somewhere—evidently from one of the insane who had the privilege of the grounds. On the night in question he completed his work, filing through one bar and springing two others so he could get out. But there were his clothes outside the door and his overcoat in the clothes room at the end of the hallway. These he needed, for it was a bitter cold night in midwinter. With his file he worked the wood away from the locks in both doors, got his clothes, overcoat and all, and soon was tramping through Dayton.

He went direct to the depot and got on top the last car of the midnight express, bound for Cincinnati. So thoughtful was he that he inquired as to what stations the train stopped at, and when it left Hamilton he ran forward to the first car, and when the conductor passed through he clambered down off the top while the train was running thirty miles or more an hour, and took a seat in the warm car, as independently as if he was the President of the road. The conductor did not come through the train again, for Hamilton was the last stop before reaching Cincinnati, and Charley, insane as he was, seemed to understand that he was safe inside the car after it left Hamilton, for the train, making no stops, could, of course, not take on any passengers. That he remained on top the car in the bitter cold until the train reached this point is evidence conclusive that he knew exactly what he was doing.

He reached Cincinnati without any trouble, went straight to the Gibson House and registered. As luck would have it, the next person to register, who stepped up to the counter not ten minutes after he left it, was an acquaintance of his from his home. The name met his eye, and after speaking to the clerk he managed to catch sight of Charley as he came from the bath-rooms. The friend at once telegraphed his folks, and they the asylum authorities. The telegram they received was the first intimation the officials of the institution had that any one had escaped.

Charley was busy playing billiards when, at ten o'clock the same morning, his keeper walked into the hall and slapped him on the back.

"Hello, Tom!" was Charley's greeting. "I've got a sucker here." The same evening he was again in the asylum, but it amused him for weeks to think how he "went to Cincinnati just to play a game of billiards," as he put it.

If ever a man had determined to die, come what may, that man was Francis ——, a powerful farmer from Auglaize County. He was one of the few farmers who take a great interest in politics, and the first symptoms of insanity in his case were noticed after he was defeated for an office at the polls. Then followed financial reverses, and finally his mind gave way to the extent that he was determined on self-destruction. He was sent to this asylum and placed with the other unfortunates suffering from suicidal mania. He was not by any means a dangerous man, but an eye had to be kept on him all the time to keep him from destroying his own life in one way or another.

Tom, a young but powerful man, was his keeper. Besides Francis there were twenty-four other maniacs in the ward, and one can easily imagine what a nice time an attendant must have watching and caring for these poor people. Every keeper must shave his patients at stated intervals, and one day when Tom had one of his subjects in the chair he complained of the razor scratching him, whereupon Tom laid it on the window-sill and got out another one. While he was stropping it he noticed Francis standing in the door, looking furtively into the room. Before he could think the maniac bounded by him and had the open razor which Tom had laid on the window-sill in his hand. It was no time for thought, but action was what was needed. Turning quickly, Tom grasped the hand in which the maniac held the razor, while he in turn, equally on the alert, grasped Tom by the wrist of the hand in which he held the open razor with which he had been beating the strop.

"Let go!" yelled Tom.

"Let go yourself!" retorted the maniac, glaring savagely at the attendant.

The next instant began a battle for life. The two men pushed, tugged and twisted, but neither could be forced to loosen his hold on the other's wrist. The third person sat quietly in his chair as unconcerned as if nothing unusual was going on. Finally the insane man got his feet entangled in an old coat lying on the floor, when the keeper managed to throw him and wrench the razor from him. Francis got up, gave Tom a terrible look and walked from the room. In a few minutes he returned and explained that he did not wish to injure Tom, and only fought for the razor because he wanted to cut his own throat. He said:

"Tom, I ain't mad at you, but I want you to know, once for all, that I am going to cut my throat, and I'll do it, no matter how much you watch me." And, indeed, he kept his word.

The next day Tom was aroused by a terrible crash of falling glass at the extreme end of the ward, where is located the wash and bath-rooms. He ran to the place, and there stood Francis with his throat cut almost from ear to ear. He laughed derisively at Tom as he entered the room. He had broken the window with his fist, and with a piece of the glass cut his throat. He had severed the windpipe, and when he attempted to laugh a gutteral sound was all that could be heard.

Tom grasped the gaping wound in one hand and held it together as much as possible to stop the flow of blood as much as was in his power. Two of the asylum physicians were on hand almost instantly. They took the patient in hand, and by sheer force sewed up the horrible wound, but as soon as the maniac was put to bed he tore out the stitches. The wound was sewed up a second time, and the suicide's hands incased in a pair of leather muffs, when he managed to tear the stitches by jerking his head backward and forward, and from side to side. He was then put in a crib, and a box made to place his head and shoulders in, so that it was utterly impossible for him to move the least bit. He was kept in this contrivance for nearly seven weeks, much of which time it was very doubtful whether he would recover or not. After being taken from the crib he was transferred to ward 19. His hands for a long time afterward were kept in the leather muffs, but he finally induced the attendant, on promise to not again attempt suicide, to take them off. Tom, his old attendant, upon learning of this fact, called on the new keeper and told him he would regret taking off the muffs before the week was over, and sure enough he did. The third day after the muffs were taken off the attendant was in his room cutting a small piece of tobacco off of a large plug with a small pen-knife, when Francis sprang into the room, grasped the knife out of his hand, and before the keeper could interfere, drew it across his own throat.

It then became necessary to put him in the crib again, where he was kept another spell of several weeks, but the doctors again pulled him through. He never after that attempted suicide. One remarkable feature about this maniac case was that he never attempted it, seemed to contemplate ending his life any other way than by cutting his throat. After recovering from his second terrible experience he seemed to improve. He continued growing better, until finally his folks, upon their own responsibility, took him home, where he continued doing well until some time in May last, when he again showed symptoms of returning insanity, but before he grew bad enough to be returned to the asylum, he was kicked on the head by a horse, sustaining a fractured skull, which in the course of a few days resulted in his death.

Many other equally as thrilling and horrible truths can be picked up at almost any insane asylum of any note. Many more incidents that would make very interesting reading came to my notice during my visits, some of them very ludicrous, others pathetic, while the above are among the most terrible. There is one old man at present in the Dayton Asylum who donated $400 to the institution when it was built, and this fact is one of the very few things he never loses sight of. It seems to burn into the poor fellow's very soul. There are a number of the inmates who in some way have got it into their poor brains that they are there waiting for pay-day, and the attendants tell me it is very touching when several of them become impatient and demand their money on threats to leave. They often claim their wives and children are starving, and they must have their money or they will die. It is utterly impossible for one to imagine the harrowing thoughts that a short study of an insane asylum and its patients will awaken. It must be experienced to be appreciated.—*Ida May, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TOO LATE.

The Intricate Problem Which Confused the Colored Gateman.

We finally came to a toll-bridge, at the gate of which was a colored man. The charge for the two of us was seven cents, and it so happened that neither of us had even a small bill. A five was the smallest, and when it was handed out the toll-keeper was in a fix. He hadn't change enough into three cents.

"Well, we've got to cross," said the Colonel.

"Reckon you has, but I want dem seben cents."

"It isn't our fault if you have no change."

"Dat's true, but I reckon we has got to fix it somehow. Let's see? Dar am free cents comin' to you?"

"Yes."

"Or seven cents coming to me!"

"Exactly."

"Now, boss, dar cums my son Jim. Jim am lame an' doan' git 'long nohow. He am a good boy, an' I reckon you'll be inclin' to help him a little. He's ridin' my ole mule, an' dat beast hasn't had any fun since de wah. 'Sposen you let Jim ride dat free cents out?"

"How?"

"Why, he nebber crossed a toll-bridge in his life. It would do him up proud, you see, an' nobody knows how much good it would do de ole mule."

The Colonel consented, and Jim rode the beast in the most solemn manner to the other side. We followed him across and rode away with the father calling:

"White man, come back heah! How I gwine to git dat boy back heah widout payin' fo' cents toll at de odder eand!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Keep an Eye on the Chickens.

Hens like to have their liberty and to roam over the garden and fields and to select their own nesting places in the barn or among the bushes or tall grass in the vicinity of buildings, but the profits to their owners under such circumstances are not always sure to be satisfactory. Hens in the garden are generally unmitigated nuisances, surely so if they are your neighbor's hens. Many persons seem to think that poultry can not be profitable unless they can have their full liberty and can obtain most of their living from what they can pick up while foraging on their own account. But this is a mistake. Hens running at large, unless closely watched and cared for, seldom pay very well. They often have to scratch too hard for their living, and what eggs they lay are largely lost or in some way wasted. Then the chickens get caught by hawks, foxes or other animals of prey.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—The most desirable eggs for setting are those the freshest laid. A liberal daily sprinkling of tepid water upon them when incubation is near its accomplishment, say a week before hatching, is an aid to the free issue of the chicks at maturity.—*Troy Times.*

—"I do love dress!" exclaimed a young society belle. "Then I should think you would wear more of it," retorted the cynical bachelor friend of middle age. —*N. Y. Independent.*

CARD SHARPERS IN PARIS.

Fondness of the Parisians for Gambling—The Devices of Unscrupulous Dealers.

If we may judge by the pages of M. des Perrieres the Parisians are restless and hardened gamblers and ready to play anything anywhere with anybody. There are three places where they may play chiefly—in the real clubs, in the clubs which are open to almost any one and which, in fact, exist only that gambling may be carried on, and in the illegal gaming houses. Of real clubs there are not many in Paris and access is not easy; but there is no end of gambling clubs dignified by some glittering and loud-sounding title. Strangely enough there is a greater danger of being cheated in the former than in the latter, for in the gambling clubs there are always a lot of cheats watching each other and well watched by the proprietor, who is up to all their little games, while in the real clubs, although it would be difficult for an adventurer to gain admittance, there is no suspicion, and once in, a rascal might cheat with impunity if he were cautious and not over-grasping. At ecarte or piquet, where he has but one opponent to deceive, the Greek ought to be able to win what he likes; but at baccarat, where he plays against the whole table, the simple devices of tete-a-tete deceit must be abandoned. M. des Perrieres reveals the secrets of the players who cheat the dealer and of the dealer who cheats the players. By collusion with a card-room attendant, the dealer may distribute cards carefully arranged in what the conjuror would call a chaplet. With a chaplet the dealer reduces the chances against him to those expressed in the old formula, "Heads I win, tails you lose." A thorough shuffle is a sure cure for the chaplet; and of course cutting has no effect. There are various chaplets known to the initiated. M. des Perrieres tells us of a player who was losing steadily to the dealer and who suddenly recognized the sequence of the cards as they fell on the table. "Why, that is the Marseilles chaplet," he cried; "the next card will be the king of hearts." And the dealer turned it up and it was the king of hearts, and then the player proceeded to declare every card before it was turned, to the great amusement of the players, who ceased betting at once. The feelings of the dealer are not described; probably language could not do them justice.

Another device which an unscrupulous dealer may employ is a survival from the last century; at least it is closely akin to a trick of that time, in which a snuff-box took the place of a cigarette case. It is of a great simplicity. The dealer provides himself beforehand—to use the pleasant phraseology of the old-fashioned handbooks of conjuring—with a highly polished silver cigarette case. This he places on the table before him and immediately under his left hand as he distributes the cards. If he has some slight manual dexterity, a quick eye and unfailing self-possession, the reflecting surface of the silver will keep him fully informed as to the value of every card before it leaves his hands, and he may act accordingly. Self-possession, and indeed self-confidence, are necessary requisites of a successful gambler, even when he is not given to aiding chance. Fortune favors the brave, and gambling is like swimming in that the first touch of fear is fatal. Especially must the dealer at baccarat abound in courage; let him but begin to show the white feather and his banking funds will speedily take wings and fly away to feather the nest of some player of more stomach.—*London Saturday Review.*

RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

How the Youth of the Empire are Prepared for Army Service.

The aristocratic youth of Russia commence their military career in gymnasia (schools), where they receive a liberal education at the age of ten. Religion, languages, history, mathematics, etc., form part of the course, which lasts for seven years; but drill, fencing, gymnastics, and swimming are subjects to which considerable prominence is given, and each school has a uniform in which the scholars invariably appear. At the end of the course they are medically inspected, and only those who are physically fit are permitted to be examined for cadetships; those who are rejected may be appointed to different offices under Government. The *corps d'elite* are held out as inducements to those who pass the highest standard of examination. There are eighteen or twenty of these at present in the different portions of the empire. They feed the eight cadet schools which provide the higher class of officers. Of these the imperial corps of pages is the most aristocratic, and supplies most of the officers for the guard. The remainder are at St. Petersburg, with the exception of the Alexander school at Moscow, and the Finland cadet corps at Helsinfors, the latter being exclusively for natives of the duchy of Finland. The Machael artillery and Nicholas engineer cadet schools furnish, as their titles imply, the higher class of artillery and engineer officers. The progymnasia, of which there are eight, receive boys of any class, ten years of age, a small percentage of whom join the army direct as non-commissioned officers; the remainder supply the Junker schools, after a seven years' course. The Junker schools provide the body of officers. The course lasts for two years, and only those cadets who obtain a certain figure of merit are appointed to commissions. The cadets, in addition to theoretical instruction, have a most practical course of study in sketching and outpost duty; they also go into camp for four months in the year, and take part in all drills and exercises. Batteries, squadrons, and battalions are formed, all manned by cadets. These schools are in the different military districts and under the staff of those districts, and the instructors are taken from the best officers in the district.—*Contemporary Review.*

—Physicians in the Sandwich Islands have come to the conclusion that the only way to stop the alarming spread of leprosy is to begin vaccinating with leprosy microbes. They think the operation will be a success.

THE COMPLEXION.

Some Interesting Hints Relative to Its Beautification.

As a woman can not be beautiful without having a good complexion, and as many women are decidedly ignorant of even the simplest rules for keeping the complexion in good condition, a reporter obtained the following hints as aids to the complexion: Some women are born with beautiful skin, clear, soft, and peach-like, but there are very few women in this climate who can keep their complexions clear and handsome without considerable care. There is something in the New York air, its harshness or saltness most probably, that tends to coarsen or roughen the skin. No where will one see such bad complexions among the general run of women as in New York. In Philadelphia and Boston, in Washington, Chicago, even in grimy Cincinnati, the complexion of the girls and women have a freshness, a soft color, which those of New York girls and women lack. Of course, there are a number of exceptions to this rule. There are both women and girls in New York whose complexions are exquisite.

The first thing a woman should remember if she wants to improve her complexion is that nothing rubbed on the skin itself is going to help it very materially. The lotions and "creams," and preparations of one kind and another which are prepared by quacks for "beautifying" the skin, are all humbugs, and no sensible woman should be led into buying them. To obtain a beautiful skin one must begin and diet properly. Butter, fat meat and greasy food of every kind must not be eaten. Coffee and tea must be given up, so must claret and all kinds of wine, and milk or lemonade substituted. Fruits and vegetables should be eaten in abundance, rich candies and cakes avoided, pie never should be touched, and pickles and acid food generally should be dispensed with. A woman who follows the above rules will find that her skin will become smooth and clear after several months have passed. Of course the dieting must be thorough and careful. No improvement can be made unless it is.

A tablespoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, and then not taken again for three days, and then taken every other morning for another week, is one of the best things to clear the complexion. It acts like magic. It should always be mixed with molasses or something that will clear it from the system.

Salt—a tablespoonful dissolved in a goblet of milk—is an old-fashioned recipe for beautifying the complexion. It certainly is a simple remedy, and if it does not help the complexion it will strengthen the system. A great deal depends upon the constitution of the person and the kind of complexion she has. What will help one woman wonderfully will have no effect whatever on others. One thing is certain, however, milk is always conducive to softening and whitening the skin, and it is a noticeable fact that girls who have never been allowed to drink tea or coffee, and who have drunk quantities of milk, have generally, when they reach the age of twenty, very beautiful complexions.

Boiling water is also one of the best things with which to keep the complexion in order. A tumbler should be drunk one hour before every meal. If it is disagreeable by itself the juice of half a lemon should be added. Sugar should not be used. Most women in summer time are too careless of their complexions, and when winter comes and they go out to balls and parties they regret it. The sun is excellent for the complexion if it does not get too much of it. A little browning and freckling is oftentimes very beneficial, but when the face is exposed to too great measure of the sun's rays the skin is apt to become coarse. Veils—very thin ones—should always be worn at a seaside resort, unless parasols are carried. The salt air and sun together are bad for the complexion, though excellent for the general health.

Fashionable women and girls in New York always have their arms and necks "polished" before going to a ball or other entertainment where they appear with very decollette dresses. The "polishing" greatly beautifies the skin. First the arms and neck are rubbed very thoroughly with glycerine and rose-water. After this has been rubbed off, the arms and shoulders are covered with cold cream, which is allowed to remain on fifteen minutes. This is then rubbed off with a piece of soft white flannel and the arms and shoulders are covered with "baby" powder and rubbed very thoroughly. This finishes the operation. When this is completed they look like polished marble, and the skin seems to take on a wonderfully fine and beautiful texture. Some one has suggested that the face be treated in the same way with good effect, but this would be next to impossible, as the texture of the skin on the arms and shoulders is always different from that of the face. The face should always be washed in water that has the chill taken off it. Warm water is not good for the complexion, despite all that has been said to the contrary; neither is real cold water. The one makes the skin flabby, and in time wrinkles it; the other roughens it. Cosmetics of every kind should be avoided. They are always disgusting, and even a little powder put on on a warm day, to "take the shine off," is objectionable. Powder and paint always stamp a woman at once as common, no matter how small a quantity may be used. Oat meal and Indian meal water are both excellent for washing the face and hands in. The meal softens the skin and gives to it a delicate flush which is very becoming. The majority of women will also find that salt water will help their complexions. Get ten cents' worth of rock salt every month and wash in a basin into which a good lump of it has been placed. Rain water is an excellent thing for the skin, and there is as much truth as poetry in the saying that the "early dew of the morning will make like the face of an angel the woman who bathes in it."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

—The hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A JUDGE'S REBUKE.

What He Said When Passing Sentence Upon Violators of the Laws of the State.

Hon. F. M. Hubbard, District Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Iowa, in passing sentence upon some liquor dealers for violation of the Prohibitory laws of the State, said:

"While there are greater crimes known to the law which are punishable with great severity, there are none which involve more of those qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity than the selling of intoxicating liquors. There is something in the taking of human life so instantaneous that it shocks and terrifies the minds of all; and yet we look upon the man who takes human life quite as surely, but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are within the spirit, if not the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare as from the housetops that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with widows' tears; you are stealthily killing your victims, and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty, and rags. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

"One can have no adequate conception of a cataract until he has seen Niagara, nor of the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid-ocean until he has witnessed one; so no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity to which his species can be brought until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic. You are persistent, defiant law-breakers, and shamelessly boast that in defiance of the law and moral sense of the community you will continue in your wicked and criminal practices. It has, therefore, now become the imperative duty of this court to let fall upon you so heavily the arm of the law that you shall either be driven from your nefarious traffic, or ruined in your fortunes or wicked prosperity. You have become a stench to the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of this court these prayers shall be speedily answered by signal and exact justice for your crimes. And finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal vagabond traffic and betake yourselves to some honest calling for a livelihood, that you may yet become virtuous, useful citizens and entitled to the respect of a Christian community. If you persist in this way, your ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind. You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme."

THE DRINK CURSE.

A Broken-Hearted Wife Whose Husband Has Become Like an Untamed Beast.

Not many years ago a young man of the highest promise and bearing an honored name, his profession being that of a lawyer, united in marriage with one of the loveliest of her sex. Every one present at the wedding feast remarked: "What a brilliant future." Nothing seemed wanting to complete his worldly bliss. But, alas! intemperance came like a thief in the night time (for he was a secret drinker at first) and robbed him of his honor, his eloquence, and gradually transformed him into a fiend, and his beautiful wife, with ill-disguised fear, watched and waited for the coming of her lost loved one, striving by every skillful device imaginable to shield him from the unfeeling world. Only a few days ago, I received a letter (we were schoolmates) written by her own hand, and her words of intense suffering and despair haunt me:

"My friend, my heart is broken. My once kind husband is no longer a man of feeling. His actions remind me of an untamed beast in our little poverty-stricken home. What shall I do; oh! what shall I do?"

Ah! Men in their daily walks of life know but very little in regard to the worst features of intemperance. It is the poor wife who must witness its horrors and endure its curse.

Look at the young men of to-day, wearing the flushed cheek. Notice, too, their nervous, unsteady hand and observe their watery eyes—a sufficient proof of the use of intoxicating liquors, which is slowly but surely doing its deadly work.

Statistics show that the amount of mortality among persons of intemperate habits is ten times greater than that of the temperate community. But the persuasive voice of temptation has only to be heard: "Come, boys, let us take a drink." Ah! young men, pause in your downward course.—*Eunice Butler, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE results of drink in Prussia are shown in part by these figures: In the hospitals 3,106 sufferers from this cause; in the insane asylums 597 gone mad from the same; 1,174 die annually of delirium tremens; 108 suides, and 311 fatal accidents, must be added to the dreadful list.

DISENCHANTMENT.

She stood on the cool piazza
As the shades of evening fell,
And I gazed on the lovely maiden,
Entranced by her beauty's spell.

The balmy evening zephyrs
Played with each golden tress;
And her azure eyes were swimming
In a sea of tenderness.

Her lips, just slightly parted,
Were tinged with the coral's flame,
And I thought that her cheeks' bright blushes
The hue of the rose would shame.

While gazing in admiration
On the rare and radiant lass,
I thought sweetest music only
Through those coral lips could pass.

But a sudden change came o'er her,
Gone was the smile so bland;
And she smote in sudden anger
The back of her lily hand.

And she cried: "Ha! ha! I've got you,
You'll trouble my peace no more;
You're the same blamed old mosquito
That I tried to mash before!"

—*Boston Courier.*

LES HUMORISTES.

A Long Distance After the Late Victor Hugo.

The Love Story of an Alleged Funny Man—A Daring Scheme, and How It Was Consummated—Happy Conclusion.

CHAPTER I.
WHO IS HE?

Alphonse Bertin was a humorist.

The poet's lyre has a thousand strin
that of the humorist has ten.

The ten are the Mule, Mother-in-la
Church Fair Oyster, Book Canvasser, Se
ant-girl with coal oil can, Vassar Girl, C
cago female foot, Poverty of Editors, Sh
of modern ice-cream plates and "Did
know the gun was loaded."

Striking these strings singly and
choras produces humor.

Alphonse struck the strings.

The multitude laughed rudely.

When he heard of a skillful artificer
Florence who made five hundred li
dishes so small that they would lie in t
bottom of a thimble, and could only be se
with a microscope, he said: "This is wi
our modern ice-cream dishes are model
after."

For this wild burst of humor he receiv
five centimes.

He wrote:

"Did you hear about the washou
asked the baggage-master of the report
"No," said the latter, with great show
interest. "What line was it on?" "
here on Mrs. Mulligan's clothes line," s
the baggage-man. The reporter collap
with a loud report.

For such a joke he received ten centimes

"Ten centimes and five centimes ma
fifteen centimes," said he. "For t
amount of money one can purchase Wien
wurst."

No one need starve when he can purcha
Wiener-wurst.

"My fortunes are at the wurst point," r
marked Alphonse.

For this joke he received nothing.

CHAPTER II.
THE PLOT THICKENS.

One day while out walking Alphonse sa
a pug.

The pug was tied to a dude. At th
dude's side was a beautiful girl. The gi
was named Adriennette and the pug wa
named Juno.

Alphonse fell in love with the girl Adri
ennette.

She was a proud and aristocratic maid,
whose father's carriage bore an eagle of the
sun for a crest.

The old man had got his start in life ped
dling ham sandwiches in the Bowery.

Therefore he had an eagle for his coat of
arms.

Adriennette loved before all things in the
world her pug.

The pug Juno dined on all delicacies of
the season.

He sat in an arm-chair blazoned with
gold.

He was allowed to run over the table
and seize the choicest tid-bits, while grace
was being said.

A place had been reserved in the family
cemetery for him, next to Adriennette's
great grandfather, against the time when
he should turn up his paws.

If Adriennette's lovers felt like kissing
her, they had to kiss Juno first as an evi-
dence of good faith.

It was into this family that Alphonse's
fate led him.

He felt a wild passion for his *bella inamorata* (see back part of Webster's dictionary).

But she would not even give him a glance.

From a gay, dashing, eight-dollar-a-week humorist, Alphonse became a pale, wan shadow. He acted both as Adriennette's shadow and his own.

He followed her everywhere.

He could do nothing but write sad poems and elegies. When he tried to make a joke about the size of the block of ice that the ice-man leaves nowadays, the words died in his throat, and he wrote a poem about the "dark willows that wave o'er the dark, deep pool."

When he tried to write an account of a goat lunching off a tin can, he turned to describe, with tears in his eyes, "the chestnut hair on my true love's brow." He attempted to run these in on the managing editor, instead of the jokes. He was kicked down stairs. He, so full of ethereal passion, was actually kicked, like an ordinary gas-meter man.

This story will be continued in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.
DAY BREAKS.

One day when Alphonse watched Adriennette riding in her sumptuous coach with her pug Juno clasped to her throbbing breast: "She loves Juno better than her life," he muttered; "I love him because she does; I will steal him."

A wild look of mighty emotion swept across Alphonse's face, making it almost clean.

"She could not live without him. There will be a reward. What reward? Who knows?"

Alphonse could not speak what he only dared to hope.

For months he awaited an opportunity, finally one day it came.

...nand a very large stock of Clothin
for men, boys and children, which I
will sell within the next ninety day
at a small advance on cost. Al
boots and shoes, stocking yarns an
many other lines of goods. Call an
examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—The Parkersburg (W. Va.) Stat
Journal "learns with regret that Dr
W. H. Ravenscraft will shortly settl
in Oakland, Md., near where h
formerly resided. The doctor is
very pleasant, thoroughly culture
gentleman, and we bespeak for hin
a hearty welcome on his return ter
his old State. He has many friend
here who will be sorry to learn o
his intended departure, and wit
them we wish him success in his ne
field."

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church
Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. Joh
S. Foulk.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A
M. by Rev. J. W. Duffy, and at 7½ P
M. by Rev. M. W Rider.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preachin
every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M
except the second Sunday of each
month.

Notice to Farmers.

John Shartzer has on hand a c
load of Guano and other Fertilizer
which he will sell on one years' tim
to reliable farmers. 9 4 2t

Wraps.

We will open to-day (Saturday
and Monday a large stock of Ne
markets, Russian Circulars, Sho
Jackets, Jerseys, &c.,

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms
30-horse power steam saw mill comp
plete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to
D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Notice.

The Republican voters of District
No. 8, on the north side of Backbone
mountain are requested to meet at
the Yutzy place on September 19th
to select two delegates to attend th

We'll drink the sparkling lemonade,
The sandwiches we'll munch.
Base-ball we'll play, likewise croquet,
And daily with the lunch.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, what a jolly time I've had!
I dance and laugh with glee.
A beetle has crawled down my back,
I feel him round my knee.

A bumble-bee has toyed with me,
And in my shoes are ants.
I sat upon a lemon pie,
And spoiled my Sunday pants.

—*Chicago Rambler.*

Advice to a Teacher.

Johnny Fizzletop is one of the boys that attends the University of Texas. He plays hookey, breaks his slate, and makes the life of his professor miserable by shooting spit-balls at him. Some weeks ago Johnny showed signs of reformation, but it did not last, for yesterday the professor caught him in the act of putting a bent pin on his throne.

"Johnny, I know you seem to be a bad boy," said the professor, sadly, "but I hoped there had been a change for the better in your conduct. I even told your father that you were a changed boy. I hoped that you had become a better boy, but I see I am mistaken. I am grieved and disappointed. I see that my hopes were premature."

"Yes, that is all your fault. You shouldn't go off at half-cock that way. Remember what David Crockett said: 'Be sure you are right, and then go ahead,' but you'll learn after awhile."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Chestnut Grows Everywhere.

Out West, right under the eaves of the Rockies, lives a patriotic editor and last Fourth of July he concluded to enthuse, so he announced that his paper for that week would appear in the National colors. On the day of issue an old subscriber was on hand and got the first copy from the press.

"How's this?" he exclaimed, looking over the sheet.

"How's what?"

"Why, this paper isn't in the National colors as you announced; there's nothing here but white and blue."

"Well, ain't that right?"

"Of course not. Where's the red?"

"O, it will be read, just as soon as the issue gets into the hands of the subscribers."—*Merchant Traveler.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The African elephant will be extinct in another hundred years unless a stop is put to the indiscriminate massacre now going on. So says Josef Menges, the great importer of African wild beasts, and probably the most eminent authority on such subjects.

—According to the statistics of the past year up to the age of fifteen more males die than females. From the age of fifteen to forty-five more females die than males. From forty-five to ninety more males die than females. At ninety the mortality of males and females is the same.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—There are no hod carriers in Germany. Bricks are passed by hand. The higher up the bricklayers are, the more men are required to toss the bricks. Two men to a story is about the average, with enough more to lead from the front of the building to the place where the bricks are needed.

—The tropical gooseberry, which is cultivated in Florida, grows on a handsome tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fruit is rather smaller than the Siberian crab apple, and the shape a flattened globe. It contains one hard seed. The fruit is only moderately valuable, but the tree is ornamental.

—The word consols is an abbreviation of the term consolidated annuities. The English consols differ from our national debt in this way: The principal may vary in amount, but the interest never. They constitute a perpetual obligation of the United Kingdom, bearing three per cent. interest, and representing an irredeemable principal.

—The story is told of Mr. Evarts that he once sent a donkey up to his farm at Windsor, Vt., and about a week afterwards received the following letter from his little grandchild:

DEAR GRANDPA: The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise nights. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon, and then he won't be so lonesome. MINNIE.

—Many mocking birds are shipped from Atlanta every season to the North and West. The young birds are caught by the hundreds by small boys who peddle them at fifty cents each. They are kept in their native clime until they are four or five months old, and then are sent by express to all parts of the country. A good bird, four months old, is worth from three dollars to five dollars. They sing well when a year old.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—There has been a steady increase in the number of convictions in England for smuggling during the last ten years. Ten years since—that is, in 1876—the total number was 1,114, whereas in the financial year just ended it amounted to 1,950. The authorities, however, do not attribute these facts to an increase in the practice of smuggling, but ascribe them chiefly to improvements in the system of guarding the coast.

—A female office-seeker in Washington maneuvered her way into the White House with six small children in tow, and made a most pathetic plea for an appointment which would enable her to support her widowed brood. It was a neat bit of strategy, but it wofully miscarried when she was recognized by one of the attendants. She was never married at all, and the squad of juveniles had been borrowed for the occasion. The author of so ingenious a device almost deserved success.—*Chicago Times.*

—The girls in the Philadelphia Mint made a favorite of a sparrow that was permitted to pick up their lunch crumbs. A little boy stole its nest the other day, and upon drawing his hand from the box it was found full of shining particles. An examination of the box showed it to be flecked not only with gold dust, but that it was carpeted with sparkling, soft, yellow gold. The sparrow had been regularly carrying away gold dust in its feathers, which it shook out when making its toilet.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Tennessee man finds there are 300,000 worthless dogs in that State, which consume food enough, if fed to hogs, to make 30,000,000 pounds of bacon, which would be equal to feeding meat to 100,000 able-bodied men a whole year. At ten cents per pound the bacon would be worth $3,000,000, and if in silver would load down ninety-four two-horse wagons and make a wagon train more than half a mile long. Again, the worthless whelps prevent farmers from keeping 2,000,000 sheep, the mutton and wool from which would be worth $5,000,000. Including the sheep annually killed, the whole expense of keeping the dogs of the State amounts to the pretty sum of $9,000,000. —*Chicago Herald.*

MAN'S ORIGINAL TASTES.

The Cannibalistic Tendency of the Paleolithic Species.

Paleolithic man used to eat his brethren; and so used his comparatively highly civilized successor (we must not say descendant) of the new stone age. In Italy, in the dried-up lakes, (terra-mares,) which contain remains of the old stone age, one finds human bones not gnawed only, but broken for the sake of the marrow—treated just like the beasts' bones among which they lie. In France it is the same; experts say they can tell the difference between the marks of a rat's or tiger's tooth and of that of a man, and no animal has ever got so far as breaking the bones that it mumbles. In our British barrows there is not the slightest doubt, from the arrangement of the remains, that, when a chief was buried, not only were his slaves killed and buried with him, but their bodies first furnished out the funeral feast. The horrible old Hellenic myths, such as Tantalus cooking his son Pelops as a meal for gods, and Atreus dishing up his brother Thyestes' children and asking him to dine off them, are survivals of a time when the man-cooking oven was as much an institution in Greece as it was the other day in New Zealand or in Fiji. Dog does not eat dog; very few animals will devour their own kind, unless, like sows or rabbits, they do it under the influence of terror; but man in this, as in some other matters of conduct, soon got below the brutes, even if he was not a cannibal at the outset.—*All the Year Round.*

GRANT'S CAREER.

His Life Savoring More of Romance Than of Reality.

The story of General Grant's life savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved—these are the features of his marvelous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presidential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little log house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. Upon being asked whether the events of the past fifteen years of his life did not seem to him like a tale of the "Arabian Nights," especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light." — *General Horace Porter, in Harper's Magazine.*

A CURSE.

This is What the Possession of Too Much Land Involves.

The natural tendency of this age is towards too much expansion. Men are not satisfied with a moderate business, with making a good living and a reasonable sum besides; but they wish to amass millions, and so spread out and worry themselves prematurely old, and in a majority of cases die, leaving no more than they would had they confined themselves to the smallar fields and not having taken a tithe of the comfort they would have then enjoyed. The *Rural New Yorker* makes a note of this, and calls the attention of farmers to the fact that in no business is this more the case than in farming. There is many a man who, when the owner of a single farm of fifty or one hundred acres, was a splendid farmer, keeping his fields clean and well cultivated, putting in his crops in good season and in the best order, and securing each as soon as mature, and keeping the best of stock, and thus made money, lived in comfort, and, besides supporting his family well, laid by a small sum for a "rainy day," and was happy. But, ambitious to be rich, he reached out after another farm, and since this was bought he has found so much work to do, so much business to look after, that he has not had time to do anything well; his fields are weedy, his crops, always sowed late and in a poor manner, and not more than half manured or tended, give but poor return, and even these are not harvested until over-ripe, and then in a slovenly manner, leaving him no profit. As a result, he is always hard up, and works beyond his strength, while his family have to get along with the bare necessaries of life, and no one has any time for comfort or happiness.

Is this a fancy picture? Look about and you will find its reality in every neighborhood. And many a one, burdened with too much land, would be glad to sell the surplus and return to the home farm, only for a false pride. By far the safest and most sensible way is to be sure that one farm is improved all it can be, and made "as rich as a garden"—forced to produce its largest crops at the greatest profit—before another acre is added. As a rule larger profit lies in the direction of better farming and larger crops, rather than in more acres.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Minute instructions are given to the officers of the Salvation Army how to behave, what to read, what to wear, and as to marriage. They may not marry or court the first year, and may not become engaged at any time without the consent of the General. As to reading, they are told that is better not to read secular newspapers, but if they do look at them, it is to be only a look. They are to read no novels, to avoid all the ordinary religious books, all the twaddle and trash and goody-goody, milk-and-water stuff, and to confine themselves to the Bible, general orders, the hymn book and the War Cry.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LORD NAPIER.

How a Great Military History was Conceived and Written.

One day early in 1823 he went for a walk with Lord Langdale, one of his intimate friends, over some fields which are now covered by the mansions of Belgravia. The conversation turned on Southey's recently published narrative of the Peninsular war. Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks on the events of the struggle and the characters of the principal actors. Suddenly he asked him what he was thinking of doing. "Do you mean," replied Napier, "where am I going to dine?" "No," said Lord Langdale; "what are you thinking of turning to as an occupation?" Then he urged him to turn to literature. The article on Jomini proved that he could write. He must not waste his life in mere amusement. Why should he not write a history of the war himself? On returning home Napier told his wife what Lord Langdale had said, and added that he himself felt doubtful whether he was clever enough to write properly such a book as a history of the war. But she, believing firmly in her husband, encouraged him to try. For several nights he lay awake thinking over the matter. At last his scruples were overcome by the thought that he might be able at least to vindicate the calumniated memory of Moore, and he resolved to make the attempt. Those of his acquaintances who did not really know him were surprised to hear of his intention, and remarked that being a comparatively young man, he was presumptuous to think that he could write such a history. Having formed his resolve he lost no time in proceeding to execute it. First of all, he called upon the Duke of Wellington and asked him for the loan of his papers. The Duke replied that he had himself thought of writing a plain, didactic history of the war, which should be published after his death. Till then it would be impossible to make known the whole truth without giving pain to many worthy officers, whose only fault had been dullness. For these reasons he told Napier that he could not lend him his private papers; but he intrusted him with a number of important documents, and gave him authority to obtain from the Quartermaster-General, Sir George Murray, all his orders of movements. Of his own accord he promised to answer any questions as to matters of fact which Napier might wish to ask him in the course of his work. Murray, however, refused to let Napier have the orders of movements, stating that he reserved them for a history which he himself intended to write. After taking these preliminary steps Napier went to Paris to collect materials for the French side. He walked about the streets, exploring the contents of the bookstalls, and bought every book that seemed likely to be of any use to him. He also went regularly to the Depot de la Guerre and made copious extracts from the documents which were stored on its shelves. On returning to England he took up his abode for a time at Strathfieldsaye for the purpose of consulting the Duke. Marshal Soult, with whom when in Paris he had struck up an acquaintance, lent him valuable papers; he corresponded with Marshal Jourdan, and received information from officers who had served on the staff of Ney and Massena. He also collected an immense mass of letters and journals from British officers. —*National Review.*

THE BODY'S TOLERANCE.

Little Things Which Often Prove Dangerous, While Severe Injuries Sometimes Produce Trifling Results.

Sometimes a slight blow on the head has resulted in death, or, what is worse, in the permanent loss of reason. A mere scratch on the hand, or a sliver in the foot, or a grain of dust lodging in the eye, or the tiniest fish-bone entering the wind-pipe, has proved fatal. Such facts may lead us to accept the poet's statement, "The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's hold on life." But there is another class of facts quite as surprising, that are different from these.

An iron bar has been driven through the brain, with a considerable loss of brain substance, and yet no permanent harm has come to body or to mind. The fact is, while a mere prick in a particular part of the brain (the medulla oblongata) may cause death, the great bulk of the brain is exceedingly tolerant of many forms of injury.

Even the heart is much more tolerant than is generally thought. The physician may thrust his fine instrument through it with safety. An insane woman sought to kill herself by piercing it with a hairpin, but wholly failed of her purpose, although the pin interfered with the natural movements of the heart.

A woman swallowed a paper of pins. The pins traversed various organs and tissues of the body, and yet she recovered from the local inflammation.

A boy was brought to the hospital insensible, and nearly dead from asphyxia (want of breath). The doctor having run a catheter down the wind-pipe, a piece of chestnut was coughed up. The next day there was evidence that another piece was lodged in another of the bronchial tubes. It was impossible to dislodge it. There followed all the symptoms of acute consumption (pthisic): high temperature, sweating, emaciation, copious expectoration of offensive matter, and a large cavity. Yet the boy in three months returned home convalescent, and six months later the cavity had disappeared.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A Texan inventor claims to be able to send the voice across the Atlantic Ocean by means of a magnetic telephone which he has contrived. His instrument, which differs essentially from the telephone now in use, has successfully transmitted sound seventy-five miles. This invention, if it will do all that is claimed for it, will go far toward assisting those devoted persons who are seeking to bring out a universal language.—*Chicago Current.*

—There are five hundred persons employed in the United States signal service.—*Washington Post.*

MARSHALL'S DISCOVERY.

An Account of the Finding of Gold in California.

I see a notice of the death of James W. Marshall, who discovered gold in California. I became acquainted with Marshall, at Coloma, California. I knew him intimately, and was associated with him in business at that place, which is on the south fork of the American River. Marshall was a native of New Jersey. Gold was discovered in February, 1848, by Marshall and another man named Wiemer. I have forgotten Wiemer's first name. Marshall and Weimer built for Colonel Sutter a saw mill at Coloma, and had finished it in February, 1848. I am a stockholder in a company which now owns that saw mill. The mill had been erected at the head of a bar where the river bends around it in the form of the letter U. The mill race had been cut through the bar, and when the mill was started it was found that the race was too shallow, and for this reason the wheel of the mill was partially under water. The water was shut off, and Marshall and Weimer went down into the race to ascertain where it was to be dug deeper. A point about fifty yards below the mill, they concluded, was the place which obstructed the flow of water. Here Marshall said to Weimer: "What is that which shines just at the toe of your boot?" Weimer then picked up the shining piece, and they both thought it a piece of brass. They began to conjecture how it was possible for a piece of brass to get into the race. From the fact that no brass had been used in the construction of the mill, and that the piece found had been worn smooth, they concluded that it was not brass, and might be gold. On that day Mrs. Weimer was making soap, and for this purpose had made lye by leaching wood ashes. To test the metal found Mrs. Weimer boiled it several hours in this lye, and when she removed it from the lye it was as black as ink. These facts were stated to me by Marshall, Weimer, and Mrs. Weimer. I went with Marshall to Weimer's house to see the first piece of gold found in California, and then and there the whole history of the discovery was talked over by all three of the persons who participated in the discovery. Mrs. Weimer then showed the piece of gold. Its weight was 87, or, the value of the ounce being $16, in other words, 8¾ pennyweights. The form of the piece was that of a long, irregular pumpkin seed. It was still black as when taken out of the lye, except at one end, where the incrustation formed by the lye had been removed.

This discovery was made in February, 1848. The day I do not remember. As soon as this lye test had been made Marshall and Weimer went into the mill race and with wooden bowls washed out some two or three ounces of gold, and Marshall carried it to Monterey to ascertain if it were gold. This was the nearest place where the means to make the test could be had.

Colonel Sutter resided at his fort, near what is now the city of Sacramento. He was a Swiss and a classmate of Napoleon III. One evening, when going down the Sacremento River in a steamboat, Colonel Sutter told me the story of Marshall's return from Monterey. Colonel Sutter said: "I was in bed, and it was about two o'clock at night. I heard some one ride up to the fort, the horse running at the top of his speed. Then a banging at the gate; then I heard the clank of the spurs on the brick floors of the fort; then a pounding at the door of my room, and when I opened the door in rushed Marshall, shouting: "It's gold! it's gold!"

At the time Marshall and Weimer built the mill at Coloma the labor used was Indian labor. There were no other white men besides Marshall and Weimer. Marshall was unmarried and had no children. I think Weimer had, but do not distinctly remember.

When Marshall returned from Monterey to Coloma he brought with him about 300 Indians, and took to Webber Creek, distant about six miles from Coloma. There with his Indians he washed out a large amount of gold. His part was sufficient to buy from Sutter the saw mill at Coloma. In 1849 Marshall and John Winter owned the mill together, and they also owned Winter's Hotel. They sold the lumber at $500 a thousand, and the demand was greater than the mill could supply. I paid at the hotel $100 a week board, without a room. Marshall was then worth more than $100,000, but his generosity was without limit. He gave to all who asked of him. He had no business qualifications, and when sharp business men came in and built up the little town of Coloma, Marshall was soon traded out of all his property. His money he had lent where it would never be returned or had been given away.

Then Marshall became a prospector for gold mines. Several times I fitted him out with mules, men and provisions to go prospecting. He knew the country better than any other man at that time, and led the way to many rich placer mines; but he never found any that were rich enough for him. Often has he left mines where he could take out six or seven ounces per day to each man to seek an El Eorado where hundreds of thousands could be made in a week.

Since 1852 I have known nothing of Marshall, but I concur in the opinion that it is a disgrace to the State of California that she has suffered Marshall to die in want. To Sutter first and Marshall next is California most indebted. —*Henry C. Gardiner, in N. Y. Sun.*

Lace Dresses.

Gauze and lace dresses have two waists provided for them, one of which is of lace or gauze, and the other of velvet. White and pale pink velvet corsages with white lace skirts are elegant toilettes for watering-places. Shot velvet in such colors as brown with green or red with blue is the novelty for dark corsages worn with light canvas skirts. The trimming on the skirt is rows of velvet ribbon sewed on the canvas flounces before they are pleated. Plaid and striped velvets and those dotted over with small metallic balls like beads of gold or lead are worn as jackets with various light fabrics for skirts.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1885.

ATTENTION, REPUBLICANS.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts, on

Saturday, September 19th,

to select five delegates from each district to attend the county nominating convention at Oakland, on

Tuesday, September 22,

to nominate a candidate for State Senator; two candidates for members of the General Assembly; one candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court; one candidate for Sheriff; three candidates for County Commissioners; one candidate for County Surveyer, and to select three delegates to the State Convention to meet in Baltimore on the 24th instant, three alternates to said delegates, and three members of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

The delegates are requested to come prepared to select three persons to act as a district committee for their respective districts.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Chairman County Committee.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

In the Anne Arundel Democratic Convention Tuesday the Wells faction succeeded in obtaining control, and gave the Bannon delegates very little show.

In the Allegany county convention the Canal wing refused to allow the Walsh men what they considered a fair show, and the result was a bolt. Two sets of delegates to the state convention were chosen.

Citizens who stand aloof from political affairs and speak of politics in general as "a dirty pool," make a great mistake. Politics is the science of government; and in a land where the government is administered by the people it is a first essential the people should familiarize themselves with the science. A man who does not read politics or discuss politics cannot vote intelligently, and is out of his place in a country like this He should emigrate to a clime whose government is a despotism. Absence from the primary meetings and from the polls on the part of the better class of citizens is largely responsible for the eminence and wide sway of unprincipled mounte-banks in our political affairs.

Driving out the Chinese.

CHEYENNE, WY., Sept. 3.—The *Leader* has the following special from Rock Springs, Wy.: The largest coal mines in the entire Union Pacific system are at Rock Springs, 250 miles west of Cheyenne. The company recently imported a large number of Chinese to take the places of the white men employed. Yesterday afternoon the entire force of white miners, about 150 strong, organized, and, arming themselves with shotguns, marched to Chinatown. After firing a volley into the air, they reloaded and ordered the Chinamen to leave. The order was obeyed at once, the Chinamen fleeing to the hills, closely pursued by the miners, who fired several volleys at the fugitives with fatal effect. The Chinese quarter was then set on fire and 39 houses owned by the company were destroyed, together with their contents.

The miners next visited the various mines in the camp, unearthed all the Chinamen at work therein and bade them flee. Of 400 Chinamen here yesterday morning not one remains. All are in the hills headed for Green River, 14 miles west of here. Seven were killed outright by the shots fired by the miners and many were wounded. It is said several who were feeble and helpless from disease perished in the flames.

Sheriff Young arrived from Green River on a special train yesterday afternoon with a posse of deputies, but they were too late to prevent the mob from carrying out their plans. The miners quietly dispersed, after having made sure of the departure of the Chinamen. Everything is quiet at this time.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 3.—Advices received here from Rock Springs, Wy., this forenoon indicate a worse state of affairs than was first reported. All the Chinamen, over 500 in number, have been driven out of the town. Thus far, 15 dead Chinamen have been discovered, and there are probably as many more dead bodies in the ruins. Fifty houses belonging to the railroad company and 50 more owned by Chinamen were burned. The Chinamen are yet in the hills west of the town. They are without food and are afraid to go to Green River City, about 10 miles distant. Governor Warren is now at Rock Springs with General Superintendent Dickinson and Superintendent Wustele, of the Western division of the Union Pacific Railroad. No more disturdance is anticipated. Food will be sent by the authorities to the starving Chinamen in the hills.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 3.—Colonel Bee, the Chinese consul, received the following despatch from Evanston, Wyoming, to-day relative to the massacre of Chinese at Rock Springs yesterday: "The number of Chinese killed outright was 11. There are a large number of wounded still in the hills, many of whom will probably die. The Chinese dare not go out in search of them." The despatch concludes by stating that it was nothing but a massacre of defenseless people.

CHEYENNE, WY., Sept. 3.—The worst has evidently not been told regarding the anti-Chinese outbreak in the western portion of Wyoming. According to advices from Evanston, where the second largest coal-mining camp of the Union Pacific Road is located, the outbreak was a preconcerted one. It has been arranged that the first attack upon the Chinese was to be made in Carbon, a mining town about 150 miles east of Rock Springs, to be followed by a like movement in the latter place and Evanston. The Rock Springs miners, however, took the initiative, and the result there has been announced. The mob at that place looted the houses of the Chinese before setting on fire. The outrages commenced in mine No. 6, where three Chinese miners were attacked and killed. Then the riot commenced all over the town, even women joining in it with loaded shotguns in their hands. Superintendent Evans, of the coal mines, had been warned to leave town, and he did so with alacrity, passing through here to-day en route for Omaha. Nothing can be heard from Carbon, as the operator there is evidently afraid to send news from Evanston. The sheriff of Uinta county telegraphed this evening to Governor Warren as follows:

A large number of citizens, with myself, are satisfied that the outrages committed at Rock Springs will be repeated and are liable to break out at any time. We need troops to protect the lives and property of our citizens.

Governor Warren is at Green river but he has telegraphed to the commanding officers at Fort Steele and Fort A. D. Russell, and the troops have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

CHEYENNE, W. T., Tept. 5—A special from Rock Springs gives the latest information that can be obtained from the scene of the recent anti-Chinese troubles. All is quiet to-day and the miners have returned to work. At a meeting held last night measures were taken to put a stop to the drunken carousals of a few of their number who had been celebrating the removal of the Chinese.

Two more dead Celestiale were found to-day, one in the ruins of Chinatown and the other beneath a railroad bridge about a mile east of the place. The latter had been wounded and had managed to walk that far before giving up. Miners who took an active part in the attack upon Chinatown say that less than one-third of the dead Chinese in the ruins of the houses have been found thus far. They declare that no less than twenty-five were shot down inside the burned buildings. These buildings had dirt roofs, which covered up the dead Chinamen when the buildings succumbed to the flames, and, as no actual search has been made in the ruins, it is quite probable that the miners' statements are true.

Chinamen are still arriving at stations East and West almost dead from fright and weak from fatigue and lack of food. All are shipped to Evanston by the company. They reiterate the statement that many have died in the hills from wounds received in the attack upon them.

It is reported that the white miners at Almy, in the western end of the territory, have notified the Chinese laborers in the mines that they must leave within three days, and it is said that the Union Pacific Company has guaranteed their removal within the time specified. The Celestials all along the road refused to work to-day and demanded passes to Evanston.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—*Bradstreet's Journal* in its commercial summary says: The general business situation as reported to *Bradstreet's* continues quite as favorable as reported last week. The activity is mainly confined, as heretofore noted, to print cloths, bleached cottons, wool and boots and shoes, but the feature of the week is found in the improvement noted in eastern iron markets. Notwithstanding the reported gain in this line in the South and West, manufacturers and dealers east of the Alleghenies had failed to report a like gain. Within the past week the improvement has become more general. The inquiry for pig iron has increased and one sale at New York is noted at 7,000 tons of forge at $15, for which $14 50 had been offered. While none in the trade admits the likelihood of a boom, all appear satisfied that there is a better business in sight. Dealers in Scotch pig have advanced prices 50 cents per ton, and orders have been cabled in some instances for shipment to this port. Steel rails for moderate sized lots may be had at $28a30, while smaller quantities command $29. No large orders extending in delivery beyond January 1 will be taken at these figures. One small lot for prompt delivery has been sold during the week at $32, furnace delivery. These are very encouraging features, Scotch pig at Glasgow is 9dals higher, with some speculative buying.

The movement of dry good from agents' and jobbers' hands at the East has been free, and previous advances has been fully sustained. August sales of dry goods at Boston are heavier than those of that month in 1884. The movement of general merchandise, affected as it is in the lines noted, is regarded as seasonably active. A special to *Bradstreet's* reports serious damage to the crops in Minnesota and Dakota from frosts.

BOSTON, Sept. 5.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: Contrary to the expectations of some, the market shows increased sales of nearly 1,000,000 pounds over last week. There certainly appeared good ground for these expectations, for the average of the sales of the previous seven weeks has been over 4,000,000 pounds, and more than the immediate wants of manufacturers should have been met by them.

The feature of the market is practically the continued sharp demand for low wools, which are from 3 to 4 cents per pound higher than the lowest point.

CONNELLSVILLE, Sept. 5.—The *Keystone Courier* has the following: The coke trade is just a shade better this week. The principle change to note is an increased activity among the independent ovens, notably the works of W. J. Rainey and Company, Moyer and Dawson. They have secured orders for 20 cars per day additional and this has had the effect of putting them on full time again. The outlook continues promising.

Repairing Farm Implements.

Germantown Telegraph.

Mechanical ingenuity does not come to every farmer. There are those who are possessed of excellent intelligence, and yet who have not enough of mechanical skill to make a respectable milking stool. Such farmers are from necessity compelled to employ a mechanic for every little job that demands attention. On the other hand, there are those who are possessed of great ingenuity and are skillful in the use of tools. This is a faculty that is not wholly acquired, and yet it can and should be cultivated as far as possible. Every farmer should have a work-shop in which little jobs of work can be done on rainy days. This should not only be supplied with a good selection of tools usually required, but also with materials such as are likely to be brought into use. The room need not of necessity be large, but of sufficient size for convenience. It should be systematically arranged so that all tools should have their appropriate places. These should comprise saws, chisels, augers, bitstock, bits, hammer, axe, shop hatchet, planes, wrench, files, and many others which it is unnecessary to mention. In the line of stock there should be a supply of a variety of nails add screws, bolts of various kinds and sizes, tacks, wire and leather, and various kinds of lumber and pieces of wood as would be called into use. With these at hand the farmer can many times save not only a journey to a mechanic, but a bill which, with each addition in the course of the year, would be considerable. Frequently the loss of a nut or the breaking of a bolt necessitates a journey to the blacksmith shop if no supply is at hand; but if the farmer has a supply, he has only to replace the missing or broken part and his work progresses undisturbed. If time is money, then the farmer is benefited in avoiding unnecessary journeys for repairs. At all events, he can if he will spend the time so saved in rest or reading for the improvement of his mind, a thing which is for the advantage of every tiller of the soil. During the winter the farmer should examine his implements and see that all repairs are attended to.

A Monster Gun.

On roughly hewn trunnions in the center of Ribbon & March's shops in Jersey City there rested a peculiar looking mass of tubing that was explained by the foreman to be the most powerful gun in the world. The monster was cast by the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Company, and if the expectations are realized nothing afloat can withstand one of its terrible broad-sides. The barrel is 60 feet long, breech-loading, and weighs forty-three tons. It is of heavy wrought-iron, brass lined throughout and with a full bore of 8 inches. It was cast in four sections, 15 feet long, with iron collars, which are welded together with stout steel bolts. The barrel is bolted to eight reservoirs, where the compressed air necessary to fire it is stored. Brass nozzles connect the reservoirs to the barrel and the amount of air necessary to throw out the projectile is regulated automatically. Upright castings carried on twelve-inch channel irons support the whole, which is moved by compressed air to any position desired by the gunner. More formidable looking than the gun itself is the projectile fired. The cartridge, which is of brass, is five feet long and fits the bore snugly. In an iron cone at the head of the projectile 180 pounds of dynamite are stored, covered with a slight cap of thin metal, which is easily broken off, exploding the projectile wherever it strikes. When the gun is charged the gunner takes his stand on a platform behind the barrel, and by means of a lever closes the breech. By simply turning a crank the desired elevation is obtained and fixed. The lowest of the levers opens the nozzles leading from the air chambers and instantly the shaft cartridge is thrown out. Sufficient air to fire six projectiles is stored in the cylinders. There is no recoil. As soon as the carriage is completed and the gun mounted it will be taken to Fort Lafayette, where the test will be made under the supervision of a commission of naval men appointed by the government. It is the biggest piece of ordnance ever built in the world. It puts in the shade anything ever built by Krupp. Work was begun in October, but the boring was so difficult that it required much longer time than was calculated. It has been tested and shows no sign of weakening under a pressure of 2 500 pounds to the square inch. The company expect to sell the gun to Secretary Whitney if it proves serviceable.—*New York World.*

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, Sept., 7, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5¼@5¾ c. k that generally rated first quality 4@ 5¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 3¼@3¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2@2¾ cts; extreme range of prices 2@5¼ cts; most of the sales were from 3@5¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 3.551 head, against 2,175 last week and 3,742 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales 1,718 were head, against 1,498 last week, and 1,675 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade has been somewhat more active to-day than it was last Monday, but prices throughout were off ½c. on the better grades and ¼ on the others; in some instances ¾@½c. lower figures were accepted to effect sales. The tops were a shade better than were those of last week in quality, and there were a fair number of good butchers' cattle in the yards. Prices 2@5 3-5c.; most sales 3@5¼.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The receipts, though several hundred head less than the offerings last Monday, foot up a number about equal to a fair demand. The quality is of hardly as good an average as last week, there being more common hogs among them. Those weighing 160 to 180 lbs. net, seem to be most desired by the butchers, though a few extra fat hogs are called for. Prices range from 6 to 6¾c. Common rough hogs (piggy sows, grassers and stags) are not quoted, as they have to be sold for pretty much what they will bring, with ¼ off and extra weight besides. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@8¾c., net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is quite a full run of sheep this week, and their quality will average fully as good as last week's effering. Trade is slow. There is no outside demand, and butchers buy slowly. Sheep are quoted at 2@3¾c., gross, and lambs at 3@4½, with a few extra at 4¾; stock sheep $1@2.50 per head. Same time last year sheep sold at 3@4½c.; lambs 3@5½; stock sheep $1.50@3.50 per head; wethers 3½@4¼.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1585, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 271, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O. Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
9 5 4t Attorney for Mortgagee.

preparations of one kind and anr which are prepared by quacks for autifying" the skin, are all bums, and no sensible woman should be into buying them. To obtain a utiful skin one must begin and diet perly. Butter, fat meat and greasy of every kind must not be eaten. fee and tea must be given up, so st claret and all kinds of wine, and k or lemonade substituted. Fruits vegetables should be eaten in ndance, rich candies and cakes ided, pie never should be touched, pickles and acid food generally uld be dispensed with. A woman follows the above rules will find that skin will become smooth and clear several months have passed. Of rse the dieting must be thorough careful. No improvement can be le unless it is.

tablespoonful of sulphur taken y other morning for a week, and not taken again for three days, then taken every other morning for ther week, is one of the best things lear the complexion. It acts like c. It should always be mixed with asses or something that will clear it the system.

alt—a tablespoonful dissolved in a let of milk—is an old-fashioned pe for beautifying the complexion. ertainly is a simple remedy, and if es not help the complexion it will ngthen the system. A great deal nds upon the constitution of the ion and the kind of complexion she

What will help one woman wonully will have no effect whatever on rs. One thing is certain, however, is always conducive to softening whitening the skin, and it is a noble fact that girls who have never allowed to drink tea or coffee, and have drunk quantities of milk, generally, when they reach the of twenty, very beautiful complex-

oiling water is also one of the best gs with which to keep the complexin order. A tumbler should be k one hour before every meal. If disagreeable by itself the juice of a lemon should be added. Sugar ld not be used. Most women in mer time are too careless of their plexions, and when winter comes they go out to balls and parties regret it. The sun is excellent for complexion if it does not get too h of it. A little browning and kling is oftentimes very beneficial, when the face is exposed to too at measure of the sun's rays the is apt to become coarse. Veils—y thin ones—should always be worn seaside resort, unless parasols are ried. The salt air and sun together bad for the complexion, though exent for the general health.

fashionable women and girls in New k always have their arms and necks dished" before going to a ball or entertainment where they appear very decollette dresses. The ishing" greatly beautifies the skin.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

MILITARY LOTS

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

On MONDAY, Sept., 14th, 1885,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, we will, on behalf of P. M. Lusson and wife, the owners, offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder the following

MILITARY LOTS to wit:

Nos. 2724, 2721, 2726, 2727, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2697, 2494, 2463, 2460, 2429, 2431, 2472, 2473, 2582, 2490, 2493, 2441, 2442, 2490, 2493, 2593, 2584, 2585.

These Lots are a part of the tract of land called

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"

and lie in the neighborhood of Accident. The tract, "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS" was patented to General Walker K. and John B. Armistead, April 24th, 1831. On June 30th, 1847, the widow and heirs at law of General Walker Armistead filed their bill in Equity for a sale of said land, No. 861 Equity, Allegany county. A decree was passed by which W. M. Price was appointed trustee to make said sale. Said Price, trustee, sold and conveyed said lots to P. M. Lusson, and said sale was ratified and confirmed by the Court.

Any person desiring to examine the title of Lusson and wife to said lots can do so by calling on the undersigned who will furnish any information in their possession with reference to the title.

TERMS, EASY.
PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Attorneys.
JOHN R. KERFOOT,
Agent for owners.
J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer.
August 26, 1885.—tf.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE,
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 463 and 4632, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 399, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.
Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

BUY YOUR GROCERIES
—AT—
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 11 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

—:o:—

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alpha Hinebaugh and Fannie B. Hinebaugh, his wife, and John Hinebaugh and Mary A. Hinebaugh, his wife, to Matthew Cullen, dated June 8th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county, in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folios 468, &c., and the lassigned to Henry A. Rasche by said Matthew Cullen, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgagee, will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday,

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885,

at 3 o'clock P. M., all the following Real Estate, viz:

First. All that tract of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, known as

"SWALLOW FALLS,"

containing about eight hundred acres.

Second. All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and designated as

Military Lots Numbers 1256, 1258, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266 and 1269,

containing fifty acres of land each, and included in a tract of land called

"The Falls of Muddy Creek."

All of which said lands are more particularly described in the said mortgage, reference to which is here by made.

Said lands are situated on and near the Youghiogheny river, about seven miles north of the town of Oakland, are well timbered, and improved by several DWELLING HOUSES and out-buildings, and the same property on which the said Alpha Hinebaugh recently opperated a saw mill.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

HENRY A. RASCHE,
8 15 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

GO TO
H. WEBER'S,
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address

H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be Inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4.00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends I have consented to announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

WM. W. FRAZEE.

—Rev. B. Ison spent this week at his home in Oakland.

—Miss Mollie E. Moulden, of Washington, D. C., is visiting at Rev. B. Ison's.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Oakland Woolen Mills flannels for sale at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Mr. Wilson Vance was called to Findley, Ohio, Monday, to attend the funeral of his mother.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—The September term of the Circuit Court for this county convenes next Monday and will probably be a long session.

—The Oakland Hotel closed Monday. A number of the guests removed to the Glades Hotel and boarding houses in town to remain a short time.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Try our Rolled White Oats and Cerealine at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Married, at the residence of Joel Orendorf, Forks, Garrett county, on Thursday, 3d inst., by Rev. J. B. Shoup, Christian P. Miller, of Grantsville, to Julia A. Bittinger.

—All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle on or before Oct. 1st, 1885. 9 4 4t

—There will be a pic-nic on the farm of William Browning, near Offutt's saw mill, on Saturday, Sept. 12th. A general invitation is extended.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Rev. J. W. Duffy, of Trinity church, Baltimore, will preach at the M. E. church in Oakland on Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.

—Granulated, Standard A. and C. sugars, cheaper than the cheapest at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Mrs. M. L. Scott has now open Fall and Winter Bonnets and Hats, a complete line of Trimmings, Fancy Feathers, Birds, Tips, Flowers, Velvets, Laces, Neck Wear and many new and desirable goods.

—By card elsewhere in this issue it will be seen that Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft has located in Oakland for the practice of his profession. The Doctor is not altogether a stranger here, having practiced successfully in Frostburg for a number of years.

—Died, at his residence in Oakland, Thursday of last week, after a long illness, John G. Rinehart, in the 77th year of his age. Deceased had been for years a member of the Lutheran church. He leaves a wife but no children.

—Guests at the Edward's Cottage: Miss Ida Phelan, Miss Josephine Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Handy and Mr. Henry T. Holden, of Washington; Rev. C. B. Pearson and family, of Point Pleasant; Mrs. Bullock and daughter, of Baltimore; Mrs. McNally and Miss Harriet McCoy, of Wheeling.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—A "Golden Apple Entertainment," for the benefit of the Oakland Ev. Lutheran church, will be held in Offutt's Hall, Saturday evening, September 19th. All are invited.

—The railroad excursion to Mountain Lake Park, announced for the 21st, has been postponed until Tuesday the 22d. A brass band and good speakers will be present. The trains will arrive at the Park at 10 o'clock A. M. A large crowd and a good time is expected.

—Died at the residence of his parents in Oakland, Sunday, after an illness of several years of consumption, George S. Bell, in the 29th year of his age. Through the ministrations of his pastor and members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland, he was converted last April, and died in peace and with a full assurance of a home in heaven.

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—The Parkersburg (W. Va.) State *Journal* "learns with regret that Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft will shortly settle in Oakland, Md., near where he formerly resided. The doctor is a very pleasant, thoroughly cultured gentleman, and we bespeak for him a hearty welcome on his return to his old State. He has many friends here who will be sorry to learn of his intended departure, and with them we wish him success in his new field."

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. J. W. Duffy, and at 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W Rider.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice to Farmers.

John Shartzer has on hand a car load of Guano and other Fertilizers, which he will sell on one years' time to reliable farmers. 9 4 2t

Wraps.

We will open to-day (Saturday) and Monday a large stock of Newmarkets, Russian Circulars, Short Jackets, Jerseys, &c.,

M. L. Scott,
Baltimore Store.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. Offutt, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Notice.

The Republican voters of District No. 8, on the north side of Backbone mountain are requested to meet at the Yutzy place on September 19th, to select two delegates to attend the county nominating convention at Oakland on Tuesday, September 22d, 1885.

Public Sale.

There will be a sale of all kinds of furniture, carpets, &c., &c., at John Shartzer's Furniture Store, Saturday, September 26th. As there is a large lot of second handed furniture there will be bargains for all. Furniture at cost up to day of sale.

Public Sale.

Having resolved to make my future home in the state of Florida, I will offer at public sale, at the parsonage, Accident, on Tuesday, September 29th, 1885, all my personal effects, consisting in part of 2 horses, 1 colt, 1 cow, 2 shoats, buggy, harness, saddle, 3000 feet inch boards, cabinet organ, stoves, tables, bedsteads, chairs, kitchen and tableware, &c., &c. Small purchases cash; $10 and over a credit of six months.

J. B. Shoup.

Sept. 12, 3t.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

—Died, at her residence near Fairfield, Iowa, on July 10th, 1885, Mrs. Ann McCarty, wife of the late Isaac McCarty. Ann Devecmon was born at Westernport, Allegany county, Md., on May 3d, 1794, and at the age of twelve years was brought to reside near the present site of Oakland, her parents having spent the intervening years partly at Cumberland, and partly at Clarksburg, West Va. She was married to Isaac McCarty January 22d, 1815, and resided near Oakland until 1855, when they removed to Iowa, and purchased the farm upon which both their lives were ended. Grandmother McCarty was converted about 50 years ago, and has ever since been a consistent member of the M. E. Church. Her advanced age rendered it impossible for her to attend the public means of grace for several years preceding her death, but her life was proof that "the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As she advanced in years she grew in grace and brought forth the fruits of the Spirit in such abundance and perfection that it might truly be said of her "her last days were her best days." Her long, long life was not without its trials; the rearing of her eleven children to manhood and womanhood brought a heavy burden of responsibility and care; parents, brothers, sisters and dearly loved friends, one by one left her and crossed to the other side, and the graves of her husband and two beloved daughters opened at her feet, as she trod the down-hill path to the end of life. During her widowhood of eighteen years, she was the comforter, guide and counselor of her family, and mind and memory were retained to the latest moment. Peacefully and painlessly she fell asleep, and was laid by the side of the husband of her youth, in a quiet country graveyard, to rest until the resurrection morning, when children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a host of neighbors and friends will rise up and call her blessed.

Harvest Home.

A harvest home pic-nic was celebrated by the Forks congregation, of the Lutheran church, Saturday, September 5th. This was an occasion to which the people of that community had long been looking with the happy anticipation of a pleasant time. They had toiled long amid the harvest and beneath the burning rays of the summer sun, and, after the golden harvest had all been garnered away, doubtless they felt that a day of thanksgiving and of social enjoyment would be necessary to complete the harvest of the season. Despite the unfavorable appearance of the morning the people commenced to repair to the place of meeting, and continued to pour in until there was present perhaps the largest number ever seen on a similar occasion in this county. All present were evidently intent on having a pleasant day, but wishes were of no avail and hopes were vain. The day proved so unfavorable that the programme for the occasion was changed entirely and the exercises were held in the church. The Pastor, Rev. J. B. Shoup, delivered an able and appropriate address from the following text: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease to be."

After service the church and school house were offered to as large a number of those present as could find shelter in them, and an ample dinner was served by the generous-hearted people, which did credit to themselves and to the occasion. The enjoyment of the day, though not entirely destroyed, was nevertheless interrupted, and the people, with looks of disappointment on their faces, and with expressions of regret on their lips returned to their homes. The day, however, was designed to diffuse through all those present a spirit of submission to the will of Him who in wisdom sendeth rain or sunshine upon the earth.

The harvest home celebration of the Forks will be a permanent annual institution in the future as it has been in the past three years. This idea is a very good one. The sons of agriculture upon whose honest toil all the complex fabrics of society rest for support, will greatly increase the dignity of their occupation by promoting among themselves a greater spirit of sociality. A day set apart for thanksgiving by the people who have been the recipients of a bountiful harvest, teaches them to set their common dependence on Him to whom the eyes of all living beings look for food and for support, leads them on account of like occupations and like interests to feel a closer social relation to each other, and unites them in firmer bonds of friendship. At no other time of the year are the people so well prepared to enjoy a day of this kind, and at no other time are they so ready to respond to the call as they are immediately after the long continued toil of the harvest is completed. It has been my privilege to attend similar occasions in other parts of the country, and I have observed that they are truly devoted to the best interests of the people and well deserve the patronage of all who are engaged in agriculture,

Deer Park.

The summer months have gone again and the Equinox is on its way toward us. The majority of our summer visitors have returned to their city homes, and the few who can still remain are enjoying the fresh mountain breezes, and the delightful forest tramps for lovely autumn leaves, which are just coming forth in all their glory.

The Hotel will close in a week or two. The season has been a remarkably prosperous one for the Hotel, and there are still so many guests remaining that it may be kept open later than usual.

The fair and festival of the Lutheran Society was a very successful one, beyond the anticipations of any of the participants.

An oyster supper is in progress for the benefit of the U. B. Church, at the Deer Park House, four evenings this week.

Maj. W. A. Armstrong, of Baltimore, has taken charge of Davis & Bro.'s store in place of Mr. D. F. Graham, who removes to Elk Garden.

Mr. and Mrs. U. B. McCandlish, of Piedmont, visited Mrs. W. R. Davis last week.

Miss Katie Davis will leave next week for a college course at Hollin's Institute, Virginia.

Mrs. A. C. Lott is absent on a visit to relatives in Fairmont, W. Va.

Mrs. Catherine Graham was in Deer Park on Monday.

Miss Helen Harrison is visting her sister Mrs. Graham.

The Band of Hope meets on Saturday evening next.

Miss Lucie and Camille Hendrickson of Alexandria, are visiting relatives in Deer Park.

Last night (Tuesday,) a very lively crowd of Miss Minnie Lott's friends called in a body to congratulate her on her birthday anniversary. Dr. McFarlan, of Washington delivered a very impressing address suited to the occasion, in behalf of the gentlemen present, and Mrs. E. J. Roberts, of Brookly, N. Y., followed in a fluent, spicy speech, conveying the congratulations of the ladies. An adjournment to Wing-and-Wing was then proposed so that the festivities could conclude with music and dancing, and the whole evening was one of unalloyed pleasure.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Wheeling, W. Va,—C. A. Basnett and Julius Waddle.

Washington, D. C.—Dr. Danl. McFarlan and wife, Jas. Jamison, Maj. B. J. O'Driscole, Miss Kate F. Daly, and Chas. W. Clarke and wife.

Baltimore, Md.,—Wm. J. Digges.

Caldwell, Ohio,—James Carr and Davin Young.

***

Mountain Lake Park.

The season just closing has been the most pleasant of any in the history of the Park. The resident population is a little over three times that of the first year. There has been quite an increase in the transient population also. The entertainments have all been of an extraordinary character this season. The aim of the officers having this in charge will endeavor to make the programme more attractive next year.

Although the weather was cool on Sabbath morning, there was a good audience who listened with so much pleasure to the thrilling words of Rev. J. B. Young. Our pastor M. W. Rider preached for us at 3 o'clock, and in the evening Mr. R. W. Armstrong conducted a very interesting meeting for the young people.

Rev. C. P. Masden returned from Europe on last Saturday night. He is very much pleased with his trip. If he does not have to go on to St. Louis before, he will preach for us on next Sabbath morning at 10:30.

The beginning of scoool and other business interests, have taken several more of our people away.

J. A. E.

Davis City, W. Va.

Mr. A. H. Porter, son of W. E. Porter, Esq., left here for Baltimore, Md., last Friday.

The W. Va. C. & P. R. R. Co. Machine Shop and engine house will be completed by the 15th inst.

Messrs. Ladeau are about to establish a tannery here.

Mr. R. W. Eastman the famous hunter is building a large store house on Williams street.

Messrs. Carrier & Haskins are also erecting a store house on Williams street.

On and after Sept. 15th, the W. Va. C. & P. R. R. Co. will run but one train daily.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.

Pleasant Hill, W. Va.

As this place has not been heard from through The Republican for several months we will try and give a few items.

The grasshoppers are doing a great deal of damage in this county. They injured the meadows to some extent before they were cut and now they are eating off every green blade as as soon as it comes. A great many meadows look like a fire had passed over them. As soon as the meadows were cut they attacked the oats and cut them down until the ground was covered in some places. They are now destroying the corn and buckwheat in some parts of the county to an alarming extent. It is feared that they will destroy everything next year.

Miss Sue Spindler, of Uniontown, Pa., is visiting relatives here and at Terra Alta.

Mrs. Marshall Spindler, of Terra Alta, is visiting relatives here.

D. H. Chadwick, Esq., a prominent merchant of Morgantown, is rusticating in the Pineswamps.

Wm. Hartman has been lying very sick for several months, with cancer of the stomach. His recovery is very doubtful.

Henry Albright has just received a new engine for his saw and grist mill.

Mrs. Annie Windle, of Keyser, who has been visiting relatives here for several weeks, returned to her home on last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friend, of Sang Run, have been visiting Mrs. F's parents near Terra Alta.

B. B. Savedge, of Sang Run, frequently comes to Cranesville on "pressing" business.

The Rev. Henry E. Friend, of Johnstown, preached a very able sermon at the Kelly church, on last Saturday night.

E. T. DeWitt, of Mountain Lake Park, is visiting relatives here.

Levi May has just completed a large barn; likewise Ezra H. Wolfe.

Miss Teresa Mattingly is home from Oakland on a visit.

We had a heavy frost in some parts of the Pineswamps a week or two ago, but it did not do any serious damage.

I have been informed that two young women were bitten by a rattlesnake near Nichola's mill about two weeks since, but did not learn the particulars nor can I vouch for the truth of the story. R. R.

A New Cleveland Badge.

The Toledo *Blade* of last Friday says: A note to a private letter from Wheeling, W. Va., to a Toledo citizen is too good to keep. It is as follows:

"We are in the midst of a Democratic boom—the mills shut down, and almost everybody is wearing the new Cleveland badge. Have you seen one? It is a patch on the seat of your breeches. They are becoming very common in our city."

Words of Wisdom.

The heart has always the pardoning power.

Presumption is our natural and original disease.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Break through this pretense of existence; determine what you will be and be it.

What is joy? To count your money and know that it does not belong to creditors.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and costs nothing but pen, ink and paper.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch—in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

John Rosenmeyer, a well-to-do faamer, residing near Weisburg, Ind., who was suffering with delirium tremens, and who imagined he was pursued by devils and hissing serpents, last Friday drove his family from the house and then piled the bedding and furniture in heaps upon the floor and set fire to them. Then, armed with a gun, he placed a chair upon a table in the centre of the room, and amid the blazing fire, sat upon his elevated seat bidding defiance to the imaginary demons, until the flames had entirely surrounded him and he toppled off into the fire, from which he was pulled by a crowd of neighbors, with both his eyes burned out, the hair and beard singed from his face and head, and his clothing entirely burned off. The house with all its contents was destroyed, causing a loss of $3,000. Rosenmeyer lingered in terrible agony until Monday, when he died.

—Persons indebted to us on subscription account will bring or send the amount during Court, "and don't you forget it."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of Carlisle Hoover, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CARLISLE HOOVER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

THOMAS H. BITTINGER,
9 12 3t Administrator.

Estate of Henry H. Miller, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY H. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

SAMUEL BAKER,
URIAS H. MILLER,
9 12 3t Administrators.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

Office of the
Garrett County Commissioners,
Oakland, Md., Aug. 26th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 14th, 1885,

for the purpose of the transacting of general business.

By order

G. W. MERRILL,
8 30 2t Clerk.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of October, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Fort Pendleton, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th day of September at the house of Jehu H. Gregg and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers o Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
GEORGE L. LAYMAN,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

Of all the tender and comfortable things
That now and then sweet memory brings,
There's nothing dearer that love recalls,
Than the old-fashioned house with its white-washed walls.

Not a mansion to-day, though a marvel of art,
Can ever usurp its place in my heart;
For there my earliest prayers were said,
And I slept at night in a trundle bed,

'Neath coverlids reaching from feet to chin,
By a mother's hand tucked gently in,
And a good-night kiss on my tired brow—
O, earth holds no such blessing now!

The garden was fragrant in flower-beds
Where marigolds lifted their velvet heads,
And warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew,
The bachelor-button and touch-me-not grew.

In the river that curved like a shepherd's crook,
We fished for minnows with bent pin hook,
Or with little bare feet oft waded through,
And bravely paddled our own canoe.

'Twas a home of welcome no one could doubt,
Whose latch-string hung invitingly out;
And many a stranger supped at its board
While blazing logs in the chimney roared.

O, this is an age of reform and change!
And things æsthetic, modern and strange—
Improvements that savor of silver and gold—
Are superseding the cherished and old.

But I turn from palaces built for show
With Mansard roofs and stories below
Of frescoed, kalsomined, dadoed halls,
To the old-fashioned house with its white-washed walls.

—*Boston Budget.*

BLEEDING HEARTS.

Kate's Novel—A Romance in One Act and Two Scenes.

Two girls burst into the library of E—— Seminary, and, finding it apparently empty, the elder began: "I just hate her, so there! Spiteful old thing! She's just jealous of us girls. Never wants us to have a bit of fun. Never had a beau in her life, I know, except old Dr. Stone, and he's deaf as a post, has buried three wives already, and only wants her for a nurse and governess for his ten brats, half of 'em twins, I do believe! She's too sharp for that, though. Catch her! Wants one of the Professors over at the college; that's why she's so cross about our running off with the juniors night before last for a sleigh-ride. Think's she'll please President Foster, and all that. Never mind, Cad! Brother Will said he'd come over to-night, and when he pulls a string tied to a nail that ticks on my window, I'll slip out and smuggle him in under my water-proof. We'll fix a nice place in the closet to hide him if any one comes, and we'll just have the jolliest times! He'll bring a can of oysters, and we'll eat 'em raw with pickles and crackers. You hide some salt and pepper in your apron pocket at supper; and we've a dipper, and a tin cup, and a vase that'll do for soup dishes. So we'll laugh in our sleeves at the old snap-dragon, and she can't help herself—now, Cad, don't cry. If there's anything I *hate* it's a cry-baby. Just as if girls at boarding-school hadn't had just such times over and over again, and actually lived through them before our day. For *my* part, I told Uncle Tom if he sent me back here I'd do just as I pleased, and they might send me home in disgrace as often as the fit was on. *I'm* going to have a good time. I've a postoffice under a flat stone in the corner of the grounds, and I get lots of letters from the boys up at the Commercial. Last Christmas, when you and the Old Cat were off for the holidays, I played sick so as not to go to service. Then I rolled up some blankets, dressed them in my wrapper, laid them in the bed, and paid Nora a dollar to pretend every time any one asked for me that I was asleep and must not be disturbed. Then I slipped out and went off with Brother Will to Excelsior after the gayest horse in a bit of cutter that fairly flew. We went to the hotel, and asked all over town for a minister, just to make believe we had run away to be married. Why I should die in this poky old sem if Will didn't know all the boys and help me out." Thus the wild girl rattled on until her companion's eyes were fairly dried and laughing again. But the teacher, who sat in the curtained recess of a deep window, an unwilling listener to this daring recital, grew gradually more grave and serious, and when the bold, confident voice rang out with:

"Of course, she was never in love as you and Will are. What does she know about love? Why Will would just die for you. He fairly worships your very shoe-bottoms, and all that sort of thing. He would wither right away and go into a decline if you refused to see him. It would kill him, I know it would. He is so affectionate and so sensitive! But she makes you think it's wicked to be in love, to love deeply and truly and to the bitter end. But I know better!"

As these words fell upon the listener's ear the hands passed up before the eyes, merely resting lightly at first upon the level brows, then gradually pressing more and more closely upon the tight-shut lids, while one by one the tears stole down and fell upon the soft, gray fabric of the teacher's dress. She thought of one she knew so long ago, of the love-story she had lived, and scarcely knew, until it had vanished in the morning of her life, and left her pale, forlorn and lonely, a stranded wreck upon the shore of time. It had indeed been a sorry task to pick up the beaten remnants of what once had been a gallant craft and hoist sail upon a henceforth trackless sea. To-day was an anniversary. She remembered and she kept it. Without it was snowing wildly, and the bare boughs of the trees chafed angrily against each other, sometimes rocking in the mad blast until they tapped with icy fingers against the window-panes. She had been chiding these two girls, and justly, for letting themselves out of a window with two sheets, and joining a pair of boys from a neighboring college in a midnight sleighride; said boys having borrowed Deacon Potter's horses and sleigh, without permission—"Just to show the old fellow what we *can* do," said saucy Will Carney. But, although it was not mentioned, the lecture was less severe and the teacher's opinion of the girls' escapade was very, very different indeed from the fact that the party had kept together and that two of the quartet were brother and sister.

Indeed Kate Carney, the defiant school-girl had been sent home so often that the faculty had seriously debated the necessity of refusing her readmission in November after her suspension in October, but Miss Chesterfield had stoutly pleaded for her. She had argued thus: "The girl has no mother. Turned loose to hotel-life, I should feel personally responsible if harm came to her just now. She is warm-hearted, trustful and without a thought of evil. It might be much worse. Try her once more, and let me take all the care and responsibility. Tell her guardian this. I may not succeed; but, with your permission, I will try.

So Kate had returned, and as a punishment for her transgressions her uncle Tom had kept her at the institution during the Christmas holidays. Miss Chesterfield's vigilance had been so far rewarded. Only these two flagrant breaches of discipline had occurred: Once during the Christmas holidays, when Miss Chesterfield was away, and the other the moonlight sleighride, both the result of harmless high spirits. These had only compromised herself and her room-mate, whereas, during her first two years at the seminary she had not only been in constant trouble herself, but on each occasion managed to draw in with her from six to a dozen companions and as many college lads.

As the teacher sat there in the window, the tears trickling through her fingers, she did not hear the door close after Caroline as she tripped lightly out. She forgot that it was cold; forgot that it was winter; forgot the necessity for present action, and seemed to be sitting for that last time on the door-steps at home in his favorite rose-tinted dress, with the soft, white cashmere wrap lying across her shoulders, her golden hair pressed smoothly down upon her cheek and gathered up in shining braids behind, after the fashion of the day, a fashion that her dear, dead mother's hand knew so well how to adjust. Another sat beside her, and into his dark eyes she dared not look. They had been very silent. And then he raised with tender touch the spray of "bleeding hearts" she had fastened at her throat, and said: "The Indians wear the scalps of their victims fastened to their belts; you carry the hearts of yours slung at your breast-pin." Next he rose, laid a reverent hand upon her shining head (it *did* shine then) and said: "Farewell!" adding, "Ruth, you have never kissed me. Will you kiss me now just one good-by?" She had kissed him and watched him down the path in the soft May moonlight, a little shivering sigh of the breezes running through the tops of the evergreens. Then she ran up-stairs, and cried, and rocked herself to and fro, and she had prayed to see her way more clearly—had *agonized* in prayer—had risen and stumbled blindly on just the same as if she had never prayed at all. And they had never met again, and never would. And all the sweet old songs he loved were out of fashion long ago—dear "Bonnie Doon" and beautiful "Lorena." She felt just now as if her heart must break, and one quick sob escaped her before she quite remembered where she was. Dropping her hands, she looked up to find Kate Carney's astonished eyes regarding her in blank dismay.

"Miss Chesterfield, what is it? Are you crying for what I said? O, Miss Chesterfield, forgive me! I didn't know; I was so angry! Don't cry, Miss Chesterfield, and I won't let Will come in to-night, nor ever. I'll be good as long as I possibly can, if you only won't cry." For the teacher's hands again covered her face, and her frame quivered with the overflow of emotion. Making an effort, Miss Chesterfield soon raised her head, and, taking Kate's hand between both her own, she said, with a faint smile, "I can not talk to you to-day. I will some time, and soon. No, don't let Will in to-night. But you and Caroline and Fanny come to my room, and we'll persuade Mrs. Dolittle to let us pull some candy in the kitchen. It is just the weather for a candy-pull." Kissing Kate's glowing cheek, she passed out and to her own room, where to welcome her a silver-throated canary trilled out, "Tell it—tell it—tell it—why-y-y-y don't you tell it!"

And she *did* tell it.

For several days Miss Chesterfield was confined to her room. She had taken cold sitting in the window, and it had never affected her so strangely before. When perfectly still she was comfortable, but when she raised her head, quick, sharp pains darted about her brows and eyes, and the well-known room spun vaguely out into space. As she had always declared, Kate Carney had a tender, affectionate heart, and, feeling herself partially responsible for the teacher's indisposition, she was indefatigable in her attentions, studying at the bedside, and attending to her slightest wishes very gently and quietly. Now, Dr. Parker had allowed her to sit up a little while yesterday, to be dressed to-day, and next she might, he promised, hear some of her classes in her room. Kate Carney had come up from her last recitation, and Miss Chesterfield had urged her to take exercise in the bright, clear January air; but Kate begged so piteously to remain that the teacher reluctantly consented.

"Now, Miss Chesterfield," began Kate, with a little half air of defiance, "you said on that Saturday that you would talk to me some other time about the dreadful things I said to Caroline and which you happened to hear. If you are strong enough I wish you'd do it to-day. I don't want to have it hanging over my head like somebody's sword Uncle Tom talks about."

The little bird perked its head on one side and twittered at Miss Chesterfield: "Tell it—tell it—tell it—why-y-y-y don't you tell it!"

"Yes, I will," she answered to both, bidding Kate draw her chair closer, and, calling her attention to a very quaint picture of an old-fashioned girl in an ambrotype case on the book-shelf, she continued: "Kate, you and I are friends, I know, and you must not any longer think that I cried that day because you called me a few foolish names. One who has taught fifteen or twenty years does not expect to please everybody. Certain restraints we must place about our pupils for their own good and the mutual benefit of their associates. But I must not tire myself by philosophizing to begin with. I am going to tell you a love-story."

"A *love-story!*" O, Miss Chesterfield! Is it real? Did you know it?"

"Yes, I knew it, for I was in it. After I have told you, you must not speak of it again. It is just yours and mine to know. I don't know why I tell you. Partly because you saw me so undignified as to cry that day, and you know (smiling) you *hate* a cry-baby!' But I can not tell you all the *'becauses,'* for I do not know them myself. Kate, I want you to believe in me; to believe me human like yourself; to know that I sympathize with you in your joys and sorrows, and would not deny you any pleasure it were good for you to have. When I looked like that picture I met my hero. As I remember him he was tall and slight, with large, dark eyes, black, waving hair, and very pale. He was then a student, and an industrious one. He was my brother's friend, and he was so often at the house informally that we never thought of love. Books and study we mutually adored, and both of us graduated twice with all the joy of conquered studies and friendly interest in each other. And, dear child, for three years (the brightest I have ever known) we were daily together and engaged more or less in the same pursuits. What could be expected? We were happiest when together, and that was all we ever acknowledged, even to ourselves."

Then the teacher told her story. There came, first, the separation of distance; next, misunderstanding and alienation; the longing of each for reconciliation; the pride that rebelled against advances, followed by her engagement to another. Then, by accident, the removal of the barriers that estranged them, and neither had been to blame. How he entreated her to be true to him! Then came the deciding voice—her mother's! For some reason the change had gratified her; and now the prospect of a return to the first love pained her inexpressibly. Distressed and bewildered, but obedient and dutiful, after long deliberation, she refused and gave to hope and love an eternal farewell. But that had not been all. He had gone she knew not where.

"But wherever he went, dear Kate, my heart went with him, and my heart is his to-day."

Kate's eyes were filled with tears, as she softly patted on the pillow, and asked:

"But the other one! What became of him?"

"O, his had been a heart *caught in the rebound;* he had quarreled with another. He returned to her."

"And left you? How mean! how shameful! After all——"

"No, no! Kate, he was right. Our marriage would have been a bitter, hollow mockery. I am happier as it is, and I believe that Charles Chapin is true to me to-day somewhere, if he yet lives. Listen, Kate! After all these years (and it was long ago) I cried that day over all this, and not at anything you said. I am tired now. If you'll draw the blind to shade my eyes, you may take down that book of poems and look at the scanty relics of my past. I have nothing else left of my story—only the sword of Damocles has fallen, and I have said it all."

Kate did as requested. The book was a volume of Jean Ingelow's, and between the leaves that held the lines of that matchless poem, "Divided," were pressed a love-letter yellow with age, a leaf from a lemon-tree, a spray of "bleeding-hearts," and a fragment of an envelope on which was written in a manly hand, "Amo: in hoc spes mea;" also, finely-written in Miss Chesterfield's most careful penmanship, these stanzas:

ONLY A NAME.

A name, a name, and that was all!
Out of the skies it seemed to fall—
A whispered name I used to know
In dreamy days long years ago.
Only a name, but such a glow
Of old emotions touched me so;
It caused a blush of youth to start
Quick from the pulses of the heart,
It filled my soul with sad regret,
My eyes with sudden tears were wet.
Out of the past two starry eyes
Seemed fixed on mine in swift surprise.
The lips were mute. A face divine
Flashed with the thought that answered mine.
From out a dim, vague sense of pain,
An olden romance bloomed again.
A hand touched mine. A ghostly crew
Of dear, dead memories rushed to view;
A boat went drifting with the tide;
Two in the boat sit side by side
In gay content; some songs were sung;
Much nonsense said; and both were young:
Two heads, one black and one of brown,
Above the self same book bent down
To read some love-tale of renown;
Some rare nooks in the woods they knew;
The stars named in the vaulted blue.
A long, long year estranged, ah, me!
Then finds—*more* to ever be.
Only a name! It thrilled me thro'
With a strong sense of something true,
Mine and *not* mine forever more!
Vainly I search, weep and implore.
I see my daily duty here;
No time for idle wish or tear.
Rise to the present. Live to-day,
Turn life's romances all away;
But chide myself as well I may,
I can not chase the charm away.
One wistful vision of the Past
Will Love's illusions o'er me cast.

Kate Carney hummed a little love-song softly to herself—and it was a happy little one—as she lit the night-lamp and arranged the table at the teacher's bedside that night. Then she stood a moment twisting a bit of fringe in her nervous fingers before she leaned down, half shy, half ashamed, and kissed Miss Chesterfield's thin and faded cheek.

If she wrote to Uncle Tom more frequently than usual the next few months, and if she took unusual interest in his bachelor *chums*—especially one silent specimen who before now had always bored her—"he seemed so superior to smiles"—if she did all this, *with malice prepense*, she deliberately plotted her mischief that very night. Uncle Tom didn't show *me* his letters; but when the holidays approached, the summer vacation. I happen to know that this little missive was flung triumphantly into the E—— letter-box by the careless little hand that in an agony of impatience neglected to date it or to add that usual cap-sheaf to a feminine letter—the post-script:

DEAR UNCLE TOM: Please come to commencement, and bring that dear, delightful Mr. Chapin with you. If some of the girls can't capture him perhaps some of the teachers can. And after I graduate next year I want to write a love-story, a real love-story. My plot is all laid, and now I want Mr. Chapin to come on here and marry somebody, so that I can perfect it by one study from real life. Mr. Chapin is just the one I want, for you say he is so indifferent to the ladies. It would be so delicious to see how he would act if somebody succeeded in charming him. Any of the boys can gush. My hero must not gush. Don't tell him I said it, now, Uncle Tom. I really don't want him myself—he's too old and grizzly. But he's awful nice—you said so yourself—nice enough for anybody. You will know best how to manage it. I've been good since January, and all the college boys, Will says, are inconsolable. I claim this as my reward. Yours, affectionatenately, KATE CARNEY.

Well, Uncle Tom managed it. How, I'm not going to tell; it is too long. But certainly not to help his ward's match-making proclivities.

It was the evening before graduation. The beautiful grove around the E—— Seminary was all a-flutter with the light draperies of the girls whose examinations were over, and who awaited the closing exercises before returning to their distant homes. Many guests were there besides, and the bright, clear northern skies looked down with propitious smiles upon the little city. As Miss Chesterfield, for the last time that summer, gave a well-thumbed copy of Virgil a little shove into its place on the book-shelf she saw, without interest, two strangers, tall and military, pace up the building, ring, and pass leisurely in.

Captain Carney was perfectly nonchalant under the artillery of the bright eyes that regarded them. But Mr. Chapin, looking slightly annoyed, turned neither to the right nor to the left, and, as they entered the parlors after sending up their cards, twisting his iron-gray mustache in an absent way, he remarked:

"Captain, there is something painfully suggestive of other days to me in all this flutter and bustle of commencement. They touch me sadly. The odor of the roses, the mignonette, the syringas, and the abundance of these 'bleeding-hearts' almost suffocate me. I always feel as if a funeral procession of dead hopes, with none left living to mourn them, were passing before me, and each broken heart had flung a flower on the coffins."

"Quite poetical, almost tragic——" began Captain Carney, but Kate sprang in all glowing with breathless anticipation, and, poising on tip-toe to kiss Uncle Tom, and decorously greeting that "awfully nice" Mr. Chapin, she said: "This is the public parlor. Won't you come into No. 7 where we can be quite alone? I want to bring down to you now, *right now*, my dearest teacher, who has made me behave so well. You go so soon to-morrow. She won't talk cats, Mr. Chapin, if she is an old maid." And she hurried them off into a quiet, obscure little nook in one corner of the building.

Miss Chesterfield stood at the book-shelf, her hand resting on the Virgil, and her face turned dreamily toward the window, when Kate rushed in and surprised her with a shower of caresses, mingled with frantic declarations of "Uncle Tom's here! Come, come! Down in No. 7!" and carried her off by force of arms, pausing long enough in the hall to catch up from a table a spray of "bleeding hearts" and fasten in Miss Chesterfield's breast-pin, in spite of that lady's faint protest.

"Not that, dear Kate; anything but that."

"O, yes! For I want Uncle Tom to know you have captured some hearts, if yours and theirs are bleeding."

"Tell it, tell it—tell it, why-y-y-y not tell it," chirped the canary at the window. The door of No. 7 was flung grandly open. Miss Chesterfield's name was announced to Mr. Chapin. Kate sprang to her uncle's side. The two faced each other, stunned, bewildered. He stood for an instant painfully erect and motionless. He did not speak her name, only: "My love!" and, as in a dream, and took both her trembling hands in his and pressed them hard against his bosom.

And she! After the first swift glance up to those lustrous eyes, upon that face so changed and still the same, she felt as if the film of lace about her throat began to choke her; then as if a great black chasm opened out between them, and, clinging to each other, the Fates had flung them headlong down the fathomless abyss. But at the open window he fanned her back from fainting into a wan and plaintive consciousness, while Kate danced wildly about Uncle Tom, rapturously exclaiming:

"My novel, Uncle Tom! My novel! O, don't you see? I've finished it, my novel!" And, after much explaining, he *did* see.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Valuable Antidote.

Already an antidote has been discovered to the sting of scorpions, which although rarely fatal, are extremely painful, and the poison is closely allied to that of the venomous snakes. Mr. A. M. Markham, of the Indian Civil Service, has written to one of the Indian papers calling attention to the fact that the root of *Achyranthes aspera*, known popularly as *chirchirra*, affords almost instantaneous relief from the pain caused by the sting of a scorpion. The plant is very common everywhere in India, and is one of those whose clinging burrs are such a nuisance on one's legs when out shooting. The root, macerated in water, is applied to the part stung, and a small quantity is drank in water. If this be done quickly, there is absolutely no pain half an hour or so after the sting, instead of the twelve or twenty-four hours of intense suffering which follow an untreated sting. Three cases occurred recently in Mr. Markham's camp, in which the sufferers, thanks to *chirchirra*, and the presence of a khitmutgar who knew how to apply it, were going about their work within an hour in each case, feeling nothing more than numbness in the part stung. Whether this remedy would be equally efficacious against snake bites is doubtful; but after such striking proof of its efficacy against the venom of scorpions, the matter is assuredly worth investigation. It may be that the *Achyrenthes aspera* is the antidote used by snake charmers.—*London Standard.*

—A snake twenty-five feet long, four feet in circumference, and bearing eighty-nine rattles, was killed on Boston Common recently, after a desperate fight. When killed, it was placed on scales and found to weigh a trifle over twenty-two tons. [N. B. We are tired of a base dependence on Southern exchanges for snake stories.]—*Boston Transcript.*

IT WAS ONLY BLACK SAND.

Thrilling Experience of a Captain on the Erie Canal.

A New England skipper, a shipping clerk and the Captain of a canal-boat sat on the lee rail of a codfish schooner and discussed the decline of the American marine. The clerk was wise in fine points of law, the skipper was filled to overflowing with wrath against the land-sharks at Washington, and the Captain assented with cheerful readiness to the most conflicting of opinions. The clerk wanted to reform Congress by congressional legislation, the skipper was on the point of blowing up the Capitol with dynamite, and the Captain coincided with both opinions by remarking that either remedy, if successfully carried into effect, would produce astonishing results. Still, he ventured to suggest, it would be a measure of precaution to use gunpowder instead of dynamite, as gun-powder in even the shot-gun of the South was more deadly than all the dynamite in the British isles.

"But it's so dangerous to handle," said the skipper.

"How so?" inquired the clerk, who had handled uncounted tons of explosives.

"You never can tell it from black sand."

There was silence for several minutes. Then the Captain spoke.

"Is black sand particularly dangerous?" he asked.

"Mighty dangerous."

"How so?" asked the clerk, with a tinge of humiliation for his ignorance.

"When you're down on the Chinese coast, and you load up your guns with black sand in mistake for powder to repel an attack by pirates, you're always sure to be murdered, because the black sand will not go off.

"Won't it?" asked the Captain, in a tone that implied that it would.

"I never heard," said the skipper. The clerk was dumb through newly-found ignorance.

"You see that scar," said the Captain, pointing to a red ridge across his cheek.

"Well, give us the story," urged the skipper.

"It was years ago," began the Captain; I was running a fast packet line on the Erie canal from Albany to Buffalo. I had a beautiful boat and four fast horses every few miles. We carried the mail and always had a big load of passengers. One trip we took on board a lot of small barrels labeled 'black sand.' One of the barrels was accidentally broken open, the cover lost, and a quart or so of the 'black sand' scattered about the hold. The barrel was set out of the way near the wine cask, and apparently was forgotten. At dinner time some more wine was wanted by some of the passengers, and I went down to draw it from the cask. As the hold was dark I took a broken piece of candle for a light. Scarcely knowing what I did I stuck the candle upright in the 'black sand,' and sat down on the floor to draw the wine. I had been up all night and was very tired, and some how or other I fell asleep. I must have shut off the faucet while asleep, for when I awoke the wine pitcher was filled and the faucet closed. As I reached out my hand to take up the candle I saw a sight that froze my blood with horror. While I had slept the candle had burned low and was on the point of flickering out. In another instant the flame would reach the powder—for of course it was powder, and no black sand—and blow boat, crew, and passengers to atoms. I died a thousand deaths in an instant. I was paralyzed with fear, and could only wait with staring eyes for the end. Death was already at my throat. The sound of laughter in the cabin came strangely to my ears. They were feasting in the face of a terrible death. At last the end came; the light flickered for a moment, flared up for the last time, and then——"

"And then?" whispered the skipper and the clerk with breathless interest.

"And then went out. As it was nothing but black sand for molders' use, nothing occurred beyond the upsetting of the pitcher of wine as I fell forward in a faint."

"But the scar?" asked the clerk.

"Kicked by a mule; usual way with canal men."—*N. Y. Times.*

POOR PAUL.

The Sea and the Grave Have Made Him Friendless.

You may see just such a group any day as you pass a building in course of erection—six or eight stolid-faced Polacks sitting or lying on the grass, after their frugal noonday lunch, sometimes chatting together, sometimes glum and taciturn, as if brooding over their personal wrongs.

Such a group was observed about a new building up Woodward avenue the other day. There was seemingly no companionship. Each man ate his lunch by himself, as if he begrudged his company to his fellow workman, and one would have said that the workmen were strangers and men of suspicious natures.

By and by, as one stretched out on the grass under a shade tree to doze his remaining half hour away, a parcel fell from his pocket. One of the others carefully reached over and secured it, and for the first time the group exhibited companionship and geniality. Here was an opportunity to play a joke. The parcel was softly unwrapped, the men gathered closer, and in a minute a poor, faded and battered tin-type was exposed to view. It was that of a boy about four years old. The smile died from every face in a moment, and one of the men raised a finger and whispered:

"Hush! It is the picture of his child! His wife died on the voyage across the sea, and he landed with this child in his arms. Poor thing! It sickened and died a year ago, and he is now alone."

"Put it back!" whispered another. "It would make him sorrowful to know that we had handled it."

The picture was tenderly wrapped up and carefully inserted into the half-unconscious man's pocket, and the man who did it sadly shook his head and said:

"This is why he never laughs nor whistles. Poor Paul!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Out of 358 teachers employed last year in Chester County, Pennsylvania, 327 were females.

—More than three millions of children have been gathered into schools for the study of the Scriptures, through the missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union.

—The average Sunday plate collections of Rev. Newman Hall's church in Westminster Bridge Road, London, is $175, and of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's congregation, in the great Tabernacle, $345.

—The *Christian Intelligencer* dislikes the substitution of "signs" for "miracles" in the Revised New Testament. "Miracles," it says, "is a more pleasant word than signs, both to the tongue and the ear.

—A Mohammedan university nine hundred years older than Oxford is still flourishing at Cairo as in the days of Arabian conquests. It contains but one room, the floor is paved and the roof is supported by 400 columns.

—There are 397 institutions in the world for the education of deaf-mutes. Germany has ninety of these, France sixty-seven, Great Britain forty-six, and the United States thirty-eight. Recent careful estimates place the number of these unfortunates in existence at 800,000.—*Chicago Current.*

—According to their *Year Book* there has been rapid growth in the Reformed Episcopal Church during the past eight years. It has ten Bishops, 103 Presbyters and deacons, 7,943 communicants, prosperous Sunday-schools, and church property valued at $1,021,569.

—In the village of Slate Hill, Orange County, N. Y., is a Baptist Church which was built in 1783. It is very primitive in style, and in the gallery has a pew which was made exclusively for slaves belonging to members of the congregation, which once numbered five hundred. The church is a great curiosity now, and is visited by many strangers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A curious incident occurred in the Parade Church, Shorncliffe, England, on a recent Sunday. It was found that the church was besieged by various kinds of birds, principally swallows. Every effort was made to dislodge them, but without effect, and at last some soldiers were obliged to fire a volley of blank cartridges, which completely routed them, and the church being soon vacated, the service was held.

—At Cambridge, says the London *Truth*, the girl undergraduates have been decidedly "coming on." In last year's Mathematical Tripos they had no wranglers at all, and their best "man" was only equal to the forty-fourth on the list. This year they have two wranglers, one coming between the twenty-fourth and the twenty-fifth on the list, the other being equal to the thirty-fourth.

—The people of Trinity Parish, Buffalo, N. Y., moved into their new church the other day, and Bishop Coxe held a "service of secularization" in the old church, declaring it "secular and unconsecrated, and no longer within our jurisdiction, but given back solely to the protection of the laws of the land, and to none other than such common uses and control as by said laws are recognized and allowed."—*Buffalo Express.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—You must not expect to catch a big fish by simply dropping your tackle into the water and pulling it up again. You have to offer genuine inducements that will impress the fish as to your good faith—sort of worm yourself into his confidence, as it were, so to speak.—*Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.*

—Woman, God bless her bright eyes can make roses bloom in the desert, and when so minded she can give to the most commonplace affairs of life rather much of a rainbow look; but to save her eyebrows she can't use a pen without getting ink on her fingers any more than she can remember the day of the month.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A dispatch from Keene, N. H., in speaking of the killing of an elephant at that place, says: "The huge beast fell with a dull thud, without a noise or a struggle." We are glad we understand what a dull thud really is. We have heretofore been led to suppose it sounded like a fat man sitting down on a banana peel.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—When the young man, after four years' of hard training, graduates from college with tremendous biceps and a phenomenal chest, and enters a single scull race on the Harlem River, and is wiped out by a horny-handed son of toil, who never heard of Cicero or Tiberius, or Horace's "Ars Rowetica," then is the time he wants to know why he has labored all these weary, weary years.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The disposition of children not to allow other children to get ahead of them is once more illustrated in two families as follows: "I've got a silver dollar." "I've got two." "You haven't got a baby in your house." "Yes we have; we've got twins." "Well, you haven't got a crazy grandfather; I have."—*Boston Herald.*

—"I never did take much stock in that story about fish being such fine brain food," inadvertently remarked Smith, "and I take less stock in it than ever now that I've lived off little else for some time past. I think I'll quit them." "I wouldn't if I were you, old boy," feelingly remarked Smithers; "you see the fish in order to improve the brain must have something to work upon. They can't create the thing." And then Smith said that Smithers talked for all the world like his wife.—*Oil City (Pa.) Blizzard.*

—"Cud ye' help me er little dis mawnin', boss?" inquired a limping old darky. "I'se de erigernal Uncle Tom in Mistah Hennery Wa'd Beechah's story, entitled 'Dat Dittle Ole Log Cabin in de Lane.' My name is Harris, sah, Geo'ge Harris. I's tryin' to raise money enough to git obber to Brooklyn." "No," smiled the gentleman importuned, "I don't believe I can do anything for you to-day, Uncle Tom." "Has yo' nebber read dat book menshuned, sah?" "No, I never did." "Den yer eddicashun hab ben sadly neglected, boss. I tuks yer fo' er gemmen of eddicashun, 'deed I did."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GETTING THE VICTORY.

How the Persistent "I Will" Overcame the Giant "Can't."

Sammie Gay was bright, generous, but very quick tempered. His father and mother had tried faithfully to point out the foolishness and danger of yielding constantly to so dangerous a foe. Frequent punishment had followed paternal counsel, but still Sammie yielded far too often to the tyrant temper, which proved after all a hard master to the kind-hearted boy.

When there was to be a festival at the Broad Street Church, and Sammie begged leave to go, his mother said, yes, he could go, and have fifteen cents to spend if in the intervening two days he would not yield once to any improper show of temper, not that it was any part of her plan to hire Sammie to do right, but the wise mother knew that once in awhile some tempting incentive would go a great ways towards stimulating a boy to real effort in the right direction. But the mother was made both glad and sorry, when, on the afternoon of the festive day, poor Sammie declared with a burst of tears that he couldn't go, because he got "awful mad" that morning and called Tommy Ting "a hateful, dirty spider," because he crawled softly up behind him and scared him half out of his wits.

Mrs. Gay was glad that if Sammie was quick-tempered he was not a coward, but dared to tell the truth, although it cost him considerable in the way of fun and pleasure. And she did not forget nor neglect to commend the boy for his truthfulness, for the affair happened in the school-yard and could easily have been concealed had Sammie had less courage and conscience than distinguished him. So that evening, when the time for the festival came, Mrs. Gay invited Sammie to take a little walk with her, and during the pleasant stroll she showed how a hasty temper betrayed any one into all kinds of sin and folly.

Then she spoke in her calm, kind way of the improper language he had used in calling Tommy Ting the names he did, language no little gentleman would soil his lips by using. "Now, my child," she added, cheerily, "I've heard of an excellent plan for preventing one's self from saying hasty words and making improper speeches; whenever you feel the least angry, stop and count ten before allowing yourself to speak one word."

Sammie thought this a splendid idea, and declared his belief that he could kill his unfortunate temper in that way without doubt. He would try it the very next day.

And so he did, poor child, for when Nick Neal, the bad boy of the school, taunted him with having failed in spelling, he answered never a word, but just began counting ten with all his might; but when Nick called out in his most provoking tone: "Ah, so the little parson hasn't the courage to say a word!" up went Sammie's hand in quick revenge, and he had to remain in from recess in the afternoon for striking another boy.

No wonder poor Sammie cried that night, and told his sympathizing mother it was no use, he could not conquer his temper, it was bound to overcome him every time.

After Sammie was in bed and settling himself "to think over things," his mother came into his room with a book in her hand; and with ready delight he knew that meant a story before going to sleep. And it was a wonderful story, all about a boy who won an astonishing victory in making "I can't" yield to "I will."

The hero was not a very strong child, and every difficult task of duty made him shrink back and say: "I can't;" but one night he dreamed a great giant by the name of "I will" came and conquered the feeble, but persistent, "I can't," until it was driven away forever. But the great Captain, under whose leadership the victory was accomplished, was named "Perseverance;" for "I will" did not come off conqueror at once. There were several long battles, first; but the boy dreamed that "I will" was not to be put down, and when finally "I can't" was really driven away he never came back again.

Sammie thought this a splendid story, as indeed it was; and his mother noticed how his eyes flashed, and what a look of strong purpose and resolve came over his face as he listened to the well-told truthful story.

The next night, when bed-time came, Sammie looked so happy his mother said she knew he had something good to tell her; and he laughed, and said 'twas a long story; but he thought for all that she would like to hear it; and as his mother certainly did want to hear all about it, he began:

"Well, all the way to school this morning I kept thinking of 'I can't' and 'I will,' and I says to myself: I *will* make this old temper of mine give in; yesterday I thought: Oh! I can't, I can't; but now I will, and, first thing while I was thinking these thoughts, some one jumped at me and screached 'boo!' as loud as he could, and there was that bothersome Nick Neal again, and my first thought was: I can't keep my temper, but quick as a flash I says: I will! so I just laughed and says: 'Well, that was pretty well done, Nick, 'spose you try it again.' Well, he plagued me all the way to school, and that 'can't' and 'will' kept up a battle all the whole way, but 'will' came out victorious."

"Well done," says mother, "I'm glad to hear that."

"But the best of it," continued Sammie, "was when recess came, Nick wanted to borrow a knife and none of the fellows would lend him one, his hands were dirty and he looked so mean. I had another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' but up I marched and handed Nick my knife. And if you'll believe it, Mother Gay, Nick used it as careful as could be, and when he brought it back says very like a gentleman: 'Thank you, Sam. I won't bother you no more, nor won't let any the other fellows neither.'"

"But after recess I failed in geography after I'd spent an hour studying and thought I knew my lesson perfectly. Oh, how I wanted to scuff my feet; but then came another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' and I got the better of my temper again.

"This afternoon while we were playing ball, Tommy Ting let the ball fly right at my face, and give me the biggest blow; my, how it hurt! I ached to hit Tom back, and 'twas the worst battle I've had to-day; temper kept saying: 'I can't restrain myself,' then the good giant would say: 'I will;' and so I said: 'Please try not do that again, Tommy,' and he actually wanted me to take a cent his father gave him to spend, but course I wouldn't."

"I had one battle more when cook wouldn't give me a biscuit after school; but it came easy that time, and I kinder imagine if I keep right on fighting, by and by I won't have so much trouble with this temper of mine."

The tears were in his mother's eyes when Sammie finished his story, and that night she read the story of "I can't" and "I will" to him again, to impress it on his mind: and now Sammie says he is an out and out warrior, for he has to fight battles every day. But he also says it is constantly becoming easier to conquer his temper, because "I can't" is getting tired of having to give up to "I will;" then others see what an effort he is making to keep down his hot temper and help him all they can.

Sammie will conquer at last, and so will every dear child who makes up his mind in earnest to listen to the good voice of valiant "I will," and crush out the foolish voice of "I can't." One is small but persistent, the other a giant, but the boys must never forget that many a giant ever since the days of Goliath of old has been slain by what after all is no stronger than a sling and a stone, so he must make a strong fight on the part of the good giant "I will!"
—*Harriet A. Cheever, in Golden Rule.*

SUSIE'S BRAVERY.

How She Saved Her Brother's Life by Her Presence of Mind.

One day Mrs. White was obliged to leave home in the morning and did not expect to return until the evening. She felt anxious about leaving her three children alone, but it really could not be helped. So she asked a kind old lady who lived next door to look in at the children two or three times through the day to see that no harm came to them.

The first time the old lady came in, Susie, who was twelve years old, was trying to put her two-year-old brother to sleep; while eight-year-old Jennie was amusing herself by tying short pieces of string to her kitten's tail and then watching her run round and round trying to catch it. "Well," said the lady, "I am glad to see that you are such good children, and I hope that you will avoid getting into mischief, at least till your mamma returns."

But no sooner had the lady left when Willie suddenly changed his mind about going to sleep. He sat up in Susie's lap and struggled to get on the floor.

Susie let him do as he wished, and he soon joined in Jennie's sport with the kitten.

Susie, thinking this the best time to do the sweeping, took up the broom, expecting to sweep the yard and pavement.

But suddenly she heard a loud scream, and upon reaching the room where she had left Jennie and Willie she almost fainted. For there upon the floor lay Willie, perfectly quiet, pale as death, and the blood flowing freely from a cut in the head.

Willie had only fallen from a chair, but in his fall had struck his head against some broken glass which was lying on the floor, which caused a severe cut in his head.

To say that Susie was alarmed would hardly express what she felt, and at first she did not know what to do. Her first thought was to call out one of the neighbors; her second was to run for the doctor. But, had Susie acted upon either of these thoughts, Willie would have been left alone with Jennie, who was so frightened that she could do nothing but cry and give an occasional scream.

Susie felt very much like doing the same, but she knew this would be worse than useless; so she ran quickly for a large piece of cloth, lifted Willie's head from the floor and bound up the cut tightly in order to stop the flow of blood.

She then laid him upon the bed, sent for the doctor, and began to bathe his hands and face with cold water, until Willie opened his eyes; but he seemed very weak.

When the doctor came he told Susie there was no danger, but that Willie was very weak from the loss of blood.

When Susie heard that Willie would not die, as she had feared, she felt so relieved and happy that she burst into tears. And when she told the doctor how it had all happened, he was amazed. "You are a brave little woman, Susie!" he exclaimed, "and you have saved your brother's life by your presence of mind. Had you left your brother on the floor bleeding and ran about wildly for assistance, as most girls of your age would have done, he might have died from the loss of blood. Few girls would have kept their usual common sense about them as you did. Even grown people do some very foolish things when they become frightened. I once knew a lady whose house took fire one day, and, being anxious to save some of her bed clothing, she began throwing it out of the window. In a few moments, however, she felt that it was time to leave the burning house, so she took up the baby in one arm and a few pillows in the other, expecting to throw the pillows out of the window and carry the baby down the stairs; but she had become so frightened and had lost her presence of mind completely, so when she reached the window she threw the baby out of it and carried the pillows down the stairs."

"O," cried Susie, when the doctor had finished, "was the baby killed?"

"No," said he; "it had fallen upon some of the bedding and was unhurt. But it taught the mother a lesson which she never forgot, nor did she ever lose her presence of mind again.

"But I must leave you now, Susie. Don't be anxious about your brother. I have bound his head properly, and all he needs now is perfect quiet. I will call again this evening and give your mother further directions." So he took up his hat and cane and left Susie to ponder over the importance of cultivating presence of mind.—*School and Home.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.—*Boston Budget.*

—Every good pasture must contain a luxuriant growth of tender and nutritive grasses, cool shade, and a permanent supply of pure water.

—If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

—Doughnuts: One cup sugar, one egg, one cup sweet milk, butter size of an egg, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar; flour to roll well.—*The Household.*

—Dried cherries and plums are very nice for pies or as sauce in winter. Stone them and half dry them, then pack them in jars with sugar strewn between the layers.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The transformations of nature are wonderful. Put a herring in a tin box with some cotton-seed oil and it immediately turns into a sardine.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Cookies: One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, flour to roll well. Cut in squares quite thin. Brisk oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

—One ounce oil of lavender mixed with one quart of water or alcohol and sprinkled about a room will rid it of flies. One who knows, says that four applications at intervals will be sufficient to drive away a host.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—To make orange "float" take one quart of water, the juice and pulp of two lemons, one coffee-cup of sugar. When boiling hot add four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Let it boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. When cold pour it over four or five oranges that have been sliced into a glass dish, and over the whole spread the beaten whites of three eggs, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.—*The Caterer.*

—*Hall's Journal of Health* says that half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve heart-burn or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will, in a few days, cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet.

—A new way to make an apple pudding is to make a batter of flour, sweet milk and one egg, with baking powder, in proper proportion; pare and core six tart apples, stew them in a very little water until they are quite soft, then beat the apples into the batter. This is to be baked in a buttered earthen pie plate; it should be a deep plate; this is to be eaten with cream and sugar, or if is an impossibility use butter instead.—*Boston Globe.*

—Buttermilk Bread: Put two pounds best flour into a bowl, one teaspoonful of salt, two of baking powder, two of cream of tartar, mix well; then put one and a half teaspoonfuls baking soda into a cup, break all lumps, add a little buttermilk, blend; then fill up the cup, pour this on the flour, mix very well; add more buttermilk till it is moist enough; work it well, put it on the pasteboard and knead it, form into a ball, lay the hand flat on it, and press it into a round cake one inch thick, cut into four, bake in a rather quick oven; it will rise very much. About one pint of milk will be enough for above quantity of flour.—*Detroit Post.*

ORCHARDS.

Efforts That Should be Made to Remove Insect Pests.

It is important that arrangements should be made by the owners of orchards for the free run of sheep, swine, and poultry, for devouring the infested fruit which drops from the trees. There are three insects which need special attention, the codling moth, curculio, and apple maggot. Sheep will pick up and devour the infested and dropping specimens of apples, plums and pears, and swine will do the same, but they are not so vigilant. Hens pick up fallen plums early in the season while the fruit is small. Some persons erroneously assert that hens devour the insects alone, but these persons do not seem to reflect that hens can not reach up the tree-tops and get at the curculios while they are depositing their eggs, nor seize the larvæ as they are leaving the young fruit to enter the ground. The useful work of the poultry is, in devouring both the infested fruit and contained larvæ at one stroke. In addition to the jarring process, there is some reason to believe that Paris green may be successfully used for the curculio, either by acting on the young larvæ or in some other way. There is therefore no difficulty in meeting the curculio if proper means are used. With the codling moth there are two well proved remedies—spraying with Paris green, and devouring by sheep and swine. For the apple maggot, which comes later in the season, there appears as yet to be no remedy devised but beating off the infested fruit, for sheep and swine to gather.

These insects do not always confine themselves to the fruits which they are commonly supposed to specially attack. The apple and the pear are often ruined by the curculio. Prof. Maynard collected a large number of the young apples, which dropped from a tree with an abundant crop, when they were half an inch or more in diameter. Out of 200, it was found that all but three were punctured with the plum curculio, and not infested with the codling moth. It is well therefore to make provision to meet these destroyers with ample appliances; and the orchardist who raises fruit for market, or for home use, should have enough animals to take care of the depredators, as well as to aid in manuring the soil. Sheep sometimes attack the bark of young trees, and we have known swine to strip the stems; but the use of a repelling wash has held sheep in check, and a few twigs of sweet briar or osage orange bound around the trunk have kept swine at a respectful distance. If in addition to the above mentioned modes of protecting the crop, the use of poisons is added, there will be a reasonable certainty of having fair and handsome specimens.—*Country Gentleman.*

What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the Government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude "backwoods nurse."

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin, of Buffalo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

"BEWARE of imitations," as the monkey said to the dude.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Is there no balm in Gilead?
Is there no physician there?"

Thanks to Dr. Pierce, there is a *balm* in his "Golden Medical Discovery"—a "balm for every wound" to health, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis, and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of druggists.

AMBITION is a vacuum that will never be filled.—*Washington Hatchet.*

"Fools Rush In, Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

BOSTON maidens love flowers. It is haughty-culture, you know.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A POETESS sighs: "I sit all alone, I sit by myself, I sit all alone." If she would stop writing she might have more company.

BEST French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best remedy for colic, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds fevers and inflammatory attacks if used early.

MISS PARLOA is out in a letter giving directions about what to take to picnics. Is the supply of girls exhausted in Boston.—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazer Axle Grease.

"SPEAKING of butter—the poor ye have always with you.—*Exchange.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

HAY-FEVER.

I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms, did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N. Y.

CATARRH

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I continued to try S. S. S. She commenced seven weeks ago. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold. JOHN F. BRADLEY,
Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885. 41 Griswold St.
For sale by all druggists.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

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In a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

TRAVELERS should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; $1 a bottle.

Dr. Radway's Pills,

For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cts.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, N. Y.

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

A Michigan Concern Enjoined.

[From the Rochester Morning Herald.]

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "*German Hop Bitters.*"

The President of the United States of America to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich., his servants, workmen, salesmen and agents, and each and every of them:

Whereas, it has been represented unto the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said District, sitting as a Court of Chancery, that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters, in *fraudulent imitation* of the *Hop Bitters* made and sold by complainant; your said medicine being *devised, calculated and intended to mislead the* public into purchasing such *counterfeit* goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly *enjoin* you, the said Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, *from using the words "Hop Bitters"* on any fluids contained in bottles so as to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing, selling or offering for sale any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels, and in the general form in which you were manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop Bitters, on the filing of the bill; or in any other bottles, or with any other labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court. * * *

Witness,
THE HONORABLE MORRISON R. WAITE,
Chief Justice of the United States,
At Detroit, this fifteenth day of July, A. D., 1885.
[L. S.] Walter S. Harsha, Clerk.

Prosecute the Swindlers !!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "*Hop Bitters*" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen and agents. Druggists, and other imitators, take warning.

HOP BITTERS M'F'G CO.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Callatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialities of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf (cut); that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

Established 1866. FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING! Resembles fine leather; for ROOFS, OUTSIDE WALLS, and INSIDE Lining of Paste. Very strong and durable. CARPETS and RUGS of same material. Catalogue, with testimonials and samples, Free. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 25c. 256 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over 3,000 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Clear Skin is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp

JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE. Made in Button, Congress and Lace. *Best Calf Skin.* Unexcelled in *Durability, Comfort and Appearance.* A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory. J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '85. Pronounced *strongest glue known.* Send card of dealer who does not keep it with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS. TO THE SQ. INCH

RUGS MADE IN A DAY. Delightful employment. Easy and profitable. No Hooking, Knitting, Braiding, or Weaving. Use any kind of cloth (new or old), rags or yarn. A handsome Turkish Rug made with 25 cts. worth of carpet waste. THE PEARL RUG MAKER can be used on all sewing machines, or by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at sight. Price $1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory. JNO. G. HOFF & CO., 218 State St., Chicago.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

CURED, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and all Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Where? At Green Spring, Sandusky County, Ohio, by J. L. Brown, M. D. Dr. C. J. Turner, Asst. Write for particulars—*free.*

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Model Wife.

Jones was well aware that his wife was in the habit of rifling his pockets when he was asleep, but, like a wise man he kept silent on the subject. One night, however, he woke up and caught her in the act.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing, my dear?"

The lady started, her cheeks flushed, the pantaloons drooped from her grasp, and she was about to make a full confession when a bright idea entered her head. Recovering her composure, she said:

"I was looking to see whether your pantaloons needed any buttons."

"They do, they do, my dear," he exclaimed, springing from bed, needed 'em for weeks, months, and I wondered why you didn't sew 'em on, but I waited, for I was sure you would get to it some time. And how kind of you to get out of bed at this time of night to attend to 'em. Say what you will, there's nothing in the world like a good wife. Let me turn up the gas a little so's you'll have all the light you want in sewing 'em on. Get your needle and thread and the buttons? No. Well, tell me where they are and I'll get 'em for you."

Mrs. Jones proceeded to sew on the buttons while her husband sat on the side of the bed and encouraged her with words of praise for her wifely care and thought for his comfort, occasionally remarking that to go where he would he would always say there was nothing in the world like a good wife.

The he went to the wardrobe and brought out several pairs of pants, a coat, two or three vests, and a number of shirts, from all of which buttons were missing, and cheerfully observed:

"While we are at it we'll make a night of it."

Two hours later, when Mrs. Jones with a weary sigh, removed her thimble from her finger, Jones patted her on the cheek and said:

"I say it again, my dear, say it again, that wherever I go I will make it known, proclaim it from the housetops, shout it in the highways and the byways that a wife who gets up in the middle of the night to sew buttons on her husband's clothes is a priceless treasure, a crown to her husband, and an ornament to her sex."

Then Mr. Jones chuckled to himself, lay calmly down and slept the sleep of the just.—*Boston Courier.*

How they Vote in Germany.

A striking feature of the German municipal system is its entire independence of national politics. No issue but those rising out of municipal questions are allowed to influence the city elections. Every male inhabitant twenty-four years of age has a right to vote on municipal questions provided he has his own household and is not dependent upon father or mother; that he has not received alms from the public funds within twelve years; that he has paid all munical dues; that he occupies a house or pursues a trade with two employees; that he pays an income tax or a class tax. Under one or another of these five conditions all industrious persons are included. That all votes should count equally is regarded as unbusiness like. The arrangement adopted to meet this point of view is this: Voters are divided into three classes, each of which elect one-third of the city council. To the first class are assigned so many of the largest taxpayers as pay one-third of the taxes assessed; to the second so many as in aggregate pay the second third of the taxes; to the third class belong all not included in the first and second. Each of the three classes elects forty-two members of council, its influence upon questions of finance being kept in strict equality with its tax payments. The city council of Berlin has long been conspicuous for the educational and financial standing of its members. Election to it is accounted an honor to which the ablest men of the city aspire.

A Lawyers's Ruse.

They tell a good story of a lawyer of Wooster, Ohio. A client charged with stealing a hog admitted his guilt to his counsel. The latter was noted for his honesty in private life. After thinking the matter over, he said: "John, cut that hog exactly in half, and bring one half to me." John obeyed. The evidence for the prosecution was weak, and when the counsel for the defense arose he won the case by saying to the jury: "Gentlemen, I can hold up my hand to Heaven and say that the defendant has no more of that hog than I have."—*Courier-Journal.*

For all scrofulous disorders, for syphilitic and mercurial diseases, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

One hand cannot expiate the wrong of the other.

"Second Wind."

Every one who has run a mile knows what it is to gain a "second wind," though he may not be able to explain why one minute he is out of breath, and then feels as if he could run several miles. A writer in Longman's *Magazine* gives this clear explanation of the fact:

The reader may not be aware that in ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play.

This is the reason why those who are not "in training," and who try to run for any distance, soon begin to gasp, and unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop, but if they persevere, the choking goes off, and the result is what is technically known as "second wind." When the second wind is fully established the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him. I know this by experience, having been accustomed for some years to run three miles every morning over a very hilly road. The fact is, that on starting, the furthest portion of the lungs are choked with air, and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise.

Now let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time, but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold. If this be repeated seventy or eighty times by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find that he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience.

Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before "taking a header," and he will find that he can swim for a considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.

Told by the Pilot.

"Yes, the artificial banks along this river made capital breastworks for the Confederates," said the pilot as we steamed down the mighty Mississippi. "Safely sheltered by the heavy walls of earth, I've had mor'n one crack at a Yankee gunboat myself."

"Then you were in the service?"

"Must have bin. I belonged to a sort o' independent troop, and most of our fighting was from these 'ere banks. Do you see that grove away off up there?"

"Yes."

"Well, in war times a big house stood there. Fifty of us were eating dinner there one day when somebody saw a Yankee gunboat along about here. We all rushed for the bank, and when she came along we opened with our muskets. By and by she replied with a shell from a big gun. It struck the bank near the top and jist lifted about ten wagon loads of dirt up in a heap and let it fall on our captain."

"Kill him?"

"No. I reckon not, but it buried him clear out of sight."

"How did he feel when you got him out?"

"We didn't git him out."

"You didn't! Why not?"

"Too busy holding an election for some one to take his place. We couldn't think of everything at once, you know, and then it was such a cheap and easy way of burying a man. They might have dug him out since the war, but I reckon he was no good. Been there too long."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Smart Scheme.

Two darkies had to carry a large desk to the house of Dr. Blister, who had bought it at a furniture store. When they arrived with the desk he was in and directed them where to put it. The darkies expected to get a quarter apiece at least for their extra trouble, but alas! the doctor did not give them anything at all. He forgot all about their sufferings in carrying the heavy desk up two flights of stairs.

They consulted together for a moment in the hall, and then they began to fight and pound each other, calling each other all manner of vile names. No such uproar had been heard since the adjournment of the Legislature.

Dr. Blister hearing the noise, came out and wanted to know what was the cause of the disturbance.

"Dis heah nigga kep' for hisself de money what you guv him for us bofe for totin' de desk up de stars," said Sam.

"You is a liar. De doctor didn't gib me de money. You got de money and kep' it," retorted Jim.

"You are both wrong, boys," said Dr. Blister, "I didn't give either of you anything, but I'll make it all right. Don't fight any more," and taking his pocket-book out he gave them a quarter each.

Those who assert the colored man has no executive ability should ponder over this item.—*Texas Siftings.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the Bloody Ground.

TOLLESBORO, KY.

DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.—I keep the largest stock of medicines of any store in Lewis county, with the exception of a drug store at Vanceburg, our county seat, and am selling a great deal of your PERUNA and MANALIN. It is giving the best satisfaction of any medicine that I ever handled. In one case the constable for the precinct, has been very sick and low spirited for a long time. For several years he has tried all the doctors here, and we have some good ones, and they did him no good. After much persuasion I sold him two bottles of PERUNA and MANALIN. He took half of the medicine. I could see a great change in him, and now he is as sound a man apparently as there is in this vicinity, and he says he is entirely well. He is a number one man and is highly respected. He is satisfied that your medicine saved his life, after all the doctors and all medicines had failed. Being unacquainted with you, I refer you to John Shillito & Co., Alter, Pinckard & Co., and other business houses of Cincinnati.

R. L. GILLESPIE, P. M.

Messrs. Adamson & Shipley, of Waynesburg, Pa., write: "Please send us some "Ills of Life" immediately. We are having a big run on your medicine, PERUNA. Instead of dying out, like most medicines, in course of time, it seems to be growing in favor. We sell lots of it. Please send the books soon."

Messrs. Wirthorn & Urban, of Allegheny City, Pa., write: "Having a large sale for your PERUNA and MANALIN, we have also many calls for your book, "Ills of Life." Please send us a supply of them, German and English, and oblige."

S. Wolf & Son, Wilmot, O., write: "Gentlemen: We handle your goods, and they give good satisfaction."

A. G. Sellards, Greenup, Ky., says: "Gentlemen: I am handling your medicines, and having a good trade on them."

J. C. Saunders, Martinsburg, W. Va., writes: "Gentlemen: Your PERUNA sells fast and gives good satisfaction here. We sell more PERUNA than any other preparation we handle."

W. Bauer, St. Mary's, Pa., writes: "My son is still improving in health. Your PERUNA is just the thing for him."

H. L. Day & Co., New Vienna, Ohio, write: "S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.—Gentlemen: Your PERUNA sells as well as any medicine with us. Quite a number have told us that PERUNA is the best thing they ever used."

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.

Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.

37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.

7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 361, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 33	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M.
No. 4	3.50 P. M.
No. 6	9.53 P. M.
No. 14	5.50 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH AND MANHOOD

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free. TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.

One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUSNESS, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Decay, and numerous obscure diseases, befalling the skilled physician, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influences is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliances. WE CURE PERMANENTLY.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine.* Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,

Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as any where in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home. Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Hosley House," containing seven rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,

5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river.

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

J. L. BURLEY,

6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

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PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan19-8

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n17.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

D. R. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

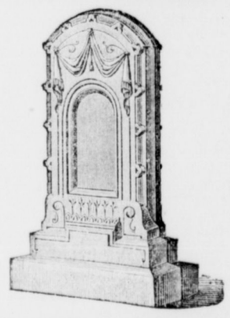
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Da Costa, Agnew, Hamilton, Forbyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shuntzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1885. NUMBER 28

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S

PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE.

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.

Oakland, June 20th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361, Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321, On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317, Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196, Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163, Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brao's Dwelling.
No. 149, Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1331, Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63, Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Social Forms.

Good Housekeeping.

The use of formality and ceremony is to compel the performance of social duties that would not be performed were it not for the authority of the custom. In the course of time the appropriate feelings accompany these acts and in the form of spontaneous motives displace the enforcement of organized habits. There is much in formality that is cold, false and deceitful, and "civilized" people ought to be above it. On the other hand, spontaneousness in conduct, when a good result is intended, is what it pretends to be, and promotes friendly feelings and associations. It may be well that some people are formal; they would be nothing if not ceremonious. It would be better, however, if they were quick to act without the compulsion of custom, obedient to the promptings of many social feelings. No doubt many people, through the inertia of habit, are following lines of custom, while their natures are fully competent to indulge in independent spontaneity. An illustration of one struggling for emancipation came to hand not long ago. The writer had been entertained for the first time at the house of a certain hospitable old gentleman and both were sitting with half an hour to wait for the arrival of the carriage in which the host proposed to take the guest to the railway station, when the former said: "I want to have you be sure to come and see me again and if you don't have any business calls this way come without them." He then added, apologetically: "I suppose I ought to have said this when bidding you good-bye at the station, but I like to say things when I think of them." There was a charming naturalness in the old gentleman's invitation, and a wholesouled hospitality that were not to be misunderstood. They would have been almost totally lost if the invitation had been reserved for the last act of formality, as many are in the habit of doing. One may be justified in taking very little stock in "come and see me again" when accompanied with a "good bye." Though suitable feeling may stand behind the invitation in such case, yet it is not to be compared to the certainty that exists in the less formal mode. If one is staying at a friend's house for a portion of the day and is about to leave just before meal time, he must not think of accepting an invitation to remain for the meal when it is made at the time of departure, the guest, perhaps, with hat and cane in hand. The host could not say in plainer language: "Stay and dine with me; I do not expect that you will and rather hope that you will not, though you have a license to force yourself upon me." Yet how many people there are who issue their invitations in just this formal way, as if to get the credit for hospitality without conferring it upon anyone.

All admire a frank, natural person, who has no offensive traits, and it is to such persons that we most freely give our confidence. The foundation of social integration is the trust that people have in each other; it is for this reason that a lie is wrong. A falsehood is a social offense, because it tends to weaken the ties that hold society together. Hence formality may be wrong, for it may tread upon the borders of deception when practiced by people who have feelings well enough developed to enable them to do without it.

People of this description are "glad to see you" long before leaving their house, or they will not say that they are glad at all; they invite you to remain to dinner or to supper before you have gone so far in preparing for departure that it would be awkward to turn back; they don't wait until they have to shout to you as you ride off to say, "come again;" nor will it be a mere "come again," either, but a hearty request to repeat the visit, or the invitation will hardly be made. So it will be found by those who have the feeling to prompt them to commendable social acts, that formality and ceremony dwarf their import, while the natural conduct creates a stronger fellowship, a new sympathy and unmistakable attitude of regard.

Headaches and biliousness are promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic, sugar-coated Pills.

It is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it put.

A Profitable Industry.

[Detroit Post and Tribune.]

There is an enterprise carried on in Detroit which is not generally known and never appears in the statement of the city's varied prosperous industries. Its novelty is such that it has never as yet attained the dignity of a name. It is carried on when a majority of citizens are asleep. Those engaged in it prosper upon the carelessness and misfortunes of others. Their income defies definite prediction, but can be depended on for a handsome return on the capital invested. The few engaged in this industry might be termed "fighters." The pioneers in the business were gas-lighters. Scarcely one of their number, who has been engaged with the craft for any considerable length of time, has failed to find one or more articles which afforded a handsome addition to his regular income. Almost every night there was a valuable find or two, and as a knowledge of the fact came to a few who were waiting for something to turn up, they saw in it a golden opportunity, and are now laying up treasures from what they can find.

One of these individuals lives in Close's alley and is a negro. At the very peep of day he may be seen abroad, traveling at a good round space, scanning the sidewalk and doorways, and swooping down on anything of sufficient value to repay the loss of a minute or so. There are also three men who travel together, their rounds generally beginning about midnight and continuing until daylight. They walk a breast, taking in the sidewalk, scanning it as they go, the center man carrying a bull's-eye lantern attached to the front of his coat. They go as rapidly as is consistent with their business, and nothing of value escapes their notice. A basket is the receptacle for many articles, money goes into their pockets, and heavier finds sometimes necessitate the sending of a detail of one or two for assistance or a wagon. What they pick up comprises almost every movable commodity worn or carried upon the streets. They secure hats, handkerchiefs without number, coats, money, umbrellas, feathers of value, occasionally a valuable watch dropped by some night marauder, purses, rings, breastpins, canes, chains bracelets, keys, letters, gloves, furs, skirts, and even hoes, dropped by some luckless adventuress. An invoice of these findings would show an immense annual aggregate. A plume picked up not long since netted eight dollars to the finder. A watch was quietly disposed of for fifty dollars, and the purchaser had a bargain. Much of the jewelry is sent to a distant market. Ready money is tucked away and tells no tales.

Curious finds are also made. An old lamp-lighter said to a reporter: "I have picked up two bushels of potatoes when they were worth a dollar and a half per bushel, and no one even called for the bags."

Another had found a new suit of clothes, neatly done up, and found them a good fit without the change of a button. Some disciple of Bacchus tucked a twenty-dollar bill outside his vest pocket and the eagle-eyed finder gathered it in. Purses containing several times that amount have been picked up, and the business is said by those informed to be a lucrative one.

A peculiar case is that of an aged negro who is found around the market building at an early hour during the hot weather. He gathers up the heads and feet of chickens, declaring when questioned: "Boss, dem am de quintessence ob de fowel. De possum am de only bird dat obberrates dese foh regalah ole-time soup." He never misses a squash, bunch of vegetables, or some other bit of diet.

Weighing and Guessing.

A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph*, upon the advantage of using scales on the farm to decide weights of products and animals sold, relates the following:

There are many farmers who do not properly estimate the value of being able to weigh upon the farm whatever may be produced thereon, especially that portion to be sold. The dealer in stock who comes to your farm to buy is estimating and weighing daily, and becomes so expert that he can guess the weight of an animal within a few pounds. The majority of farmers cannot do this. The dealer is going to buy as cheap as he can. He asks the farmer his price. The reply is often made that he does not know what it is really worth; what will he pay for it. The reply is, he cannot buy and sell; you must set the price. If the farmer is really ignorant of its value the dealer soon discovers it and acts accordingly.

Last fall I bought a flock of sheep to raise early lambs. Not having kept sheep for years, I was not posted; but I raised some fine lambs. Some buyers were looking at them, and I priced them for the whole lot; this was claimed to be too high. A few days later the sheep were yarded to be shorn, when a number of the lambs were weighed. The next day one of the village butchers met me and said he was just coming to see me about those lambs. I told him to go and look them over; he spent an hour among them. I said to him: "You found some fine lambs?" "O, fair," he replied. "The first lamb dropped was March 20, the majority after the 1st of April. Now, in view of their age, are they not more than fair?" He admitted that for their age they were very good. I asked him what some of the best of them would weigh. "O, about forty-five pounds," he replied. I smiled, and asked him if he did not know any better, remarking that it was useless to beat around the bush, as I was posted on their weight, and that seventy was nearer the mark than forty-five. I set my price and he bought them. The next day I met another of the village butchers and told him I had a wether, and that as I only wanted to keep ewes I would sell.

I told him $5 was the price, in answer to his inquiry. He said he would give $3 50 if a good one, but $5 was out of the question. He said he would give 4 cents per pound (4½ is the present market price). At this figures the sheep was worth $4 80, at the market price $5 40.

This spring, in selling some grain, I weighed the last load. The weight at the warehouse and my weight did not agree. I showed my figures; they looked again and found a mistake. It paid me well for weighing.

Stimulating Old Trees.

Country Gentleman.

When apple and other fruit trees lose their vigor from age, or from neglect or want of fertilizing, there are different modes of restoring them to vigor, which may be used to the best advantage during autumn. One of the easiest of application is to spread barn manure broadcast for twenty-five or thirty feet distant from the trunk of the tree on each side. This treatment will frequently be sufficient of itself, in addition to pruning out any dead branch, or thinning in the head from the outside, or both. Cultivating the surface while the tree is dormant is an additional aid. For smaller trees which are required to stand in grass, or where they cannot be cultivated, a strong impetus may be given by cutting radiating trenches from within a few feet of the tree a rod or so in length on all sides, and filling these with compost. The large roots which lie on each side of these trenches, will send their side roots into the compost, and the trees will be pushed rapidly in growth. The trenches may be from one to two feet in depth and the width that of the blade of the spade. Another mode, instead of cutting these radiating trenches, is to cut a circular ditch around the tree at some distance from the trunk and to fill this with compost. The severed roots will soon send new fibres into the compost, while the pruning which the roots receive will promote fruitfulness. Some judgement must be used to cut the ditch at the right distance; if too near it will temporarily check the growth too severely, before new roots are formed; and if too far away, the labor will be too great, and the result less striking. In most cases, however, and with orchards of some size, cultivating and top dressing will be sufficient. All cutting of the roots or branches must be done while the trees are not growing.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GIRLS, AS YOU GO ALONG.

Come, all you fair young housewives and listen unto me,
(I mean those lucky ones, who are from servant-bondage free,)
And some advice I'll give you in a simple little song,
With the simple little chorus of—Girls, as you go along.
O, as you go along,
Leave everything where it should be, girls, as you go along.

You take a fancy for a cake, late in the afternoon,
And flour, butter, sugar, eggs, and milk, and bowl, and spoon,
And other necessary aids, the kitchen table throng;
Don't let them stay, clear them away, girls, as you go along.
O, as you go along,
Put each one back in its right place, girls, as you go along.

And then you'll find how easily a great deal can be done
Without your being "tired to death" at setting of the sun,
And though, sometimes, in spite of care, things seem to turn out wrong,
'Twill always pay to smooth the way, girls, as you go along.
O, as you go along,
Then never leave your work behind, girls, as you go along.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Good Housekeeping.*

OUR DEAD PRESIDENTS.

How They Died and Where They Were Buried.

A Short Account of the Last Days and Hours of the Country's Chief Magistrates—The Remarkable Fortitude Exhibited by the Illustrious Sufferers.

General Washington, the first President, took cold during a five hours' ride over his plantation on the 12th of December, 1799, during the last hours of which he was exposed to a severe storm of snow, hail, and rain. The cold developed on the 13th, and he died of pneumonia on the 14th. A few minutes before his death he asked his Secretray to have his body kept three days before burial. The Secretary bowed. "Do you understand me?" the dying man asked. "Yes," was the reply. "'Tis well," Washington said. They were his last words. The body was buried on the 18th, a schooner being stationed off Alexandria to fire minute guns while the procession moved from the house to the vault. The troops, horse and foot, led the way; then came four of the clergy, then Washington's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms in black; then the body, borne by the Masonic order (of which he was member), and officers, followed by the family and several old friends, and the corporation of Alexandria. At the tomb the Rev. Mr. Davis read the service and delivered a brief address, after which the body was deposited in the vault with Masonic ceremonies. Washington's remains were deposited in their present receptacle in Mount Vernon in 1837.

John Adams, the second President, died on July 4, 1826, the semi-centennial of American independence. Adams at ninety-one possessed a remarkable activity of mind, though his sight was so impaired that he could neither read nor write. By April, 1826, it was evident that he was failing, though his neighbors in Quincy, Mass., hoped fondly that he would be able to attend the local Fourth of July celebration. When, however, it became apparent that he could not attend in person, a delegate was appointed to visit him and beg a last word or cheerful message. On June 30 the delegate called on Mr. Adams and "spent some few minutes with him in conversation, and took from him a toast to be presented on the Fourth of July as coming from him." "I will give you," said he, "Independence Forever!" He was asked if he would not add anything to it, and he replied, "Not a word." At this time Mr. Adams experienced no suffering, but respiration became more and more difficult till on the morning of the 4th. He passed away calmly and without suffering at sunset. "Thomas Jefferson still survives," were the last words he uttered, so far as could be gathered from his failing articulation. He was buried in the family vault in the cemetery, but upon the completion of the Unitarian Church of Quincy, just across the street, in 1828, the body was removed from the vault into the room beneath the church.

Thomas Jefferson, the third President, died only a few hours before John Adams. On the 3d of July he dozed hour after hour under the influence of opiates. Rousing occasionally, he fervently expressed a desire to live until the day he had assisted to consecrate fifty years before. At eleven o'clock at night he whispered to Mr. N. P. Trist, his grandchild's husband, who sat by the bed: "This is the Fourth?" Mr. Trist remained silent, being unable to say "Not yet!" "This is the Fourth?" again whispered Jefferson, and when the watcher nodded, "Ah!" he sighed, and sunk into sleep with an expression of satisfaction upon his countenance. His watchers thought him dying, but he lingered until 12:40 in the afternoon, occasionally indicating a desire by words or looks. "I resign my soul to God and my daughter to my country" is a popular version of his last utterances. His remains lie in a little inclosure to the right of a road leading from Charlottesville, Va., to Monticello. An obelisk nine feet high marks the spot.

James Madison, the fourth President, and the last survivor of the signers of the United States Constitution, died on June 28, 1836. During his last illness, when the family and doctor were at dinner, his voice was heard feebly from the adjoining chamber: "Doctor, are you pushing about the bottles? Do your duty, doctor, or I must cashier you." He is buried at Montpelier, four miles from Orange Court House, Va. The grave is in the center of a large field, in a lot about one hundred feet square, surrounded by a brick wall. On the gate is a sign: "Madison, 1820."

James Monroe, the fifth President and the third to die on Independence Day, died July 4, 1831, in New York City, at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Governeur. His remains were deposited with public honors in the Marble Cemetery on Second Street, in New York, where they reposed until 1858, when they were removed under the escort of the Seventh Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Abram Duryea, to Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va. The remains rest on a beautiful site overlooking the James River Falls above Richmond, in a vault of brick and granite.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, was found by death where he could have wished its approach—in the halls of Congress. On February 21, 1848, he ascended the steps of the Capitol with his accustomed alacrity, and took his place in the House. While petitions were being presented, suddenly there was a cry of "Mr. Adams!" and a rush of members toward his seat. He was rising with a number of petitions in his hand, when he was struck with apoplexy and sank down, catching at his desk and falling into the arms of the member who sprang across the aisle to his assistance. He was carried into the rotunda, then into the Speaker's room. He attempted to speak, but his voice was a mere murmur, low and indistinct, though Mr. Ashmun, who was placing him on the sofa, heard him say: "This is the last of earth; I am content." He became insensible at once, and lingered, faintly breathing, till ten o'clock on the morning of the 23d, when he expired. Mr. Adams' body was removed on the car drawn by six white horses that had served for Harrison's funeral, and after lying in state in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was buried under the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass., where his father, John Adams was buried.

Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, died on Sunday, June 8, 1845, at the Hermitage, his famous home. For months he had been suffering from disease of the lungs, dropsy and diarrhoea. On the Friday previous to his death he gave directions concerning his funeral, and dictated a letter, his last, to the President, bidding him act promptly and resolutely in the affairs of Texas and Oregon. On the morning of his death, a brilliant, hot day, he bade farewell to his family, friends and servants, whom he addressed with calmness, strength, and even admiration on the subject of religion, concluding: "I hope and trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black," words he repeated again in the afternoon as the end was coming on. Hearing the servants on the piazza weeping, he spoke again: "What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? O, do not cry. Be good children and we will meet in Heaven. At six he died, without a struggle or a pang. His funeral was attended by 3,000 people on the Tuesday following. He is buried at the Hermitage, on the Lebanon pike, eleven miles from Nashville, Tenn. A massive monument of Tennessee granite marks his grave.

Martin Van Buren, the eighth President, died at Kinderhook, Columbia County, N. Y., on July 24, 1862, of asthma, that developed into a painful catarrhal affection of the throat and lungs. One of his last distinct utterances was to his clergyman: "There is but one reliance." He is buried in the little village cemetery at Kinderhook, in the family lot. A granite shaft fifteen feet high marks his grave.

William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, died in Washington City, April 4, 1841. He rode on horseback to his inauguration and stood bareheaded and without an overcoat to deliver his inaugural, contracting pneumonia, which was aggraved by subsequent imprudences. His last words heard by Dr. Washington were: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." A procession two miles in length escorted the body, which was conveyed on a funeral car drawn by six white horses, to its temporary resting place in the Congressional burying ground, where the Episcopal service was read by Mr. Hawley. His present resting place is at North Bend, Ohio, a few yards from the track of the Illinois Central Railroad, where it enters the tunnel. The grave is a simple mound, unfenced, on a little knoll, and is shaded by beeches and other trees. There is no monument and no inscription any where to tell the story of the departed hero of Tippecanoe.

John Tyler, the tenth President, was taken ill on Sunday, January 12, 1862, while at breakfast at the Ballard House, Richmond, Va., and died at midnight on the 17th. "Let me give you some stimulant," said the doctor. "I will not have it," replied the dying man; and closing his eyes he passed away. His body lay in state at the Capitol. He was a member of the Confederate Congress, and was interred at Hollywood Cemetery on the 21st, by Bishop Johns. His grave is a little mound covered with bushes, about ten yards from the grave of Monroe.

James K. Polk, the eleventh President, died at Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1849, three months after his retirement from the Presidency. He had suffered from diarrhœa on the journey home, and a recurring attack proved fatal. On his death bed he received the rite of baptism at the hands of a Methodist clergyman. He is buried at the old family homestead at Nashville, Tenn. The monument is a block twelve feet square by twelve in height.

General Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, attended the Fourth of July ceremonial in Washington City in 1850, when the dust from Kosciusko's tomb was deposited in the Washington monument, and endured for several hours the heat of the day, which he declared was worse than any he had experienced in Mexico or Florida. Going home, he insisted on eating freely of unripe cherries and drinking cold water and iced milk, despite the remonstrances of his servant. This brought on an attack of cholera morbus, followed by typhoid, of which he died on the 9th. An imposing procession accompanied his remains to the Congressional Cemetery. His remains have been removed three times, and now repose in a public spot at Frankfort, Ky.

Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President, died at Buffalo, N. Y., N. Y., on March 8, 1874, and after lying in state at St. Paul's Cath[illegible], the remains were buried at Forest[illegible] Cemetery, three miles from Buffalo. A tall monument bears the inscription: "Millard Fillmore. Born Jan. 7, 1800; died March 8, 1874."

Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President, died on Friday, October 8, 1869, at the residence of Mr. Willard Williams, Concord, N. H., of dropsy and inflammation of the stomach. For the last three days of his life he was nearly unconscious, and died without pain. His body lay in state at Doric Hall and was buried in the Minot Cemetery, on Main Street, on the 11th. The Pierce lot is at the northwest corner of the old cemetery, and contains about an acre of ground. It is surmounted by a neat iron fence six feet high. The monument is of italian marble, surmounted by a draped cross, and its total height is fourteen feet eight inches.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President, died at Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa., on June 1, 1868, after an illness of one month. On the night before his death he gave detailed directions for his funeral and the erection of his monument, dictating the inscription, a a blank to be left for the date of death, "which cannot be distant," he said. His last authentic words, as he sank into the sleep in which he died, were: "O, Lord God Almighty, as Thou wi[illegible]." His funeral took place on the 4th [illegible] he exercises being conducted by Dr. N[illegible]n, President of Franklin and Ma[illegible]all College, an immense concourse [illegible] present. He is buried at Woodward Hill cemetery, Lancaster, on the banks of the Conestoga. The lot is enclosed by a neat iron fence. All around the fence is a hedge of blooming rose, and rose bushes are planted in the enclosure. A fine sarcophagus of Italian marble marks the grave.

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President, died by the hand of John Wilkes Booth, in Washington, April 15, 1865. Nine of the persons supposed to be implicated suffered condign punishment. The funeral honors paid to the deceased Chief Magistrate, were of the most elaborate character. His remains are buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill. A fine pile of marble, granite and bronze marks the spot. It bears the single word, "Lincoln."

Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth President, died suddenly at Greenville, Tenn., on Saturday, July 31, 1875, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies on the 3d of August. His grave is at Greenville, Tenn., on a spot selected by himself. The monument is of marble, upon a base of granite, nine and a half by seven feet. The tomb was erected by the President's three surviving sons.

James A. Garfield, the twentieth President, was assassinated in the Baltimore and Potomac railroad depot in Washington city, on July 2, 1881, by Charles Guiteau, and died of his wound September 19, at Elberon, near Long Branch, N. J. Funeral services took place in Washington on Friday, September 23, and the remains were then transferred to Cleveland, Ohio, where they were entombed September 26. A handsome mausoleum for their reception is now in course of erection at Cleveland.

General Grant, the eighteenth President, died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The details of the death and magnificent funeral of the great soldier are still fresh in the minds of all.—*Baltimore Sun.*

CHINESE EXPORT TRADE.

How It is Controlled by Mongolian Merchants.

The export trade of the Pacific coast with China, which a few years ago was controlled by white merchants, is now practically in the hands of the Chinese, whose facilities have increased with their growing knowledge of trade in this country. White men who now figure in our commercial relations with the Flowery Kingdom are in many cases acting only as agents of Chinese firms or individuals. The manifests of all the shipments from this port to China for the quarter ended June 30, 1885, furnish a fair picture of the present condition of the export trade. The total merchandise shipments to China by white houses for the quarter appear to have been $281,273.49. This includes all shipments from the east, as embraced in the exports, nominally, by the two China steamship lines or their agents, which together exported merchandise valued at $163,901.57. The great part, in fact, nearly all of the shipments nominally by the steamship lines are outside of Californian production, the bulk being sheetings, ginseng, and arms and ammunition. The remainder of the $281,273.49, or $117,371.92, must be reduced by deducting shipments by white persons who nominally ship for themselves, but who are known to other shippers as agents for Chinese, to the amount of $43,357.81. This leaves the statement for merchandise exports for the quarter named as follows: Direct by Chinese: $541,915.74; by white agents of Chinese, $43,357.81; total, $585,273.57. The merchandise exports by whites are as follows: By transportation companies, $163,901.57; by local business houses, $74,014.11; total: $237,915.68. This shows the Chinese to have had control of about three-fourths of the business for the quarter. During the quarter Chinese business houses sent out of the country treasure amounting to $913,507.55 to Hong Kong. The banks of California, Anglo-Californian Bank, and Hong Kong and Shanghai banking corporation also sent to Hong Kong over $2,000,000. The largest item of export is flour, and the flour trade between this port and China is generally known to be controlled by the Chinese. Some authorities state that ninety per cent. of the export trade hence to Chinese ports is controlled by the Chinese merchants. This condition of affairs tends to show that the local curse of Chinatown is only a small part of the Chinese question, and the ease with which the Chinese absorb business has made them masters of the situation, so far as the export trade with their country is concerned.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—It sometimes happens that a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and unable to find one drops into a chair in disgust, and is immediately and unexpectedly rewarded for his search.—*N. Y. Independent.*

TO TROT IN TWO MINUTES.

An Expert on Trotting Horses Thinks This Time Will Be Made.

Professor William H. Brewer, of Yale College, has made the evolution of the American trotting horse the subject of much careful research and study. Professor Brewer owns the most complete collection of ancient and modern books relating to horseflesh in all its forms to be found in New England. Yesterday the Professor gave an interesting review of the progress of trotting in America.

"It is not known exactly," he said, when horses began to trot against time. Englishmen had always run their horses, and had trained them for that. So the English horse is seldom, if ever, put to the trot on trials of speed. It was in the year 1806 that the New York *Spectator* made mention of a horse which had trotted a mile in two minutes and fifty-nine seconds, which at that time was without a precedent. Laws against horse races, that is to say running horses, were in colonial times extremely stringent. In the early part of this century they got around the laws against horse races by trotting their horses alone and timing their speed by a watch. This was a purely American discovery. After a while the horse laws were so modified as to allow "trials of speed," as they were termed, to be given at certain periods of the year with impunity. It was not until 1818 that the first trot for money was given, when Colonel Boyd, of Maryland, bet Major Jones, of Long Island $1,000 that 'no horse could be produced that could trot a mile in less than three minutes.' Boston Blue was produced and covered the mile in just three minutes. This was held to be a wonderful feat in those times, and Boston Blue was taken to England and exhibited there. In 1825 the New York trotting club was organized and built a course at Jamaica, L. I., which was probably the fastest trotting track in the world. From that time trotting became a general sport and was adopted by the mass of the people who owned horses, and that very thing guaranteed its progress. The record in 1818 of Boston Blue, of three minutes, was broken in 1824 by Top Gallant in 2:40, in the same year by the Treadwell mare in 2:34, in 1830 by Curster in 2:32, and in 1834 by Edwin Forrest in 2:31½. It took nine years to lower the last record, which was done in 1843 by Lady Suffolk in 2:28, and the next year by the same horse in 2:26½. But it was left to Flora Temple to astonish the country when she made her celebrated time, 2:19¾, in 1859. Flora Temple from that time became a household word. Ladies wore Flora Temple bonnets, boys smoked Flora Temple cigars, politicians drank Flora Temple whisky. It is not probable that any one trotter will ever again create such enthusiasm. Her winnings were very large indeed. Then came Dexter, lowering the record twice before retiring from the turf. Then Goldsmith Maid, whose speed and fame are said to have brought her owners a quarter of a million dollars. Then Rarus, St. Julien, and Maud S., whose recent performance of 2:08¾, stands before the world without an equal.

"Thus, you perceive the great lowerings of records since trotting was inaugurated in 1818. During the past decade records have steadily been lowered, and Mr. Bonner is authority for the statement that he expects Maud S. will surpass her time of a day or two ago before the summer closes. It is my firm opinion, based on many years of deep study of the evolution of the trotting horse, that before another generation passes we shall hear of trotting horses who can make a mile under two minutes. Horses are bred nowadays for the single purpose of bringing out their trotting qualities, just as in England they are bred solely with reference to running. Now, if a lot of thoroughbred horses are bred within themselves, without admitting any mongrel blood, and if they are trained solely for trotting, there is no question that man can bring the record down to two minutes and under.

"Mr. Robert Bonner, who owns Maud S., ridicules such an idea, and he may think this an impossible result. I am aware, as he says, that trotting is an acquired gait for a horse and that running is his natural gait. But still my theory holds, and if the thoroughbred trotter is carried through one generation after another, we shall one day see a horse which can trot in two minutes.—*New Haven News.*

How to Eat a Watermelon.

To be properly enjoyed the perfect watermelon should be pounced on in the patch just after sun up. It should be carefully selected. In response to an eager thump there should follow a dead and meaty sound and the melon should weigh not less than twenty-five pounds. After it is pulled it should be split from end to end with a short-bladed pocket knife, so that in tearing it open the glowing and juicy heart, bursting loose from its continement, should find a lodgement on one side only. At this point the knife is to be flung away. For a moment the eye should be allowed to feast itself on the vision thus suddenly brought to view, then the heart should be scooped out with the hand and its nectarious meat thrust upon the hot and thirsty palate. There ought to be something savage in the enjoyment of a watermelon; it ought to be crushed and swallowed with avidity. The man who knows how to enjoy one will come away from the fray with the sweets in his beard, in his hair and on his clothes.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Which is the diamond wedding? The twenty-fifth is the silver anniversary and the fiftieth the golden, as all agree. But, while in America we add twenty-five years to the fifty to find the time of the diamond anniversary, they act in England as though it comes with the completion of the seventieth year of married life. Richard Wortley and Elizabeth, his wife, wedded at the very time the guns were booming at Waterloo, recently celebrated their seventieth marriage anniversary at Sheepshead, England, and the papers there allude to it as a diamond wedding.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FASHION NOTES.

Interesting Information Embodied in Small Compass.

Tinsel will again be worn.
Polonaises are to be revived.
Red veils are as popular as ever.
The days of flounces are no more
Redingotes are the rage in Paris.
Sashes are a feature in fall toilets.
All gray greens will be much worn.
Plomb, or lead, is a leading fall color.
Belts to be fashionable must be very wide.
White frocks are worn to excess in England.
Huge bridal bouquets are no longer in vogue.
The V shaped corsage is very popular in Paris.
Short and long waists are equally fashionable.
Olive and reseda shades of green are very popular.
Black silk will be more worn than black satin next season.
The tailor-made cloth suit will be more worn than ever this fall.
Stripes must be horizontal, not vertical, in a fashionable frock.
Borders in lieu of flounces and tucks will be all the rage next season..
Short jackets and long redingotes of velveteen will be much worn this fall.
Tailor-made jackets and frocks are considered indispensable at the seaside.
Mantles and short visites are worn by young girls as well as by older women.
White woolen frocks are dressy and pretty for seaside and mountain wear.
Bustles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months to come.
The small capote, with a high crown dressily trimmed, is the favorite headgear for visiting.
Green in various subdued shades will be a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.
Curled mohair and Astrachan borders appear on wool novelties for fall and early winter wear.
The coiffure grows higher, but the bangs on the forehead are fuller and more curled.
Braid and fine fancy galloons are in high favor, and will probably continue so for another season.
Lace and moire are admirably combined in dressy frocks for visiting and ceremonious occasions.
Late summer and early fall hats have very high crowns and more pyramidal front trimmings than ever.
The dry goods importers say we are to have another season of velvet and velveteen, plain and broche.
Lead, jet, metal, and iridescent glass beads are all used to excess on fanciful frocks, jackets and mantelets.
Very wide collars of lace or embroidery, worn over ribbon arranged high in the neck, are among the features in fall styles.
Velveteen is correctly made up for street wear, but velvet is relegated for ceremonious visiting and indoor toilets of ceremony.
Handsome silk, satin, crepe, or wide ribbon sashes painted in water colors and signed by well-known artists, are the latest extravagance of fashionable Parisians.
Even table linens, cloths, doylies, napkins, table, sideboard and cupboard scarfs, towels and mats are damasse with Byzantine designs and colors this fall.
Border patterns, in Byzantine colors and designs running horizontally around the skirt, are the feature in the first importations of wool novelties.
Silk and satin are no more correctly worn on the street, the tailor-made cloth or novelty wool frock having completely superceded everything else for walking.
Black tulle dresses are popular for both young and older ladies' wear. The accessories may be flowers or ribbons, bright or pale tinted, or pure white or jet or gold ornaments.
The bridal bouquet of the passing moment must be a dainty flat pyramidal nosegay of white flowers on a green ground, or ornamented with a handsome bow and flowing ends of white satin ribbon.
The latest craze in fancy work is the making of artificial flowers of tissue paper. In the hands of an expert with artistic feeling very fine results from this inexpensive material are accomplished in the way of decorative pieces for interior decorations, as well as for personal adornment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Belle Who Turned Black.

A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself, so to speak, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair with chemically prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath, and on emerging from it she was horrified to find herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete; not a vestige of the "supreme Caucasian race" was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said: "Madam, you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, but a sulphide. It is not now a question of medical treatment but of simple chemical reaction. I shall subject you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur, the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his reaction, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powders and cosmetics they use—if they use any at all.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

—Save the tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleans windows and sashes and oil cloths. Indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application; it washes window panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames; it will not do to wash unvarnished paints with.—*Boston Globe.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are in England 187 ragged schools which are attended by 50,000 children.

—The Presbytery of San Francisco has organized a Presbyterian Church whose members consist entirely of Japanese Christians, resident in the city.

—There is said to be not a single evangelical missionary in the whole valley of the Amazon, and that a gospel sermon has never been preached in all that territory.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Rev. Dr. W. R. Davis, pastor of the Zion Baptist (colored) Church, of Louisville, Ky., has resigned at the request of his congregation, who alleged that he did not preach loud enough nor with sufficient fervor to make them happy.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Among those who have joined the Roman Catholic Church since the beginning of the Oxford movement are enumerated 36 lords, 25 baronets, 302 graduates of Oxford, 149 graduates of Cambridge, 142 army officers, 92 lawyers, 48 doctors and 1,010 ladies of aristocratic stations.

—Rev. N. J. Cushing, D.D., of Burmah, arrived at San Francisco a few days since. It is about twenty years since he left this country for the missionary field, and nine years since his first return. He has done a great work in the translation for the Shan people of the entire Word of God.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Irreverent jokers put a gallon of whisky into the baptistry of an Indiana church, after the water had been fixed for the immersion of a reformed drunkard. But their trick was turned to serious account by the victim, who, standing on the edge of the tank in his dripping robe, described the outrage to the congregation and delivered a ringing speech for total abstinence.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The great defect even of our best teachers, and clergy as well, is this living in a rut. No man or woman is great or good enough to dispense with the broadening and beneficent influence of everyday physical nature and the mighty university of human life. So be wise, and use the golden hours for thorough ventilation of mind—imagination, sympathies, sense and soul.—*Journal of Education.*

—In England a parent can be prosecuted for the non-attendance of his child at school, and children must bring the penny school fee every Monday. The father of a child who did not bring his penny on two successive Mondays was summoned for "non-attendance," and the Lord Chief Justice held that the attendance of a child without the fee constituted no attendance under the by-laws of the School Board.

—The system carried out in Vienna for educating girls is certainly worthy of notice. They are kept at their studies until they are fifteen years of age. They then go through a course of teaching in the pantry and the kitchen under some member of the family, or sometimes under trained cooks for a year or two years. Thus they learn to do everything themselves, and to know the value of things long before they commence house-keeping on their own account; and though they may never be required to cook a dinner, they become independent of cooks and servants.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A new wax of value has been found in the bark of the ocotillia, a thorny plant of Mexico.

—A Nevada court held that a man who had five dollars in his pocket and his board paid for a week ahead is "a capitalist" within the meaning of the law.

—For truly deep feeling let me call your attention to a negro waiter who has to stand by while the hotel guest whom he is serving eats watermelon.—*Utica Observer.*

—One cause of the throat and lung trouble in this country is the fact that all of us sing so much and so sweetly. Neither the throat nor the lungs were intended to stand such strains.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sweet nuisance—"No; the scene of 'The Mikado' is not laid in Ireland. It isn't pronounced that way, anyhow. See here! Ain't you the girl that asked us if ragout was the French for putting on your best clothes?"—*Boston Post.*

—Enraptured young woman, gazing upward (to young newspaper man)—What a wonderful thing is space! Do you ever contemplate its immensity? Young newspaper man—Indeed, I do. I have a column of it to fill every day.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is reported that the maple, heretofore a healthy tree, is dying of a mysterious disease. This is nature's way of removing what is no longer of use, since dealers in "maple sugar" now sell a compound composed largely of the settling of molasses casks.—*Boston Traveller.*

—Verasopht—You are looking charming to-night, Estelle. Estelle—Charming is too cold a word. Verasopht—Then I'll call you "lemons." Estelle—Lemons, sir! Do you mean to insult me? Verasopht—My darling, you do not read the papers or you would know that lemons are very, very dear.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A California chap has caused the arrest of two young ladies, who, he alleges, waylaid and robbed him. As he is a dude who has neither money nor brains, it is difficult to decide what they could steal from him. Perhaps they wanted to measure his head so they could get a pattern for a pincushion.—*Newman Independent.*

—"What fine evenings these are for studying natural history." "Yes." "Last night about sunset I was struck by the similarity between my six-year-old and the house-flies. I was trying to drive the flies out of the house and coax the boy in. They all moved at precisely the same rate of speed and with just the same amount of dodging.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"My dear Mr. Fitzsniffle, Miss Jones and I have had quite a discussion and we have agreed to let you decide. Which is entitled to the palm of excellence, Keats or Shelley?"

"Well, weally, Miss Brown, I would rather not undertake to decide that question. My acquaintance with both the gentlemen is very limited. The fact is, they don't belong to my set, you know.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE JONES FAMILY.

Sally Ann's Account of One Day's Tribulations.

What Came of Jeremiah's Leaving the Gate Open—Why the Members of Two Households Are Not on Speaking Terms.

One morning in July I had to bake bread and churn, besides doing all the other housework, so I put the bread into the stove oven, and took the churn and set it down under a big oak tree that stands in the back yard.

I had just commenced working the churn when I saw Jeremiah pass through the gate into the barnyard.

"Jeremiah," says I, "you have left the gate open."

"Never mind," says he, "I'm coming back in a minute."

I didn't think any more about the gate then, but just as I was ready to take out the butter, I happened to look over into the potato patch, and there was a hog rooting up the potatoes.

I called "Jer—e—mi—ah!" as loud as I could scream, but all I heard in reply to this patriotic appeal was the word: "Jer—e—mi—ah!" echoed back from the barn.

My eyes wandered around over the landscape in search of my absent husband, and finally beheld him about a quarter of a mile away, seated on the top rail of a fence in the shade of a large cottonwood, talking to Bill Jinkins, who was in the lane on the

other side of the fence, burdening the back of an old horse that I always called Bonaparte, not because he was an uncommonly ambitious animal, but because the greater part of him was composed of bones.

I am well acquainted with both men, and I knew that there was little likelihood of Jeremiah returning to the house for the next two hours, so I reluctantly left the churn and went to the rescue of the potatoes. As I started I called the dog. Tige had followed Jeremiah, and knowing that he had plenty of time had gone to sleep in the shade of the cottonwood, but as soon as he heard me call him he started on the run. Jeremiah heard me at the same time, and slid down off the fence, and sauntered leisurely toward the house.

A hog can always see if a gate is left open when he wants to get into mischief, but never when you want to drive him out. Five times that four-footed quadruped and myself revolved around that potato patch at a speed that would have started the perspiration on a living skeleton in January, but when we passed the gate the sixth time, the brute struck up toward the house, and he and Tige met and had a wrestling match in the butter and buttermilk where I had left the churn. The milk-house door was standing wide open and I made a rush for it, but before I could reach it I saw the hog dart through it, followed by Tige. I heard a tremendous squealing and tear-around in the milk-house, and pretty soon Tige came leading the hog out by the ear. I looked within, and if I ever saw destruction I saw it there. For a moment I forgot everything but the sad spectacle before me, but—

> "Sunk in self-consuming anguish
> Can the poor heart always ache?
> No, the tortured nerve will languish,
> Or the strings of life must break."

And fortunately I was aroused from my sorrowful meditations by the voice of Jeremiah exclaiming as he came around the corner of the house:

"What's all this row about, Sally Ann?"

I replied to Jeremiah's question by giving him a very forcible lecture concerning his carelessness, then I turned around and went into the kitchen where I found my bread burnt as black as a coal. I had just taken the bread out of the stove, when I heard some one knock at the door.

I wiped the perspiration from my face, and, obeying the summons, found myself face to face with Mrs. Gumbrel, the worst gossip in the county. I felt like shutting the door in her face, for I was sure that she had heard the close, if not the whole, of my lecture to Jeremiah. I tried, however, to act as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said she.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gumbrel," says I.

"Won't you come in?" says I.

"Yes, I'll come in for a minute or two," says she.

"Will you take off your bonnet?" says I.

"Yes," says she, "I'll take it off while I stay, for I can cool better with it off."

She took off her bonnet, and I knew then she had something to communicate before she left, and I resigned myself to endure her company until she was ready to leave. I didn't have to wait long, for she was anxious to unburden her mind.

"Did you hear about the picnic?" says she.

"What picnic?" says I.

"Why," says she, "Mrs. Brown is going to have the young folks over in their wood lot, next Thursday afternoon, to a picnic."

"Well," says I, "if there's anything on earth that I hate and detest and abominate and despise it's a picnic; but, of course, the young folks won't feel that way about it, so I must do some cooking for Jacob and David."

"O," says she, "your boys are not to be invited."

"How do you know that?" says I.

"Why," says she, "I heard Mrs. Jinkins tell Mrs. Green, that she heard Mrs. Brown tell Mrs. Sikes that she wasn't going to invite anybody but the most respectable families, and she named several families that she intended to leave out, and your family was one of them."

I was pretty well stirred up, anyway, and I didn't stop to think what I was saying, so says I: "I'd like to know what has made the Browns so mighty respectable all at once. May be my boys are not as respectable as Brown's boys, but I know that Jeremiah's father was never put in jail for hog-stealing, and my mother wasn't a washerwoman."

"La, Mrs. Jones!" says she, "was Brown's father put in jail for horse-stealing, and was Mrs. Brown's mother a washerwoman? Well, I declare! I have never heard of that before, but I always did think they was a kind of a low set, for all they put on such big airs."

I took a thought then about what I was saying; so, says I: "I didn't say whether they were or not. I said that mine and Jeremiah's wasn't."

She started soon afterwards, and struck a bee line for Brown's.

A few days afterward Jeremiah came home in a terrible state of anxiety. He said that Brown was threatening to prose-

cute me for slander, because I had told Mrs. Gumbrel that he used to steal hogs for a living, while his wife took in washing.

"That all comes of leaving gates open, Jeremiah," says I.

"I don't see what leaving gates open has to do with your letting your tongue run about business that don't concern you," says he.

"Well," says I, "I was so worried by the trouble that I wasn't responsible."

Jeremiah put on his hat and went out to the barn, and, for a wonder, shut the gate after him. I sent the following note to Brown through the post-office:

"Mr. Brown: I'm not afraid of your prosecution, but remember that you are a candidate for Sheriff, and if I hear any more of your gab I'll tell all I know about you."

I never received any reply to that note, and I suppose Brown must have been guilty of some meanness that he thought I knew about, for I heard nothing more of a slander suit.

The families of Brown and Jones, however, have not been on speaking terms since.—*Toledo Blade.*

NEEDED A CHANGE.

A Brief Equestrian Experience—He Spent His Vacation in the Country.

My doctor said I needed a change. He told me that I was sitting around too much; that in my burning desire to impart my stores of wisdom to my fellow-beings I was sticking too close to my desk. He said I needed a vacation: that I ought to go to the country and rough it.

I asked him if he didn't think I would find it rough enough down at Coney Island, but he said the beer that wasteth at noontide and the dance that slayeth at midnight were altogether too frequent down there.

So I went right out into the wilds of New Jersey, where there are more wilds to be had for the money than anywhere else I know of.

And when I had been there two days the farmer's son grasped the fact that I wanted to rough it. I told him I didn't care to go

as far as running myself through a hornet's nest or a thrashing machine at first; a little mild excitement would do to begin with. So he suggested a bareback ride.

I told him that was just what I wanted. I didn't know what it was, but I was not going to give in to a mere boy like him.

So he went into the barn and brought out a tall, narrow horse, and told me to get on. I didn't say anything, but I expected a great deal.

I got on and he mounted in front of me to keep the horse going. You may think it strange, but I became prejudiced against bareback riding as soon as I got on that horse; he was so tall and so exceedingly narrow.

Well, the farmer's boy started him, and then I thought the earthquake had come. The way in which the summit of that horse endeavored to penetrate through my spinal column to my soul was something remarkable.

I told the boy there was no hurry. I did not know where we were going, but I said we would get there soon enough if we let the horse walk. But the boy was game and kept the animal on the jump.

Then I said: "My son, my bareback riding terminates right here!" And I rolled myself off the starboard side of that horse and struck on my head in a wild blackberry bush. I went home with a nose full of briars and an accumulation of raw experience that would have been worth its weight in gold to me—if I could have realized on it.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Englishman as He Is.

"Adam? What's his other name?" asked Mark Twain in reply to a railway carriage bore who had been pestering him for his opinion of Washington, Lincoln and other heroes of the Republic, and in despair at his ignorance wound up with: "Stranger, have you heard of Adam?" So a New York clergyman tells this story as being part of a conversation held by him within three years with an Englishman to whom he pointed out General Grant's residence in New York. The Englishman asking; "What name?" and seeming to obtain no further light when it was repeated to him, the clergyman said: "Of course you know of General Grant. He was our President for eight years, ending in 1877." "Ah," remarked the Englishman, still with no evidence of recalling a fact previously known. "Then, too," pursued the clergyman, "he was a great General, and was in command of a million of men at the close of our war. You remember our late war, of course." "Well, no," was the answer; "beg pardon, but I have just arrived in this country, and was so long at sea that I have not heard the latest news. I was at sea sixteen days, really!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Far Fetched But Good.

A Tennessee young man recently sent a fervent note to his girl, asking her to elope. The old man, however, guarded her so carefully that she was unable to do so. But she managed to send him a nice muskmelon. The "cantelope" told him just how matters stood.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ANT.

The Wonderful Intelligence and Skill of This Remarkable Insect.

If you have ever had your head examined the phrenologist would tell you that it was a very nice thing to have a good big head. But somebody else might repeat to you the well-known couplet:

> "Little head, little wit—
> Great head, not a bit!"

But how is it with the ants, who have such small heads and great wits?

There is nothing on earth, except man, that can surpass the wonderful devices of those heads, no bigger than if they belonged to so many pins.

Watch how they build their tunnels and cover them in like so many railroad engineers! See how they stop every now and then to study out their plans; how they consider all obstacles and avoid them; how they use every leaf and stick and straw to make a wall or roof to their galleries! But who is the foreman, or "boss," as men sometimes say? A new plan is thought of, he goes to work upon it, the others soon adopt the improvement and help the skilful inventor. They are all as busy as possible, and yet they work always on one common plan.

The Queen lays her eggs, the workers at once take care of them, running with them from place to place, and always with some end in view; and when the baby ants come, if you could look inside any busy little ant-hill, with the rising of the sun, you might see these careful little nurses (for they have real nurses for their children just as we do), who live in the upper stories of that wonderful house, very early astir and on their way to call their young masters from down below.

And then you would see them tapping them with their antennæ, which look like horns, as much as to say: "Come, children, time to get up; don't you know the sun is up?" and thus waking them they carry them through the long galleries that lead to the top of the ant-hill, and lay them outside very carefully that the bright rays of the sun may warm them and help them to grow. And they are very careful, too, not to leave them in the heat of the sun after the early morning. As soon as the air gets too warm they carry them into the rooms near the top where the rays have penetrated, and where the warmth can still reach them, and again further below if they think it best.

But the older ants can bear the sun, and like to feel its rays; and though they are very industrious, yet as they begin to work with the dawn they take a little rest, as people do sometimes in the heat of the day, and often lie heaped together in the sunshine.

Just as long as the baby ants can not run alone they are dressed like the young children in the East, or like the babies which the Indian squaw hangs behind her back, or on a peg in her tent. They have natural swaddling clothes, for they are wrapped up so tightly in their larval covering that no legs can be seen, only a head and wings, traced through the transparent skin in which they are folded. Of course you know the baby ant begins life in an egg, which, in a couple of weeks, is hatched, and then the nurses take them in charge, as we have said, to keep them clean, to brush and comb and shampoo them, and very soon they are ready to begin the next change.

If you could only look at these tiny insects (the nurses) through a microscope, you would see on their legs some very fine soft hairs, which they use as brushes, and a spur close by, which, if needful, we may imagine can do the work of a comb. And the shampooing is done by working about, kneading and distending the thin skin which covers their limbs until it is ready to open and let them go free. Then these baby ants wind a curtain of silk around their own little bodies and go to sleep, to wake up full-grown ants, without "guide, overseer and ruler," except the tender services of the nurse. Isn't it wonderful that these little ants can do so much for themselves? so exactly right, and in such order, too, each one knowing its business and doing it just as if they had a commander to order their every movement.

No one ant seems to have any personal property, neither house, stores, nor eggs. Everything belongs to all, and yet, while the whole world is wrapped in a lazy content in the summer weather they are always laboring very hard for the whole community. And if, perchance, their little citadel is impaired, as is often the case, they repair the ruin with the utmost neatness and dispatch.

Did you ever see an ant seize a pellet, or a stone, and drag it backwards up a steep incline, using its hind legs to cling on to rough places, often tugging away at a weight far greater than that of its own body? Some hoist aloft in their front arms, as it were, a stick or piece of grass, two or three times its own length, moving it forward as if in the air. And when they build, each addition is put in what each considers the best place, but the general form of the dome grows into a curiously regular diminishing curve, as if every one bore the architect's elevation in his pocket.

Some of these wonderful workers make desperate attempts to move heavy beams of wood, but after superhuman exertions give up the attempt when clearly beyond their strength. If a thing, however, is within the bounds of possibility, it is surprising with what obstinate pertinacity they will return to a pellet which has rolled away from them, even to the bottom of the hillock, again and again, and begin once more to haul it up, tugging, lifting it over stones and under sticks, tumbling over with their burden on the other side of an obstacle which they had scaled, and lying for a few seconds quite exhausted, yet never leaving hold of their burden, and setting off undauntedly as soon as they recovered breath. Occasionally two or more will lend a helping hand, but as a general thing they prefer to work alone. The hand of man is considered a miracle of art, but what of the ant's six prehensile feet, indifferent organs as they seem comparatively, to hold or pull or lift or even to cling with!

But what will you say, apart from their building ability and tender care over each other, the almost moral elevation which is their most extraordinary quality, whereby the good of the individual is given up to that of the community, if I should tell you of one with still more remarkable powers, and this is the agricultural ant of Texas? You will hardly believe the story, and yet it is vouched for by eminent naturalists and others who have made them their study. This ant is one of the brown species living in families, occupying mounds or cities, as they are called, set upon artificial hills three or four feet in diameter. Around these mounds the ants smooth away the surface for three or four feet further in all directions, and make a sort of farm of this cleared region. Here they are said to actually plant the seeds of a certain grass of which they are very fond, keeping the crop clear of all weeds and grasses meanwhile. Then they harvest the seeds, clearing the chaff away, and store the rest for winter use. They tend these seeds as carefully in winter as they tend their eggs and grubs, drying it when damp, and actually throwing it away when spoiled. Their harvest-time is in November, and after harvest they clear away the stubble and leave the surface bare for the next year.

How incredible this seems! and yet we are not surprised at anything we hear about these wonderfully knowing little creatures.

No wonder that the ant has been held up as a model of wisdom and industry. Solomon declares the ant to be "a people not strong, but exceeding wise, who prepare their meat in the summer." But the highest praise it has received is from Mr. Darwin, who says that "the size of the brain is closely connected with higher mental powers, and the cerebral ganglia of ants is of extraordinary comparative dimensions." The fineness of the quality seems to make up for absence of quantity. "The brain of an ant," another naturalist has said, too, "is one of the most marvelous atoms of matter in the world, far more wonderful than the brain of man."—*Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

BEING A CAT.

Lucy May's Wish, and How It Was Granted—Not So Nice as She Thought It Would Be.

"Yes, mamma, I do; I just wish I was a cat, and then I would not have to get up in the morning, but would sleep just as late as I wanted to. These hot days, it is so hard to get up so early and wash and dress, and then have to help do the work, too. Now, if I was a cat I would sleep till I got hungry, and then when I had had something to eat I would find a good place and go to sleep again," said Lucy May to her mother. Lucy's mother had told her she must take care of her little sister while she made the bread, and Lucy was cross about it, as you can see from what she said to her mother.

"Well, Lucy, put Bess down on the bed, and go away and be a cat, if you wish to; but you must go out of this room: you know I do not let kitty be near Bess for fear she will hurt her; go out in the shed where the old cat is, and have a nice time."

Lucy looked at her mother and saw she had to go, and she took her bonnet and was just going out of the door when her mother said: "What are you going to do with that clean bonnet? That is my little Lucy's bonnet; a cat does not want a bonnet."

Lucy did not know what to say, but hung up the bonnet and left the room.

She went out and found old kit, but she was sound asleep under the shed, and would not play with her.

She then thought she would like to take a walk in the garden, and get up in one of the large apple-trees, as she had seen kitty do. Lucy got away up in the top of the tree and found it hard work to hold on, but she had no fear—cats did not fall. She got a big red apple and thought how nice it is to be a cat. But just then she saw a little young bird not far from her. She tried to catch it, lost her hold on the tree and fell to the ground.

Her arm was much hurt and her pretty dress was torn. She sat there on the ground and had a good cry; what would her mamma say about her new dress? But she was in so much pain from her arm, she did not care so much about the dress.

When her arm felt better, she said: "I have been a cat as long as I want to, it is not so nice as I thought it was. I guess I will go and play with Bess for awhile."

When she got to the house she found her mamma and Bess just going out for a ride.

"Oh, mamma," said she, "can't I go with you?"

"Do you think I would take a cat out riding with me? no, indeed, I would not. Here is your pan of milk, I will set it on the ground so you can drink it. Come, Bess, let us go for our ride now; we are not cats, are we, dear? So we can take a ride, and then bring papa home with us," said Lucy's mamma, and off she went, and left Lucy at home.

How she did cry! Poor child, by this time her arm hurt her so much, she thought it must be broken.

She went into the house and up to her own little room that her mother always kept so nice for her, and cried and cried till she fell fast asleep. How long she had been asleep she did not know, but at last she heard her mother call her; she got up, went to her and said: "Oh, mamma, can't I be your little girl again? I don't want to be a cat; I just want to be your little Lucy once more; and oh, mamma, I fell and hurt my arm; it does hurt me so much."

Her mamma took her in her arms and said: "I thought my little girl did not really want to be a cat, but I thought I would let her try it and see how she liked it. Let me look at your arm. Why, to be sure your arm is hurt, but not very much, I hope. I will tie it up and put some water on it, and it will be all right in a day or two. I hope, Lucy, you will be a better child after this."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I will," said she, and she was a much better girl after that, and tried to help her mother always, and tried never to be cross about it, ever again.—*School and Home.*

—Mexico has over thirteen thousand miles of telegraph line.

AN UNDESIGNING WIDOW.

Beguiled by the Machinations of Her Thirteen-Year-Old Daughter.

The "evidences of design" in the human widow have been so much dwelt upon, in fiction and satire, that it is a relief to turn to a tale in which her essentially simple and trustful nature is set forth. Such a tale was told touching a widow in Easton, Penn., who was beguiled, by the machinations, not of man, but of her own female child, aged thirteen.

The child, as our readers have noted, was in the habit of visiting a widower's large brick house, presumably to play with the widower's children, when it occurred to her to extract money from her own mother, under pretense of making love to her in the ostensible behalf of the widower, in letters "written with a lead pencil" by herself. The inventions she employed for this purpose were such as would naturally occur to a person of her years and inexperience. She wrote, in the name of the widower, for fifteen dollars to help pay the men in the widower's employ, for money to buy the widower a turkey, to pay the widower's gas bill, and to pay for the keep of the widower's horse. These crude demands for money were accompanied by professions of attachment not less crude, such as the child-like device of addressing the widow as "My Dear Wife."

These are the devices which a child of thirteen would naturally adopt. The wonder is not that the child adopted them, but that the mother was taken in by them. Her first husband must have been a prosaic and literal soul whose speech was the transparent vesture of his thought, and she must have rashly generalized from him to his sex. But what a fund of simple faith in mankind must this undesigning widow have accumulated when it could be drawn upon with success and without limit by such artifices as these.

Her daughter did not take after the widow. She was the confidence child of a confiding mother. We should not even criticise the crudity of her applications for money since they were successful. Like authors whose productions are sneered at by the critics and devoured by readers, it must be admitted in her favor that she knew her public and adjusted her means to her ends. Of the principle of fraudulent finance she had a precocious mastery. It is the same principle employed by Ferdinand Ward and Mrs. Howe, of Boston, and is involved in the familiar process of "priming a pump" or administering a driblet in order that a copious stream may flow. She acknowledged in the name of the widower in the form of casual clocks and occasional vases the widow's bounty, and upon one occasion, as an unimpeachable guarantee of good faith, produced a plain gold ring, which, it may be assumed, was the ultimate object of the widow's investment. In this manner she gradually extracted from her mother $300, and without doubt rejoices in a larger collection of pink ribbons and cheap jewelry than any other child in Easton. The simple faith of the mother's character shines the more by contrast with the guile of her daughter. So free is she from the subtle and scheming character falsely ascribed by literary persons to the estate of widowhood that she is plainly an easier prey for male deceivers than her precociously accomplished child.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE HORNET.

Description of an Interesting Insect—A Creature Whose Advent Is Marked by Stern Reality.

The hornet is an abridged edition of bloody murder strained through a rag.

He bears the same relation to John L. Sullivan that condensed milk does to a cow.

In constructing the mule-end of the hornet, Jove sharpened a streak of lightning on the cheek of a Chicago drummer and dipped it in the gall of a campaign lie.

It will not do to confound the hornet with the bee. The hornet is clad in the mantle of a more mysterious individuality, and on his brow rests a diadem of baleful gloom. He has a oneness of character that is unknown to the bee.

The bee is not without a touch of sweetness and light, but the sweetness of the hornet seems to have been spoiled in the making.

The coming and the going of the bee are mellowed by poetic associations. She is proverbial for industry. The victim of the bee can salve his hurt by quoting Watts.

It is not thus with the hornet. His coming is a stern reality, and his going is lost in the murky atmosphere of profanity, if not more so.

The hornet is the cowboy of the insect world:

The offensive partisan of entomological wingedness;

The winged essence of volcanic energy;

The breach-loading paper wad of viewless fire.

On dainty wings of lightning he reels off an infinitesimal coil of gigantic pain, and in his pistol-pocket he carries a red-hot stove.

A political discussion is the supreme aggregation of explosive enthusiasm;

The ten-strike of an angry mule is a supermundane earthquake;

The yowl of a tom-cat is tangled confusion of wall-eyed sound;

But the caress of a hornet is brimstone fire with a stick in it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—The Pike's Peak Railway, which is expected to be in operation this year, will be the most notable piece of track in the world. It will mount 2,000 feet higher than the Lima and Oroya Railway in Peru. It is now in operation to a point over 12,000 feet above the sea level. The entire thirty miles of its length will be a succession of complicated curves and grades, with no piece of straight track longer than 300 feet.—*Chicago Mail.*

—An eminent physician thinks that men should not run after they reach forty.—*Chicago Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Nearly 6,000,000 shad have been hatched at the Connecticut State hatchery this season.

—Two full-grown robins were seen feeding a third bird at Monticello, N. Y., not long ago. The bird so fed was caught and was found to be a blind robin, probably of the same brood.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Some of the English newspapers printed on machines that fold and cut the sheets, report losses of subscribers, who insist on the privilege of cutting their own newspapers.

—Five old gentlemen of Manchester and the neighboring towns on Cape Ann came together the other day and found that their "united ages" made up the goodly total of 428 years.

—Bald Mountain, near Stafford Springs, Conn., 1,750 feet high, is decided to be the highest point in the State of Connecticut, after much dispute. It commands a view of all eastern Connecticut and a part of Massachusetts.

—A compositor who died in the City of Mexico a few days since was one-armed but very expert, and held his stick in the stump of his left arm. Years ago he had a trial of speed with another printer, and losing in the race became enraged and had his left arm cut off.

—General Gordon had many medals for which he cared nothing. A gold one was given him by the Empress of China, but it suddenly disappeared, no one knew where or how. Years afterward it was found out by a curious incident that Gordon had erased the inscription, sold the medal for £10 and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine at Manchester.

—Railway travel in India has many curious features. The Brahmins, who objected to the innovation on the ground that pilgrims would travel by rail instead of on foot, are now using the new mode of travel themselves. They even occupy the same cars with ordinary mortals, and thus a leveling blow has been struck at caste assumptions. In this way the railroad is of great social as well as commercial importance.

—A Maine paper says: There is preaching in a certain rural town in Maine a gentleman of fine culture, of rare literary attainments, of great general information, of profound religious experience, of original powers of thought and expression. He receives a salary of eight dollars a week. He has a voluminous library, is a walking encyclopedia—is the village factotum. He is college bred and is the best definition of a Christian—a perfect gentleman."

—From a Michigan Supreme Court decision in the case of sharpers who had swindled a countryman by a familiar card trick: "We do not think it profitable to draw overnice metaphysical distinction to save thieves from punishment. If rogues conspire to get away a man's money by such tricks as those which were played here, it is not going beyond the settled rules of law to hold that the fraud amounts to stealing."

—The two were walking together in the early evening, and as they passed the illuminate soda fountain and listened to the tinkling of the water there was a longing glance on her part and a decided inclination to go straight ahead on his. At last she said: "Algy, dear, you do not like soda water." "I never drink," said he. "I signed the pledge at mother's knee." "Then we shall have to make it ice cream." "Never, my dear. Ice cream is composed of acids, glucose, gelatine, poisonous flavors and frigidity. It is sure death to our family." "And you wouldn't sacrifice yourself for my sake?" The effect was instantaneous. She had the cream.—*Hartford Post.*

RARE COINS.

Articles Which are Sure Sometimes to be Worth More Than Their Nominal Value.

A Bolivian dollar or an Indian rupee, or a half-sovereign after very hard usage, may possibly deteriorate in value. But save under exceptional circumstances, there is no getting more for a crown, or a mark, or a Napoleon, or a gold eagle than the sum inscribed on its face. Even the Mexican dollar has ceased to be held at a premium, and gold is still plentiful enough for the time to be far distant when, as used to be the case so far as guineas went, it will take thirty shillings to purchase a sovereign. But when the tyro in numismatics reads the prices which some old English coins brought, he may be pardoned if his ancient faith in the determinate worth of the currency is seriously shaken. We hear on every side of hard times and the depression of trade. Yet the merchant whose balance is on the wrong side of the ledger must experience a searching of heart when he is told that there are plenty of people ready to give £40 for a penny a thousand years old, £30 for a half-crown of Queen Elizabeth, and £255 for a half George noble of Henry VIII., which some years before had been bought for the sum of three and sixpence. A milled three-farthing piece brought over twenty guineas, and even a bad shilling of Edward VI., instead of getting the "utterer" or anybody else into trouble, was eagerly purchased for over £11. It is clear, therefore, that whatever may be the case in other branches of commerce, the traffic in this costly kinds of goods is much brisker than the humble collector might desire. Of late the holders of pictures, enamels, pottery, and similar kinds of brittle ware, have become rather alarmed over the diminished prices which such articles have brought in auction rooms. Not unnaturally the scarcity of money among those who were a few years ago the rich people of England has been set down as the cause of this "shrinkage in value." No doubt this is to a limited extent true. But when the collector can afford to gratify his taste in the expensive fashion above shown, the optimist is justified in clinging to his fancy. It must be consoling to him to note that £20, £30 and £50 were eagerly bid for objects which are in themselves of only a modest intrinsic value, and which entail in their safe-keeping an amount of anxiety that is dearly repaid by the pleasure of possession.—*London Standard.*

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Reject-ed communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1885.

ATTENTION, REPUBLICANS.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts, on

Saturday, September 19th.

to select five delegates from each district to attend the county nominating convention at Oakland, on

Tuesday, September 22.

to nominate a candidate for State Senator; two candidates for members of the General Assembly; one candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court; one candidate for Regisfer of Wills; oee candidate for Sheriff; three candidates for County Commissioners; one candidate for County Surveyer, and to select three delegates to the State Convention to meet in Baltimore on the 24th instant, three alternates to said delegates, and three members of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

The delegates are requested to come prepared to select three persons to act as a district committee for their respective districts.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Chairman County Committee.

Only a short time ago Hon. A. P. Gorman and Mr. M. Bannon were very bitter enemies. They passed each other by without even speaking. Mr. Bannon searched his vocabulary in vain for an epithet mean enough to apply to Mr. Gorman. There are other Democratic bosses who have been at the outs also. It seems, however, that these wily gentlemen have at last discovered the fact that a house divided against itself cannot stand, not even if it be a clipper-rigged and iron-clad Democracy.

The same gentlemen discovered further that, whilst they were making faces and calling each other names, the grandmothers' fund was gradually diminishing; and, worse still, many of those who had been only privates in the grand old party aspired to leaderships and were disposed to set up house-keeping on their own account. At this juncture Hon. A. P. Gorman, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstance to which we have refered, desires to be re-elected to the U. S. Senate. He, shrewd politician that he is, sees it is necessary to harmonize the various elements in his party. So the bosses kiss and make friends and for a time all is as calm and serene as a May morning. The bosses then decide to boom Postmaster Veazy for the mayorality of Baltimore, but that failed and Gorman is likely to be beaten in his stronghold. Latrobe has discovered that the bosses don't want him, and he is on the war-path.

Then, down in Anne Arundel, where Bannon was supposed to be monarch of all he surveyed, disaster has overtaken the bosses. Dr. George Wells has buckled on his armor and carried the county against Bannon and Gorman combined. There is war in Anne Arundel. Not satisfied with this, the anti-ring men turn their eyes to the mountains of Allegany, and at one blast of the anti-canal bugle the followers of Walsh come pouring into the primaries from the highways and the byways until the county is carried against Gorman. And there is war in Allegany.

We might go on in this strain, but enough. What does it all mean? It means that a part of the Democracy is tired of ring rule and bossism. It means also that that party is torn by internal dissensions and strifes. It means that a large number of voters in that party are ripe for revolt and mean to throw off the yoke at all hazards. What is true of the party in other counties and in other parts of the State is true of the party in this county, and if the Republican party will nominate a good ticket in Garrett county we can lick the Democracy out of its boots, and don't you forget it.

The bosses cry harmony, harmony, but there is no harmony. Haman will never be happy while Mordical, the Jew, sets on the King's gate.

Politics in Allegany.

CUMBERLAND, Sept. 13.—Since the Republican Convention met, which nominated a full county ticket, on Thursday last, there has been considerable canvassing among the Democrats as to whom they will place at the head of their ticket for the offices of clerk of the Circuit Court, state senator and sheriff. As the friends of Hon. William Walsh succeeded in electing thirty-nine delegates out of the seventy-five to the county convention on Tuesday last, it is almost certain that they will be able to control the county primaries on Saturday next, when they will be aided by each prominent candidate for the positions of clerk, senator, sheriff, House of Delegates, county commissioners and county surveyor. The only name that will probably go before the convention (in case the anti-canal wing of the party carry the primaries) for the office of clerk of the Circuit Court, will be that of Colonel Horace Resley, who is now serving his second term as clerk of the City Council. For the office of state senator the Walsh party will unite upon Richard T. Semmes, who has for many years been a most active leader against the canal party, and who was considered by many the strongest candidate who could have been nominated against Hon. Henry W. Hoffman two years ago for the office of associate judge. After the committee on credentials had admitted the delegation holding credentials from Lonaconing district on Tuesday last, and had refused to admit the contestants, who were canal delegates, it was Mr. Semmes who offered the motion to refuse to accept the report and to allow each delegate a vote. Dr. Carr refused to put the motion, so as to allow each delegate to vote, when the thirty-nine immediately withdrew while a delegate from Old Town was about to appeal from the decision of the chair. If Walsh controls the convention on Tuesday week next, Mr. Semmes will certainly be nominated for the State Senate. If the canal party controls the convention they will probably nominate either Daniel Annan or Thomas G. McCulloh.

For the House of Delegates there are a host of candidates on both sides of the factions. Among the number are John T. Gannon and George W. Shutz, of Westernport; John McLaughlin, of Orleans; John O Hanley and John Ryan, of Lonaconing; Albert Holle, of Frostburg; Dr. T.B. Robesson, of Flintstone, and Messrs. J. Semmes Devecmon, John K. White, J. W. S. Cochrane, A. Beall McKaig and a host of others from the four Cumberland districts. For county commissioners there are also a host of candidates, among the number being James Willison, John Patterson, John Riehl, Will H. Shepherd, A. H. Daughtrey, John Kirby, Robert Christie, George Winters, Michael Naughton, Peter Phillips, Thornton McKenzie and others, representing every section in the county.

The Walsh delegates will demand to be heard before the committee of credentials in the state convention. Hon. Wm. Walsh will be their spokesman, and heads the delegation. A number of Democrats not delegates will also attend the convention, when there will no doubt be an earnest effort made to turn down the contesting delegation. There are various speculations in regard to the action of the convention, many being of the opinion that both delegations will be admitted to seats, allowing each delegate a half vote.

Hard Lines for the Bosses.

From Towson Journal (Straightout Dem.)

"Come, let us reason together!" Prudent politicians never take anything for granted in a partisan battle. Hard facts, bottom-rock certainties are sought for by all leaders who propose to win victory at the November election. And it is entirely proper to inquire if the counties of Maryland do just now proffer any assurance that there will be a Democratic majority in the next legislature.

On the Eastern Shore it isn't safe to bet on any counties except Worcester and Wicomico. Somerset seems to be at the mercy of the Prohibition fanatics. Dorchester is of strong Republican proclivities, and Talbot and Caroline are in the same boat. Kent never was to be depended upon for a Democratic victory. Queen Anne is senseless distracted over the "jury" or "lottery" method of making nominations, but may bob up all right. And Cecil county is quite likely to elect a Republican ticket if the Constable and Groome factions keep up their useless fight.

On the Western Shore there will be needed strong hands to secure in the legislature a Democratic delegation from Allegany, Garrett, Washington and Montgomery counties. Harford, Howard and Carroll are reasonably safe; but he is over sanguine who bets largely on Anne Arundel, Prince George, Calvert, Charles or St. Mary. Frederick county is firmly bound to her ebony idols. And the Gibralter of Democracy seems to be in Baltimore city and Baltimore county. In the city there is a possibility that the Third legislatiye district may be carried by Republicans. It gave the Cleveland ticket but 47 majority.

The Scramble for Nominations.

Hagerstown Mail, Dem.

It is with no boding of good to the party that we observe in so many of the counties and especially in the city such an unseemly scramble for nominations. The whole thing seems to be reduced to a "wild hunt" for office without any regard to politics, measures, fitness or availability. Nominations for the Legislature are being made, not with reference to measures or economies, but as to who shall be Governor, Treasurer or Senator; and so in local nominations in Baltimore—they are all swallowed up in one single thought whether they shall be Raisin, Slater or Morrison, or who among the bosses or managers shall have control in the councils. * * * In all the scramblings for nomination we have not seen a single reference to measures of government; to the economies to be practiced; to the abuses still to be removed; to the retrenchments that still can be made; to the payment of our debts; to the reduction of the onerous and oppressive taxes we are paying—but only as to whether this one or that one shall have this or that office, reducing, as we have before said, the whole political machinery to personal aims and object.

Slightly Disfigurd.

WASHINGTON, September 15.—Some days ago John Pope Hodnett, a professional labor man—that is, one who does the talking while others work—held a meeting by himself of the United Labor League and personally resolved that this alleged organization was opposed to the Civil Service law. To-day he obtained admission to the President's room and as Mr. Cleveland was passing around the line and reached him he said in a voice for all present to hear, "Mr. President, our labor league has adopted a resolution in favor of testing the constitutionality of the Civil Service law. Now, we want you to help us." Here John Pope stopped and smiled till he noticed that the President looked as if he suspected him of being a crank, when he grew red in the face and gave up smiling. The President said, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"We want you," said Hodnett, "to give directions that the salary of one of the Civil Service Commissioners be withhheld until he has applied for a mandamus so that the constitutionality of the law can thus be tested."

"No, sir," said Mr. Cleveland; "no, sir, you don't get any help from me. I wish you to know that I am in favor of the civil service law. I want to see it succeed. I think you had better give that scheme up."

But Mr. Hodnett, who had long afflicted Washington with his vagaries, went out, and later was seen on Pennsylvania avenue distributing circulars calling a public meeting to denounce "the civil service humbug.'

A Furious Cyclone.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Sept. 8.—A terrible cyclone struck Washington Court House, a city of 4,000 inhabitants fifty-seven miles west of here, at 8 o'clock this evening and almost literly swept it from the earth. It came from the northwest and broke upon the town very suddenly carrying everything before it. The tornado whirled up Court street, the main business thoroughfare and ruined almost every business block on it. Hardly a priytae residence in the town escaped, fully 1,400 buildings going down. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches all suffered the common fate. The Ohio Southern, Panhandle Narrow-Gauge and Midland railroad depots were blown to smithereens and every building in the vicinity was carried away, making ingress and egress almost impossible, as every wire within a circle of two miles is down.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 8.—To-day this prosperous town is a mass of ruins. A heavy rainfall began about 8 o'clock last night. Shortly after the rain began the wind came with a terrifying sound. Its work was almost instantaneous. People say it was over in two minutes. The fierce roaring of the terrible tornado, the crashing of broken and falling buildings, the sharp flashes of lightning, the rolling thunder and the pitiless rain, combined to produce sensations of the most horrifying character.

With daylight came a most disheartening spectacle. The fair town of yesterday was torn and wrecked in disordered heaps; the streets well nigh impassible from trees and parts of houses. Worst of all was the sight of the poor, who had lost all and who had no place to lay their heads, and who wandered hopelessly about. The people whose houses were not ruined began at once to care for their unfortunate fellow-sufferers, but the farmers soon began to pour into town, drawn by curiosity, but at the same time bringing with them substantial aid for the destitute.

The loss on buildings alone is about $175,000. Among the incidents of the disaster was the blowing of the house of W. Thorp entirely to pieces or out of sight. The three occupants were dropped across the street, with only Mrs. Thorp severely bruised. The others had but slight hurts. The house cannot be found.

The killed are Mrs. Mollie Jones, Edith Floyd, Ella Forsha, Jennie Forsha and Flora Carr. Herbert Taggert, James Jackson and John C. Van Pelt are thought to be fatally injured. Among the seriously injured are Mrs. W. P. Irving, B. Hess, Milton Hyer, Jas. Snapp, struck by a falling telegraph pole; Mrs. W. Thorp, blown across the street and badly injured; Miss Lulu Chafton, lower portion of body crushed; Chas. Mercer, badly injured; Mrs. James Bench and Miss Shots.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept 12.—The condition of general trade, as reported to *Bradstreet's* by special telegrams, is quite as favorable as that mentioned at any previous date within seven weeks past. The steadiness and strength manifested by the demand for dry goods and for woolen fabrics have encouraged many dealers at eastern distributing centers to look for steadiness in the movement. It may be added that the gain in the demand for pig iron tends in some degree to inspire the confidence manifested in various quarters that the turn in the tide has at last taken place, and that the increase in the consumption of staple commodities may preserve a steady growth. It is a welcome sign that no boom is discernible in any direction. The increased distribution of goods is formed of a larger number of moderate-sized orders and in many instances of unexpected duplicate demands.

Eastern agents and jobbers of dry goods continue to do a fair business, but as retailers are fairly well stocked up sales are not as large as they have been. Additional brands of brown and bleached cottons have been advanced in price. Boots and shoes are in much better request, but prices are low. The features of the general situation are, however, not uniform. Anthracite coal and wheat and Indian corn and flour are all suffering from extremely depressed prices and a slack demand. These must be supplemented by reference to quite severe railway competition and wars of rates south, northwest and east from Chicago. With wheat coming to sea-board at 9c per 100 pounds to New York, and 6c to Baltimore, there can be little that is favorable inferred as to prospective railway earnings. The prices of the leading cereals continue low from causes now well known. Provisions and hog products are dull and steady. The farmers at the Northwest are refusing to market their grain at existing rates, and in many instances are preparing to hold it until quotations offered are much higher. Petroleum is only moderately active and is depressed to some extent by reports of renewed activity in the oil regions. Grocery staples continue to move slowly, sugar alone being active and higher. Dairy products are in slow demand.

Mexican Grasshopper Plague.

PASO DEL NORTE, MEX., Sept. 14.—To add to the distress of the fever-infected district of the State of Vera Cruz, it is learned from wealthy residents of Vera Cruz, who have fled from that fever stricken city, that the State of Vera Cruz is swarming with myriads of grasshoppers which are devouring the crops and everything green. They are similar to the Kansas grasshoppers, but smaller, and sweep the country of every vestige of verdure, even to the tender shoots of the trees. The bean crop, the sole reliance of the poor population, is completely destroyed, which will entail great suffering upon that class. The grasshoppers appeared August 1st, and are rapidly spreading. They have appeared in other Southern States of Mexico, and the ravages are reported as equalling those reported in the State of Vera Cruz,

The Ohio Corn Crop.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 15.—The corn crop in Northern Ohio will be heavier than was hoped for. Early in the season the bad weather delayed planting and the cold rains retarded growth in May. The crop, while not up to the average, will, however, be quite satisfactory for these reasons. The weather at present is splendid for the developing process, and farmers say that the crop is now so far matured that the frost will not injure it. As yet there has been no damage.

Reform Outrage.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Among the clerks discharged from the Treasury last week was Mrs. Mary E. Kail, of Ohio. Mrs. Kail is a well-known lady of literary ability and author of several poems of merit. She is poor, and with her children depending on her salary for her living. The went to Auditor John S. Williams to see if her case was hopeless and asked him why she was discharged.

"Bacause you are an offensive partisan," was the reply, with the roughness and impoliteness characteristic of Mr. Williams.

"Was I not efficient and faithful, and was not my work satisfactory?" asked Mrs. Kail.

"Certainly. No complaints to make. You are simply put out because, as I tell you, you have been an offensive partisan."

"In what did my offenssve partisanship consist?" was Mrs. Kail's next question.

"You wrote a campaign song for the Republicans in Ohio," was the reply. "Good day."

Hon. A. B. Cornell, chairman of the subscription committee, has responded to a request that he give the public his idea of the form the New York Grant memorial should take. He proposes a library and a museum, all connected and embracing within one grand edifire and enclosure the following subjects:

First—A majestic column of appropriate design, containing a memorial chapel, within which shall be deposited the mortal remains of the illustrious dead.

Second—A library containing especially the writings of General Grant and of others concerning his military and civil administration and his travels; also a complete collection of publications concerning the late war; also upon American history.

Third—A museum for the deposit of relics and mementoes of the late civil war as well as our earlier conflicts, including specimens of implements of war of interest historically. The interior of the edifice might contain tablets bearing the names of the military and naval heroes of the country of recent and early periods.

The "Big Woods" of Minnesota well deserve the name, for they cover 5000 square miles, or 3,200,000 acres of surface. These woods contain only hard-wood growths, including white and black oak, maple, hickory, basswood, elm, cottonwood, tamarack, and enough other varieties to make an aggregate of over fifty different kinds. The hard-wood tract extends in a belt across the middle of the state, and surrounding its northeastern corner is an immense pine region covering 21,000 square miles, or 13,440,000 acres.

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, Sept., 14, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 5@5¾ c. that generally rated first quality 4@5 cts; medium or good fair quality 3@3½ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2½@2¾ cts; extreme range of prices 2¾@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 3¾@5⅜.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,103 head, against 3,551 last week and 3,215 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,794 head, against 1,718 last week, and 2,189 head the corresponding week of last year.

The market has been exceedingly dull to-day, and continued for a longer time than for several weeks past. Prices averaged a full ¼c., decline as compared with last week. Tops showed less difference than any; but there were comparatively few of them, as there were also of the very commonest cattle. Medium and common grades were off ¼c., in most of the sales, and in a few, towards the last, the decline was greater. There were numbers left over unsold. Prices 2¼@5¾, with few at the latter price, and a fair number at and near the former; most sales 2¾@5¼.

THE SWINE MARKET.

Trade is moderately fair this week, with a small increase in the number of offerings. There is some improvement in the quality of the offerings, generally, but the hogs are rather too large for the wants of the butchers. Prices are a fraction off from last week, ranging now ot 5½@6¼c., for common rough hogs, and 6½@7⅜ for the better grades, with a few extra a shade higher. Prices same time last year. Grassers sold at 6@7c., and the better grades 8@8½, and extra 8¾c.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

Trade is dull, with less than half the number of receipts as compared with last week. There is some little improvement in the quality of the offerings, and prices are a shade better. There is no outside demand, and butchers are buying very slowly. Prices for sheep range from 2 to 3¼c., and for lambs 2½@5, few selling at the latter price; stock sheep $1.50@2.50 per head. Same time last year sheep sold at 3½@4¼c., and lambs at 3½@5½.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 271, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O. Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
9 5 4t Attorney for Mortgagee.

Order of Publication

Joel Wiland vs. Florissa Biddinger, Simeon Biddinger and James Bowser.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 160 Equity.

The object for which the bill of complaint was filed in the above cause, was to have certain deeds therein mentioned set aside as fraudulent, and to procure a decree for a sale of the real estate conveyed by Florissa Biddinger and Simeon Biddinger to James Bowser, and to subject the same to the payment of the plaintiff's claim.

The bill states that in the year 1875 Simeon Biddinger was largely indebted to the plaintiff for work done and materials provided for him, the said Biddinger, and for board and clothes for the children of the said Biddinger, and that the plaintiff continued to furnish board for the children of said Biddinger up to the time of the filing of said bill.

The Bill further states that on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1878, he instituted suit in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to recover from said Biddinger the amount due him, and that on the 9th of September, A. D. 1879, a judgment was rendered by said Court against the said Biddinger in favor of said plaintiff for the sum of $393.45, and $75.75 costs.

The Bill further charges that after the institution of said suit at law, and until the filing of the bill in this cause, the plaintiff continued to furnish board and clothing for the child of the said Biddinger, and that the said Biddinger is indebted to the plaintiff in the further sum of $142.50, making an entire indebtedness on the 15th of September, A. D. 1879, of $611.70.

The Bill further charges that prior to the month of May, A. D. 1876, the said Biddinger purchased from Jacob Hare and wife, a tract of land in Garrett county, called "Mount Airy," containing fifty acres of land; that the said Biddinger paid the entire purchase money for said land, amounting to $750.00 or more. That after said Biddinger had purchased said land and paid for it, he intending to cheat, defraud, hinder and delay the plaintiff in the collection of his said claim, and with a view to cheat and delay his other creditors in the collection of their claims, fraudulently procured and induced said Hare and wife to convey said land to Florissa Biddinger, his infant daughter, by deed dated May 22nd, 1876.

The Bill further states that at the time said deed was made and at the time of filing said bill, the said Florissa was an Infant, under the age of twenty-one years, and that she had no money of her own, and that she was wholly incapable of earning any money, that she had not inherited anything, and that she paid no part of the purchase money for said land.

The Bill states that the said Biddinger further intending to cheat the plaintiff and hinder him in the collection of his said claim, did on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1879, procure, induce, and require his said infant daughter to join with him in executing a deed for said land to James Bowser, and that the said James Bowser knew all the circumstances surrounding the whole matter, and that his object was to cheat the plaintiff.

The Bill further charges that the said Biddinger was indebted and had not means apart from said property to pay his debts, and that the said conveyances were fraudulent and void and contrary to Equity and good conscience.

The Bill then prays that said deeds be set aside and that said land be sold for the purpose of paying the plaintiff's claim, and for general relief and for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this Second day of September, A. D. 1885, that the plaintiff cause a copy of the order together with the object and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland once a week for four successive weeks before the fifth day of October, A. D. 1885, giving notice to the said Florissa Biddinger, the non-resident defendant in said Bill, and warning her to appear in person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of October, A. D. 1885, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test.
9 5 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT HARNE & LAWTON'S GROCERY, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 165 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff, $4 00; Surveyor and County Commissioners, $3.00, and for Register of Wills, $2.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of that number. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

JOHN H. RILEY.

July 7, 1885.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends I have consented to announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

WM. W. FRAZEE.

—500 Pheasant and Woodcock wanted at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Mr. Geo. W. Griffith, of near Johnstown, this county, left at our office a fine specimen of the Bartlett pear, raised on his farm.

—FOUND—A pocket book. The owner can have the same by calling at the Baltimore Store, Oakland, Md.

—A few evenings ago James Tuhill fell in the Oakland Hotel Grounds and broke his leg. The same leg had been broken a few months since.

—All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle on or before Oct. 1st, 1885. 9 4 4t

—Miss Annie Marville, of Deer Park, is visiting relatives and friends in Whetzell county, W. Va. She expects to teach school in West Virginia this fall and winter.

—Married, in Oakland, Thursday evening, Sept. 10th, 1885, by Rev. E. J. Wilson, of Harrisville, W. Va., Mr. William Newman and Miss Lizzie Mason, both of Oakland.

—Mr. D. R. Smith, of Johnstown, stopped in Oakland Monday, on his way to Hardy county, W. Va., where he goes to make sale of property belonging to his father's estate.

—Mrs. M. L. Scott has now open Fall and Winter Bonnets and Hats, a complete line of Trimmings, Fancy Feathers, Birds, Tips, Flowers, Velvets, Laces, Neck Wear and many new and desirable goods.

—We have now in our office a tomato, raised by Mr. C. J. Otto, of New Germany, this county, which weighs 33 ounces, and measures 18 inches in circumference. "Christ" says if it can be beaten in this county he will give us a new subscriber.

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—H. P. Tasker, several years ago editor of the Garrett county *Herald*, is favorably spoken of in connection with a nomination for the House of Delegates on the Democratic ticket of that county. An active party man over thirty years, perhaps his most effective work was done within the time his pen was dedicated to editorial labor. It was during this period also that he championed "home rule," involved in a local issue which interested a large territory of Garrett county. In the discussion of the questions concerned he aroused some antagonisms, but there were many more who "loved him for the enemies he made." With no interest at stake, our personal friendship for Mr. Tasker inclines us to hope that the people whom he has already served will be able to promote him as he desires. —*Frostburg Journal.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. M. W. Rider.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Preaching at Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, at 2½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Wraps.

Ladies' and Childrens Cloaks, Newmarkets, Russian Circulars, Short Jackets and Jerseys now open at

M. L. SCOTT'S,
Baltimore Store.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Public Sale.

There will be a sale of all kinds of furniture, carpets, &c., &c., at John Shartzer's Furniture Store, Saturday, September 26th. As there is a large lot of second handed furniture there will be bargains for all. Furniture at cost up to day of sale.

Primary Meeting.

The Republican voters of District No. 7 will meet at the Court House, SATURDAY, Sept. 19, 1885, at 3:30 P. M., for the purpose of selecting five delegates to represent said district in the Republican nominating Convention, to be held in Oakland, Sept. 22, 1885.

DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention met in Baltimore Wednesday. Ex-Gov. Groome was chairman. The Gordon delegation from Allegany county was admitted. A motion to admit both delegations with a half vote each was voted down. Comptroller Turner and Clerk of Court of Appeals Jones were both renominated unanimously. A resolution appreciatory of Senator Gorman's sesvices was adopted.

Public Sale.

Having resolved to make my future home in the state of Florida, I will offer at public sale, at the parsonage, Accident, on Tuesday, September 29th, 1885, all my personal effects, consisting in part of 2 horses, 1 colt, 1 cow, 2 shoats, buggy, harness, saddle, 3000 feet inch boards, cabinet organ, stoves, tables, bedsteads, chairs, kitchen and tableware, &c., &c. Small purchases cash; $10 and over a credit of six months.

J. B. SHOUP.

Sept. 12, 3t.

Attention, Garrett Guard!

In accordance with general order from Battalion Headquarters, this command will resume its drills. The second enlistment of three years of a number of members will expire Sept. 30th, and will cause some changes. A business meeting for this purpose will be held Friday evening, Sept. 18, at 7:30 P. M. All members interested will please attend.

By order,
CAPTAIN.

JOHN F. WHITE,
Orderly Sergt.

Concert and Festival.

The ladies of Swanton and vicinity assisted by talented singers from a distance, will give a grand concert and festival on Wednesday, the 30th inst. The concert will consist of tableaux, music, vocal and instrumental, select readings, recitations, &c. After the concert the festival will be held. A grand time is expected. The proceeds will go for the benefit of West's Chapel (U. B. Church). It is for a good cause and the public are cordially invited to come and enjoy a pleasant evening.

How to Keep Cider Sweet.

Pure sweet cider that is arrested in the process of fermentation before it becomes acetic acid or even alcohol, and with carbonic acid gas worked out, is one of the most delightful beverages. The *Farm, Field and Fireside* recommends the following scientific method of treating cider to preserve its sweetness. When the saccharine matters by fermentation are converted to alcohol, if a bent tube be inserted air tight into the bung, with the other end into a pail of water, to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved to pass off without admitting any air into the barrels a beverage will be obtained that is a fit nectar for the gods. A handy way is to fill your cask nearly up to the faucet when the cask is rolled so that the bung is down. Get a common rubber tube and slip it over the end of the plug in the faucet, with the other end in the pail. After the water ceases to bubble, bottle or store away.

Court Proceedings.

The September Term of the Garrett county Circuit Court convened Monday morning, with Judges Alvey and Hoffman on the Bench. Wm. Hinebaugh, Esq., was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury.

The term will extend into next week.

Following are the proceedings up to Wednesday evening:

APPEALS.

No. 1. Albert Combs vs. William Hoover, use of Josiah Bittinger. Peddicord & Thayer for appellant. Veitch & Townshend for appellee. Jury trial. Verdict for the defendant.

2. John E. Wood vs. John R. Kerfoot. Veitch & Townshend for appellant. Peddicord & Thayer for appellee. Continued.

3. Richard Selby vs Jonas Frazee. Veitch & Townshend for appellant. Hamill for appellee. Judgment affirmed by agreement with stay for one year.

4. Andrew Nelson vs L. H. Phleger. Peddicord & Thayer for appellant. Hamill for appellee. Settled.

5 Judgment affirmed by agreement; stay of execution till March next.

TRIALS.

No. 1. George Schley and Buchanan Schley vs David V. Junkins. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgement in favor of plaintiff for land claimed in the declaration.

2. William Hoover vs Anna J. Redgely and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant. Continued.

3. Louis Nydegger vs John Shillenburg. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for $50.

6. James Parker by his next friend, John Shillenburg, vs Louis Nydegger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Dismissed.

7. Alfree P. Ritzell vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

8. John H. Gregg vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Veitch & Townshend and Semmes for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant. Continued.

9. Peddicord and Combs vs John L. Browning and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Hamill & Semmes for defendants. Continued.

10. Peddicord and Combs vs John L. Browning and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Hamill & Semmes for defendants. Continued.

13. Isarel M. Frankhauser vs Joseph P. Lewis. Hamill & Semmes for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Settled; each party taking half of land in dispute.

14. Elbenezer Kitzmiller vs Norman B. Bray. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Dismissed.

15. Gilmor S. Hamill, use of Niel J. Fortney, vs M. J. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Continued.

17. William Broderick vs W. F. Ryan. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Dismissed.

21. George Pirmer vs The Mayor and City Council of Cumberland. McKaig for plaintiff. Read & Thomas for defendant. Abated by death of plaintiff.

22. Daniel O'Connell vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Williams for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Settled; each party to pay his own costs.

27. Henry M. Broadwater vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Sloan for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

28. Jemima Boyer vs B. F. Friend. Hamill for plaintiff. Gonder for defendant. Dismissed.

29. Eagle Mill Co. vs E. W. Staples & Co. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff with stay till March 1st, 1886.

31 Norman R. Smoot vs John E. Wood. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Removed to Allegany county.

32 Chambers E. Glenn vs W. McCulloch Brown. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Judgment in favor of plaintiff for $150.

34 Martha S. Williams vs Peter W. Connell. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Dismissed; want of security for costs.

35 George W. Wilt vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Settled in favor of plaintiff.

36 Emily S. White vs Benjamin F. Friend and others. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Settled in favor of plaintiff.

37 Lochiel Lumber Co. vs Daniel O'Connell, Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Williams for defendant. Dismissed.

38 W. C. White & Co. vs John E. Wood and others. Hamill, Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Removed to Allegany county.

39 Richard S. McCulloch vs W. Scott Cormany. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Settled in favor of plaintiff.

41 David H. Loar vs John A. Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Daily, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Refered so counsel.

43 Daniel O'Connell vs Lochiel Lumber Co. Williams for plaintiff. Boyd, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Dismissed.

45 William Soelter vs Louis Soelter. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Dismissed.

46. Peter W. Bosley vs James R. Bishop. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Dismissed.

48 Peter W. Bosley vs John C. Dunham. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

53 F. A. Thayer, trustee, vs E. Jamison. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

54 Jesse J. Robeson vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

56 F. A. Thayer, trustee vs Wm. A. Browning. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

57. F. A. Thayer, trustee, vs Wm. Browning, of Wm. Pdddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

58 Roche & Co. vs Thomas Coddington. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

59 Ambach, Burgunder & Co. vs William Ryland. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

60 A. W. Poulson & Co. vs William Ryland. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

61 John A. Connell vs D. H. Loar. Daily, Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Refered to counsel.

63 Richard S. McCulloch vs Francis M. Bray. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

65 Bessie N. Lusson vs Lewis Hanft. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Dismissed.

66 Bessie N. Lusson vs J. D. Brenneman. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Dismissed.

67 Bessie N. Lusson vs Unas Leichty. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Dismissed.

68 Daniel Ducker vs Lewis Horckler. Hamill for plaintiff No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

69 William H. Hay and Norman D. Hay vs Lewis Horchler. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

71 Richard S. McCulloch vs Jesse Lee. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for land claimed.

72 Richard S. McCulloch vs James Moreland. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for land claimed.

73 Richard S. McCulloch vs Lewis Lish. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for land claimed.

74 J. H. Jordon vs B. & O. Co. Gordon for plaintiff. Boyd for defendant. Settled on terms to be filed.

75 Patrick Hamill vs Wm. Loraw and J. Moon. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Warrant resurvey issued.

76 Richard S. McCulloch vs J. W. Boker. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

77 Andrew Nelson vs E. H. Wardwell. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

78 William Soelter vs Michael Maroney, Garneshee, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Dismissed.

79 William Soelter vs James B. Gauer, Garneshee, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Dismissed.

80. William Soelter vs Jacob P. Gauer, Garneshee, &c. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Dismissed.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser. Continued.

2. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State Peddicord & Thayer for traverser. Continued.

3. State vs James Tuhill. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser. Continued.

4. State vs Daniel McRobie. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser. Indictment quashed.

5. State vs James Simmons. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Thayer for traverser. Continued.

8. Indictment quashed.

9. Verdict guilty.

Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Political Blindness.

There are times when professional politicians, who are usually so astute, become affected with a strange bluntness of perception. They fail to see a revolution impending. They fix their attention upon the details of party management and ignore the vast silent changes that have taken place in the public mind.

There have been eras of strong party feeling in this state when party nominations, however bad, were equivalent to elections. Such is the era when bossism flourishes. The boss takes no thought of party disaffection, of independents or of reform movements. He relies on cracking the party whip at the last moment and terrifying the voters with the threat of a party defeat. Their whole attention is given to fixing the slates and putting in nomination such men as bosism can use. This era has, during the past ten years, been fading away. Reform movements and indepenlent movements have greatly weakened the hold which party once held upon the allegiance of the individual voters. The scandals and corruptions inseparably connected with boss rule disgust and alienate the voters. Quarrels between rival bosses exhaust their corruption funds and weaken their forces by dissension and revolt. And still bossism must go on working with what material it has. It must be able to pay its workers in some way, for they do not work for nothing. It must go on dickering and bartering its patronage, making promises and winning over "kickers" by wheedling or bullying. And while its whole attention is fastened on these things the public mind may be preparing to wipe the whole slate out of existence.

Such seems to be the state of affairs now. If one goes among the professional politicians—those who have, directly, or indirectly, through salaries or perquisites, an interest in the elections now coming on—it will be found that their thoughts are on the primaries, and that they very dimly perceive that the nominations are not equivalent to elections. But if one goes among the business men—the voters—it will be found that there is very little interest in the primaries. There is a feeling that the conventions may nominate whom they please, but the voters will vote for whom they please. There are, doubtless, larger numbers of independents this year than ever before. The revolt against bossism is felt even among the "regulars." There are "bolts" of regulars more or less formidable in various parts of the city, and quarrels among spoilsmen that no negotiations will be able to patch up. Some bosses are bent on humbling or crushing rivals. Old disappointments, broken promises and ancient grudges are to be requited.

And yet on its face the machine looks as strong as ever. It does not seem to see that a cyclone is brewing. *Baltimore American.*

Grim Cholera Facts from Spain.

From Galignani's Messenger.

The civil and military authorities of Madrid are making strenuous preparations against the eventuality of the cholera spreading throughout the city in the autumn, as medical men generally seem to fear will be the case. In each arrondissement of the local juntas a small hospital for fifty cases is being organized, in addition to district hospitals capable in case of need of accommodating 600 to 1,000. Special isolated cholera wards, moreover, have been established in all the civil and military hospitals of the city. So far Madrid itself has suffered but lightly, and no case has yet occurred among the troops of the garrison, numbering nigh on 15,000 men. The houses wherein the disease has passed are thoroughly fumigated and disinfected, the inhabitants being turned out and sent to the refuges of the *assistance publique*. The poor quarters of the old town, with their narrow streets, unhealthy courts, dark staircases, obscure and badly ventilated apartments, wherein whole families are crowded together pellmell, and support existence God knows how—such quarters are the veriest hotbeds for propagating the foul disease. Unfortunately their inhabitants are invariably refractory to the cleansing measures essayed by the authorities, and will frequently conceal their sick for the purpose of preventing their being sent to the hospital and the rooms disinfected.

As it is impossible to convert this population to hygienic principles, the authorities are attempting to surround us with the old and exploded safeguards of quarantine. Fumigation of passengers, baggage, etc., takes place at no le-s than ten stations of the three railway lines running into the city. One is subjected to the same operation in the Madrid stations, where pessengers and their luggage are again closely inspected, while a close watch is kept on the fruit and vegetable market. Under the influence, partly of fear, partly of custom, thousands of the richer inhabitants have fled for refuge to the sixteen provinces of the north and northwest, not yet attacked; many even having pushed on into France, notwithstanding the rigorous sanitary precautions that have been enforced on the Pyrenean frontier since the cholera has declared itself in Saragossa, Barcelona, Pampeluna and the valley of the Ebro.

The accounts received from the provinces are heartrending. The epidemic appears to be extending, especially in the east of the peninsula. In the province of Loria its ravages are terrible. In a single town in that district 150 corpses have been lying exposed for three days, all the physicians, all the municipal councilors except one and all the grave diggers having perished. Advices from Murcia announce that 70 corpses remain unburied in the town of Ajecia, whence almost all the survivors have fled. In Andalusia also the pestiledce is spreading. At Monteguado a fourth of the inhabitants have been carried off in ten days; the town is without any physician, and the single surviving gendarme is occupied in interring the dead bodies. The credits voted for combating the epidemic are exhausted, and the government will be obliged to convoke the council of state to obtain resources.

The disease is beginning seriously to affect the treasury receipts. During May there was a further decrease of several millions in the amount of imports, with a consequent loss of 600,000f. to the customs. The figures for June and July have been forced to pledge 4 per cent amortissable bonds and drafts on the bonds and drafts on the army re-enlistment fund as security for an immediate advance of 30,000,000f. to meet current expenses, and the bank will pay itself later if it be found possible to get in the taxes, which are now levied with the greatest difficulty in the afflicted districts. The floating debt has thus again made its appearance, and should the epidemic last on till the autumn, as there seems every probability of its doing, this debt must rapidly increase.

A Remarkable Story.

The *Presbyterian Monthly* is responsible for this story: During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station, as well as call at the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house the mother and the patient, to his amazement asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. S., would like a piping bullfinch: that they had one, but that its music was trying on the invalid and they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and, after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and she, as a slight token of her appreciation of these services, asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklet and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up to his wife's sick room, and placed the object she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case, she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it. His reply was characteristic: "I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and he just gives you whatever you ask for."

Words of Wisdom.

Weary not in well-doing.

Do right and fear no one.

Always be faithful to duty.

Be patient under difficulties.

Be a friend to the friendless.

Harmony is the keynote of household comforts.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Imprisonment for debt is still possible in New York. In the New York *World* of Monday there is a description of some of the inmates of Ludlow Street Jail, detained there for debt. From the accounts it seems that the prisoners are detained upon orders of the court, and not upon mere judgments for money. Yet they are none the less imprisoned in default of payment of money, not in the nature of a fine. One old man of sixty-four has been in jail for thirteen months on a judgment for $240. Another was there for a year, and was at last released by a fellow prisoner, who paid for him the $25 on which he was held. This seems very strange in free and happy America. The vivid accounts which Dickens gave of the Fleet Street Prison and the Marshalsea in the England of forty years ago produced a profound impression on the English-speaking world, and in America the evils of imprisonment for debt were swept away by remedial statutes, or at least were greatly mitigated. But they appear to linger in New York. In Maryland imprisonment for debt is forbidden by the Constitution of the state. Section 38 declares curtly: "No person shall be imprisoned for debt." A vast amount of human suffering has been saved by the enactment of those seven words.

Getting into debt in Mexico is a serious business. If a debtor is unable to pay on the day his debt is due he is arrested and chained to a post for five days. Then an officer looks at him to see if his punishment has enabled him to pay his debt. Of course it hasn't, and so the debtor's labor is sold to the government for forty cents a day until the obligation is discharged. The government sends him with a gang of felons to a silver mine, and he does not see the light again until the debt is discharged.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified and warned not to trespass by cutting and removing timber or limestone without permission from the undersigned off of that portion of a tract of land called "High Water Re-surveyed," owned by us, situate in District No. 2, Garrett county, Md.

A. GARINGER,
WM. HINEBAUGH.

9 19 3.

FREE SCHOLARSHIP.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Garrett county being entitled to one Free Scholarship in St. John's College and to two Free Scholarships in the Maryland Agricultural College, a competitive examination will be held in the Oakland Public School building Sept. 29th, 1885.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
Examiner.

9 19 2

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 17th, 1885.

The Garrett County School Board will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 30th,

or the transaction of general business.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
Secretary Board.

9 19 2

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

Estate of Carlisle Hoover, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CARLISLE HOOVER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

THOMAS H. BITTINGER,
Administrator.

9 12 3t

Estate of Henry H. Miller, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY H. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

SAMUEL BAKER,
URIAS H. MILLER,
Administrators.

9 12 3t.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland, containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

My thoughts go home to that old brown house,
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer, except in rhyme,
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray;
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on their top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasselled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of spring,
And the roses red and the lillies white
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now,
When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men, grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
And even those echo forgets to stay.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's Magazine.*

SCRIMSON & TULLY.

The Dissolution of an Old, and Formation of a New, Firm.

"It's no use, Mark. He won't listen to reason."

"I don't want to use logic with him, Fanny. It isn't a matter for argument."

"But you don't know papa as well as I do."

"And I don't think I prize his acquaintance as much as that of his daughter."

"You don't know him, and"—giving just a little squeeze to the coat sleeve on which her gloved hand rested—"you must let me say all the unpleasant things about him. You don't know how set he is in his way, and now he is very angry."

"I never saw a decent man kicked out of doors except on the stage, and he won't begin the practice in real life on me. Don't you believe it, Fanny."

"He didn't say anything about kicking," replied Fanny, with disdain; "but when you come to the house this evening he will send word that I am not at home. It's no use, Mark. You must be patient a little while. We must be patient," emphasizing the pronoun with another little squeeze of the coat sleeve.

"What has set the old curmudgeon"—Fanny withdrew her hand—"what has turned the favor of your respected parent"—the hand was replaced—"so suddenly against me? What is he angry about?" asked Mark.

"That is just what I came out to meet you for, and I would have told you long ago if you hadn't been so unreasonable. You must know, sir, that I am doing a very improper thing in running after you in this way, and walking home with you from your office, when papa has forbidden me to receive you at the house; and I think, perhaps, I ought to leave you at once, right here."

"What were you going to say, Fanny, when I interrupted you with my unreasonableness?" meekly responded Mark.

"I had begun to tell you that it is all about your uncle, and not about you at all."

"What has my uncle done? He has been in partnership with your father for ten years past, and that is how we came to know each other, Fanny. They can't have quarreled after all this time."

"Yes, they have. I never saw papa so angry before. He has been cross for a week, and to-day he came home crosser than ever, and told me he never wanted to see any one by the name of Tully again. He said you must stop coming to the house, and that if I didn't want to refuse to see you, he would take care of it; and when I said I couldn't, he called in the housekeeper, and told her to give orders to the servants to say that I was not at home to you."

"And made you cry—confound him!" interjected Mark, as, looking down at the brown eyes on a level with his shoulder, he saw the lashes set in diamonds.

"I didn't cry much," replied Fanny, with a little sniff, and winking hard. "But he talked horribly. They are going to wind up the business, and we shall go off somewhere; for he hates the whole town, he says, and all he wants is to come back to your uncle's funeral. Isn't it awful, Mark? All I want of old Tully is legal proofs of his death', he said."

"H'm!" was Mark's inarticulate comment, as if the glimmer of an idea had struck him.

"Why, he talks just as if your uncle had cheated him," continued Fanny. "He says that he must get out of the business to save what he has left, and that 'old Tully' will have to die to pay him what he has got from him."

"They must have had a lively time of it," said Mark. "But it is all nonsense. Each of them is rich enough to retire if he wants to; and as for that life-insurance, it was only a little piece of business for me. Neither of them needs it."

"What life-insurance?" asked Fanny.

"About three years ago," explained Mark, "when I was getting business for the Monadnock Mutual Profit and Benevolent Association, I induced them to take out policies in favor of each other. So your father holds a policy of ten thousand on my uncle's life, and my uncle the same on the life of your father. If either of them dies, the other gets the money. That's what he meant when he said old Tully would have to die to pay him."

"How horrible!" ejaculated Fanny. "Do you think your uncle feels the same way about my father?"

"I don't doubt he feels a great deal worse, to judge from what I know of the old gentleman's sentiments when he once gets an antipathy. But don't you worry, Fanny," continued Mark, in a reassuring tone. "Neither of them will realize on his policy for a long time yet, and there'll be another partnership of Scrimson and Tully before that."

"O, Mark!" and the brown eyes were quickly raised and cast down.

"I won't come to see you to-night," said Mark, after they had walked on a way; "and perhaps not to-morrow night. I have some regard for the sudden prejudices of your respected father, and I want to see how my uncle takes it. When I find that out, I shall know what to do. Trust it to me, Fanny. I will write you at the house. They can't say 'not at home' to the United States mail."

Mark bought an evening paper as he went on to his uncle's house after parting from Fanny. An advertisement caught his eye:

"DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the style of Scrimson & Tully, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All outstanding accounts will be settled on presentation at the office, 45 Doane street, to James Collins, who is authorized to receipt for the firm.

ANDREW J. SCRIMSON,
MARCELLUS F. TULLY."

Mr. Tully senior was indeed in quite as violent a state of mind as his nephew had pictured him. The latter, with a prudence most becoming to his years, refrained from communicating to his uncle the original source of his information of the breach between the partners, presenting the newspaper announcement as his excuse for inquiry as to particulars. These were soon given in emphatic phrase. A year of fairly good business, as compared with the depression all about them, had been changed into a year of actual loss by several apparently good accounts proving worthless when collection was attempted. For some of these losses, which wiped out the year's work, one partner was responsible; for some, the other. A chance word inspired by worry provoked recrimination, and the two somewhat peppery temperaments had warmed into an an angry separation.

"When it came to that old dotard's throwing Foster's mortgage in my face," said Mr. Tully, in narrating the final scene, "I told him I'd buy the confounded claim for the face of the debt, and he could go to thunder."

"Who is Foster, and what is his mortgage?" asked Mark.

"Foster is a customer I picked up from Philadelphia, and six months ago I took a mortgage on some land of his in Pennsylvania, as security for what he owed us and couldn't pay. We had to foreclose on him: and then, as near as we could find out, nothing but stones grew on his farm, and the land was worth about six cents an acre."

"Did Scrimson buy up any of the bad debts that he took in?"

"No; he isn't quite such a fool as I a m. The business will be wound up square, except this one claim that I took. Thank the Lord! I don't need to work any more unless I feel like it, and that policy will be falling in one of these days when Scrimson goes off with apoplexy in one of his rages."

"You mean the Monadnock Mutual on his life?"

"Yes; that's the only way we can balance accounts. He has cost me more than ten thousand the past year; and if he goes on losing for himself as he lost on joint account, it will be money in his daughter's pocket to get his estate into executor's hands. By the way, Mark, are you fooling around there as much as you were?"

"I don't go to the house much now," answered Mark, calmly disingenuous.

"Well, I wouldn't if I were you. Nothing good can come of it. I am done with him and all his belongings, and you'd better be."

What a ludicrous similarity in the turn and habit of mind of these two men! thought Mark. After ten years of close relations, a quarrel which involves mutual reflections upon their business capacity changes their frieneship into detestation, drives them apart and sets each watching for the death of the other, on whose life a price has been put. It seemed to him a despotism of the business instinct, asserting its supreme rule over all sentiment and passion; and as he listened to his uncle talking in the way that had seemed so horribly grotesque to Fanny when she heard it from her father, the glimmer of an idea became a sudden light to him and he saw his way to an experiment with the same abnormally developed business instinct which had something of promise in it. At least, nothing could make the situation worse as far as it concerned himself and Fanny, and it might be made better.

To this end he called on his own business faculties.

"Have you got that Pennsylvania mortgage with you?" he asked.

"No; it's with some other papers in the safe. What do you want of it?"

"I am going to Philadelphia in a day or two, and might run down and look up the property. Now that you own it, you ought to know something more about it. It may not be such a bad piece as you have been told."

"O, it's as bad as it can be. We leased a dozen acres of it a month ago for twenty-five dollars a year and taxes, with option of purchase. But you may look at it if you want to. I put the whole matter in your hands. Collins will give you the papers if you drop in at the office to-morrow. By-the-way, ask him for that policy on Scrimson's life, and see if it is all straight and safe; and if you happen to run across Scrimson, let me know how he is looking."

Mark did not run across Scrimson, and consequently could not report upon the prospect of his sudden demise; but he mailed a letter to Scrimson's pretty daughter before starting on his Pennsylvania trip the next day. His business in Philadelphia was soon finished, and as he took his seat in the westward-bound train his mind was free to work on the audacious scheme, which had come to him like an inspiration, for the simultaneous punishment and reformation of the two unreasonable men whose prejudices stood between him and his Fanny. His conclusion was that while it was a desperate experiment, it was worth trying; and his resolution was not shaken by an incident which occurred the next day.

He had stepped off the train to catch a breath of undiluted mountain air at Altoona, and walking along the station platform he had a glimpse of a face at the window of a Pullman car that sent an electric shock from the region of his heart up and down his frame to brain and feet simultaneously.

"Fanny!"

"Mark!"

"How did you get here? Where are you going?"

"How did you dare to follow us?"

"It was 'a spirit in my feet.' My good angel sent me without my knowing it."

"Why! didn't you get my letter?"

"No; but I wrote you one."

"And I didn't get that, either. Father hurried me off without even giving me time to pack. We got news that his cousin in Pittsburgh had a stroke of apoplexy and wasn't expected to live—his own cousin, born the same day he was, and named after grandfather, just like papa."

"Was the old gentleman a good deal cut up?" inquired Mark. "Is his heart just a little softened?"

"Poor papa feels very bad," answered Fanny; "but it is awful to hear him talk just as unkindly as ever about you and your uncle. Why, the first thing he said was: 'If it had only been Tully, now.' He is as hard as ever. There! he is coming back to his seat. Do go away, Mark!"

"Wait just a minute. This is important, Fanny, and you mustn't forget it. I'm not going to Pittsburgh; but if that cousin should die, you send me a newspaper with the notice of his death just as quickly as you can, and write me the minute you get home. I shall be back in five days. You'll remember? That's a dear girl."

"He's coming, Mark! Go away before he sees you!"

Mark, in farewell, pressed the fingers that rested on the sill of the car window, and strolled toward the rear of the train, which was about starting. When at length he got off at the junction with the southern branch, a flutter of white at the window of the Pullman told him that he was not forgotten or unobserved.

The tract of land which had come into his uncle's possession through the unfortunate mortgage he found without difficulty, and after half a day's examination he concluded that its value had been stated with tolerable accuracy. It showed a stubborn soil in the open, alternating with sparse woodland, and on one eminence the foundation and cellar of an intended mansion-house, grown over with weeds and brush, and known in the region as Foster's Folly.

This was on the leased portion of the estate; and as Mark rode his horse slowly around the base of the hill, wondering what in the name of agriculture or land speculation could have induced any one to hire a piece of this unprofitable country, he became conscious of a sound as of regular gasping or panting. Continuing his course, there mingled with this the noise of a creak and a thud alternating; and on finally rounding the hill he saw, rising before him, just at the foot of the declivity, one of those skeleton towers with which certain districts in Pennsylvania are so thickly planted, but which seemed an exotic indeed in this region. It was an oil derrick, down whose center the drill was patiently plunging, while near by a little steam engine was panting and wheezing as the working-beam tilted and creaked. He had come upon a "wild cat" location, for this was far outside the accepted limits of the oil belt, and no prospector had before risked his money on the drill in this unpromising region. It was, moreover, an exceptional incident in the history of "wild-catting" that the operator should lease his land, or, indeed, pay any attention to the claims of ownership. Could it be that at this distance from all known oil-fields, in a section which experts had condemned as barren by all the tests of geology, there had been found "indications" of sufficient value to warrant such protection as a formal lease affords?

This startling suggestion took on more force when Mark observed that the base of the derrick was inclosed by a stout and tight shed, at whose single entrance there appeared to welcome his approach a dog of blood-thirsty aspect, who greeted him vociferously. Whoever the operator might be, he must certainly have something more encouraging than dry sand beneath his drill to require such unusual precautions against observation, as well as removal. He appeared behind the dog in the open doorway as Mark approached.

"Is this Mr. Peters?" inquired Mark.

"That's my name."

"I come from Mr. Tully, owner of this property, who has put its management in my hands," said Mark. "My name is Tully. You are going for oil, I see. Rather outside the belt, aren't you?"

"Mebbe it's oil I'm after, and mebbe it's water."

"How far down are you?"

"Mebbe I'm down to the sand, and mebbe I ain't to the first rock. You're too curious, young man. Anything wrong with the lease?"

"Nothing at all. You are safe in possession the rest of the year, and can lay the place within that time at the price agreed on."

"Well, there ain't nothing in the lease, fur's I know, about the landlord entering upon the premises when he may see fit, and I ain't fixed up for company yet. Glad to see you and your friends some other time. Good-day."

"Good-day," replied Mark, handing him a card. "If you want to buy, drop me a line."

Mark had seen and heard enough to cause him to employ the services of the one lawyer in the country town near by as in some sort a confidential agent to maintain a discreet watch upon the boring operations at Foster's Folly, and report to him by telegraph if any strike was made. It seemed impossible, but if it happened, that unlucky mortgage would become the most valuable of his uncle's possessions.

He arrived home in due course of time and railroading, with the determination to push his scheme to a test as quickly as circumstances offered opportunity. And opportunity came treading swiftly on the heels of circumstance; for on going to his office on the morning following his arrival, he found among the accumulated mail not only Fanny's tender little letter announcing her sudden departure, which he had missed the week before, but a Pittsburgh paper with a marked notice of the death of Andrew Jackson Scrimson, and another letter from Fanny telling that they would leave immediately after the funeral, and reach the city the very day on which Mark was now reading the announcement.

Mark lost no more time in reporting at his uncle's residence than was necessary for a short interview with Collins, the confidential clerk and bookkeeper of the late firm, the purport of which was also confidential.

"I have news for you, uncle," was his introductory remark, somewhat sombre in utterance.

"I hope it's good news, my boy."

"You will probably think so, sir," responded Mark. "I have received this paper from Pittsburgh." And he handed it to his uncle, indicating the spot where to read.

"SCRIMSON.—In this city, 16th inst., suddenly, Andrew Jackson Scrimson, aged fifty-seven years."

"What—what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Tully, flushing a deep red, and then paling so quickly that his nephew stepped hastily forward to catch him as he sank into a chair. "Is this true, Mark? How did it happen? Great heavens! To think of his going off in that way!"

"I ran across him on the Pennsylvania Central last week," replied Mark. "He was on his way to Pittsburgh, and I thought he wasn't looking as well as usual. I can't believe now that he is dead," he continued, with heartless hypocrisy, "but when I got this news I brought it straight to you, as I knew you had a considerable interest in the fact."

"Dead—dead—," Mr. Tully spoke as if to himself. Then to Mark: "You might have broken it to me more gently, my boy."

"I understood you were anxious to realize on your policy——"

"What do you take me for?" cried Mr. Tully, an angry red displacing the pallor of his face.

"And that perhaps you would like to secure the proofs of death without unnecessary delay," continued the young man, mercilessly.

"May God forgive me!" ejaculated the elder. "It is too late to ask it of my old friend. But if his spirit can take note of things of the earth it has left, he will some time know that never in my heart did I wish him ill. Mark," he continued, after a pause in which he seemed to be pulling himself together after the shock, "we must go at once to the office and see if Collins can tell us anything of this terrible affair."

Mark was as silent as his uncle during the short walk down-town, but for a different reason; and when they entered the corridor leading from Doane Street to the office on the corner, his soul quaked within him. But hardly had they entered the counting-room, and put the first anxious question to Collins, when from the entrance opening on the other side there appeared, not with his daughter upon his arm, but himself leaning on that frail support, Mr. Scrimson.

The two partners stood speechless an instant, while conflicting purposes seemed battling within them.

"Andrew!"—Tully was the first to speak.

"Marcellus!"—and their hands were clasped.

"God bless us both! It wasn't you, then. But who put this lying thing in the paper?" demanded Tully, pulling from his pocket the Pittsburgh daily.

"That is my cousin—my twin, they used to call him," replied Scrimson. "And now I want to know what this means." And he took from his pocket a letter with the firm's heading, and shook it savagely before the face of Collins, whose name appeared at the foot. It read:

"DEAR SIR: Referring to your late expressions of concern regarding the policy which you hold on the life of your late partner, Mr. Tully, I would say that a recent event renders it advisable to take steps at once in order to realize upon it."

"What does that mean," vociferated Scrimson, "except that you have news of Tully's death, and are breaking it to me as gently as you can?"

"I certainly did not wish to disturb you unnecessarily, sir," replied Collins, inspired by an excruciating wink which Mark delivered him over his uncle's shoulder. "I simply wished to confer with you on the matter of re-insurance, as I learn this morning that the Monadnock Mutual has defaulted its payments, and will be wound up at once by the insurance commissioners."

"That means that our policies are worthless," said Tully. "Well, I'm glad of it."

"So am I," responded Scrimson. "I never felt so much like a hound as when I got Collins' letter this morning, and thought you were gone."

"Nor I so like a brute as when I read your death in the papers."

For some minutes a small and rather dirty boy in telegraph messenger's uniform had been inquiring of deaf ears if Mr. Mark Tully kept there. Mark now took from him the yellow envelope, tore it open, and glanced at the message.

"This concerns you, uncle," he said, handing it to the elder man, who read:

"Peters struck oil. Thousand barrels yesterday. Well plugged until tanks arrive. Am offered big money for land next Foster's Folly. Wire price and authority to sell."

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means," answered Mark, "that Foster's mortgage which you bought is worth no one knows how many millions. All the oil men in Pennsylvania will want a piece of that land to-morrow, when this new strike becomes known, and you can sell it for any price you want to name by the square foot. I have been kicking myself ever since I came back to think that you ever gave Peters the option of purchase on twelve acres."

"Let me congratulate you, Marcellus," said Scrimson. "You deserve your luck."

"But I don't, and I sh'n't," replied Tully. "Half of this belongs to you, old friend."

"Not a bit of it. I crowded the thing on you, and it belongs to you," reiterated Scrimson.

"Now, let's talk sense and business," said Tully. "When trade is dull the usual thing is to give the young men a share in the business, and save salaries, isn't it? Well I propose we take in my nephew and Collins here as junior partners, and throw this oil property in as extra capital. We two are old enough to take our ease and let the youngsters do the work for us, and keep the name of the old house alive. What do you say?"

Scrimson said yes. And as the reunited partners walked from the counting-room side by side, Mark drew Fanny's hand under his arm, and followed, with the whisper:

"That other firm of Scrimson and Tully—when shall we sign the articles of copartnership?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

True Version of the Severing of His Connection with the New York Tribune.

Stanley Huntley, the dead humorist, as has already been stated in these columns, began his professional life as a lawyer. When he was a young man he took service upon the *Tribune* local staff. There is an old story concerning the manner in which he terminated his this connection, which is more or less untrue. From Mr. Huntley the writer obtained the following true version of the affair: One day, finding the legal profession unremunerative, he applied to Mr. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, who was then the city editor of the *Tribune*, for a situation. He was given a trial. When he brought in his copy at the end of the first day he noticed that Mr. Moore sent it upstairs into the composing room by an elevator in the wall. The second day he was sent to report a meeting of the Farmer's Club, which then as now met in the Cooper Institute Building. This particular meeting happened to be singularly prolific in stirring incidents. Contrary to their general rule, the members became mixed up in a quarrel over a new breed of potatoes and used strong and picturesque language in pursuing their arguments. With a quick perception of the ludicrous Huntley seized upon the salient features of the meeting with avidity, and when he appeared at the *Tribune* office early that evening he had a column and a half of brilliant descriptive writing, in which he gave the humorous points of the affair in their strongest light. Not finding Mr. Moore in, he walked over to the elevator, as he had seen him do, and sent the copy upstairs to the printers. When the night editor came to make up the forms he saw the matter in type, and taking it for granted that it had come up stairs in the regular way, gave it a prominent place in the morning paper.

When Mr. Huntley picked up a copy of the *Tribune* that morning and saw his article on the first page exactly as he had written it, his bosom swelled with pride. At noon he sauntered down to the office with the feelings of a hero.

"I shall be," said he to himself, "the managing editor of this paper in a fortnight. I have struck the right vocation at last."

When he entered the city room he noticed a smile spread over the other reporters' faces, but attributing it to jealousy he calmly seated himself at his desk. In a few minutes Mr. Moore called him and said that Mr. Greeley wanted to see him.

Swelling with pride and casting a look of triumph around the room the young reporter walked out of the office into Mr. Greeley's room. The door was closed. He rapped gently.

"Come in," responded a shrill falsetto voice.

Mr. Huntley did so. Mr. Greeley was seated at his desk. He waited patiently until he finished. Then the old gentleman wheeled around in his chair and said:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"You sent for me, sir?"

"For you? What is your name?"

"Stanley Huntley."

"Oh! So you are the blamed fool who wrote up that Farmers' Club?"

The hopes of the future humorist experienced a sudden decline. He would now be satisfied with the city editorship.

"Why did you do it?"

"They acted disgracefully, sir."

"Yes, I know it; but what did you do with your copy?"

"I didn't copy it, sir," returned Mr. Huntley, with dignity, "I wrote it all myself."

"What did you do with your manuscript?"

"I shoved it in a hole in the wall and whistled twice."

"Young man, how long have been on the press?"

"Twenty-four hours, sir."

"Well, sir," said the editor, a twinkle coming into his eyes, "you didn't know, of course, what the rules of our office are. But you oughtn't to have written that report, indeed you oughtn't to. Of course they are a pack of fools. They always have been, but you shouldn't have have said so in the *Tribune*. Young man, I'm the President of that club."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Clams to the number of a dozen or so fell recently from a clear sky at Mamscato, Minn., the velocity of their descent shattering the shells. The clams were alive and about four inches in length. The phenomenon, it is said, was witnessed by several trustworthy men.—*Denver Tribune.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

"'Only this once'—the wine-cup glowed
All sparkling with its ruby ray,
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And folly made the revel gay.

"Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned,
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

"'Only this once'—the tale is told,
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide;
With more than Esau's madness sold
The birthright of his soul, and died.

"I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead,
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

"Again his eyes the landscape viewed,
His limbs again their burden bore,
And years their wonted course renewed,
But hope and peace returned no more.

"Yes angel-hearts with pity wept,
When he whom virtue fain would save,
His vow to her so falsely kept,
And madly sought a drunkard's grave.

"'Only this once'—beware! beware!
Gaze not upon the blushing wine;
Oh! fly temptation's syren snare,
And, prayerful, seek for strength divine."

—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

INEBRIETY AND INSANITY.!

Some of the Many Evil Effects of Alcoholic Drinks—What the Children of the Intemperate Inherit.

The following extracts are taken from one of the series of articles on "The Temperance Teachings of Science," by Prof. A. B. Palmer, M. D., LL. D., published in *Wide Awake:*

Insanity is another morbid condition of the brain caused by chronic alcoholic indulgence. The statistics of all insane asylums bear evidence of this fact. In the list of causes of this most terrible of calamities, intemperance occupies a prominent place; but those who have given most attention to the subject express the opinion that this disease is more likely to attack the offspring of drunkards than the drunkards themselves. These latter cases are not usually charged, in the statistics, to intemperance, though they are the remote consequences of it.

The first attack of insanity in the drunkard is usually recovered from, under asylum treatment and where further indulgence is prevented; but the patient too often returns to his drink when released, and subsequent attacks are very liable to occur, from which the patient is far less likely to recover. Occurring in the children of drunkards, the first attack is more liable to be permanent. Idiocy, blindness, deafness and other defects of the nervous system are painfully common in the children of the intemperate.

In what is called chronic alcoholism, paralysis from brain and nerve impairments is a not infrequent occurrence. It takes different forms as it affects different parts, and usally indicates such an advanced and extreme state of alcoholic poisoning as renders recovery very rare. Fits of apoplexy, often speedily fatal in the first paroxysm, and almost inevitably so when repeated, are another result of intemperance; and when partial recovery takes place, brain impairment remains, frequently accompanied by palsy. Epilepsy is another disease of the brain and nervous system some times produced by alcoholism.

The term inebriety, or dipsomania, is applied to a condition in which the subject of it is supposed to be incapable of self-control, and is given up to periodical or constant drunkenness.

* * * But whether it should be called a disease or a vice, it is the effect of alcohol upon the nervous system; the tendency to the condition often being hereditary—generally from alcoholic indulgence in parents—but developed into the actual morbid state by the indulgence of the individual.

Whether a disease or a vice, it is very difficult of cure, and if temporarily relieved, either by physical or moral means, it is exceedingly liable to return, and result in moral and physical death.

Space fails, and the object of this work does not require that all the diseases which alcohol is capable of inflicting should be even mentioned, much less dwelt upon. But, after all, it should be understood that by far the most frequent evil effects of alcohol do not consist in the production of special diseases peculiar to itself, but in a general perversion and lowering of vitality which renders one more subject to diseases of various kinds, and causes diseases and accidents to be more fatal. In all reports of the causes of deaths, the different diseases and accidents are named, but the alcoholism which rendered them fatal is not mentioned; and even when the disease and death are caused by the alcoholism alone, the truth and the warning example are sacrificed to what are regarded as the properties of the occasion—a sentiment of respect for the dead and the feelings of friends. In public reports alcohol and alcoholism do not receive a tithe of credit or responsibility for the evils they accomplish.

In some of these cases of habitual tippling, as distinguished from drunkenness, only functions or actions are perceptibly changed, while in others the structure of the brain and nerves is more or less profoundly affected.

Often among the first symptoms will be observed a perversion of moral sentiment. There will at least be an indifference to the dangers of drink and a general recklessness of conduct. This is a natural result of the narcotic, benumbing influence of the poison. There are apt to be improvidence, sensuality, an absence of restraint of the lower passions, malfeasance in office, unfaithfulness to trusts, indifference to the feelings and claims of parents, wife and children, and disregard of the advice of friends. There will generally be noticed unsteadiness of the hands, and often of the movements of the lower extremities, inquietude, especially if the doses be not regularly increased, want of refreshing sleep, at first fitful, but often more constant, particularly when the accustomed amount is diminished or withdrawn; and now the general appearance and expression of an habitual drinker appear. The irregular motions can, for a time, be restrained by a decided effort of the will. They are worst in the morning, especially when the sleep has been broken, but are steadied by food and the usual dram. Headache, buzzing in the ears, irritability of temper, cloudiness before the eyes, and, in more severe cases, flashes of light and various hallucinations may follow. There are uncertainty of purpose, mental instability, though sometimes dogged obstinacy, feelings of dread, but without the purpose to avoid evil or danger.

Partial paralysis of the nerves which cause contraction of the blood-vessels of the face, consequent enlargement of these vessels, and redness and eruptions of the face are common. There is foulness of the breath, not so much from the simple smell of the alcohol passing off, as from its vapor changed in character and mingled with effete and decomposing matter from the system; and if a strong odor of tobacco be added to these, the effect upon the senses and feelings of others, especially upon a wife with delicate nerves, I shall not attempt to describe.

All this may happen to a steady drinker who would warmly resent being called a drunkard, and whose friends would feel greatly scandalized by such a charge. He may never have been so much under the influence of liquor as to be deprived of self-control or to become incapable of doing routine business. A temporary abstinence may for the time diminish his capacity or disqualify him for business, and he may readily persuade himself that the indulgence is a good, if not a necessity; thus he floats on into a whirlpool of more degraded drunkenness, or is prematurely arrested by some disease rendered fatal by his condition, or his powers fall early into general decay.

That this is the true account of the average tippler, few will attempt to deny.

WHOLESALE RUIN.

How, Women and Children Are Destroyed, Body and Soul.

L. M. Hall, Superintendent of the Women's Reformatory Prison, Sherborn, Mass., has recently issued some startling statistics gathered from many years' experience among the criminal classes. We give the following extracts:

Out of an examination of 204 inebriate women, I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer; 37 by drinking whisky (as punch at first, usually); 20 began with wine; 8 with gin, and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls, largely began by going to some so-called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the *debutante* usually began by sipping a little *tonic* (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic-acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon rioting, other kinds of intoxicants, recklessness and crime; and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday, is to-day a branded criminal, and all for *a glass of beer.*

Beer is the trap which the drunkard-maker sets for the feet of the unwary. And he usually makes sure of his prey, because of it. A glass of raw whisky would have presented but slight attraction to these over-worked, half-fed girls, had it been offered them at first. After that sleeping devil, the appetite for intoxicants, had been aroused by beer, it became altogether a different matter, and at last, in many cases, chloroform or peppermint oil was added to the drink of these maddened creatures, so furious had the appetite become for something stronger.

It may be of interest to note that of the 204 inebriate women, 126 had been guilty of other crimes, and yet in but 16 instances did the first commitment of a crime ante-date the habit of drinking.

Several hopeless drunkards, far gone toward insanity, had never drank any other intoxicant than beer.

One hundred and thirty-two were committed to the prison for drunkenness; 56 for offenses against chastity and public order, and 16 for crimes against property. Their ages when last committed averaged 30½. Sixty-five were between 30 and 41 years of age, 49 between 25 and 31 years of age, 34 between 20 and 26 years of age, 30 between 15 and 21. The remainder were over 41 years of age.

Many of the older ones could not tell how many sentences they have received, showing the absolute uselessness of punishing these poor creatures while the temptations are left in their way.

To show the effect upon the children of inebriate parentage, I collected the following:

Of 111 inebriate mothers, 33 of whom had inebriate husbands, 408 children were born. Of these 227 perished in infancy and early childhood, and of the survivors many are doomed evidently to an early death. In many cases the death of these children was indirectly due to the inebriety of the parents, as cold, deprivation, etc. Ages:—27 of the 204 women began to drink intoxicants before they were 10 years of age, 11 between the ages of 9 and 15, 74 between 14 and 21, 37 between 20 and 26, 33 between 25 and 31, 19 between 30 and 41, 3 between 40 and 51.

Average age 18½ years. More than one-half had formed habits of intemperance before they were 21 years of age, and more than one-third at the giddy age of from 15 to 20 inclusive.

One hundred and thirty-two began to drink socially and with female friends.

SPEAKING of Temperance in the Sunday-school the Chicago *Standard* says: "When you come to a lesson, and they are many, by which the duty of Temperance can be enforced, show that it is the revealed will of God that we should abstain from whatever makes us less clean, less wise and less useful to His service. At home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life. They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of structure."

A TEMPERANCE revival in Passaic, N. J., last autumn, has brought about many favorable changes in the town, which formerly had the reputation of being a very wicked place. The Reform Club, then formed, has two hundred members, has paid for $700 worth of books, furniture, etc., and has raised nearly $600 to support a reading room.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Potato vines have considerable manurial value, and should be added to the compost heap or buried.

—Diseases of the liver and kidneys are very common in hogs. The difficulty in this case, and in most cases, comes largely from improper feed.

—It will pay to store the hay, straw and fodder under shelter, as such materials are often injured by the exposure to winter storms and spring rains.

—Grass is Nature's remedy for sick animals, especially those whose digestive organs have been impaired by overfeeding, fast driving and badly ventilated stables.

—Dainty sandwiches are prepared as follows: Cut some bread in triangular or round pieces very thin; butter evenly and cover with layers of cucumber, chicken and ham, seasoning to taste. Anchovies or sardines may be used instead of the ham and chicken.—*Boston Budget.*

—Buns for breakfast or tea: Two cups of flour, three-quarters cup of corn meal, three-quarters cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs well beaten, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Use more milk if necessary to make it a thin batter. Bake in hot oven twenty minutes in gem pans.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Long rye or wheat straw is considered preferable to oats or barley straw for bedding for animals for warmth, cleanliness and its durability or capability of being used a number of times. Its length and crispness prevent it from matting or packing; consequently by laying loose the absorbed moisture is soon evaporated.—*Albany Journal.*

—Try this recipe: Half a pound of butter, six well beaten eggs, six dessertspoonfuls of cream cheese, two tablespoonfuls of good cream and some bread crumbs; mix well together until a thin paste is formed. Divide into balls and cook in salted water, then drain the balls thoroughly and brown them in butter. Serve hot.—*The Household.*

—An experienced swine breeder states that he avoids hog cholera, even when it rages in his neighbors' herds, by feeding apples. He does not claim that apples alone are preventive, but they act in a dietary manner. He is of the opinion that when hogs are fed on a variety of vegetables and waste fruit they will keep in a healthy condition.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Breakfast Coffee Cake: Take a piece of bread dough and add one-half cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of melted butter, then roll out an inch thick and put on a greased pie pan, brush the top with melted butter and cover thick with cinnamon and sugar; let it rise and bake quick. Cut in long, narrow strips to serve. Eat hot or cold. It is nice made Saturday with the other baking to use Sunday morning for breakfast.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE FARMER.

The Qualities Which Make the True Agriculturist.

Does the owning and cultivating of land make a man a farmer? Certainly not, unless the cultivation is done in a systematic and workmanlike manner. Many men own farms of many acres, and yet hardly make a living. The man who thinks of his farm work only when he sees others doing their work, and then commences to do what ought to have been done perhaps a week or a month previous, is not a farmer in the true meaning of the word.

A farmer looks after the interests of the farm at all seasons, and at all hours of the day, and thinks at night of what should be done the next day or the next month. Some farmers plow early, no matter what the condition of the land, let it be wet or dry, while others plow when the land is in good condition. The latter raises the best crops, and does not injure the land. He has studied the nature of the soil, and he does not intend to injure his best friend. The farm to him is a bank from which to draw the ready cash, and in order to make the bank safe, it must have a good set of directors, viz., forethought, judgment, method.

There are few real farmers, and they are the kings of the land—independent beings. They sow and plant in time and condition, and reap and gather a bountiful harvest.

The farmer has his fields well tiled, fenced, and clear of weeds. Many who own farms have poor fences, poor buildings, and poor stock. Their crops are not abundant; their stock suffers for feed and shelter; they are not farmers; they only stay on the farm, and think of something else. Many loads of good manure go to waste in barnyards while they are visiting and talking in the country towns. It is a subject of comment that one farmer near this place is never seen in a store after dark, nor on rainy days. He takes time to go and buy his goods, and is right off again, and generally does this in the early morning. He is the most successful business man in the whole community. His farm is in good shape, his barns and cribs well filled, his stock in fine condition, and he and his family cheerful, contented and happy. The owner of many acres, he was once a poor boy; his accumulations have been made honestly.

Young farmers, remember that the farm requires more thought and deep study than any other occupation.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Lemons.

A German physician, Dr. Wilhelm Schmoele, recently set forth at great length the doctrine that he who eats lemons in sufficient abundance need never die. About the same time a certain Count Weldeck gave up the ghost at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty, having discovered the true elixir vitæ in horse-radish soaked in lemon juice. An English surgeon has more recently still published a book designed to show that eternity on a reduced scale is within the reach, here upon earth, of almost any one who will take the proper precautions to secure it; and many persons seem nowadays to be possessed by the idea that it is their duty to spin out existence to the term of Methusaleh.—*N. Y. Post.*

LADIES' PETS.

The Costly Jewels Worn by Dogs Which Don't Appreciate the Honor.

She sailed like a saucy yacht before a half gale into a well-known uptown jewelry store. She carried under her arm a bunch of hair, which, being placed upon the glass counter in front of a shrinking, timid youth, showed signs of life, and let out a spiteful yelp that could only come from the throat of a disgusted dog. After adjusting the wrinkles in her face so that a fair-sized scowl appeared, she turned right about and looked the light-haired clerk square in the face, while a gleam of spite and anger shot from her steel-gray eyes. "Did not I tell you, sir, to be extremely careful about the size of the ring that you measured for my little Zip? Look at that, you double-dyed villain," as she pointed to a small inflamed spot upon the dog's left leg. "That's all your work, and woe unto you, sir, if my poor little treasure is kept awake any more at night by your horrible stupidity. You are sure the ring was all right and that my darling has probably got the mange? Well, sir, that settles your case. I was not going to make any further complaint. Now I'm off for headquarters," and she doubled up her skirts, seized her "darling" and started double-quick for the main office. In a few moments she came out of the office with the manager, and he walked with her to her carriage. The wrinkles were pushed aside, an ancient smile faintly glimmered through her drug-store complexion and the oil of contentment had been poured upon her outraged feelings.

"What was the trouble with your customer?" the manager was asked, as he walked into the store. "Was she one of the crank species?" "Well," said the manager, "if you call a person a crank who thinks more of a dog than a child, then she is one, and the class of which she is a fair specimen is by no means small. The whole trouble arose from a mistake made in measuring her dog's leg for a bracelet. After the animal had worn it a few times it became tight, and in removing it the skin was slightly abraded. Why do I say that she thought more of her dog than her child? Well, my judgment is based upon a commercial transaction. She came in here about two weeks ago with one of the prettiest children I ever saw and bought a ring for the little one. It cost $2.75, while she paid $28 for a bracelet for that yelping cur."

"Is there much of a trade in animal ornaments?"

"Well, yes, though at present there is not much doing, because the people who buy these things are out of the city. Just before the opening of the summer resorts our trade had a wonderful boom, and it would have surprised one who had not been initiated to see the valuable ornaments that were ordered for pets. The trade, however, has not been as good this year as it was last, probably because the line of jewelry worn by each animal was full. This business began six or seven years ago and jumped into full swing when, at one of the animal dog shows, a pug was exhibited with a beautiful pair of bracelets upon its fore legs. The ladies were overcome by the gnawings of envy, and hastened to adorn their pugs in the same way. Some ever went so far as to have the ears of their dogs pierced, and dainty little ear-drops suspended therefrom. A philanthropic spirit started the story that this practice interfered with the dog's hearing and was a mild method of torture, and it has now fallen into disuse.

"However much the owners may admire the appearance of their be-spangled pets, I have yet to find the dog that feels elated when jewelry is put on him. Dogs usually try to tear these things off with their paws or gnaw them off. These ornaments are not confined to bracelets, but include collars—plain, jewelled, or with artistically engraved monograms—expensive blankets and embroidered wraps. They are ordered for dogs of every size and species, but more frequently for dogs that might be termed pets. The prices paid are various, but are always high, because nearly every order provides for a special design, and the patterns and settings, if jewels are used, have to be specially prepared. I know of one lady who owned a fine pug and terrier. She had a fancy that they would look well in double harness, and ordered a set to be made after a pattern that she had drawn on paper. It was an elaborate affair, studded with gems, and a model of beauty when complete. She counted out $250 for it without a murmur!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Papier Mache Plaques.

Papier mache plaques for advertising purposes are becoming common. It is the latest instance of how art has been subserved to business purposes. The work can be given the appearance of a number of substances, such as stone, metal or wood, and some of it is of a high grade of excellence. The materials are few in number, exclusive of those used in finishing, being clay, plaster of paris and rough brown paper, such as is used in hardware stores for wrapping purposes. The clay is employed in the first or artistic stage of the work, in modeling of the figures or designs to be reproduced in papier mache. The plaster of paris is used to make the molds and the paper is the basis of the finished product. The design being made in clay, the plaster is poured over it, and what might be called a negative produced. Upon each of the negatives or molds the paper is built up until a proper thickness has been secured. Then the pulp is allowed to dry in the sun or is dried by means of artificial heat, when it is removed from the mold. At this stage it appears like rough, stamped leather. After the edges have been trimmed and the surface smoothed, paints and bronze powders are applied until the desired effects are produced. The work throughout requires great skill and in the first and last stages artistic talent of no small order.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—The New Jersey census has been completed and shows that the total population of the State is 1,276,825. The net increase since 1880 is 142,709.

AN IMMORAL HABIT.

The Ethics of Good Sleep a Part of Household Morality.

Profanity and lying are regarded by all as immoral, but did anyone ever think it immoral not to sleep enough?

It is hardly an extravagant assertion that comparatively few people, after childhood has passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this best of all refreshments. Rising tired and weary from a disturbed, imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by taking strong tea or coffee, or alcohol, which, in their turn, again interfere with perfect rest, and this, more than any mental or physical labors, wears women out, and makes them prematurely old. "I have been reading myself to sleep after retiring," said a Boston woman the other day, "and when I have done this for two or three nights I can see that I look five years older." It is an experience that any woman can verify, and, conversely, she can see that sleeping in a perfectly dark and well-ventilated room helps to maintain the contour and the rose of early youth

The most perfect sleep is obtained by carefully closing the blinds, raising and lowering the windows to admit plenty of pure air, and drawing down the heavy shades, thus making the room perfectly dark. Then, on going to bed, go there to sleep, not to write or read, or to think or plan, but for the most valuable of all things, the foundation of all activity and energy for the coming day. "Nature's sweet restorer" is of all things the most invigorating.

A friend who is laboring in a noble cause—that of public morality—writes: "Yes, I have plenty of worry and not much fun in my crusade against frauds, and I am rarely able to obtain sleep without a mild opiate." We commend to this friend th thought that the cause of morality will suffer if he does not preserve his health and manage his work so as to sleep soundly without a "mild opiate."—*Herald of Health.*

British Decline.

The St. Petersburg *Vedomosti* has published a leading article entitled, "The Economical Decline of the Mistress of the Seas," in which a number of statistics in support of this assertion are extracted from the *Deutsche Rundschau*, tending to show that England's share in the world's business since the rise of so many competitors bears no longer the same proportion to the whole as formerly. It is stated that whereas in 1867 and 1868 England's part in the trade of the world was 25 per cent., in 1882 it had fallen to 19½, and that in the latter year her share in the export trade of Europe was 6 per cent. less than it had been eighteen years before. It is also shown that in 1883 England furnished only 40 per cent. of the coal used in the world, while in 1868 she supplied 53 per cent. of it. In cotton goods and iron produce a similar decline of over 6 per cent. is shown to have occurred during the last fifteen years. The pulse of English trade and enterprise, it is asserted, beats more feebly every year, and Berlin is becoming the most dangerous commercial and financial competitor of London.

—The most recent volcanic eruption in the United States was that which half filled Feather Lake, Northern California, in or about the year 1850. This locality has lately been visited by the eminent plutonist, C. E. Dutton, who says that the lava sheet poured out was over 100 feet thick, and covers a space about one by three and a half miles in extent, in the center of which a cinder cone 600 feet high covers the rent. The lava sheet is rough and jagged in the extreme, he says, but shows as yet no trace of weathering. For a space of 400 to 500 yards from the cone the trees were all killed.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

"Why is it that nearly all men's heads are round?" Because so few of them are square.—*Evansville Argus.*

The trapper's motto—bear and fur-bear. *The Judge.*

Teacher: "What is wisdom, my child?" Little Larry: "Information of the brain, sir."—*Golden Days.*

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They hain't, eh?" the boy replied with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."—*N. Y. Times.*

It is a mean girl who will give her faithful lover the mitten in hot weather.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Doctor, what is the best material for a bathing suit?" "A bear skin."—*Boston Budget.*

Some malignant slanderer now states that "a woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fitz has a good-looking daughter, who he says will never marry a dude. Dudes usually dislike Miss Fitz.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Some scientific person has discovered that "Cryptococcuszanthogeniacus" causes yellow fever. It will also produce lockjaw if you try to pronounce the word with undue haste.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"Can I see the Mayor?" inquired a member of the City Council of the former's servant. "Not at present; he's at dinner." "But my business is very important." "I can not help it, sir; his honor is at steak."—*Tidbits.*

A coat of paint has no buttons on it.—*National Weekly.*

The greatest roam man of them all—The tramp.—*Stockton Maverick.*

No, Maud, it doesn't follow that army officers always smoke "rank" cigars.—*The Judge.*

It is not the cream that ought to be whipped, but the milk man.—*San Francisco Post.*

It is hard to tell at what age man loses his faith in circus bills.—*Whitehall Times.*

"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says:

"To make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers, rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel today?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this, and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophies nothing equals Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world, as a maker of

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

You can not call a sailor a slugger because he boxes the compass.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Wonderful Offer.

Every Farmer and Stock-breeder should send One Dollar to the Rural Home Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for a year's subscription to The American Rural Home, and receive *Free* a copy of The Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide, a new and reliable work just issued. The book contains over four hundred pages, is printed on nice paper, fully illustrated and bound in cloth. It is by no means a cheap-John affair, but a valuable compilation of the writings of Youatt, Mills, Skinner and Clater, and is the most reliable and comprehensive work ever issued on the subject. The diseases of oxen, sheep, swine and horses, with the causes, symptoms and treatment are given with such simple directions that every farmer may become his own cattle doctor. It treats of the anatomy of all domestic animals and practically deals with the use of Oxen, breed of Sheep and Stable management. Any one after consulting its pages can select a carriage, wagon or saddle horse and be a good judge of cattle. It is invaluable to every one who has to do with the Farm or Stable and will give hundreds of dollars to its fortunate possessor. As to The American Rural Home, it is generally considered to be the best paper of its class published. We are acquainted with the publishers and proprietors and can vouch for the genuineness of their offer. Paper one year, with book postpaid, One Dollar. Send for sample copy with list of more than one hundred bound books which are given away. Address Rural Home Co., limited, Rochester, N. Y.

A man who gets the mitten is apt to be guilty of contempt of court.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Foot notes—The patter of the mule's hind legs on the hired man's ribs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Farmers always work on shares—plough shares.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

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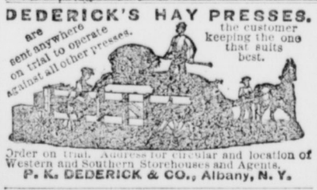

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THAT
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bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

CURED. Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and all Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Where? At Green Spring, Sandusky County, Ohio, by J. L. Brown, M. D. Dr. C. J. Turner, Asst. Write for particulars—*free.*

EDUCATIONAL.
Palm's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

A. N. K.—C. 1047.

When writing to advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Narrow Escape.

* * * Rochester, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony!!!!

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!!!!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known. I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years, and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

J. J. Berk, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother,
"Or daughter!!!!
"Can be made the picture of health!
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!
"*Will you let them suffer!!!!*"

Prosecute the Swindlers !!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "*Hop Bitters*" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen and agents, druggists, and other Imitators, take warning.
HOP BITTERS MF'G CO.

Bound to Celebrate.

"I've got that mor'gage off'n my farm at last, Bill," said one farmer to another, as they met in the road.

"Well, I'm downright glad to hear it, Sam. You've had som'at of a hard time a doin' it. An' so you've wiped it out, have you?"

"Yes; I paid the last note this mornin', an' now I'm goin' home to have a bonfire; but you're right, Bill, I have had a tarnal hard time of it. You know as well as anybody what tough scratchin' I've had to git that farm paid for."

"Yes, you have had a hard time Sam, I know that."

"Well, I should say so. Why, durn it all, Bill, I've wore out two wives—as good workers, too, as you could find anywhere—to say nothin' of havin' right smart o' sickness myself, brought on by hard work in the field, an' slim pickin' in the house; but, owin' to that last woman o' mine bein' as though as a pennyrile steer, an' not breakin' down an' throwin' her funeral expenses, an' the time I'd lost in courtin' an' marryin' agin in a bad crop year—for, I tell you, Bill, times ain't like they was then when I fust come into this country; for, to git a widder now, that's got any sight of hard work left in her yit, you've got to fool away more or less money on good clothes and do right smart o' taffying to git her. But, as I was sayin' Peggy stuck in her corks an' keep' a goin' with her end of the double tree till I got on the top of the hill with the load, an' now, that I'm thar at last, with signs of an easy grade ahead, I tell you what I'm goin' to do Bill."

"What's that, Sam?"

"I'm a goin' to have a time of it, an' kill a suckin' pig."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do. I'm goin' to have a celebration an' a regular rip-snortin' time."

"Hurrah for you."

"That's what I'm goin' to do, Bill. I ain't been on a spree for thirty years, but I'm goin' to cut loose to-night, if I have to chaw dogwood bark the rest of my days, an' I want you to come over an' help me make the woods howl this evenin' after you git your milkin' done. What d'ye say?"

"All right, I'm agreeable. What's the programme?"

"We'll git on a high, an' beat the bass drum till midnight, if it springs the rafters, Bill. I've got six bottles o' pop an' two cigars in the wagon here, and that'll be a whole bottle apiece for us all around, not countin' your wife—for I don't s'pose she'd care to drink nothin' now,—an' we'll go the whole dose, if it makes us desperate. This here pop is somethin' they've got up since I've been stranglin' with that mortgage, an' I've been famishin' for twenty-five years, Bill, every time I've seen it zip an' sizzle in a tumbler at a pic-nic, to know what it tastes like, an' I'm goin' to know this very night. Come over a.iddlin' airly, Bill, an' you may let every last one of them corks loose, an' we'll make the Scratch Gravel people b'lieve thar's a tiger loose along the Wabash."—*Chicago Ledger.*

How they Came Together.

Mr. C. E. Mandeville in a letter to the Chicago *News* gave the following account of a reunion of a mother and her son, who, twenty years before, was sold as a slave. He says: When traveling with Bishop Foster in the South, in 1880, we stopped at Covington, Ga., where the bishop held the Savannah conference, and where the writer first met the Rev. George Standing, who was a member of this conference, and who gave me these facts that came under his own observation.

When he was a presiding elder, a year or two previous to this interview, a colored tramp came to his house and asked for work. He was a forlorn-looking customer, dirty, hungry and half-naked. Mr. Standing told him he had no work for him, whereupon the poor colored man begged him to take him as his body servant, offering to remain for board and clothes. As it was about camp meeting time, Mr. Standing thought he could use him on the camp ground, and so retained him. The camp meeting came, and there was one "Aunt Lucy"—black as night—who had a little booth by herself, and who was employed to look after the preachers' lodge, etc. One day the elder's colored servant was seen posing before Aunt Lucy's headquarters, and was heard to say: "Aunt Lucy, does y'r kno, what I'se thinkin'?" "No," replied Aunt Lucy, rather crustly, "an' I doesn't care, either." "Well," continued the man, "I jus' think you's my modder." Whereupon Aunt Lucy grabs her broom, and, using it vigorously over his head, vociferated in angry tones: "Git out here, you black nigger, you's not my son; you's jus' 'round here to git sonthin' to eat."

Brother Standing's servant retreated before the vigorous broom attack, but only to be more convinced than ever than Aunt Lucy was his mother. The next day he went around to her booth again, and, cauticusly approaching the object of his search, exclaims: "Now, Aunt Lucy, I jus' knows you's my modder!" No sooner said than Aunt Lucy makes for her offensive weapon and begins to apply it, but he protecting himself as best he could, stepping back protests, saying: "Don't hit me, Aunt Lucy, for you's my modder."

The old woman thought this had gone far enough, and, putting down her broom, says: "Well, if I'se your modder, I can find dat out mighty quick, for if you's my boy you has a big mark on de right foot. Now let's see de foot."

Gladly and quickly did the poor man pull off his apology for a shoe, and sticking up his big foot exclaimed: "Dar it is, Aunt Lucy! dar it is, suah!" And sure enough there was the parental mark that never could be effaced and could not be mistaken. The mother sprang to the boy, and the boy fell on the neck of the mother, and if ever there was a hallelujah shout in the camp, it came from Aunt Lucy's tent that morning. Over twenty-five years before, the boy had been sold from his mother and carried into the state of Alabama; and now in this mysterious way they are brought together in each other's embrace.

The Size of Noah's Ark.

Various people have objected to the size of the ark; have asserted that it is absurd to suppose that ever there could be a vessel constructed large enough to hold all the creatures which must have been placed in it, with sufficient food, it may be for six or twelve months—water for the fish, corn for the four-footed animals, seed for the birds, and so on. Now we will take the dimensions of the ark from the records of Moses, and calculate them on the lowest possible scale. There are two definitions given to a cubit, one that is 18 inches, or a foot and a half, and the other that is 20 inches. We will take it only at the lowest. Moses states that the ark was 300 cubits long; this would make it 450 feet long, or about the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The breadth he states to be 50 cubits; we then have it 75 in breadth. He states it to be 30 cubits high; so that was 45 feet high. In other words, it was as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, nearly as broad, and half as high. The tonnage of the ark, according to computation of modern carpenters, must have been 32,000 tons. The largest English ship (of a size altogether unimaginable to those who have never seen it) is 3,500 tons burden; so that the ark must have been equal to 26 first-rate ships of war, and if armed as such ships are, it would have contained beyond 18,000 men, and provisions for them 18 months. Buffon has asserted that all four-footed animals may be reduced to 250 pairs, and the birds to a still smaller number. On calculating, therefore, we shall find that the ark would have held more than five times the necessary number of creatures, and more than five times the required quantity of feed to maintain them twelve months —*Exchange.*

A Toothless Future.

The American tooth, the dentists tell us, is something fast disappearing. What is to take its place they leave to conjecture. Whether a toothless race is on its way, or whether a new animal is to be evolved from the present human creature on this continent, is perhaps an open question. Whatever it is that may come to pass, the fancy recoils before the prospect. Children of twelve years often have $100 dollars worth of gold in their mouths, others needing as much quite as badly, but unable to afford the outlay. Children of sixteen often wear complete sets of false teeth that are decayed before they penetrate the gum, and that have to be filled as soon as they are in sight, the crumbling material and thin enamel even then giving but little to work upon.

At first it was thought all this resulted from ignorance, from candy eating, from want of care and cleniness. But it is understood now that in most cases the fault is inherent in the quality of the tooth, and the only remedy so far suggested is a diet calculated with a special reference to the making of sound bone. This is supposed to be found in the coarse grains and food of similar character, and the most confirmed beef-eater alive yields to the superiority at this point of the little kernel of grain that feeds his beef itself.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord, are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; not a single discordant string destroys the sweetness.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is highly concentrated, and the most economical blood purifier that can be used.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

America Ahead.—Peculiar Characteristics of Americans—The Evils and How Restored.

In this age of bustle and hurry, an age devoted to great projects and enterprises, the American people are taking the lead in the furtherance of noble works, and in the advancement of the sciences and arts. In these they deserve to take a high rank, and through the united works of millions, the American continent is fast being transformed from its untamed state and being placed on an equality with the older continents beyond the ocean. The American people are fast, under these influences developing into a nervous, energetic race, remarkable for its vim and business qualifications; yet there is danger that in the course of years these very elements may combine to the ruination of the physical character of the people, and leave them feeble and altogether different from their forefathers. General debility is now much more common than formerly, and seems to be on the increase among the masses. Many remedies have been extensively advertised for this wide-spread complaint, but none of these have been so successful or met with such general favor as the remedy manufactured by Dr. S. B. Hartman, and named by him PERUNA.

Mr. S. S. Goudy, of Massillon, Stark county, Ohio, writes: That he has been troubled with general debility and dyspensia for several years; that he was induced to try PERUNA for his complaints, and that after using three bottles of the medicine he was greatly relieved. It braced him right up and gave him energy, and restored him to his youthful vigor. He ascribes his cure to PERUNA, and says it is a wonderful remedy.

Adolph Bakhaus & Co., Springfield, O., writes: "We are having a good sale for PERUNA. It sells as well as any medicine we have, and gives the very best satisfaction."

Mrs. G. W. Needham, Newtonville, Clermont County, Ohio, says: "I have been a great sufferer for the last six or seven years, with general debility and change of life. I was very much reduced. I have taken four bottles of PERUNA, which has restored me to perfect health and strength. We think PERUNA a safe and grand medicine."

W. A. WORTMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
PRITCHARD BUILDING,
OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND.

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Bear Run, 2½ miles Northwest of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.
Apply to
EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.
For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!
AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!
THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND
at Altamont, Md., improved by a
GOOD DWELLING HOUSE
18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!
Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.
Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.
For particulars and terms apply to or address
J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!
$25.00 REWARD will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing stones at the tombstones and breaking the palings, or trespassing in any way, on the private graveyard of the late J. J. Frazee and family, on Frazee's Ridge.
7 4 3t. C. F. FRAZEE.

NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 251, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
OAKLAND, MD.,
are now prepared to do both
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,
and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.
GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,
and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!
I have taken the agency for the
CELEBRATED
RUMESY & Co's PUMPS!
and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be
SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,
where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.
S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

GO TO
H. WEBER'S,
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,
HEADQUARTERS
— FOR —
Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,
And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABLES from our own Gardens, at
Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!
We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.
Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.
Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.
Address
H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.
☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M
No. 33	1.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.41 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	3.56 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

HEADACHE
and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN
PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.
NERVOUS DEBILITY ORGANIC WEAKNESS Decay and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physician, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or overbrain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.
TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.
Free TRIAL PACKAGES
TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00
HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.
RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for Terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

THE COLONNADE,
ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine* Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!
SMITH & GALLIS.
JOHNSTOWN, MD.,
Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be fuller than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.
FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.
We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.
Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 m.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,
OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.
OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.
Is the place to buy
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.
☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c
Physicians Prescriptions
Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.
Give me a call.
W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE
An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 9 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.
For particulars apply to
J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.
I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 168 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings, about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of spruce, hemlock, beach, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. P.R.R.
For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.
5 23 2m NICHOLAS RINKER, Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,
Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river,
The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County,
Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.
Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tents, croquet, swings, &c.
J. L. BURLEY,
6 20 tf Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!
D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS
and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."
Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.
"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
Gentlemen:
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Has been used in my household for three reasons:—
1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.
It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE."
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,
INSURANCE AGENT,
OAKLAND, MD.
Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.
☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE
In Deer Park a
TWO-STORY COTTAGE,
elligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.
Apply to
7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER
PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on B. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

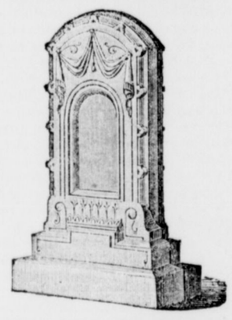
A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n 17.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MD.,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.
Three Courses of Lectures.
Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.
Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES
For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.
All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.
By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,
MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shantzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.
J. M. DAVIS & SON,
—DEALERS IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
—SUCH AS—
Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.
As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.
J. M. DAVIS & SON,
2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1885. NUMBER 29.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c., and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business, capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house, large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

15m 3 G. L. BOSLEY, Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219.

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE.

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE

to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to **refund the money.**

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatuleney, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure. AYER'S PILLS are sugar coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,

Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.

Oakland, June 20th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.

No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.

No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.

No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.

No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.

No. 166. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.

No. 1351. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.

No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,

Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,

295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

The Original Judge Lynch.

[Lynchburg (Va.) Letter.]

While chatting with an old antiquarian in his cool library this afternoon I casually inquired how this town came by its peculiarly suggestive name. "Did the original judge of dreadful fame ever live here?" I asked.

"Yes, he did," replied the old Virginia gentleman, with brightening eyes that revealed delight in the topic. "Judge Lynch might fairly be called the founder of the city, and it makes me angry to see all these newspaper stories, not only locating him in other states, but condemning his mode of procedure as infamous and brutal.

"Not long before the revolutionary period at that time there were quite a number of that splendid race, the Scotch-Irish, settled here. Shrewd and brave, cautious, yet daring, dashing, but prudent, honest and energetic. The Lynches were of the same stalwart stock. They settled in Prince William county. There were four boys in the family, and one of them, John Lynch was a bright, quick young fellow, and remarkably courageous. One day in rambling about the head of the James river he found a gap in the mountains on either side of the water which it struck him would make a capital crossing point for travelers, and forthwith he drove his proprietary stake, and shortly after, with a few logs and an old scow, established a primitive ferry. The horse thieves were among the first to take advantage of the new convenience, and young Lynch, himself scrupulously honest, was disgusted and humiliated at having to take them across. At this time the country was sparsely settled, courts were few, and far apart. The evil continued to increase; finally the ferry became the favorite means of escape for the stock stealers, and John Lynch, thoroughly aroused, proposed to put an end to it."

"What could he do single handed?"

"Well, I will tell you what he actually did. He applied to the governor of Virginia for a commission to act as a justice of the peace. His reputation for honesty and good judgment was beyond a doubt, and his commission was granted. He was qualified, and became a judge. The first use he made of his power was to appoint some special constables and engage a few sharp detectives. They at once began work, with such success that gang after gang were captured."

"Did they have no trial?"

"Yes. They were brought before Judge Lynch, and he never acted until he was positive of their guilt, and his knowledge of the men and the country was an immense advantage to him."

"If he found them guilty he would, according to law, require a good bond, which, of course, in those days, a thief could never get, and when that form was complied with, would start them off well guarded to some far-away jail. The constables knew what the order to march meant, and as soon as they found themselves in a thick wood, chose a stout tree, and, with a good rope, which they carried created a temporary scaffold from which the horse thieves quickly dangled. Hanging was the legal punishment for horse stealing in those days, but the promptness and dispatch with which Judge Lynch meted out justice at the very door terrorized the evil-doers of the country and between those he hung and those who fled, in two years there was not a horse thief in Virginia.

"And what became of Judge Lynch?"

"He continued to live near the ferry, round which a large village grew up under the name of Lynch's ferry, and not until long after his death did it become Lynchburg. During his life lynch law was honored and upheld, but since then it has altogether lost its original character and meaning. Now, as I understand it, it is merely the infuriated impulse of a rough mob, who, without waiting for the law at hand to prove innocence or guilt, decide on it according to their own inclination and take a life perhaps more unblemished than their own. No," concluded the old gentleman," John Lynch, did his state a service in ridding it of a lot of miscreants, who, but for him, were out of the reach of the law, but were he living no one would be quicker than he to resent this barbarous mob fashion of putting a man to sudden death, when the law, the courts, the prison and scaffold are close at hand to mete out justice and punishment."

Some Wonderful Automata.

Leisure Hours.

In mechanical curiosities there have been many wonderful exhibits in the present day. The dancing bullfinch in the great exhibition of 1862 drew crowds to it; but we remember during the sale of Weeg's mechanical collection, half a century ago, a graceful little warbler, and we saw two other mechanical songsters which the French troops brought back as part of the spoils from the emperor's summer palace at Pekin. We regret that we missed the machine for making Latin verses, which was exhibited in our day at the Egyptian hall—a real blessing to school boys; nor have we seen the squalling baby which a modern man of science constructed—surely a bringing of coals to Newcastle—and we remember well, about the year 1833, seeing a very wonderful collection of automata which had been originally designed as presents to the emperor of China.

There was a young lady, life-size, that played tunes upon a spinet; another that wrote lines with the beauty of copper plate; while surpassing all in ingenuity was the figure of a magician with a tiny wand in his hand. It was mounted upon a small moyable frame, which could be wheeled about at the pleasure of a spectator, so that there was no place for a confederate to conceal himself. On putting into an orifice in the frame any one of the numerous metalic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making you a bow, struck with his rod a little door, which opened, and there was the answer printed on another card. The reply given was always strictly appropriate to the question, and was not of a mere general character, like the answers on conversational cards. Then, when we asked, "Mr. Conjuror, are you not troubled with the inquires of your numerous visitors?" the answer was: "I should be ungrateful to say so." Our next question was of an entirely different kind. It was, we being young: "What is the sweetest passion of nature?" The conjuror bowed, knocked on the gate, and lo! appeared Cupid with his bow and arrow.

Sir David Brewster who noticed this toy in his volume on Natural Magic, conjectures that the cards, though seemingly alike to the eye, differed in weight, and passed through the orifice we have named until they fell into the proper groove, and touched a spring which moved forward the answer. The machinery employed must have, at all events, been of the most delicate order. Still these things were but the trifles of mechanical skill. What wonders have we since seen of pieces of machinery which, you might almost say, thought. With much interest we looked in the great exhibition of 1852 on the jacquard loom, and, ten years later, on the marvel of marvels Babbage's calculating machine.

Government of Children.

Good Housekeeping.

Probably no one more than parents feel how much the domestic comforts depends upon the proper management of the children, and yet comparatively few really understand the principle of govering them. A child cannot, after it begins to comprehend that it has a will, be taught too early the law of obedience to those who have charge of the training. A careful selection of teachers, and of nursery maid, if the last seem indispensible, is important. The correction of the child being left almost entirely to the parents, the little one should be taught that mother's wishes are paramount to its own desires; that being accomplished, by judicious training, it follows that father, elder brothers and sisters, and others who may assist in its training, will also be treated by them with respect. I once visited with a family consisting of parents and five children, and one could hear, constantly, rising above the mother's voice, and drowning her gentle admonition, "Mabel, you shut that door;" "Beaulah, you leave that drawer;" "Ray, don't you touch that;" and the rejoinder, "No, I won't;" "Yes, I will;" "I'll tell papa." "Mama, Maggie slapped me," and the little ones learned to be unruly, while the poor mother, distracted between the dread of appearing to array herself against the eldest members of her loved circle, and thus encouraging rebellion and the annoyance of seeing and hearing her little ones constantly corrected when often, in her judgment, they might have been gently reproved. And she felt, at times, completely disheartened and unnerved for the duties which devolved upon her, because of this unwarranted interference on the part of well meaning, but inconsiderate friends. Let the parents firmly, but gently, command the obedience of their children, teaching them and those about them that the punishment of their naughtiness must be kindly and gently deferred to the parents and their own Christian and parental instincts; at the same time knowing that in their life their dear ones must bear some crosses, and let them not be quick to resent if others fail to see in their lovely swans more than a resemblance to the common duckling. A mother's love will make for them happiness not to be found outside of her loving ministrations.

How to Shorten Life.

Life is short enough, one would think, without our taking the trouble to learn the means by which it may be further curtailed. To him, however, who looks forward with trepidation to the frightful possibility of living to a ripe old age, the following remarks of Dr. Stephen Smith may be of assistance. He says: "The most important of the general conditions which shorten life in our day is excessive expenditure of vital force. This may occur in various ways. In the young, if food is improper or clothing insufficient, renewal does not take place at an age when the expenditure for growth is greatest; and exhaustion rapidly follows. At maturity the passions ripen into activity, and have their full play, and if not suitably controlled afford large and exhaustive expenditure of vital power. Among the poor, life force is often exhausted in the struggle for food, and among the rich in the struggle for the luxuries, wealth, position and power. Here, owing to wear and tear from anxiety loss of sleep and the concomitants, defective digestion and assimulation, waste exceeds supply and exhaustion exceeds renewal. To the general causes of waste we would add impure air of dwellings, improperly prepared food, inebriety, gluttonly, social dissipation and ten thousand nameless sources of constant impairment of the vital fu- crowned o out power of suitable renewal, which fill up the measure of man's daily life in modern society. Over nearly all of these conditions man may, if he will, exert most arbitrary control. He can feed and clothe the young, old and helpless; he can so regulate his habits as to secure a proportionate expenditure and renewal of vital energy; in his food, in his drink, in his home and at business he can well-nigh master everything that affects well-being. With all this power, why such failure? We answer, ignorance. The people at large do not know, much less realize, the extent to which they may control their longevity. Even the high circles of society are ignorant of the nature, whether for good or evil, of the air they breathe, the food they eat, the water they drink, the clothes they wear; nay, more, the medical profession is so devoted to the care of the sick that it does not study, as it ought, the methods of preventing sickness."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affection of the throat and lungs, can find certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottles at Nydegger's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

Words of Wisdom.

An open mind, an open hand, and an open heart will find everywhere an open door.

A deal of what passes for the milk of human kindness would not bear skimming.

It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we fear we may be to-morrow.

Great minds lower, instead of elevating, those who do not know how to support them.

Opportunities to do good are never so scarce that any one need do that for the doing of which an excuse must be offered.

Ayer's Ague Cure stimulates the action of the liver, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and rouses the system to renewed vigor. Warranted to cure Fever and Ague.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY SWEETHEART.

I'm in love with a fair little maiden—
With her eyes, with her lips, with her hands,
With her dozens of dear little dimples—
And although she's petite
On her sweet little feet,
'Tis a wonder to me how she stands.

And she loves me, this dear little maiden;
And her hands, and her eyes, and her lips,
And her dimples, all giving me welcome—
In a sweet, artless way
Have their say, every day,
As to meet me she lovingly trips.

Will she wed me, this sweet little maiden?
—Bless you, no! That she never will do.
But, when I have told you the reason,
I haven t a fear
'Twill appear to you queer;
For I'm thirty—while she's only two!

—*Allen G. Bigelow, in St. Nicholas.*

A STRANGE STORY.

The Remarkable Resurrection of a Common Sailor.

How a Dead Man Returned to Life to Admonish Commodore Rodgers and His Former Comrades —An Incident of the War of 1813.

Archibald Forbes contributes to *Belgravia* the curious story found below. He says: Concerning the history of the subjoined curious narrative, the original manuscript of which, written in now faded ink on the rough dingy paper of sixty years ago, was placed in my hands in the course of a recent visit to America, only a few words are necessary. The narrative is addressed to "Mrs. Rodgers and sister," and appears to have been written at the request of the former lady, after the author's return from the sea on the termination of his service as surgeon of the frigate President, the famous fighting cruiser of the American republic in the war with England of 1812-14. Commodore Rodgers, who commanded the President during the war, and who was the husband of the lady for whom the account was written, gave to Dr. Turk's narrative his indorsement of its perfect accuracy. Of the authenticity of the document there can be no possibility of a doubt.

"Some time in the latter part of December, 1813, a man by the name of William Kemble, aged twenty-three (a seaman on board of the United States frigate President, commanded by Commodore John Rodgers, on a cruise, then near the Western Islands), was brought to me from one of the tops, in which he was stationed, having burst a vessel in his lungs, the blood gushing with great violence from his mouth and nostrils. With much difficulty I succeeded in stopping the discharge, and he was put upon remedies suited to his case. I visited him often, and had thereby opportunity of becoming acquainted with the proper, habits and intellectual attainments; and under all circumstances, during his illness, found his language and behavior such as stamped him the rough, profane and illiterate sailor It is my belief, although I can not positively assert it, that he could not either read or write. It is certain that his conversation never differed in the least from that of the most ignorant and abandoned of his associates, constantly mixed with oaths and the lowest vulgarity. Had he possessed talents or learning, he must have betrayed it to me during his long confinement.

"In the early part of January, 1814, a vessel bore down upon us with every appearance of an English frigate. All hands were called to quarters, and after a short and animated address by the Commodore to the crew, all prepared to do their duty. Before I descended to the cockpit, well knowing Kemble's spirit and how anxious he would be to partake of the glorious victory (defeat never entered our thoughts), I thought it best to visit him. After stating to him the peculiar situation he was in, and the great danger he would be exposed to by the least emotion, I entreated and ordered him not to stir during the action, which he promised to observe. We were soon obliged to fire. At the sound of the first gun he could restrain himself no longer, but regardless of my admonitions and of his own danger, he rushed upon deck and flew to his gun, laying hold to help run her out. A fresh and tremendous discharge from his lungs was the consequence, and he was brought down to me again in a most deplorable state. I apprehended immediate death, but by the application of the proper remedies I succeeded once more in stopping the hemorrhage, by which he was reduced to a state of the most extreme debility. Being near the equator and suffering much from heat, his hammock was slung on the gun-deck between the ports, affording the best circulation of air. He continued for some time free from hemorrhage, but was under the constant use of medicine, and was confined to a particular diet. This made him fretful, and he would frequently charge my mates with starving him, at the same time damning them in the true sailor fashion. After some time, being again called to quarters at night, he was necessarily removed below to the sick berth (commonly called bay.) This was followed by another discharge of blood from his lungs, which was renewed at intervals until his death.

"On January 17, in the afternoon, Dr. Birchmore, my first mate, came to me on deck, and reported Kemble to be dead. I directed him to see that his messmates did what was usual on such occasions preparatory to committing his remains to the deep. About two hours after this Dr. Birchmore again called on me. He said that Kemble had come to life, and was holding forth to the sailors in a strange way. I directly went down, where I witnessed one of the most remarkable and unaccountable transactions that, perhaps, had ever fallen to the lot of man to behold. Kemble had awakened as it were from sleep, raised himself up and called for his messmates in particular, and those men who were not on duty to attend to his words. He told them he had experienced death, but was allowed a short space of time to return and give them, as well as the officers, some direction for their future conduct in life. In this situation I found him, surrounded by the crew, all mute with astonishment, and paying the most serious attention to every word that escaped from his lips. The oldest men were in tears, not a dry eye was to be seen, or a whisper heard; all was as solemn as the grave. His whole body was cold as death could make it. There was no pulsation in the wrists, the temples or the chest perceptible. His voice was clear and powerful, his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me in a peremptory manner to bring Commodore Rodgers to him, as he had something to say to him before he finally left us. The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented truly novel and indescribable, and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay (or berth) in which he lay is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness. Supported by the surgeons, surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a crowd of spectators looking through the lattice-work which inclosed the room, a common japanned lamp throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of things when our worthy commander made his appearance; and well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of these words from the mouth of one long supposed to have been dead: 'Commodore Rodgers, I have sent for you, sir, being commissioned by a higher power to address you for a short time, and to deliver the message intrusted to me when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence, and was eager to obey your commands; but now I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of the earth. I have seen the glories of the world of spirits. I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld; indeed, were I not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task; 'tis enough for you and the crew to know that I have been sent back to earth to reanimate for a few hours my lifeless body, commissioned by God to perform the work I am now engaged in. He then, in language so chaste and appropriate that it would not have disgraced the lips or the pen of a divine, took a hasty view of the moral and religious duties incumbent on the commander of a ship of war. He reviewed the vices prevalent on shipboard, pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation and repentance. He did not, as was feared by our brave commander, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and wars; but, on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their country with courage and fidelity. His speeches occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and if the whole could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet, which would no doubt have been in great demand. Dr. Birchmore, now at Boston, heard all the addresses, I only the last.

"When he finished with the Commodore, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed, and he appeared to have passed through a second death. No pulsation nor the least degree of warmth could be perceived during the time that he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside, and left him. * *

"I retired to bed, deeply reflecting upon the past, unable to sleep, when about nine o'clock p m., many hours after Kemble had been laid by, I was called out of bed to visit a man taken suddenly ill in his hammock, hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch on deck had turned in; general silence reigned, and all the lights below were out, with the exception of a single lamp in the sick apartment, where lay the remains of Kemble. I had bled the sick man—he was relieved. I entered the sick-room before I retired to replace something, and was turning round to leave it, being alone, when suddenly I was almost petrified upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his berth with his eyes (which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence) fixed intently upon mine I became, for a moment, speechless and motionless. Thinks I to myself, what have I done, or left undone, in this man's case that would cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour, and alone? I waited a long time in painful suspense, dreading some horrid disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water. With what alacrity I obeyed can easily be imagined. I gave him a tin mug containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank off the contents, and returned to me; then laid himself quietly down for the last time. His situation was precisely the same in every respect as before described. The time was now expired which, he had said, was given him to remain in the body. The next day by noon, all hands attended as usual to hear the funeral service read, and see his remains consigned to a watery grave. It was an unusually solemn period. Seamen are naturally superstitious, and on this occasion their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sailors at such times; but now they were all affected to tears, and when the body was slid from the plank into the sea, every one rushed instinctively to the ship's side to take a last look. The usual weights had been attached to the feet, yet, as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose perpendicularly from the water breast-high two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment already created in the minds of the men. I beg leave to remark that it was not proper to keep the body longer in the warm latitude we were in.

"I have now given a short and very imperfect sketch of the important events attending the last illness and death of William Kemble. It is submitted to the ladies in this State, begging they will excuse haste and inaccuracy. The change procured upon the crew was for a time remarkable. It appeared as if they would never smile or swear again. The effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed. "W. TURK."

THE EYES.

What the Different Kind of Eyes Indicate—Their Character.

Black eyes are indicative of passionate ardor and love.

Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint, inclined to a greenish hue.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, show deceit and coquetry.

Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but not much intellectuality.

Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection.

The brown eyes which do not appear black are the eyes of sweet, gentle and unselfish natures, without the inconsistancy of the light brown or yellow eyes—"golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very little more to be trusted than the green eyes.

Clear, light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the Northern nations; one meets them among Swedes, and also sometimes among Scotch.

The blue eyes among the rare blondes of the South—that is, in Italy and Spain, have among them eyes in which are some greenish tints; and such eyes, though often called light blue, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belong to the light blue eyes of the North.

Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eye is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger a sudden red light appears in them.

In England, where there are more varieties of tints than in any other country, the poets have almost always gray eyes, A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful, changeful gray eyes." Shakespeare also had, we are told, gray eyes; Coleridge, eyes of a greenish gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound.

The pleasant light blue eye with the honest glance must not be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion, both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eye. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature.

Gray eyes, of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever varying tints like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious—which produces the poetic and artistic natures.—*N. Y. Herald.*

BETTING WOMEN.

Impulsive, Illogical and Whimsical, She Is Sure to be Unsuccessful.

A bet made she usually regrets it. Posted as to performances of horses and jockeys they are, but the knowledge is of little use, as it is not taken advantage of when they come to place their money. A favorite among the jockeys, no matter what his mount may be, often decides the way in which their money is to be placed. Oftener still the money is placed upon the representative of a favorite stable. There is hardly one betting woman in ten who will not place her money on a horse owned by one of the Lorillards. When both have entries for the same event a prejudice in favor of the one or the other decides the placing of their money. The second factor in leading them to a decision in such a case as that named is the jockey; the third, the positions of the horses in the bookmaker's estimation. Women, as a rule, have no use for short horses. They prefer to back the favorite on the theory that the favorite usually wins, and though the returns for their investment may be less, that it's better to make a little than to lose all. Risk they don't want to think of. Certainties are what they are after.

With the novices among betting women their entrance into the fascinating game is attended by many queer notions. They are ignorant as to the merits of horses and riders. The novitiate then looks over a list of horses, and finds a name that pleases her and places her first five dollars in the mutual pool-box to back a horse whose name she fancies. Old betting men say that Caramel has probably been more favored in this way than any horse on the turf, and hundreds of women have lost their first five dollars because that is "such a sweet, pretty name." The women learn better after a while. Another stumbling-block for the novices are the colors sported by the jockeys. A favorite color on a spruce jockey often draws out from the pocket-book of some fair one the first five dollars she has ever bet on the uncertain chances of a dash around the track. If she wins the color ever remains her favorite. If she loses, that color also loses forever for her all attractiveness it may have before had. Once a woman is "in the swim" of the running track, however, she will remain there just as long as her money holds out, and even then the fascination of the track clings to her and she is ever its slave.—*N. Y. Times.*

—General S. had some shirts made at a fashionable hosier's, and the cutter, a few weeks later, met the General with a friend walking in Broadway. The General remembered the face, but could not place him, and the cutter greeted him with: "Good-morning, General. How are you to-day?" The General stopped, shook hands, and the cutter, perceiving that the General's mind needed refreshing, said, quietly: "Made your shirts." "O, I beg pardon," said the General, quickly, and, turning to the gentleman with whom he was walking, he said: "Colonel, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Major Schurz."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Emperor William, of Germany, always has a chapter of the Bible read to him immediately after dinner.

—The compulsory education law is a failure in New York, according to Commissioner Peck, of the State Labor Bureau.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Edinburgh is probably the most thoroughly Presbyterian city in the world. Out of a total of 181 churches 124 are Presbyterian.

—No fewer than 157 professors at German universities are between the ages of seventy and ninety, of whom the greater part still lecture. Banke, at ninety, is the oldest.

—A clergyman has been making calculations, and announces as the startling result that all the salaries of religious teachers in the country do not amount to so much as the sum spent annually in supporting dogs.—*Christian at Work.*

—New York has 64 Catholic churches, Chicago 55, Brooklyn 46, Philadelphia 45, St. Louis 43, Boston 38, Cincinnati 36, New Orleans 29, Baltimore 28, Cleveland 25, San Francisco and Louisville 21 each, Detroit 18, Buffalo and Albany 13 each.

—The masters of the great English public schools complain of the imperfect religious training which boys bring with them from home. Even those who come from conspicuously religious families are found ignorant of the commonest facts in Scripture.

—Two women have been elected to the vestry of an Episcopal church in Delaware, and Bishop Stevens has decided that they are eligible under the law. This is the first instance in which women have been elected to such a position either in this country or in England.—*Zion's Advocate.*

—The *Christian Advocate*, being asked by a correspondent: "What is the object intended by the Apostle James in ordering that the sick, when the elders of the church go to pray with them, shall be anointed with oil in the name of the Lord?" replies that "the passage plainly means 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, using the best medical skill in the name of the Lord.'"

—The commencement exercises at the various colleges of the country show that the disposition on the part of alumni to rally about their respective "benign mothers" on these occasions, increases with each year, and the colleges are not backward in doing those of their children who have done well in the world due honor. The consideration shown a successful man by the faculty and students of his old college is one of the sweetest things he ever finds in life.—*Chicago Current.*

—A uniform has been assigned to the students of the Russian universities, the wearing of which will be obligatory. It will consist of a cap, single-breasted frock-coat and dark green trousers. The cap, collar and cuffs of the coat are to be of dark blue, the cuffs to have a broad band of gold lace. It is supposed that, as the bulk of Russian university students come from poor classes, the object of prescribing a uniform and adding to their expenses must be to throw a fresh difficulty in the way of very poor people taking to an academical career.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Love and burglars have some things in common. The both laugh at locksmiths, and they both have a good deal of Cupidity about them.

—Some one wants to know what is more disagreeable than a woman with a crying baby. The answer to this is "the baby."—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

—Scientists say that all the water on the earth will dry up in 10,000,000 years. Most of our milkmen will be able to accumulate a fortune during the interval.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"The best way of sobering up is to bathe the head and wrists in cold water and take a potion of bromide of potassium and aromatic ammonia or valerian." Only one better; don't get drunk.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Mrs. Montague—Do you sing, Mr. De Lyle? Mr. De Lyle (with a superior smile)—I belong to the college glee club. Mrs. Montague (disappointed)—O, I'm so sorry, I hoped that you sung.—*N. Y. Times.*

—"I pay my hired man sixteen dollars a month and found," said old Blodget. "And found," interrupted his niece. "What do you mean by that? How do you find him?" "Why," replied the old man, "if he doesn't know I'm comin' I generally find him either asleep or with his arms around the hired girl."—*The Judge.*

—"Is your pa at home, little girl?" "Yes sir; do you wish to see him?" "Yes." "But you won't know him if you do see him?" "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you see, out in the country, on our farm, a man and his wife got to fighting, and pa he tried to stop them." "O, indeed!" "Yes, you'd better call again. You wouldn't know pa now.—*Chicago Journal.*

—"Why did you sell your oxen?" said Dobyn to a colored farmer. "Well, boss. I took er notion dat I wanted to jine de church." "What difference did that make?" "What difference dat make! Boss, did yer eber dribe steers?" "I never did." "Den yer can't un'erstan' de sitwation; but I'll tell yer, boss, steers hab mighty little 'spect for 'ligion. Dey don't know nothin' but cuss words."—*Boston Post.*

—A running moral.—

A man may go spinning along,
Like a bicyclist singing a song,
And though he looks stately and tall
May be just on the edge of a fall.
And this moral the cycle conveys,
Be modest and sweet in your ways,
Because if you happen to get a sad pitch
You'll find friends to help you right out of the ditch.

—*Boston Budget.*

—An editor lay in an unconscious condition, and for some time it was feared that he was dead. "Can't you rouse him, doctor?" was anxiously asked. "No," the physician replied. "I fear that life is extinct." Then the editor's assistant bent over and whispered in his ear: "A gentleman wants to put an advertisement in the paper." Immediately the unconscious man's face showed signs of returning life, and struggling to a sitting posture, he said feebly: "How many lines?"—*N. Y. Journal.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

DR. RUSH.

Extracts from His Celebrated Essay on the "Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Mind and Body."

Dr. Benjamin Rush was by nature a pioneer. Thus we find him, says a writer in the *Union Signal*, in the forefront of many historic movements. In 1774 as a member of the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, he moved the first resolution in favor of American independence. Two years later, June 23, 1776, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Independence, and on the Fourth of July following, as a member of the Continental Congress, he appended his name to the immortal Declaration. He was one of the originators of the Bible Society and drafted its first constitution. * * *

Such a man could not witness unmoved the ravages of intemperance. "He saw all of its evils and never tired of raising his voice against it." He viewed it from every standpoint, as a physician, a patriot and a Christian, and his whole soul was stirred within him. Thus stirred he wrote the famous essay, early in 1785. This was followed by a series on the same general topic: the effect of ardent spirits on the human system. These were widely copied, one authority says, into all the newspapers in America. They attracted great attention and exerted such an influence for good that, according to Hildreth, the historian, at the Philadelphia celebration of the Fourth of July, 1787, which had the added dignity of also celebrating the adoption of the Federal Constitution, ardent spirits were excluded from the entertainment. * * * He died April 19, 1813, but the good he did was not "interred with his bones." His essays were scattered everywhere, the seed thus sown sprang and bore fruit abundantly. Some of this seed germinated in Litchfield, Conn., and fruited in the first Temperance Society known in America. In 1789, nineteen years earlier than the formation of a similar society in Saratoga County, New York, over two hundred most respectable farmers of Litchfield formed themselves into "an association to discourage the use of spirituous liquors."

From other seed, sown by the same hand, grew the Massachusetts "Society for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic."

The following extracts are taken from his celebrated essay, first published in 1785:

It belongs to the history of drunkenness to remark that its paroxysms occur, like the paroxysms of many diseases, at certain periods, and after longer or shorter intervals. They often begin with annual, and gradually increase in their frequency until they appear in quarterly, monthly, weekly, and quotidian or daily periods. Finally, they afford scarcely any marks of remission either during the day or night. There was a citizen of Philadelphia many years ago in whom drunkenness appeared in this protracted form. In speaking of him to one of his neighbors, I said: "Does he not *sometimes* get drunk?" "You mean" said his neighbor, "is he not *sometimes* sober."

It is further remarkable that drunkenness resembles certain hereditary, family and contagious disease. I have once known it to descend from a father to four or five of his children. I have seen three, and once four brothers, who were born of sober ancestors, affected by it, and I have heard of its spreading through a whole family composed of members not originally related to each other.

Let us next attend to the chronic effects of ardent spirits upon the body and mind. In the body they dispose to every form of acute disease; they moreover excite fevers in persons predisposed to them, from other causes. This has been remarked in all the yellow fevers which have visited the cities of the United States. Hard drinkers seldom escape and rarely recover from them. The following diseases are the usual consequences of the habitual use of ardent spirits viz.:

1. A decay of appetite, sickness at stomach.
2. Obstructions of the liver. The fable of Prometheus, on whose liver a vulture was said to prey constantly as a punishment for his stealing fire from heaven, was intended to illustrate the painful effects of ardent spirits upon that organ of the body.
3. Jaundice and dropsy of the various cavities of the body.
4. Hoarseness and a husky cough, often terminating in consumption.
5. Diabetes.
6. Redness and eruptions on various parts of the body. They generally begin on the nose, and after extending all over the face, sometimes descend to the limbs in the form of leprosy.
7. A fetid breath.
8. Epilepsy.
9. Gout in all its various forms.

Lastly, madness. Dr. Waters, while acting as the apothecary of the Pennsylvania Hospital, assured me that in one-third of the patients confined by this terrible disease, it had been induced by ardent spirits.

Most of the diseases which have been enumerated are of a mortal nature. They are more certainly induced, and terminate more speedily in death, when spirits are taken in such quantities, and at such times, as to produce frequent intoxication; but it may serve to remove an error with which some intemperate people console themselves to remark that ardent spirits often bring on fatal diseases without producing drunkenness. I have known many persons destroyed by them who were never completely intoxicated during the whole course of their lives. The solitary instances of longevity which are now and then met with in hard drinkers no more disprove the deadly effects of ardent spirits than the solitary instances of recoveries from apparent death by drowning prove that there is no danger to life from a human body lying an hour or two under water.

The body, after its death from the use of distilled spirits, exhibits by dissect on certain appearances which are of a peculiar nature. The fibers of the stomach and bowels are contracted; abcesses, gangrene and scirrhi are found in the viscera. The bronchial vessels are contracted—the blood vessels and tendons in many parts of the body are more or less ossified, and even the hair of the head possesses a crispness which renders it less valuable to wigmakers than the hair of sober people.

Not less destructive are the effects of ardent spirits upon the human mind. They impair the memory, debilitate the understanding and pervert the moral faculties. It was probably from observing these effects of intemperance in drinking upon the mind, that a law was formerly passed in Spain which excluded drunkards from being witnesses in a court of justice. But the demoralizing effects of distilled spirits do not stop here. They produce not only falsehood, but fraud, theft, uncleanliness and murder. Like the demoniac mentioned in the New Testament, their name is "Legion," for they convey into the soul a host of vices and crimes.

Thus we see poverty and misery, crimes and infamy, diseases and death, are all the natural and usual consequences of the intemperate use of ardent spirits.

I have classed death among the consequences of hard drinking. But it is not death from the immediate hand of the Deity, nor from any of the instruments of it which were created by Him. It is death from suicide. Yes, thou poor degraded creature, who art daily lifting the poisoned bowl to thy lips, cease to avoid the unhallowed ground in which the self-murderer is interred and wonder no longer that the sun should shine, and the rain fall, and the grass look green upon his grave. Thou art perpetrating gradually, by the use of ardent spirits, what he has effected suddenly by opium or a halter.

* * * * *

No man ever became suddenly a drunkard. It is by gradually accustoming the taste and stomach to ardent spirits, in the forms of grog and toddy, that men have been led to love them in their more destructive mixtures and in their simple state. Under the impression of this truth, were it possible for me to speak, with a voice so loud as to be heard from the River St. Croix to the remotest shores of the Mississippi, I would say: Friends and fellow-citizens! avoid the habitual use of those two seducing liquors, whether they be made with brandy, rum, gin, Jamaica spirits, whisky, or what is called cherry-bounce. It is true some men, by limiting the strength of those drinks, by measuring the spirit and water, have drunken them for many years, and even during a long life, without acquiring habits of intemperance or intoxication; but many more have been insensibly led, by drinking weak toddy and grog, first at their meals, to take them for their constant drink in the intervals of their meals; afterwards to take them, of an increased strength, before breakfast in the morning, and finally to destroy themselves by drinking undiluted spirits during every hour of the day and night. I am not singular in this remark. "The consequences of drinking rum and water, or grog, as it is called (says Dr. Mosely), is, that habit increases the desire of more spirit, and decreases its effects; and there are few grog-drinkers who long survive the practice of debauching with it without acquiring the odius nuisance of dram-drinker's breath and downright stupidity and impotence."

Ministers of the Gospel, of every denomination in the United States, add me with all the weight you possess in society, from the dignity and usefulness of your sacred office, to save our fellow-men from being destroyed by the great destroyer of their lives and souls. In order more successfully to effect this purpose permit me to suggest to you to employ the same wise modes of instruction which you use in your attempts to prevent their destruction by other vices. You expose the evils of covetousness in order to prevent theft; you point out the sinfulness of impure desires in order to prevent adultery; and you dissuade from anger and malice in order to prevent murder. In like manner denounce, by your preaching, conversation and examples, the seducing influence of toddy and grog, when you aim to prevent all the crimes and miseries which are the offspring of strong drink.

DRUNKEN BABIES.

How Intemperate Habits Are Formed in Childhood—Dangerous and Pernicious Practices of Parents and Nurses.

It often happens that when a child is normal and wholesome at its birth habits of intemperance are induced in it by its nurse. We all know that in adult people of most healthful constitutions the alcoholic habit, the opium habit, the quinine habit, the tea and coffee habit, the tobacco habit, may be induced, and easily induced. How much more in the susceptible body of an infant. It is so much easier to give a boy a few drops of paregoric or soothing syrup or a gin sling than to quiet it by a warm bath, by friction, by a cup of catnip or smellage tea. The paregoric, the gin, the whisky, needs no preparation and is always effective. The baby goes off to sleep—a drunken sleep—and the nurse can rest in peace. External applications of alcohol are almost as dangerous in the habits they beget as internal. The pores of the skin absorb the stimulus, and what difference does it make in the end whether the child depends for quiet on alcohol imbibed through the skin or by the mouth. A baby accustomed to be rubbed with brandy or whisky will not be quiet without it. It may be thought necessary in cases of extreme debility resulting from sickness to give alcoholic stimulus or some form of opium to a baby, but even then it should be done under protest. Fresh air, nutritious food, judicious and skillful nursing will in innumerable cases do the work alcohol and opium are made to do without including vicious habits.

A great many mothers are made to believe that in order to nourish their infants sufficiently they must drink ale, beer, gin or some other form of malt or spirituous liquor. We all know what wretched milk cows give that are fed on grains that have been first used in making beer. We call it "swill milk." What other name is suitable for the nourishment beer-drinking mothers give their infants? How is it possible for a baby reared on such food to have a normal stomach? Why should not craving for something more and other than wholesome food be induced and cultivated in it by such a course? The baby that partakes of alcoholized milk is made drunk and has its constitutional vigor so impaired that "it has not over three or four chances out of ten for its life. There is an enormous percentage of mortality among infants nursed by persons who use alcoholic or malt liquors."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Egotism Better Than Drunkenness.

"My greatest weakness has proved a tower of strength to me," said a Prohibitionist yesterday.

"Explain."

"It was in this way: I used to drink like a fish. People began to say that I couldn't quit—that I was ruined. That made me mad. I had a good deal of vanity, and I cultivated it—gave it a regular hot-house forcing. I worked myself up to a point where I imagined myself the greatest man in Atlanta, struggling with a crowd of malignant rivals who were hoping and praying for my downfall through the whisky habit. I began to feel an exquisite pleasure in disappointing my imaginary enemies. The voluntary delusion of mine grew into an apparent reality. It dominates me yet. It has made me an offensive egotist, but it saved me from whisky, and that is something."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

FOR every man killed in war ten have been sent over the gulf by the aid of the corkscrew.—*Chicago Ledger.*

IN Great Britain there are 15,000 Temperance organizations, and it is estimated that 5,000,000 persons are total abstainers.

AN exchange thinks that whisky will soon be made of old rags. Hardly. Old rags don't make whisky; it's whisky that makes old rags.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IF intemperance should break out among horses and cattle, there would be an extra session of Congress called in less than three weeks to stay the evil. But, pshaw! its only men that get drunk.—*Golden Era.*

JOHN B. GOUGH being asked the other day if he noted any improvement in mankind in the matter of intemperance, replied: "Why, yes; every way; things are nothing like so bad as they were when I was a boy, and they are going to be better yet."

IN a recent Winthrop Temperance meeting a gentleman made the following significant statement: "In a neighboring town twenty-seven men banded together to oppose in every possible way the Washingtonian movement. Of these eleven filled a drunkard's grave; seven were lost at sea; four, while intoxicated, drove into an arm of one of the lakes in this vicinity one night and were drowned; two committed suicide; two were hanged in the South, and one went to sea and never was heard from."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

THE LANDLADY'S STORY.

How a Matrimonial Event Came Near Being Postponed.

A Mysterious Disappearance—Grandson Tommy's Little Practical Joke, and the Misery It Caused—Happy at Last.

I believe in fun. Oh, yes, I do believe in fun. But practical jokes may go too far—indeed they may. Now, there was the case of Mrs. and Mr. Ratchett. At least, then they weren't Mr. and Mrs. Ratchett, but Mrs. Pouncer and Mr. Ratchett; and she was a widow; and when she came to me in a carriage—hired, but still with a man in livery driving it—and said to me:

"Oh, Mrs. Kimberly, ma'am, it's not the expense I'm thinking of, for terms don't affect me much—poor, dear Mr. Pouncer was so very thoughtful of me in his will; but should you be able to promise me the comforts of a home?"

And her dress was the richest of silk, and all covered with English crape, and her veil with a hem a yard deep; and, really, I was so touched that I promised her my best front room with the aleove, whether any one else wanted it or not. And she lived in retirement, and had her meals in her own room for two weeks, for a reason that she confided to me. She was going to the dentist's, and they were a full set, and of the beautifulest whiteness, like snow; but at first, you know, you can't talk in 'em, much lesse at, and that makes it inconvenient.

At the self-same moment, so to speak, Mr. Ratchett he came to the house; and it was the most remarkable coincidence, he confided in me, too. He was going to the dentist, likewise, and his was a full set; and he said he'd like to be spoke of, and charged as an invalid for a month, which was done. And all would have been private and unknown but for my grandson,

Tommy, that I have the bringing up of; and how he found it out, I don't know, but he did, and told it to all the boarders in the parlor one evening, and was corrected with my slipper and sent to bed in consequence.

But Mr. Ratchett he never knew, and Mrs. Pouncer she never guessed—and we must all come to it some time; and some of us had, I've no doubt. And it didn't matter much, after all. And what do you believe those two did—widow and widower—but fall in love with each other, at least as much as at their age and their size could be expected! He waited on her to church, and she knitted him worsted mufflers, and he used to read something that he called poetry, and that was solemner than the prayer-book, of mornings in the parlor—keeping [illegible] dusted and making her gape dreadful, poor thing! But men are inconsiderate, whether married or single, and women will put up with a great deal before the wedding-ring is on. Likewise, he took her to lectures, where I am told she went to sleep, poor dear!

She liked fun, and good eating, and dancing, even at her size; and he liked horrid, solemn things, and had a way of talking as if you didn't have ideas nobody else could understand you hadn't any at all. But widows mostly will get married, if they can, poor dears, though you can't help wondering sometimes that they haven't had sufficient warning. Well, he proposed, of course, and she accepted; and she was to be married in lavender, with white lace flounces and fichu; and he gave her another diamond ring, though there wasn't any room, to speak of, for it on her fat finger, she had so many already; and they were to be married quietly in my parlors of a Tuesday morning; and Monday night all was right; but Tuesday morning the dreadful things began to happen. Sally, the chambermaid, comes to me, and says she: "Oh, Mrs. Kimberly, there is something the matter with Mrs. Pouncer. She's a moaning and groaning fit in her own room, and wants to see you."

So I ran up-stairs as fast as I could, though the store-closet was unlocked; and if the cook helped herself to a lump she took a pound of sugar—as I knew she would. And there I found the poor dear a-crying in bed, and she says: "Lock the door, Mrs. Kimberly," in a queer kind of voice, and then she showed me what had happened. She always took her teeth out of nights and put 'em in a bowl of water, and some one had come in—how, she couldn't think, for though the window was open, who could climb up the wisteria vine

but a monkey? and they were gone. "And under my door this cruel letter, Mrs. Kimberly," said she: and she pointed to one lying on the bed. "Read it," says she. So I opened the letter and read:

DEAREST CAROLINE: Circumstances that I can not possibly explain force me to fly from this roof. How long I shall be gone I do not know. It depends on another. Believe me true, and trust me if you can. I have no hope but in your complete faith in me. Yours,
EDWARD.

"Two such blows in one morning!" says she, "and the clergymen coming, and all! Of course, under any circumstances, I couldn't be a bride until I had a new set; but I could have said I was ill. But what is it? Is it a first wife? Can it be?"

"He doesn't look it," says I.

"There's no judging by looks," said she. "May be he's found out about my teeth, and gone."

"That ain't likely," says I; "he'd have more sympathy." But I didn't think to say why.

"He's a man," says the widow. "That's enough. But it's an awful mystery?"

"Perhaps your teeth were never put in the water," said I. "May be they're on the floor."

And I peeped around, and pretty soon I saw on the side of the bowl five little black marks, and on the window-sill were five more, and then five more yet.

Then I began to guess. I went out into Mr. Ratchett's room, and on the window from the black piazza there were five more black marks, and on the bureau was a goblet of water, and on that five black marks more.

I knew all now. My grandson, Tommy, was a fine child, but he had one peculiarity. The more I washed his hands, the blacker they got. And whatever he touched he printed off his hands on.

He was capable of climbing that wisteria vine, and he liked to tease. He had a lively disposition, poor, dear Tommy, and he had taken the teeth—both double sets—just as he had my spectacles before church-time, and once put his poor Uncle Pinner's wooden leg up the chimney, when he was telegraphed for in a hurry somewhere.

"I like a lively disposition, but boarders have their rights, and weddings aren't to be trifled with; and says I:

"Mrs. Pouncer, be calm." I'd gone back to her room, you know. "Don't cry any more. The wedding may come off, after all. I'll try to help you." And then, first of all, I hunted up the mush-stick, and then I hunted up Tommy.

Says I: "My child, I've taken my slipper to you before; but this I've never corrected you with. Now own up, and you shall have a whole half pie before dinner. But deny, and I'll attend to you."

Then says he: "You'll give me a real half pie? Not a caty-corner half?"

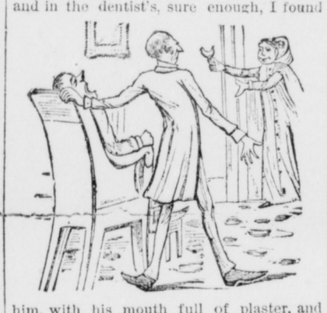
Says I: "I will." Though I had pangs of conscience.

And he says: "They're in the plum-jam you're going to have for lunch, grandma."

"In the plum-jam," says I. "Oh, you dreadful boy."

Says he: "Can't I have that, too? I don't mind."

So I got the plum-jam, and I spooned out the two double sets, which I should have helped some of the boarders to if I hadn't, and then I carried Mrs. Pouncer hers, and washed the others off and considered; and it dawned upon me like a vision. Where should Mr. Ratchett be but at his dentist's, and his name I knew. So in my wrapper and a waterproof, not looking in the glass for my bonnet, off I started, and in the dentist's, sure enough, I found



him, with his mouth full of plaster, and such a happy man as he was I never saw, when I said, says I: "Mr. Ratchett, they are found."

So they were married that day after all, and they board with me yet. I've kept their secrets, though perhaps they ain't secrets any more; and they've rewarded me with their gratitude. But one thing dreadful did happen—beside the pie, Tommy swallowed all the plum-jam. I expected that he'd die, but he didn't.—*Tid-Bits.*

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

A hat! A cane!
A nobby beau!
A narrow lane!
A whisper low!

A smile! A bow!
A little flirt!
An ardent vow
That's cheap as dirt!

A hand to squeeze,
A girl to kiss,
Quite at one's ease,
Must needs be bliss!

A ring! A date!
A honeymoon!
To find too late
It was too soon!

—*Ellery Berg, in Puck.*

The Oracle in the Art Gallery.

A local oracle was walking through a gallery with one of those large-eyed, artless, simple, modest girls the other day. He was enlarging on the different schools of painting. He appreciated everything; he knew everything. They came to a picture. He saw without looking a name in the corner.

"Now, there," he said, "I can tell the Dutch school at a glance. That is by Edboker. Edboker is a favorite of mine. There is something so genuine in his painting, something so natural and strong in his handling of a subject. I think nothing is more marked or curious than the distinctions between painters in the way they treat the same theme. The strong Dutch individuality of Edboker—"

"I beg your pardon, but it appears to me this picture is painted by E. A. Baker."

"Baker! Ah, dear me, so it is. How very Dutch he is."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Source of the Trouble.

Mike—Oi say, Bridget, wot sames to be the mather wid the young missus? She goes about all day looking thot sorrowful and droopin' her oyes red wid tears. Is she disappointed in luve, d'ye think?

Bridget—Shure, Moike, oi'm at a loss to know entoirely. It was only this mornin' that she was talkin' wid de ole missus an' I heard her say that her fate was more than she could bear.

Mike—Poor sowle! Oi'm thinkin', Bridget, it must be bunyuns she has on them.—*N. Y. Times.*

Too Near to Be Neighborly.

Hostess (at an evening party)—Mrs. Hendricks, will you step with me a moment; I want to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tomlinson? You will like her, I'm sure.

Mrs. Hendricks—Excuse me, if you please, Mrs. Jones, but I would rather not. You see, we—er—both live in the same flat.—*N. Y. Times.*

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Good Undoubtedly, But Behind the Times of the Present in Some Respects.

Yes, "the good old times" undoubtedly had much to boast of, but in one regard they were wofully behind the present times, be the latter good, bad or indifferent. We refer to mendacity. Not that there is any less lying now than there was in ages gone, but rather that the practice is looked upon with a larger spirit of charitableness than formerly, and that mankind is more willing to condone his brother's excursions from veracity than he was in those good old times aforesaid.

We read in sacred writ of the quick and terrible visitation upon Ananias and Sapphira, not because they lied, but simply because they kept back part of the truth. If the precedent established in their case were strictly followed today, what an epidemic of sudden deaths the newspapers would be called upon to record! The Asiatic cholera and his twin destroyer, Yellow Jack, together with all their cousins and their sisters, and their aunts, would be forced to shut up shop and go out of business, inasmuch as there wouldn't be enough of humanity left for them to work upon and pay running expenses, while consumption, fever and diseases of the kidney, heart, brain *et al.*, would long ago have gone into hopeless bankruptcy. Possibly even the medical fraternity might ere this have become discouraged and become reputable members of society.

Why, look about you, and you will not fail to discover an Ananias or a Sapphira in every other man or woman whom you meet in your daily walk.

Here is the real-estate dealer, for example. He takes you to look at the piece of property he wishes to sell. He points out the beautiful prospect, but says nothing of the raw winds which roar about the place from November to June; he speaks of the fine elevation, but is silent in regard to the ice-covered, slippery hill you must climb, if you can, next winter; he explores with you the commodious cellarage and comments upon its roominess in eloquent terms, but he strangely forgets to mention that it is afloat two-thirds of the year; he shows you the fine well of water and asks you, with assurance born of personal knowledge, if you ever tasted better, but it does not occur to him to remind you that in summer, when the well isn't as dry as a Sunday-school discourse, the water tastes almost as bad as it smells and smells almost as bad as it tastes; he takes you into the chamber—not a syllable about the leaky roof; he points out the external beauties of the house—the fact that there is nothing but faith between the clapboards without and the plastering within entirely escapes him; he dilates upon the splendid neighbors, but fails to refer to the neighbors' hens. And so on, to the end of the chapter. What he tells you is true. He does not lie. He only keeps back part of the truth. Should he die suddenly, nobody would be so uncharitable as to intimate that his taking-off was a punishment for constructive mendacity, especially if he be rich. It would be apoplexy or heart disease, or some other respectable malady, and the stain which still hangs about the memory of Ananias and Sapphira would never cause his heirs, administrators and assigns to hang their heads and blush.

The landlord of the summer hotel advertises his finely appointed house, its extensive views and its well-appointed table; but advertising costs money, and he can not afford to pay for space in which to tell of the malaria which rises from the swamps down there in the hollow, or of the mosquitoes which throng the air and bleed the guests with a persistency almost equal to his own, or of the fact that his "fresh" vegetables are fresh only in the sense that they are fresh from the can in which they have been imprisoned a twelvemonth, or of the diphtheretic condition of the outbuildings, or of any one of the many "offs" and "outs" with which he is only too familiar. He keeps back part of the truth. He does nothing more, nothing worse. And he reads the story of the Biblical libbers with complacency, if not with contempt.

The doctor feels of your pulse and gives you a dose. He does not tell you you are better off without medicine. Perhaps he goes so far as to not tell you candidly that he doesn't know what's the matter with you. At all events, he keeps back part of the truth. The fate of his Scriptural prototypes has no terrors for him.

But why waste words over a matter that is apparent to all? In every profession, art, craft, trade and occupation you will find the same thing. Everybody, everywhere, no matter what he be doing, or whether he be doing nothing at all, is engaged, more or less constantly, in keeping back part of the truth. And whoever hears of "death by lying?" You will search the mortuary reports in vain for it among the causes of deaths.

To be sure, there is one exception, namely, the newspaper writer; but he is the exception which proves the rule. —*Boston Transcript.*

Careless Letter Writers.

Some facts and figures showing how careless many persons are appear in a Washington budget concerning the Dead Letter Office. The whole number of letters received during last year was 4,834,099, or an average of 15,675 for each working day. Of these 3,719,380 were sent to the Central Office because they were not called for at the postoffice to which they were directed, and 112,648 were returned to the postoffices by hotel-keepers and thence sent to the Dead Letter Office because the departed guests for whom they were intended failed to leave a new address. Of the domestic letters opened, 18,387 contained money amounting to $33,770.17; 20,204 contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the amount of $1,576,948.13; 84,088 contained postage stamps; 34,390 contained receipts, paid notes, and canceled obligations of all sorts; 38,348 contained photographs, and 25,554 contained articles of merchandise.—*Chicago Herald.*

—By a provision in the laws of the republic of Mexico it is said that all persons not Mexicans are prohibited from owning an estate within twenty leagues of the boundary line.

SEASON.

In Me[illegible]ade for Traveling [illegible]g Purposes.

Dresse[illegible]emi-so[illegible]ll dresses for traveling. F[illegible] J[illegible]paca is being made up in imsho[illegible] of the graceful gowns worn bl[illegible]ring the summer by the Princess of ita[illegible]ales and her daughters. For very d[illegible]ng ladies silver braid or white mo[illegible]r has formed the trimmings, the mo[illegible]your being used as a narrow vest, high ha[illegible]lar and straight cuffs, with rows of [illegible]aid along the edges, and also on the [illegible]sh draperies that are worn with a [illegible]t skirt. For autumn dresses black s[illegible]aid, or else dark blue Hercules braid, k[illegible]d take the place of metal braids, and br[illegible]her velvet or plush will be used for wi[illegible] vest, cuffs and collar. Long overskirts that are made like the housemaid skirts, and looped up on one side or both, will be used with these dresses, and there may be rows of braid or of velvet ribbon for the trimming. A side panel of velvet will be chosen by those who prefer pleated skirts with Greek draperies. The new shade of brown, called lynx brown, is also being made up in mohair and alpaca dresses for the three autumn months, when canvas dresses will be too thin and cloth too heavy for comfort. Gilt braid will be strikingly used on such dresses, rather than a piping or edging for brown velvet spun in many showy rows or in the very [illegible] patterns lately used. Wide wool th[illegible]face, [illegible] wool laces that are em[illegible]ghtly with gilt are rich [illegible]gallons and for lynx brown mohairs, broidered [illegible]threads are wrought in simtrimmings [illegible]s for gray dresses. while silver [illegible]ed and blue laces are also ilar trimmings to trim blue alpacas, and The mixed [illegible] sometimes seen velvets being used [illegible], in stripes or in very with these are [illegible] the small accessories of the two co[illegible]. The correct idea, how small figures, for[illegible]es is to have them exof the corsage [illegible]pending on their fine ever, in such dres[illegible]. When lace is used exceedingly plain, most stylish when contit for their beauty skirts a single deep on mohair, it is [illegible]y slightly gathered, fined to the lowe[illegible]and side gores, or else fall of lace, [illegible]ree narrower ruffles crosses the fro[illegible]the front, and several there are two o[illegible]up the left side in the of lace across[illegible]ered by the drapery. rows are placed is that of edging side space left unco[illegible]w wool lace, and form-Still another pl[illegible] sides of the skirt of pleats with na[illegible]hen braid is chosen for ing the front a[illegible]ew fancy is to form the these pleats. [illegible] two very wide box trimming, the [illegible] these with clusters of front breadth [illegible]he braid, lengthening pleats, coverin[illegible]luster, and curling up cross rows of [illegible]he sides. A pointed each row in the [illegible]a the same way then the ends toward [illegible]and smaller points plastron made[illegible]. To complete such a trims the corsa[illegible]there should be a long are on the sleeve[illegible]th ulster, and a bonsuit for tra[illegible]veling straw with the brim blue c[illegible]brown clo[illegible] velvet, as is [illegible] of rough blue [illegible]eam Lake[illegible]. A covered with blue or brown [illegible] of the the most becoming to the wearer. rosette of braid or of wool lace, or some[illegible]k, many "donkey's-ear loops" of wool or of crape, should trim the close round hat of felt or straw that many young ladies prefer to bonnets.—*Harper's Bazar.*

UNDERTAKERS.

How and Why the Term Came to Be Applied to "Funeral Directors."

The earliest known use of this word as applied to conductors of funerals is by Young, who has the couplet:

While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spaid the sexton marks the ground.

The present use of the word is no doubt derived from its primary meaning, one who stipulates to do anything, or undertakes the management of any affair. Two hundred years ago a class of people known as upholders were usually called upon to take charge of the funerals. Thus the poet Gay says:

The upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.

Now, upholders were dealers in second-hand furniture, old clothes and the like, and perhaps were so called because they were so often resorted to as the last resource of failing credit. As these persons were able from their stock of cheaply purchased material to supply what was needed at funerals at less expense than the regular merchant or haberdasher, they came to be thus employed, and also to furnish houses. In time the more ambitious of this class confined their business to the furnishing of houses only, and dealt in goods both new and old, and to avoid the confounding of their business with that of the funeral managers styled themselves upholsters, a name changed latter to upholsterers. Subsequently the more pretentious members of the clan of upholsterers assumed the name of undertakers, deriving the cognomen logically enough from the signification of its parts in the Saxon tongue. An undertaker, one who takes in hand a business or task, or renders himself responsible for its performance. Or perhaps the idea of the word was taken from the French name for the same office, entrepreneur, though the primary idea of the French word is rather that of one who bids for a particular task. Clarendon, in his "History," gives the word with a general meaning in the line, "Antrim was naturally a great undertaker." Honeywood, in "The Good-Natured Man" of Goldsmith, speaks thus of Croaker: "His very mirth is an antidote to all gayety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

—A noted statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists that there is an abundance of room yet in this world. The 1,400,000,000 persons supposed to be on the globe could all find easy standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by the aid of a telephone could be addressed at one time by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Dr. C. C. Abbott, the naturalist, recently found upon his farm at Trenton, N. J., a box tortoise, upon the under shell of which was cut his grandfather's name, J. Abbott, with the date 1821. The appearance of the tortoise denoted great age, and there is no reason to doubt the fact that the name was really engraved upon it sixty-four years ago.

HOW NECKTIES ARE MADE.

A Growing Interest of Considerable Importance—The Materials Used.

"There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer to a reporter. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing but study up new things in neckties. There are from fifty to seventy-five factories in this country and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive right to use certain styles of goods from the makers by buying either the entire stock offered to the American market or a large portion of it. But the success of making up the goods is just like a lottery ticket. Perhaps one year I may hit on some design and it will become so popular that all other makers will be forced to adopt it, but the next year some one in Boston or Philadelphia may make a hit and I will have to follow him. There's never any telling how a necktie is going to take with the public until it's on the market. There its success depends on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a howling swell and on the right side of popular favor that particular kind of necktie will sell well."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until less than three years ago, but now our styles are superior to the European and they are coming over here for patterns. However, there is a tendency for English fashions for the fall."

"Are men or women employed in making neckties?"

"Women. There are more than 1,200 girls thus employed in this city alone. They work by the piece and make more or less money according to their expertness. A good finisher can make eight dollars or nine dollars a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design and style are boxed together to give the dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this one kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neckties, and she makes fifteen dollars a week. She turns twenty-five or thirty dozen bands a day.

"The cheap wear now flooding the market is composed of old styles made of poor goods. As a rule, men show no discrimination in purchasing neckties. They look into a window, see a tie that takes their fancy and then rush in to buy it, never stopping to ask the price. Thus they are just as likely to buy one of the cheap kind, that will not last a week, as a good one."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE LONDON MINT.

The Number of Coins Struck During the Past Year.

The recently issued report of the [illegible]ney-master of the Mint, giving an Depa[illegible]number [illegible]erations of that Deaccount of the o[illegible]n [illegible]drop[illegible]more [illegible]yment for the year 1884, is a [illegible] than usually interesting document. From it we learn that the amount of gold coined during the year exceeded by more than a million the amount coined in 1883, while the silver coinage was but little in excess of the average. The coinage of bronze, however, was larger than in any year since 1875.

The total weight of metal melted down during the twelve months was 470 tons, made up as follows—a certain proportion of alloy being of course included—gold, 67 tons; silver, 198 tons; and bronze, 205 tons. The total number of coins struck out of this metal was 65,295,382, giving an average of more than 1,200,000 pieces per week throughout the year. Out of these, however, 8,942,081 pieces did not come within the limits of the standard legal weight, so that the number of pieces available for issue was reduced to 56,363,301, the value of these good pieces being, real or nominal, £3,157,966 10s. 1d. Of this amount, £3,070,292 10s. 5d. (41,093,301 pieces) consisted of imperial coinage, the remaining £87,673 19s. 8d. (15,270,000 pieces) being colonial coinage for Canada, Jamaica, Hong Kong, etc. All this coinage, both imperial and colonial, has been executed at the mint, its increased coining power rendering it unnecessary that any portion of the work of coinage should be intrusted to private firms.

The greatest number of coins struck of any denomination was about 11,700,000, consisting, as will readily be supposed, of pence. Halfpence came next in point of numbers, nearly 7,000,000 of this coin being struck. The number of farthings struck was over 5,700,000, a seemingly large number, considering the present small general circulation of this coin. Of shillings, nearly 4,000,000 were coined; sixpences, over 3,400,000; threepences, over 3,300,000. Sovereigns and half-sovereigns were coined to the number of over 1,700,000 and 1,100,000 respectively. Of colonial coinages, that of bronze half-cents for the Straits Settlements was numerically largest, 4,000,000 of this coin being struck during the year.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Words of Advice.

An Eastern paper, the *Academy News*, having asked a number of distinguished persons to write for its columns a few words of advice to boys received, among other answers, the following: Dr. Lyman Abbott: "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might." E. P. Roe: "Do one thing honorably and thoroughly and set about it at once." Ex-President Hayes: "Commit to memory and recite Brown's letter to a young friend." General Lyon: "No one will ever become a great scholar without constant study, close application, and without thoroughly understanding that which he may attempt before passing it by to take up something else." General Winfield S. Hancock, among other things: "Be truthful, never try to appear what you are not, honor your father and your mother." Rev. E. E. Hale: "Tell the truth. Keep the Commandments. Do not drink. If you have anything to say, say it; but if not, certainly not."

HATS AND BONNETS.

Eccentricities in Headgear That Distinguish the Autumnal Season.

Fall hats and bonnets are receiving early attention. The English walking hat, the turban, and peaked brimmed hats are to be shown by the fall trade, but large brimmed shapes such as the "Malborough" and "Gainsboro," are hurrying to favor again fast. A straw in both black and brown is shown, nameless, that is sure to win favor. It has a brim of medium width that can be rolled up at the side or front at pleasure, or worn down and over the forehead. The latter will be the fashionable tip, but after the recent long reign of hats that tipped back it may not take with every one at first. This hat has a medium high crown somewhat larger in circumference at the top and bottom than round the center of the wall. The hat needs facing, which will usually be of velvet. At the seashore large leghorn hats are worn in the morning without any outside trimming except a scarf of tulle or mull wound round the crown, crossed in the back, and brought round to the front and side and tied in a bow. In Paris very large Italian straws are worn turned or "roiled" up at the side a la Marie Antoinette. These are but pointers. It remains to be seen whether the reign of the odd, fanciful and quaint in shapes will not run into the fall styles as it has through those of spring and summer. In a half hat half bonnet shape there is shown a model with high, military, conical crown, deeply indented at the top. The brim is very wide and oval in front, very narrow behind and rolls up high from the face.

Eccentricities in trimming will surely continue if the first note of change struck is any key to the matter. London *Truth* says that the *bains de mer* (bathing season) always gives rise to eccentricities in head-gear and furnishes novel ideas for fall trade. The latest caprice from the seaboard vanity fairs is a cascade of moire ribbon loops placed on the top of the high crown, falling in a shower over the back of the hat, with only a few drops of the shower hanging in front. The latest novelty in Paris trimmed hats—and this on fall models—is the placing of a cluster of feathers at the back of the tall crown, a few of the tips shown lying from a front view. For instance, if the crown is high and straight, a scarf trimming may surround it, and the plume or ribbon trimming be massed at the back. Especially is this to be done where the front brim is wide and the back one narrow or open. Will this take? A good deal of the becomingness of a hat depends on its trimming. In fact, some can not wear a hat at all unless converted into an object totally unlike itself by its trimming. Now all can not and will not look well in a hat apparently turned with the back to the front, and there may be a little war among our milliners before the new order of things is adopted.

One thing seems pretty certain of fashionable sanction; the use of tips and plumes. The ascendancy of the wide-brimmed round hat necessitates this. We have heard of more than one maiden who has been sighing for [illegible] over her inability to make use of [illegible] millinery [illegible] the [illegible] (and perhaps [illegible] buying more,) while high-crowned narrow-brimmed hats have been in style. To such the opening vista given of probable fall millinery will be welcome. No woman, indeed, will quarrel with the feather feature, for all know there are few things more becoming on a hat than a wavy plume. Besides the ostrich plume and tips, fancy feathers of all kinds are already shown.

Wings are seen mounted with small palm breasts, a single or a double bird head at the foot. Small parrots in natural greens and in dyed colors are seen in every assortment. From these and other suggestions, it seems probable that oddities and eccentricities will not go out of style with summer millinery modes. Sashes and sash effects are seen in multiplied form and arrangement. No lady is too old or too young to wear one. They have been confined to thin toilettes mostly, but it is thought that they will enter into the makeup of heavier fabrics this fall, and appear in modified form on street toilettes. Plain white surah silk simply hemmed across the ends is very much liked for white dresses. The favorite way of arranging these is to drape the sash as a fall in front (lengthwise), higher at the hips, simulating the lower edge of a short apron front. From the hips it can hang in long loops like panels, or be carried further back and then fall in loops or loop and ends. Wide sash ribbons are also arranged the same way.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Royalty Hunting Bugs.

I was a visitor at a house in the country not many years ago at which among my host's guests was Lord Walter Campbell, a son of the Duke of Argyll and brother of the Marquis of Lorne. I shall never forget an amusing incident of that visit, and I think his Lordship must also recall it with a great deal of amusement. It was on a Saturday evening, after the ladies had retired for the night and the servants had gone to their quarters, that the gentlemen of the house suggested that they might find amusement in hunting for game. This overture was met with some astonishment by not only Lord Walter Campbell but with the other men in the party, and when they presumed to ask what kind of game he wanted them to hunt for at that hour of the night—it was then past one o'clock—he replied by saying: "Come and I'll show you." Forthwith they started for the lower regions of the house, and when they arrived in the kitchen the host brought from a closet some yellow insect powder and several pairs of bellows, with an arrangement on the point of them in which to place the powder so that it could be blown out in a spray. Each man took one of these bellows, filled with yellow powder, and following the example set by their host blew it into the crevices of the floor and rat holes. Much to their amazement, as they had not been told what all this preparation was for, after injecting the powder the first time out rushed hundreds of croton bugs, and the sport then began. It consisted in blowing the powder all over the floor and killing these unpopular but well-known insects.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1885.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE L. MICHAELS,
SILAS WEIMER,

FOR CLERK OF CIRCUIT COURT:
W. H. TOWER.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
JACOB GNAGEY,
THOMAS K. HARVEY,
WILLIAM W. FRAZEE.

FOR SHERIFF:
JOHN H. RILEY.

REGISTER OF WILLS,
JOHN S. LAUGHLIN.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
DANIEL CHISHOLM.

Our Candidates.

Above we give the candidates nominated by the Republican convention on Tuesday last. We congratulate the party that so good a ticket has been placed before us for our support. When we take into consideration the fact that perfect harmony prevailed in the convention and that men who are exceptionally good men and well qualified for the various offices have been named, we assume that these candidates will command the strength of the Republican party. There certainly can be no valid reason why any Republican should refuse to support the ticket, and if the ticket gets the support of the Republican party there can be no doubt of its election. Whilst we welcome all Democrats who many choose to vote with us, we frankly admit we do expect [illegible] of sterling acquainted [illegible] per, habits and intellect[illegible] our candidates individually in these columns. Until we can do this we commend the ticket as a whole to our readers, and bespeak their earnest support.

Prohibition in Politics.

Bishop S. M. Merrill has been an active worker in the temperance cause for the past forty years. In a letter to the Chicago *Inter Ocean* he contributed, some interesting and practical views upon the relation of the temperance question in politics. He cites the anti slavery agitation, which, he justly claims, retarded rather than accelerated emancipation. He argues that organized prohibition is likewise more harmful than beneficial to the temperance cause. The temperance question is one that appeals not to the prejudices or the passions of people, but rather to their common sense. It should not and cannot rationally have a place in politics. There is no need of a separate party to vindicate its merits or to force it upon public attention. As Bishop Merrill well says:

"Constitutional provisions should never be made the basis of party organizations. The organic law of the State and the nation ought to have the support of the patriotic citizens in all parties. The only way to secure this end is to avoid thrusting platforms into the constitution. Prohibition of the liquor traffic cannot be permanent till it is in the constitution and it cannot go into the constitution as a party measure. It is too broad for party. Like the fundamental principles of the government, it must be the common ground of the better classes and parties; like the common school system, it touches interests too vital to the common weal to be made the football of politicians. Parties divide on interpretations of the constitution, not on the constitution itself. Interpretations form politics and party issues relate to politics. This is the legitimate battle-ground of politics. But there is a realism of principle beyond the conflicts of parties where the moral character of the government rests upon the foundation of right—where the enduring elements of Christian civilization crystallize in organic law—and to that broader realm of essential right this question of prohibition must come."

In other words, however desirable the bringing our people to the pursuit of temperance may be, it is not to be effected by statutory enactments. It is to be effected in the same way that other moral reforms are worked. The friends of temperance make the greatest mistake when they essay to make the question a political issue.

The Cumberland *News*, of Wednesday, speaking of the result of the Democratic nominating convention of Allegany county, says:

"After all the talk of what splendid things were to be done by the Democratic party of the county, their convention yesterday was about the biggest failure on record. Professing the belief that there was so much party dissatisfaction with the Republican ticket that a good Democratic county ticket would sweep the county went to work and after many hours of hard labor deliberately nominated a ticket probably never equalled for weakness in the history of the county, and which insures the election of ours."

Common Sense of the Thomas Case.

A sensation was created in Maryland when the news came some weeks ago that Mr. Morris A. Thomas had been appointed Indian inspector—a lucrative and responsible office, in which there are great possibilities. A very considerable portion of the Democratic party considered that appointment one that should not have been made. This dissatisfaction was not confined to the Civil Service Reformers and Independents but was felt even more angrily by the Democratic aspirants for office, who felt that all the rewards were to be given to the men of the Morris Thomas sort, while the faithful Democrats with cleaner records could expect nothing. The Democrats in general resent the selection of several men whose appointments were resisted by the Civil Service Reform Association. Their appointment to office offends the clean spoilsmen, as well as the Reformers. This is a fact that must be kept in mind by all who desire to understand the present situation. It is in part the feeling that supports Mr. Findlay in his attack upon Mr. Thomas.

As soon as the appointment was made this opposition showed itself. A set of charges, in the nature of an indictment, drawn by the Civil Service Reform Association, and presented by a committee of responsible gentlemen, who made these charges in the most public and most formal way. Whether the specific charges were properly proven or not, they at least, establish the fact of a general reputation not to be envied. Opportunity was given to the accused to meet the charges, and he filed a very lawyer-like answer, cleverly relying upon a counter-attack rather than upon defence. Mr. Findlay follow[illegible] ed up the attack, and [illegible] of an [illegible] dence is[illegible] could [illegible] additional evi[illegible] prepared by the civil service reformers to negative such points of the defence as may seem worth it. Thus the matter hangs before Secretary Lamar and President Cleveland.

Will the administration yield to this formidable pressure and remove Mr. Thomas? There are many reasons why it should, and perhaps stronger ones why it should not—at least, until after the elections. President Cleveland may have made up his mind not to send in the name of Mr. Thomas to the Senate—where it will meet a certain and humiliating rejection—and yet he may not desire to enter into the Democratic family quarrel or even to examine very closely the charges and the evidence against Mr. Thomas. The reasons for this are quite plain and simple; for, whether Democracy may like it or not, Morris A. Thomas is a representative man of Maryland Democracy. He comes to the departments at Washington fully endorsed by the leaders of the Democracy. When the Democracy selected Arthur P. Gorman for senator, they by that act sent him to Washington as the official adviser of the President in matters of this sort. The sort of man that Gorman is was as well known when the people of Maryland accredited him to Washington as the sort of man Thomas is. Nearly all the elected officials in Congress—except Mr. Findlay—united in telling the President and Secretary Lamar that Morris A. Thomas was a man of the sort that politics needs. They make light of attacks upon his honesty and defend his character. So the administration appoints him as a Maryland Democrat of the "most straitest sect."

And now, when the charges are brought against him, Senator Gorman goes to the administration and requests that Morris A. Thomas shall be retained, for this removal would injure the Senator's hope of re-election, the request is hard to deny. For it must be borne in mind that the people of Maryland have by electing Gorman accredited him to the President. If the Democracy want to tell the President that he is not to be credited, it must discredit him by defeating him. The true way—the only way—to get rid of being represented in office by such men as Morris A. Thomas is to defeat the men and the machine that make such appointments inevitable. The existence of the Democratic machine implies the existence of such machinists as Thomas and such engineers as Gorman; and if the people of Maryland want the machine, they must take it with all its appurtenances. It is not in derision, we say that Mo[illegible] strictly a represen[illegible] Democrat and the logical outc[illegible]as is its party management; and s[illegible] as Maryland Democrats mak[illegible]assi[illegible]of pride to vote the straight ticket, ju[illegible]g so long will men of his stamp get t[illegible]a offices.

This is said not in defence of M[illegible]e ris A. Thomas. We have from t[illegible] first regarded the appointment a[illegible]or- bad one—one that may cause the a[illegible] ministration bitter regrets. It is n[illegible] necessary for us to enter into t[illegible] questions of fact now before the [illegible] partments. It is enough for us to say that his appointment is regarded with dislike both by fair-minded regular[illegible]e Democrats and by all the independents and reformers; and we feel sure that his stay will be brief at best, for his rejection by the Senate is sure—for his name should be sent in, which we greatly doubt.—*Balto. American.*

Politics in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, September 20.—Cincinnati has been exempt from political gatherings in the fall fight except that of the Prohibitionists. Democratic candidate for governor has spoken once, and local [illegible] speakers have frequently addressed meetings in the open air in various parts of the city. One [illegible] peculiar to this campaign is the circumstance that the Prohibitionist meetings have been [illegible] than they have been [illegible] and another more significant circumstance is that they [illegible] in former years, from interruption from [illegible] In fact, the speakers have been free hearers. All the [illegible] by-standers to the growth of [illegible] have had attenvote, and in part to the [illegible] is due, in part, Democrats generally [illegible] Prohibition hibitionists as likely [illegible] sympathy of from the Republican [illegible] with the Pro- make a strong diversi[illegible] draw votes vor, if not give them [illegible]rty, and thus But if what the Pro[illegible] in their fa- is true, the Democrat[illegible] the victory. may be counting wi[illegible]ibitionists say What the Prohibitio[illegible] sympathizers that they will draw [illegible]out their host. votes than ever [illegible]ists do say is Democratic party, [illegible]ery many more will be, if at all, in [illegible]fore from the tricts. They base t[illegible] Of course, this facts which they sa[illegible] the country dis- their knowledge—[illegible] declaration on intention[illegible]ange as that is the avowed on[illegible] Democratic voters—and the ground, as they put it, that both parties have arrayed themselves against prohibition and in favor of the liquor traffic.

The Wyoming Massacre.

ROCK SPRINGS, WY., Sept. 18.—The Government directors of the Union Pacific, on a tour of inspection, arrived from the East yesterday, and have been looking into the cause of the late riot. They were met by a committee of citizens, who presented over thirty closely written pages of evidence, showing the anti-Chinese demonstration to have been the outgrowth of an accumulation of grievances under which the miners had suffered for several years. The directors will continue the investigation to-day, leaving for the West in the afternoon.

Three Chinese Consuls arrived yesterday to inquire into the causes and effects of the late riot, in behalf of the Chinese Government. They are General Bee, of San Francisco; Hy-Young-Foy, of Washington, and General Tsing, of New York, and are accompanied by an interpreter. They were closeted with their own people most of the day, and it is impossible to learn just now what they have accomplished. They will remain several days.

Assistant General Superintendent Dickinson and Governor Warren and Superintendent Warrel are also here presumably to assist the Chinese officials in their investigations. They began taking testimony to day.

CHEYENNE, WY., Sept. 18.—The Chinese are fast leaving Rock Springs being afraid to resume work, and it is confidently expected that the whites will soon be enabled to commence operations. The road west from Rock Springs is lined with Chinamen with their faces turned toward the setting sun. The white miners are greatly encouraged over the present prospects, and an amicable adjustment between the company and the Knights of Labor is expected immediately. Governor Warren and government directors are now in the camp.

Attorney General Campbell left Cheyenne for Rock Springs last evening to prosecute the participators in the recent massacre. Rumors are rife that further trouble at Rock Springs is expected, but no particulars can be ascertained.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—No gain on the recently reported improvement in trade circles is recorded by the special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* received yesterday. In most directions the full measure of the movement is maintained, but that is all. From Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Detroit, at the west, comes the word that the interior purchases are as heavy as previously. At Detroit it is reported that losses sustained in the first half of the year's trade in dry goods have been made good already by the increased sales. It is noticeable, however, that at no important trade center, east or west have discount rates or call loan rates advanced. There has been a noteworthy gain in the employment of surpless funds, but bankers appear, thus far, to have been anxious to employ their idle capital at the lowest rates. This, together with the continued indisposition on the part of railway managers to cease rate cutting, with the somewhat squally railway tariff outlook among the granger lines and with the heaviness of wheat and of anthracite coal and the average of business failures from week to week, constitute the salient features of the trade situation.

Hog products and provisions are quiet and devoid of special features. The movement of dry goods from jobbers and agents continues quite as active as heretofore noted, and the firmness in prices of prints and of bleached and brown cottons is fully sustained.

Despite the holding back of new grain by farmers, the already towering visible supply grows larger and larger, and, as if to crown all, the quantity afloat for the United Kingdom and the continent shows an increase as well. The Indian corn crop has about passed out of the critical stage, that in which it was likely to be damaged by frosts, and the general opinion appears to be that very little damage has been done to it and that we are again to have "the largest crop on record." Demand for grocery supplies only moderate. Sugar supply increased. Dairy products are depressed.

The condition of the seaboard wool markets is hardly changed from a week ago. Manufacturers are buying freely, speculators are operating to some extent, holders are very firm in their views, and prices are easily sustained at the late advances. The general rise in values since July 1 is not far from 3c per pound. No signs of reaction appear. At Boston the market holds a strong tone, though prices are unchanged. Sales continue to be relatively liberal. There is a good deal of buying by dealers to sell again. Manufacturers, however, are taking both pretty well, apparently convinced that the lowest quotations have been left behind.

A Boy's Trick in Nutting.

The brown nuts are falling, and the boys are "hot-foot" for them, so we will tell them a trick which we learned last year, but too late to tell it to our young readers. We noticed, day after day, two boys going to the woods, carrying a bag and a clothes line, and saw them return in a short time with the bag well filled. We followed, to see whether their good luck was due to accident, activity, or their wits. They used the line in this way—selecting a tree in the open, on which the nuts were ripe and the shucks opened by frost; they shook the tree by climbing into it, and shaking and jarring the branches in the usual way, by stamping and clubbing. Still the finest nuts seem to stick to outermost branches. To get these, was a stroke of genius, and the clothes line and a little "mother-wit" were brought into play. The boy in the tree threw the line over a promising branch, so that both ends reached the ground. The boy on the ground made one end fast to a sapling at a suitable distance, and then drawing the other end as taut as possible, made it also fast around the trunk of a small tree. He tugged at the line after fastenfng it, and then took up the slack. The bough, of course, was swayed down. Then he tugged and tugged, and took up the slack again, until the line was almost as taut as a bow string. Then he beat the line with a club, as hard as he could strike, and with each clip, down came the nuts. Finally he unfastened one end, and drew it off with some difficulty, to be sure, over the end of the branch, sweeping off a lot of nuts that still held on. Thus the principal branches were stripped. They were lively boys and did very little loafing, but their energy was pretty well repaid.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

From Bill Nye.

Bill Nye, the famous humorist, will lecture during the coming season. That he will be the most successful of humorous lecturers, we have not a doubt. Vivid in imagination, terse in utterance and refined in style, he can not fail to win an intelligent audience. In a private letter, just received by the editor of this paper, Mr. Nye says:

"I had a good time in New York and Boston, and was surprised that I was not looked upon as a monstrosity or a freak of nature. There were a great many people in New York the day I was there, who were total strangers to me. New York is getting very thickly settled, and many people go there to do their trading. While I was there a steamboat got in from England and created very little excitement. People in New York are not easily startled. I stopped at a hotel where it cost me $5 a day for the bare necessities of life, and when I paid my bill it created no surprise whatever. You can go to the Fifth Avenue hotel and stay for days and not excite remark. There was a head-waiter there who spoke to me frequently and picked out a seat for me at the table, and seemed to take a great interest in me. Once he asked me if my dinner was all right. I told him it was bully and a good deal more than I generally had at home. Even if it hadn't just suited me I should not have told him so, for I could see that if I had been displeased, he would have shut up the house and made a good deal of trouble. So I told him it was all first rate, and he seemed to feel very much relieved. I have eaten at a great many hotels before, but he was the only head-waiter that ever tried to be friendly with me. Most of them are austere and dress so much better every day than I do on Sunday, that they make we feel ashamed of myself. I had a friend once though, who married the sister of a head-waiter at a hotel, and he said that the head-waiter at times threw aside his air of hauteur and reserve. He said once he heard him laugh a little."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of October, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rash's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Poor Penniston, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at the house of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
GEORGE L. LAYMAN,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, This Fifteenth day of September, 1885, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale of the land of Alpha Hinebaugh and wife and John Hinebaugh and wife, mentioned and described in these proceedings made and reported by Henry A. Rasche, assignee of Matthew Cullen, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
9 26 3t. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1885, and record'ed in Liber W. H. No. 10, folio 371, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
9 5 4t Attorney for Mortgagee.

Order of Publication

Joel Wiland vs. Florissa Biddinger, Simeon Biddinger and James Bowser.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 160 Equity.

The object for which the bill of complaint was filed in the above cause, was to have certain deeds therein mentioned set aside as fraudulent, and to procure a decree for a sale of the real estate conveyed by Florissa Biddinger and Simeon Biddinger to James Bowser, and to subject the same to the payment of the plaintiff's claim.

The bill states that in the year 1875 Simeon Biddinger was largely indebted to the plaintiff for work done and materials provided for him, the said Biddinger, and for board and clothes for the children of the said Biddinger, and that the plaintiff continued to furnish board for the children of said Biddinger up to the time of the filing of said bill.

The Bill further states that on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1878, he instituted suit in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to recover from said Biddinger the amount due him, and that on the 9th of September, A. D. 1879, a judgment was rendered by said Court against the said Biddinger in favor of said plaintiff for the sum of $83.15, and $75.75 costs.

The Bill further charges that after the institution of said suit at Law, and until the filing of the bill in this cause, the plaintiff continued to furnish board and clothing for the child of the said Biddinger, and that the said Biddinger is indebted to the plaintiff in the further sum of $142.50, making an entire indebtedness on the 15th of September, A. D. 1879, of $611.70.

The Bill further charges that prior to the month of May, A. D. 1876, the said Biddinger purchased from Jacob Hare and wife, a tract of land in Garrett county, called "Mount Airy," containing fifty acres of land; that the said Biddinger paid the entire purchase money for said land, amounting to $750.00 or more, that after said Biddinger had purchased said land and paid for it, he intending to cheat, defraud, hinder and delay the plaintiff in the collection of his said claim, and with a view to cheat and delay his other creditors in the collection of their claims, fraudulently procured and induced said Hare and wife to convey said land to Florissa Biddinger, his then daughter, by deed dated May 22nd, 1876.

The Bill further states that at the time said deed was made and at the time of filing said bill, the said Florissa was an infant, under the age of twenty-one years, and that she had no money of her own, and that she was wholly incapable of earning any money, that she had not inherited anything, and that she paid no part of the purchase money for said land.

The Bill states that the said Biddinger further intending to cheat the plaintiff, hinder him in the collection of his said claim did on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1881 procure, induce, and require his said infant daughter to join with him in executing a deed for said land to James Bowser, and that the said James Bowser knew all the circumstances surrounding the whole matter, and that his object was to cheat the plaintiff.

The Bill further charges that the said Biddinger was indebted and had not means apart from said property to pay his debts, and that the said conveyances were fraudulent and void and contrary to Equity and good conscience.

The Bill then prays that said deeds be set aside and that said land be sold for the purpose of paying the plaintiff's claim, and for general relief and for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this Second day of September, A. D. 1885, that the plaintiff cause a copy of the order together with the object and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland once a week for four successive weeks before the fifth day of October, A. D. 1885, giving notice to the said Florissa Biddinger, the non-resident defendant in said Bill, and warning her to appear in person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of October, A. D. 1885, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test,
9 5 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 165 acres on Backbone Mountain near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4651 and 4652, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR RENT OR SALE.

A large new residence adjoining Oakland containing 14 rooms, basement, pantry and cellar. Well of good water. All convenient out buildings. Four acres of land in a good state of cultivation. Will rent furnished.

For terms or information apply to or address

THIS OFFICE.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lange's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Green, Black and Mixed Teas at cost at Harne & Lawton's.

—500 Pheasant and Woodcock wanted at Harne & Lawton's Grocery.

—Mr. John S. Combs, foreman of the Cumberland Daily *News*, with his family, spent a few days in Oakland this week.

—All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle on or before Oct. 1st, 1885. 9 4 4t

—A severe wind and rain storm visited this section Tuesday evening. Some damage was done to shade trees and awnings in Oakland.

—Hats, Caps, Gents underware, Suspenders, Overalls, Towels, Gloves, Buttons, &c., at cost at Harne & Lawton's.

—Mrs. Woodbridge, of Ohio, spoke on the subject of temperance to a large audience in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, Tuesday night.

—Miss Sallie W. Button and Miss Mollie Clayton, of Annapolis, who have been visiting friends in Oakland, left for their home Monday last.

—Attention is called to the professional card of Edward H. Sincell, in another column. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

—An entertainment was given at Offutt's Hall Saturday night last, for the benefit of the Lutheran church, Oakland. It was a success in every way.

—Married, at Mt. Zion, this county, Sept. 20th, 1885, by Rev. H. E. Friend, Mr. Benjamin F. Michaels and Miss Ella M. Michaels, both of Garrett county.

—Country merchants will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock and get our prices.

HARNE & LAWTON,
Oakland, Md.

—Mrs. M. L. Scott has now open Fall and Winter Bonnets and Hats, a complete line of Trimmings, Fancy Feathers, Birds, Tips, Flowers, Velvets, Laces, Neck Wear and many new and desirable goods.

—Handbills were printed at this office this week announcing the sale of live stock, farming implements, grain and household goods, by Mr. Lewis Bush, at his residence near Eglon, W. Va., on Wednesday October 14th, 1885.

—Monday Reuben Taylor obtained a verdict of $750 against the city of Cumberland for damages by being run into by a boy's sled in that city. The case was first tried in Cumberland, and a verdict given for the city. This was reversed by the Court of Appeals and a new trial ordered and the case removed to Oakland, with the above result.

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

Public Sale.

There will be a sale of all kinds of furniture, carpets, &c., &c., at John Shartzer's Furniture Store, Saturday, September 26th. As there is a large lot of second handed furniture there will be bargains for all. Furniture at cost up to day of sale.

Selling Out at Cost.

The undersigned desiring to go out of business will offer their entire stock of Groceries, Notions, &c., at cost for the next thirty days. All persons desiring to save money and get bargains should call at once at

HARNE & LAWTON'S.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30-horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT, Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Nominating Convention met at Offutt's Hall in Oakland, Tuesday at 2 o'clock P. M.

The convention was called to order by Capt. Jas. A. Hayden, Chairman of the County Central Committee. Col. E. C. Tillson was made temporary Chairman, with Thomas H. Bittinger as Secretary.

On motion one gentleman from each district represented was selected on permanent organization, rules, &c., as follows:

No. 1.—J. Z. Browning.
2.—Ira E. Friend.
3.—Jonas E. Gnagey.
4.—Daniel Collins.
5.—Eli McMillen.
6.—A. S. Sell.
7.—John Shartzer.
8.—H. G. Sanders.
9.—Michael Durst.
10.—J. S. Laughlin.
11.—Not represented.

The committee, after a brief absence, reported as follows:

The committee on Credentials, Permanent Organization and Rules, respectfully report, that they have examined the credential laid before them, and find the following persons entitled to seats in the Convention:

District No. 1.—J. Z. Browning, J. L. Fitzwater, W. M. Jenkins, A. C. Browning, D. J. Bevers.

No. 2.—George Dunham, Ira E. Friend, Edward Stuck, Ulysses Frazee, A. C. Friend.

No 3.—Chas. Wegman, E. J. Miller, J. E. Gnagey, F. Durst, Thos. H. Bittinger.

No. 4.—D. Collins, T. T. Michaels, Jas. Eagan, I. H. Kooken, O. B. Barnard.

No. 5.—Eli McMillen, Henry Kamp, H. E. Friend, Jacob Becket, Frederick Kolb.

No. 6.—A. S. Sell, J. T. Wilburn, Joseph F. Frantz, John Sines, I. M Frankhauser.

No. 7.—A. Nelson, T. W. Casteel, John Shartzer, John T. Bowers, Geo. P. White.

No. 8.—Geo. W. Wilson, J. W. White, J. W. Lee, H. G. Sanders, F. Griffith.

No. 9.—G. W. Blocher, Michael Durst, H. Blocher, Aaron Wilhelm, D. Holt.

No. 10.—E. C. Tillson, J. S. Loughlin, J. C. Rodeheaver, Frank McRobie, Daniel Wilson.

Your committee recommend that the temporary officers be made the permanent officers of the convention, and that the rules governing the last session of the Maryland Assembly be adopted for the government of this convention. They further recommend that the nominations shall be made in the following order: First, Senate; second, House of Delegates; third, Clerk of the Court; fourth, County Commissioners; fifth, Sheriff; Sixth, Register of Wills; seventh, Surveyor.

That all ballots for nominees shall be made by districts, and that the majority of the delegates of each district present shall cast the vote of the district.

J. Z. BROWNING, Chm.
ELI MCMILLEN, Sec't.

The report of the committee was adopted, whereupon the president announced that nominations were in order for Senator. The names of Col. E. C. Tillson and Dr. E. H. Gotfelty were presented for that office. The first ballot resulted as follows: Dr. Glotfelty, 7; Col. Tillson, 3.

For House of Delegates the names of E. C. Tillson, Geo. L. Michaels and Silas Weimer were placed in nomination, with the following result on the first ballot: Tillson, 6; Michaels, 7; Weimer, 7.

For Clerk of the Circuit Court W. H. Tower, the present incumbent, had no opposition, and was nominated by acclamation.

For County Commissioners the names of Jacob Gnagey, of No. 3; Wm. W. Frazee, of No. 2; and Thos. K. Harvey and John W. Lee, of No. 8, were presented. The first ballot showed the following result: Gnagey, 9; Harvey, 9; Frazee, 9; Lee 2.

John H. Riley, for Sheriff; J. S. Laughlin for Register of Wills, and Daniel Chisholm, for Surveyor, had no opposition, and were nominated by acclamation.

Delegates to the State Convention were chosen as follows: Edward H. Sincell, Eli McMillen and James A. Hayden.

Daniel Chisholm, Henry E. Friend and Thomas H. Bittinger were recommended for appointment as members of the State Central Committee for this county for the ensuing two years.

The convention then adjourned, after being in session less than two hours.

Wraps.

Ladies' and Childrens Cloaks, Newmarkets, Russian Circulars, Short Jackets and Jerseys now open at

M. L. SCOTT'S.
Baltimore Store.

After a sea diet, to prevent boils and eruptions, and assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Court Proceedings.

The Circuit Court adjourned Wednesday afternoon. The Grand Jury was discharged Friday of last week. Following are the proceedings in full:

TRIAL DOCKET.

4. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs Sallie Meholin, Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Dismissed.

5. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs Joseph C. Alderson. Peddicard & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgement of condemnation for plaintiff.

11. Margaret McFadden vs Noah Wit. Veitch & Townshend, and Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Price, Williams and Semmes for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for $175.0 and costs.

12. Margaret McFadden vs Thornton Wit. Veitch & Townshend and Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Price, Semmes & Hamill for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff by agreement for one cent and costs.

16. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Geo. R. Bullard and Lorilla F. Bullard. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Non pros.

18. John B. Brant vs Fanny D. Read. Peddicord & Thayer and Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Enjoined.

19. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Sallie Mcholin. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Non pros.

20. Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, vs Jos. C. Alderson. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgement for plaintiff for $302.50.

23. Richard S. McCulloch vs John F. Bently Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgement for plaintiff for $50.05

24. Adam D Bowman vs Louis Shartzer & Co. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant. Judgement for plaintiff for $888.00, stay 90 days.

25. David S. Andrews vs Ada V. Halderman and Henry H. Halderman. Hamill, Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for property claimed.

26. Fink, Bro. & Co. vs Daniel O'Connell. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Continued.

30 Strauss, Elston & Co. vs Wm. H. Kitzmiller. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgement on rule.

33 Jacob Snyder vs J. H. Rafter & Co. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgement on rule.

40 Carrie L. Allen vs School Commissioners of Garrett county. Hamill for plaintiff. Mitchell, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

41 Guggenheimer & Co. vs C. L. Nelder, Garnesher &c. Hamill for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Continued.

44 Catharine McGraw vs Frank Wilt. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for property claimed.

47 William Umbel vs Jacob Maust. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of defendant.

49 F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs George A Speddon. Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Non pros.

50. F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs C. D. Atkenson. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgement on rule.

51 F. A. Thayer, Trustee, vs David Rush. Peddicord for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Judgement on rule.

52 Saran C Sanders vs John T. Ashby. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgement for plaintiff for $65.75.

55 Jesse J. Robeson vs Amos Broadwater Hamill for plaintiff. Brace & Richmond for defendant. Continued.

62 Thomas J. Peddicord, Receiver, &c., vs James L. Burley and Burley Bros. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Judgement for plaintiff for $292.85.

64. Baker & McCool vs Alexander Ried and others. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

70 Harmon W. Hesen vs D. E. Offutt. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Removed to Allegany.

81 Continued.

82 Verdict for plaintiff for $175.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

Nos. 1 to 12 continued.

No. 13. State vs. A. H. Williams. Selling liquor without license. Not guilty.

Nos. 14, 15 and 16, continued.

17. State vs. Charles Janosky. Larceny. Not guilty.

18. State vs. Wm. Broderick. Assault and battery. Guilty, and fine of $20 imposed.

19. State vs. M. J. Miller. Violating Local Option Act. Not guilty.

20. State vs. Mary Wiseman. Violating Local Option Act. Not guilty.

21. Same vs. same. Same charge. Guilty, and fined $50.00 and costs.

22. State vs. Mrs. Viola Groves. Assault and battery. Guilty, and fined $10 and costs.

Grand Jury Report.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The Grand Jury for the September Term, 1885, beg leave to report to your Honors that it has carefully and conscientiously endeavored to discharge its duties in the strict examination of all matters coming before them involving a breach of the law, finding presentments whenever and wherever presentments seemed to be required for the vindication of the law and the preservation of public peace and order, ignoring all cases in which the evidence in our judgment was not sufficient to find a presentment. We acknowledge the efficient services rendered us by the State's Attorney, Mr. J. W. Veitch.

The Grand Jurors further report that they have visited and examined the County buildings in accordance the law, we found the Jail in good condition, except the back porch, where a floor is greatly needed. We also recommend that light be provided in the water closet on the upper story. We found the building clean and orderly, and no prisoners therein. The Court House is in apparently as good condition as it has been for some years past.

Having thus performed the duties and labors of the Grand Jury, we most respectfully ask to be discharged.

WM. H. HINEBAUGH,
Foreman.

Public Sale.

Having resolved to make my future home in the state of Florida, I will offer at public sale, at the parsonage, Accident, on Tuesday, September 29th, 1885, all my personal effects, consisting in part of 2 horses, 1 colt, 1 cow, 2 shoats, buggy, harness, saddle, 3000 feet inch boards, cabinet organ, stoves, tables, bedsteads, chairs, kitchen and tableware, &c., &c. Small purchases cash; $10 and over a credit of six months.

J. B. SHOUP.

Sept. 12, 3t.

In Memoriam.

Commemorating the death of Mary Florence, daughter of John E. and Jane Otto and wife of Jas. M. Wolfe.

Mary Florence Otto was born March 11th, 1866, and died September 7th, 1885, aged 19 years, 5 months and 26 days. She took sick on Friday evening, the 5th inst., and died the following Monday. She was a member of the Evangelical church from her youth to her death. The funeral discourse was delivered by our beloved pastor S. J. Caton. Our dear Florence, thou art gone the way of all this troublesome world to the land of infinite day. To the place where the weary are at rest. To the Golden City, the New Jerusalem. Pain and death may not enter there. On Sunday morning, being asked whether she was prepared to go, she replied, not quite, but I am trying. Her friends and relatives were immediately summoned to her bed-side and the great work of salvation was commenced. A Psalm was read and the whole crowd kneeled around her bed and sent up their mighty petitions to the throne of God for her deliverance. Even little Lessie, her young brother, as if filled with the burning light of the Son of Righteousness, like a man, sent his supplications to the Great Redeemer in behalf of his dying sister. Soon his satanic majesty gave way to the still small voice that whispers *peace* to the truly penitent. The Divine Love pervaded her soul which she expressed by *loud* hallelujahs and clapping of hands. Then with her own voice, and in a clear sweet tone, she struck the tune of "Praise the Lord, O my soul," of which she sang two or three verses till she was physically exhausted. Her friends joined her, sang it through and several others. The mingled expressions of joy and grief and thanksgiving presented a scene never surpassed in this world. Joy because a soul had been saved, grief because of the departure of a loved one, and gratitude to God for his great salvation. She soon expressed a willingness and a desire to die, so that she could go to see her dear little babe and others, and be in the arms of, in her own words, "her dear Jesus.

BROTHER ANDY.

[Kingwood Journal please copy.]

Mountain Lake Park.

As there was so much of the court proceedings to publish last week, my letter was crowded out, but hope to have at least a little corner this week.

As was so earnestly hoped the good weather continued until our excursion day was over. The people began to gather here early in the morning. By ten o'clock several thousands had gathered on the grounds. The excursion trains from Grafton and Cumberland had arrived about this time. The Oakland Lodge of Good Templars joined our Lodge and all marched to the Depot to meet and escort the other Lodges to the Auditorium. The procession was headed by the cornet band of Lonaconing, which furnished excellent music throughout the day. Mr. Carskadon, of Keyser, gave a brief address of welcome which was responded to very earnestly by Rev. Mr. Baker. Mrs. Mary Woodbridge, of Ohio, then gave a very interesting and telling address, which will not be soon forgotten by all who heard her. She stands second to none in this grand movement and I suppose stands number one in abundant and efficient labors. At two o'clock a meeting was held for the children, principally by the children, which was just splendid. Especially a performance gotten up by Mrs. Dr. McComas for this occasion. Mrs. Woodbridge gave a very pleasing address to the children, after which brief reports were given by different ones of the R. R. workers of the work done at different places among their own people, with earnest solicitations for help and sympathy in this direction. The crowd then gathered at the Depot and awaited the returning trains. All passed off very pleasantly and quietly, and everybody appeared to be pleased with their trip.

They had hardly gotten out of hearing until the deep-toned thunder was heard in the north-west, and just at nightfall the rain began to fall and the wind blew furiously all night.

Preaching here next Sabbath at 10:30.

J. A. E.

For Sale.

Desiring to quit business our stock and fixtures for Grocery, Notion, Flour and Feed Store are for sale.

HARNE & LAWTON,
Oakland, Md.

BIG STOCK!

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES &C., &C.

Very Fine Line of Ladies' Shoes!

J. A. GRANT.

Allegany County Tickets.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Senate—B. L. Turner.

House—Dr. E. C. Gaskill, J. H. Hose, James Dando, James Nichols.

Clerk Circuit Court—Theodore Luman.

Sheriff—Daniel Houck.

County Commissioners—J. T. Hartley, Benjamin Barrett, John Schiller, H. Creutzburg, Robert Matheney.

Surveyor—Richard Speir.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Senate—A. Beall McKaig.

House—James Finn, Albert Hollie, M. F. Flannagan, Michael Duffy.

Clerk Circuit Court—Horace Resley.

Sheriff—Patrick Lavelle.

Commissioners—John O'Hanley, Isaac M. Cavanaugh, Michael Tearney, John Wambach, A. Seibert.

Surveyor—George Robinet.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, Sept., 21, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 4¼@5¼ c. that generally rated first quality 3¾@4¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 2½@3¾ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2@2½ cts; extreme range of prices 2½@5¼ cts; most of the sales were from 3@4¼.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 2,833 head, against 2,103 last week and 4,959 the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 2,165 head, against 1,794 last week, and 2,166 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade was slow again to-day, some few dealers finding it more so with them than for several weeks past. Prices were off 15 to 25c. per 100 pounds, as compared with last week, good and medium cattle suffering more than the more common grades. Tops were not numerous or quite as good as last week, but were sufficient in numbers and quality for butchers' wants. Prices 2@5¾c., with most sales from 3 to 4¼.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is but little increase in the number of the receipts over last week's offerings, but the quality is generally reported better than it was then. Trade is fair, the supply being generally reported as about equal to a moderate demand. We quote common hogs at 5¼@6c., and the better grades 6¼@6¾ net. Same time last year hogs sold at 6½@8¼c., fair selling under 7.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a heavy increase in the number of the offerings over last week, with a proportionate large number of good sheep and lambs. Trade is only fair for good stock. Common sheep and lambs are very difficult of sale, the buyers buying rather sparingly, and there being but little or no outside demand. We quote sheep at 2@3¼c. for common to extra, and Lambs at 2½@4¾ gross. Stock sheep $1.25@2.75 per head. Same time last year sheep sold at 2½@4½c., and lambs at 3½@5c. and stock ewes $2@3.25 per head.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
(one door East of Postoffice.)
Special attention given to Collections and the negotiation of Loans.
Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are notified and warned not to trespass on my lands for the purpose of hunting or otherwise, as they will be punished to the full extent of the law.

ALBERT COMBS.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

Desiring to quit business, for the next thirty days we will offer our entire stock of

Groceries,
Notions, &c.,
AT COST
HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office, Oakland.

FOR SALE!
A 50 ACRE FARM.

The undersigned offers for sale a small farm, on the waters of Lead Mine Run, Tucker county, W. Va. This property is known as the "Hershlin Place," and adjoins lands of the widow Schrader and others. There are about 50 acres in the tract, which is well timbered.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

G. P. KING.
9 26 3t Austen Mines, W. Va.

Estate of John Airronhalt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentory on the personal estate of

JOHN AIRRONHALT,

of Garrett county, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 22d day of September, 1885.

JOHN W. HARVEY,
9 26 3t. Executor.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

The undersigned having been appointed trustee under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity in a cause wherein Henry A. Shaffer is plaintiff, and John M. B. Shaffer and others are defendants, I will on the

20th Day of October, A. D. 1885,

at 11 o'clock A. M., in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, the real estate described in said decree, it being the farm of which Albert Beard, died, seized and possessed.

The said farm contains

163 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less. There are about 25 acres under fence and cultivation, the balance is in timber. It is well watered and is improved by a

DWELLING HOUSE,

barn, dairy and other out-buildings.

This property is situated in Election District No 8, about 12 miles from Oakland, and would make a comfortable home for a man of small means.

TERMS—as prescribed by the Decree are—One-third cash on the day of sale; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, the purchaser to give his note with security to be approved by the trustee for the deferred payments.

HENRY A. SHAFFER,
9 26 4t. Trustee.

ELECTION NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several election districts of Garrett county at the usual places of holding elections,

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885,

for the purpose of electing

A State Senator,
Two members of the House of Delegates,
A Clerk of the Circuit Court,
A Sheriff,
Three County Commissioners,
A Register of Wills,
A County Surveyor.

The polls of said election will be open in each and every election district of said county at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock A. M., and will be closed at 6 o'clock P. M., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

Keepers of hotels, taverns, saloons or any place where liquors are sold, and all others will take notice that by Chap. 191, acts of 1885, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day.

M. R. HAMILL,
9 26 td. Sheriff.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified and warned not to trespass by cutting and removing timber or limestone without permission from the undersigned off of that portion of a tract of land called "High Water Re surveyed," owned by us, situate in District No. 2, Garrett county, Md.

A. GARINGER,
9 19 3. WM. HINEBAUGH.

FREE SCHOLARSHIP.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 17th, 1885.

Garrett county being entitled to one Free Scholarship in St. John's College and to two Free Scholarships in the Maryland Agricultural College, a competitive examination will be held in the Oakland Public School building Sept. 29th, 1885.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
9 19 2 Examiner.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 17th, 1885.

The Garrett County School Board will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 30th,

or the transaction of general business.

By order

C. B. LUDWIG,
9 19 2 Secretary Board.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

Estate of Carlisle Hoover, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CARLISLE HOOVER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

THOMAS H. BITTINGER,
9 12 3t Administrator.

Estate of Henry H. Miller, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY H. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hands this 8th day of September, 1885.

SAMUEL BAKER,
URIAS H. MILLER,
9 12 3t. Administrators.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SHROUDED AND IN THE SEA.

We stood on the deck, a reverent group, in light of the setting sun,
With heads all bared and voices hushed, and listening every one,
To the deep, low tones of the skipper's voice, who the burial service read,
And the solemn words awed each rough heart as we gave to the sea its dead.

The unbidden tears all dimmed my eyes as I gazed on the quiet face;
A ray from the sun in the redd'ning west seemed to light it with life and grace.
And my heart was filled with pitying love for somebody far away,
Who was dreaming, perhaps, of her absent boy on the eve of that sad day.

The warm, soft breeze of the southern seas stirred the locks on his forehead fair,
And I thought of some mother whose fondling hand had caressed that golden hair;
I cut one curl from over his brow, and kissed those lips so white,
For somebody's sake, whose light of love would be changed to sudden night.

His only shroud was a rough, white sail, and a flag about his breast;
His grave in the calm, many fathoms deep, where "He gives His beloved rest."
With tender hands they lowered his bier over the tall ship's side,
His funeral hymn was the gentle plash of the ebbing and flowing tide.

* * * * * * *

That night the skipper, with tear-dimmed eyes, brought me a parcel small,
Saying: "Those are some things from the poor lad's kit, and a woman knows best of all
How to tell a story that's hard to tell, and to comfort a brother's heart.
Will you write to his mother and tell her all—well, you know how to start.

"And tell her that every man of us loved her boy, the life of our boat;
Hearty and busy and full of life, whether we were ashore or afloat.
We fain would have brought him safe back again, only the Captain above
Knew better than we, and guided him home to a haven of rest and love!"

So I opened the packet with trembling hands, it seemed such a sacred thing;
Letters and photos and little gifts and half of a broken ring.
Keepsakes gathered in foreign lands for the loving ones at home,
And a letter half finished, to catch the mails by a passenger bound for Rome.

He told of an elephant hunt in Ceylon, of a storm in Biscay's Bay,
Of their trip through the Suez Canal and how they all held the Christmas Day.
There was love to Harry and Dick and Ray, besides to Maggie and Susie,
Whose feet he hoped hadn't bigger grown for he'd bought them Chinese shoes.

And now he would soon be back, he said, to his Scottish home again,
After two long years of wandering life on the restless, stormy main;
Then he stopped, for he said his watch had come, but he'd finish it up to-morrow.
How could I send it? What could I say to break such a tale of sorrow?

One portrait was there of a worn, sweet face and beneath in a boyish hand
Was written "Mother." I saw her again in the midst of a smiling band
Of boys and girls of every size, but she laid a proud hand on one—
Her sailor lad with his bright, frank face, her eldest and ablest son.

Photos of school-boy friends there were, and one of a fair young face,
Smiling and tender-eyed, beneath he had written the one word "Grace."
A dainty housewife, all 'broidered gay, held buttons and pins and thread,
And worked on the ribbon which held the spools: "To my darling brother Ned."

I broke to his mother as well as I could, with many a falling tear,
The news so sad, and the curl I sent with all of his treasures dear.
Ah! that was the sorest, saddest task that ever I have known.
Christ! Thou who hast wept with weeping ones, comfort and keep Thine own.

Thou who in moments of sorrow and pain, thought of Thy mother's weal,
List to the cry of a heart's sore pain, listen and comfort and heal.
Give Thy peace, which is perfect peace, lead with Thine own right hand,
Till we join our beloved, to part no more, in Thy beautiful, happy land.

—*Hazel Gordon, in Detroit Free Press.*

A MODERN ARK.

How the Bunn Family Moved Into the Country.

The Bunn family lived in a small house, in a low and unhealthy quarter of New Lowell. In a small house, and the family was large, as poor families are apt to be. Mr. Bunn, who was wonderfully good-natured under all his trials, would facetiously call the roll every night to make sure that none of the children were missing, and sometimes he would purposely forget two-year-old Baby Bunn, who would shout indignantly from his mother's lap: *I's* here! *I's* here! why don't oo call Ditty Bunn?" And then Mr. Bunn would say in a puzzled voice: "Dicky Bunn—who is he? O, yes, to be sure! Dicky Bunn is the name of the last one, ain't it? Well, then—DICKY BUNN!" and the baby would answer with a pleased giggle—"Here!"

Although the bill of fare was plain, and the clothes well patched, the Bunn family managed to extract a good deal of happiness from life. When Mr. Bunn found a good job and they had, in consequence, a "hot supper"—which meant plenty of beefsteak and vegetables all around, and some red-cheeked apples, or a can of peaches for dessert—and the fire burned brightly, and the children were every one well, life seemed actually overflowing with blessings; and Mr. Bunn would whittle kindlings for the morning fire, and Mrs. Bunn would add another layer to the patches, and neither thought of envying the rich people in the grand houses of Upper New Lowell.

But often the children were not well. In fact there were so many of them that about half the time the old lounge was the resting place for some ailing one; and the doctor—whenever they could afford to call one—would always say more or less about the location being an unhealthy one. Their drainage was bad, and they didn't have enough sunlight, and they all ought to sleep up-stairs, for a ground floor as damp as theirs was a standing invitation to sickness to come and stay the year round.

In the early days Mrs. Bunn had lived in the country, and as her family increased, the little house, and the still smaller yard, formed a painful contrast to the roomy farm-house, the big, wide-doored barn, and the broad fields that she used to know, and she often expressed a desire to move into the country. But Mr. Bunn, born and brought up in the city, was like a Laplander in believing that no place could be better than that in which he lived. For forty years he had trotted up and down this unlovely quarter, and the more shanties that were built and the filthier the streets and alleys became, the more he seemed to enjoy his place of residence. "The Flats is growin' fast," he would proudly remark. "It's gettin' to be downright lively here." The poor man! With the exception of a rare glimpse of the grand Park, or some rich man's fine grounds, he knew of nothing better than his low rooms and the struggling, homesick lilacs and tiger-lilies which Mrs. Bunn tried to grow in the sloppy back yard.

To have a long, "fat" job of hod-carrying, and to know that the children were not very sick, was all the happiness Mr. Bunn could comprehend, and he always laughed at Mrs. Bunn's absurd wish to move into the country, where there could be no chance to shoulder brick and mortar up a fifty-foot ladder.

A desire for the country always smouldered, however, in Mrs. Bunn's heart, and she never gave up the hope that some time they might live on a whole acre of ground, and have three or four trees, and may be a glimpse of a brook, like the one she used to wade in when she was a girl. It was this hope that sustained her through all these years, and led her to toil bravely on, and make the best of the cramped and dismal home in "The Flats." They owned their house—that was one comfort—and had none of that wretched breaking-up and packing about from one rented place to another, which they observed in their less fortunate neighbors. I suspect that the Bunns had great affection for even the leaky kitchen roof, and the rickety pump, because of the dear fact that they owned them.

And yet, although these shabby premises were their own, it seemed as if in this spring of 1884 the house had never seemed quite so small and quite so sickly. Both Tom and Annie were down with low fevers. Baby Bunn was crossly cutting some double teeth, and a series of long, hard rains had interfered with hod-carrying to such an extent that Mr. Bunn, in a tattered rubber coat, had taken to looking for jobs of wood-sawing. Dismal, indeed, was the outlook, and it required all the Bunn fortitude to eat suppers of corn-meal cakes and black sirup contentedly, and to rise uncomplainingly to breakfasts of corn-meal mush and sky-blue milk.

"If we lived in the country," began Mrs. Bunn, and then checked herself. She was in no mood to be laughed at. She went on thinking, however, that if they lived in the country on an acre of land, they could at least have potatoes and turnips and fresh eggs, an occasional chicken, and, perhaps—oh! mercy of mercies—they might keep a cow, by letting the children lead her along the roads to crop the free pasturage there.

Probably Mrs. Bunn was getting a little feverish herself, for whenever she closed her eyes she seemed to see fair green fields and dancing brooks, and a white cow feeding upon the hillsides, and happy children gathering violets in the spring sunshine; and she could hear the thrifty cackle of ambitious hens, and the carol of robbins on the tip-top branches of the budding trees. She closed her eyes as often as her work would permit, through this last gloomy day in the Flats, and felt somewhat comforted and cheered by her strange fancies.

A river runs by the Flats, separating that locality very distinctly from the heights of Upper Lowell. Every spring it rises and runs away with its usual petty larcenies of woodsheds, chicken coops and the like; but in this spring of 1884 it meant more than petty larceny, it meant a bold and and defiant raid. Its gray, swirling waters almost reached the high-arched bridges, and its usual insinuating murmur was turned to a menacing roar. But the Flat people did not fear it; and even when it crept up to their back yards and lapped hungrily around their door-steps, it was still but a new and refreshing excitement—this big rise of the peaceful "Little Wolf." The men and women living along the banks looked after such small, loose articles as were likely to be carried away, and the children made rafts and paddled about in the pools of back-water in great glee. Some authorities rode over to the Flats, and suggested that the houses along the river had better be vacated, and the families living there only laughed and said they were not afraid; and every one went to bed that night feeling entirely safe, and thaakful that the weather had cleared and that there would be chances for going to work on the morrow.

But "at midnight there was a cry." Mr. and Mrs. Bunn did not hear it, for Annie and Tom were sleeping soundly for the first night in a week, and the father and mother, tired out with vigils, were also deep in slumber. They were all sleeping up stairs as the doctor had advised—Tom and Annie in their bunks near the window, where a breath of fresh air could touch their fevered faces, three small boys in the trundle-bed, Nelly, the eldest girl, on a lounge, and Baby Bunn with his father and mother.

The cry came from some of the houses along the river, and there was only time for the bewildered snatching of a little clothing and a frenzied escape to higher ground, every one, in those first wild moments, thinking but of himself and those belonging to him. The Flats had not yet achieved street lamps, and only the pale glimmer of the stars lighted the terrible scene.

The little Bunn house stood lowest of any in the Flats, and the river had been nosing about it for an hour or more before it took its final grip. When it really set its jaws together, Mr. and Mrs. Bunn were awakened by the queer, straining creak and jar, and they now heard the wild shouts outside, the lap and swirl of the waters about them, and knew, with freezing hearts what it all meant.

With the instinct that makes all womankind want to die decently, Mrs. Bunn dashed into her gown which hung over the foot of the bed, and even gave her hair a swift twist. Then she caught up Dicky Bunn, who gave a sleepy cry at such disturbance, and she breathed the name of Christ's mother, as she held him tightly to her breast. Mr. Bunn—steering with great presence of mind through the sea of sleepy children—looked from the window. Was there a torch-light procession? And had all the stars joined in it? For the lamps that were now flashing out from the windows, and the bright stars above were all moving in the same direction. No, it was his own house that was moving—they were afloat! Mr. Bunn staggered back to the bed and drew on his trousers, and felt about for his stockings, and said not a word. Nellie, the oldest child, who had awakened, sat up and called out: "O, mother!" even as her mother had called upon that other sacred name.

"Be brave, darlin', and don't wake the other children! We're all goin' together, anyhow."

"Maybe she'll hold together," said Mr. Bunn, who always found the hopeful side of things. "We'll light the lamp and see where we are." And soon all the people who were disinterested enough to be mere sightseers, noticed a glimmer out on the dark river—like the light of a will o' the wisp—except that it was a little steadier; a light that moved farther and farther away and was finally lost to sight.

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror, the little house—reeling and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris—held together and in the early dawn sailed along "all there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it; and all the children, except Nelly, slept peacefully, as if lulled into deeper slumber by the rocking of their one common cradle. They appeared to be in the middle of the river, for there was plenty of sea-room, as Mr. Bunn said, but the shore on either side, was shut out by a heavy fog.

"If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Nellie, nervously shivering in spite of the thick shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Darlin' be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord'll save us even yet," said her mother. But it was indeed "awful," moving on through this mist with unknown dangers sighing and murmuring all around.

As daylight advanced they seemed to have floated into stiller waters; and presently there came a gentle shock as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennie, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn, of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, jewel! We're on land, that's where we are; and here's a tree beside us as big as a church-steeple—a tree right side up, too—and we've come to a stoppin' place, sure!" and Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all these hours, sat down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennie dear!" said his wife, patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

The Bunn family had indeed come to an anchorage. Not only one but several trees stood about them, and in between two of these staunch supports the house had drifted and was firmly held. The fog lifted slowly, and by and by the faithful blue of the sky smiled down upon them, and hilly shores came into view, with glimpses of cultivated fields and budding woodlands.

The Bunn family had moved into the country at last!

As the cradle stopped rocking, the children awoke, and clustered about the small gable windows quite stupefied with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaned out of the window. Just emerging from the lingering fog up river, floated a remnant of a small country bridge, and clinging to it was a little girl in a red cloak, who again screamed with terror as the tossing planks almost submerged her in the current. Mr. Bunn had not grown up beside a river without knowing how to swim. In fact, Little Wolf—in some of its sequestered nooks—had been his bath-room for many a summer. His shoes and coat being already off, he plunged down from the window and struck out for the red cloak like a hero. The current was bearing the fragment of bridge straight toward him, but the planks were separating and the child was about to sink as he reached her. She made a frantic clutch at his neck, but he held her off with one hand and swam as best he could back to the house, which seemed the nearest landing-point.

Mrs. Bunn had, with practical promptness, tied two sheets together and let them down from the window. Mr. Bunn, steadying himself upon a floating timber, fastened the sheet about the waist of the half drowned child, and any number of hands pulled her up and lifted her through the window.

"Now I'm in the water," shouted Mr. Bunn, "I may as well swim ashore and see where we are. Keep up your spirits, my jewels, there's the shore just a bit beyond the house."

Mrs. Bunn leaned from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that he had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little dripping mite who sat on the floor in the midst of the small Bunns, crying convulsively. Mrs. Bunn took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in blankets, warm from the trundle bed, and soothed her with many a pitying word. For awhile the child could only sob and gasp in her attempts to speak, but finally she made known the fact that her poor little lambs were down in the lower pasture, and she had been out to see if they were all safe, and her papa had told her not to go on the bridge, and she had been naughty and disobeyed him, and the bridge broke up all in a minute—and—and—and then the sobs burst forth afresh. She was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable, before voices were heard shoreward, and soon a brisk hammering began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them, because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"O, I can hear papa!" exclaimed the blanketed girl, after she had listened a moment. "Papa, here I am!" she called at at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice.

It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out and brought beneath the window. The man in the army coat was then recognized and received with a little shout. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were overflowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly crazy. Drop her right down," and he held up his strong arms. "I've sent my man back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"O, Papa, I'll never, never, never, *never* disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, as they bundled her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was carefully dropped into the upreaching arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but Pa has saved somebody else."

Then there was a great dressing and brushing, and a great washing and polishing of faces and hands; for plenty of water could be dipped up with a pitcher and the knotted sheets, and the family were all in readiness when the raft arrived under the window again.

But such a large family could not be shipped all at once. Mrs. Bunn let Kitty and Baby Bunn, and two other small boys, go ashore first; then Annie and Tom, carefully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and finally Mrs. Bunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

They filled the farm-wagon quite full; and the horses, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made Baby Bunn's cheeks shake like two bowls of jelly, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shone radiantly; there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hillsides came the plaintive bleat of little lambs; and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trillium-trillium-tree" of the robin from his topmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Bunn. "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday."

At the farmhouse a great breakfast was in waiting for them; and Kitty, who had been kissed and cried over, and given some very hot drinks by her mother, was lying snugly tucked up in bed in a room opening off the kitchen, and the door had been left open, that she might enjoy the view of the big table and the big family that were to gather around it.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh-boiled eggs and the delicious cream toast, while Mr. Bunn and the little boys accepted everything, from the broiled ham and cold baked beans to griddle-cakes and doughnuts.

As for Mrs. Bunn, the dear old associations of early days so crowded upon her she could hardly taste anything.

"This is the way people can live in the country," she whispered to Nelly, and shuddered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farmhouse for two weeks. Mr. Bunn and Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her tenderly, and took good care of Dicky, while the other children lived at large in the fields, the big barn and the large kitchen-garret, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now sweet and leafy in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile he stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two kingly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a new, large kitchen, Mr. Thompson explained. Down at the foot of the grassy slope ran a sparkling, pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road on which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"It is a right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the shady little porch and up to the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it must be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location, because it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Mine?" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment. Were the fever-dreams still buzzing in her head?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you recognize your own house? All we did to it was to haul it up here from the river and give it a little paint and a little whitewash, and so forth. Your man said you was fond of trees, and so we set the house by these elms. Your man's around there a work on the kitchen now—it'll be finished in a day or two—and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech; and we've picked out a nice, gentle cow for a present to your Nelly; and—well, it's a small enough return for what your man did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand yonder," and Mr. Thompson drew on his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All—the land—the cow—ours?" Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say that there's a first-rate school just over the hill there, for your youngsters. But you mustn't talk much, Mrs. Bunn, and you mustn't get flustered—just after a fever, so. We'll drive 'round home now, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house tomorrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able the next day to look the house over. And she discovered what Mr. Thompson's "and so forth" meant. It meant substantial new furniture for all the rooms, pretty shades for the windows, a big handsome new stove for the new kitchen, and a whole pantry full of grocery supplies and crockery.

"O, its all too much—too much!" cried Mrs. Bunn, sinking down into the new rocking chair.

"O, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been smilingly watching her surprised and happy face. "We value our Kitty's life at a great deal more than this. Indeed we do!"—*Emily H. Leland, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE ART OF EMBALMING.

The Modern Process Inferior to That Used in Ancient Egypt, but Gaining in Favor.

Two men sat silent in a handsomely furnished store on a leading New York thoroughfare. A small portion of the furniture and ornaments pertained to the living, the remainder to the dead. It was an undertaker's establishment, and the younger but more solemn person was a professional embalmer. In answer to the reporter's questions he said:

"General Grant's embalming was work of the finest kind—something to be proud of. It was done by the leader of our profession, and with the best materials in the market. There are many mortuary directors who profess to be embalmors, and who know a smattering of the art; but they are unworthy of the name. Real embalmers are few in number, there not being more than ten in the entire country. To be one an undertaker must have a sufficient knowledge of surgery, medicine and chemistry, and must also have considerable artistic sense. This makes a rare combination.

"The chief element in embalming consists in removing a large portion of blood from the body and substituting therefor some powerful antiseptic fluid. Many experiments have been made in respect to these liquids. I can hardly recall how many preparations have been tried. Brine, salicylic acid, diluted creosote, solutions of sulphate of zinc, and the iodide and chloride of that metal. You see, the fluid used must be nearly colorless, or else verging on blood color, and must not cause discoloration. This precludes the use of salts of copper, iron, manganese and chromium, and also compounds of sulphur.

"A solution of chloride of zinc was at one time in vogue, but in several instances it produced a ghastly bluish tinge, and so went entirely out of fashion. The so-called Egyptian fluid was a standard preparation for years. It was so named by its manufacturer, who claimed it was the same liquid as was used in preparing the mummies of Egypt. It was improved upon, however, by some American chemists, who now have a practical monopoly in supplying embalmers with the fluid. Their manufacture is styled the Oriental fluid, and is made in Boston.

"In embalming, a large vein and large artery are opened, and a small force-pump, connected with a vessel containing the antiseptic fluid, is applied. The process requires from two to four hours. The natural movement of the circulation is followed. As the fluid enters the vessels the blood is forced out. The longer the time the better the result. A short time enables the operator to remove the blood from only the larger vessels. In a longer period the fluid passes from the larger to the smaller vessels and into the capillaries. This distends the skin and produces a lifelike appearance.

"The cost of the process is from $15 upward. Embalming grows more common every year. In the past thirty months our establishment has embalmed about two hundred subjects. We are still behind the ancients in our work. In the main, a subject well treated lasts three years. This is a fair average. It would be larger if it were not for occasional cases in which the antiseptic liquids seem to lose their efficiency. There is, however, a distinguished chemist in Italy who claims to petrify a subject by using some silicate preparation. Though I have not seen the process employed, yet I have been shown specimens which resembled petrifications.

"A second duty of the embalmer is the same as that of an undertaker, to make the subject as life-like and natural as possible. There is a division in the profession at this point. Some endeavor by art to restore almost all the characteristics of life; others merely endeavor to remove the disagreeable insignia of death. As for myself I think it proper to conceal the marks of wounds, accidents, or disease. No art can take away the horror of death. Its excess makes death the more terrible by contrast.

"The embalmer runs the risk of disease and blood-poisoning. A subject once preserved and treated is innocuous, but in the process the germs of the disease from which he died are expelled in vast numbers in the blood. The operator in such cases always runs the risk of contagion and infection. Blood-poisoning is as apt to occur to the embalmer as to the surgeon. The danger in all these cases, however, can be guarded against. Those who are attacked are nine times out of ten ignorant funeral directors, who call themselves embalmers when they are not."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A man will never reach the top of the ladder if he carries a brick in his hat.—*Whitehall Times.*

WAR TIME EXPEDIENTS.

Some Facts Illustrating the Proverb that "Necessity Is the Mother of Invention"—Life in the South During the War.

Perhaps, taking everything into consideration, no portion of the Confederacy "during our late unpleasantness" was so destitute of the necessaries of life as that portion lying on the Southern sea board and forming part of the States of Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. The great industries of these States, that is, that portion situated as explained above, was timber, lumber, resin, tar, pitch and turpentine. The soil is not favorable, except in favored spots, for cultivation. Consisting of vast level flats, the top soil of loam is very thin, while immediately beneath it is a heavy pipe clay, while the only vegetation that seems to thrive are the great forests of pine. These, skirting the Gulf of Mexico, following the coast-line for several hundred miles, and with a breadth ranging from one to two hundred miles, form the well-known pine meadows, destined in years to come to be a prolific source of wealth to the South. Perhaps with us, who resided in this portion of the Confederacy, the first necessity, after the small supply on hand was exhausted, was salt. This was a need soon felt, and it is unnecessary to add that a pound of it soon became very precious. Old brine that had done duty until it could be used no longer was boiled down until every particle of saline matter was extracted from it, and the salt thus obtained was again in its turn used in the same manner. As the supply became scarcer and scarcer, the next method, or rather recourse, was to dig up the smoke-house and to filter water through the earth thus obtained, this in turn being subjected to the usual process of boiling in order to obtain the precious condiment. So scarce did it become as the war wore on, that when a beeve was killed, instead of salting down in barrels as at first, it became more economical to cut the flesh into thin strips and dry it in the sun. It must be confessed that beef treated in this manner is more palatable than most persons would imagine. They who lived near the coast fared somewhat better, for taking the boilers from the various saw-mills, they separated the shells from the flues, and splitting them into equal halves, a strong head of wood was fitted into the ends and thus treated they were placed over a furnace and filled with the salt water from the Gulf. Of course the business had its reverses, for sometimes the blockading squadron, attracted by the smoke, would move up and with a few shells completely demolish the salt works. The salt kettles, being made of old boilers, were too heavy for the enemy to carry off, and as no damage beyond knocking out the wooden heads could be inflicted, the salt manufacturers would, with indefatigable energy when the hostile fleet removed to a safe distance, gather up the debris, make a few repairs and recommence boiling.

The ingenuity of the people was to replace the various articles of clothing and the different domestic luxuries. Old dressess, old coats were turned and made over, remodeled and cut down. The writer remembers well what a pang of envy was awakened within his bosom going to a ball one night to find that the attentions of the fair ones were all bestowed on an acquaintance who made his advent that evening in a bright, spick, span new pair of pantaloons, made of new ticking, with broad, blue stripes, cut bias.

Perhaps the easiest problem for us to solve amid our various troubles was that of making hats. Fortunately the supply of palmetto in our Southern swamps is in a manner speaking inexhaustible, and from this source we were soon compelled by the course of events to draw our supply of hats. We soon learned to improve upon the first rude models, and when the war was brought to a close some of the ladies, especially, had acquired taste and proficiency. The palmetto hats they made would not have reflected discredit upon a fashionable hatter. The heart of the palmetto is generally selected as being still held together, and not being sprouted out and unfolded into the fan-shaped leaf so familiar to travelers in the South. While in this condition the folds lie one upon another, and are perfectly white and pliable. After being severed from the main trunk it is opened out and hung in the shade to dry. About a week's drying suffices to prepare it for use. It is now separated, each fold from the other, and cut into convenient lengths, then divided into little strips about an eighth of an inch in width, and these in turn plaited or braided together into one continuous braid until of sufficient length to make the hat. The hat itself was always commenced from the center of the crown by sewing the braid together in slightly overlapping circles. The rim, as a finishing touch, was generally bound with a braid.

Keenly felt was the need of ammunition. Owing to the stringency of the blockade it soon became almost impossible to obtain either powder or lead. The latter was the first to give out, and in order to supply this need all the machinery was taken apart and all the old boxes, fillings, etc., were put to a new use—converted into shot. As there were no shot towers the favorite method was to climb the tallest tree one could find, melt the lead as well as we could in the top and let the liquid metal drop into a tub of cold water beneath. The result thus obtained would scarcely have awakened envy on the part of some of our modern shot manufacturers, but in the language of an old "moss-back" who was compelled to resort to this expedient, "it beat nothing all holler."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An admirable potato pudding: First boil two pounds of white potatoes, then peel and beat them in a mortar, small as not to be discovered what they are; then take a pound of butter and mix it with the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of three; beat them very well and mix in a pint of cream and half a pint of milk, a pound of refined sugar with a little salt and spice; bake it.—*The Household.*

—Mrs. Oscar Wilde has two babies to look after now—the new boy infant and the one she married.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The report of the South African Postmaster General for the year 1884 shows that the weight of diamonds which passed through the postoffice during that year was 1,811 pounds, eight ounces.

—It is said that no man ever made an impromptu speech with which he was entirely satisfied. The best way to make an impromptu speech, and not feel bad about it afterward, is to get somebody to do it for you.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Some idea of the immigration to Texas from the older Southern States since the war, says the Laredo *Times*, may be had from the notices of reunions of Alabama brigades, Georgia regiments, Virginia "Black Horse," etc., in various portions of Texas.

—"Lenses of rock crystal taken from the ruins of Nineveh," said a member at the meeting of the microscopists, in Cleveland, the other day, "suggests that microscopes may have been used in those days." No one knows, indeed, who did invent the magnifying glass.

—Some of the soil in Manitoba, analyzed, showed that the only element of fertility threatening to become deficient was lime. The proportion of nitrogen was greater than in the best English pasture soils, and potash and phosphoric acid were abundant. Magnesia was in large quantity, which is important in the raising of wheat.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Why is it that the traveler will get in a common Austrian or Bavarian gasthaus a better cup of "morning coffee" than he will find in the best hotels of New York or Boston? Is it that the "congregated plan" will not apply to coffee making—that is, you can not make coffee by the gallon for hundreds? Whatever be the reason this is the one great defect of the American hotel.—*N. Y. Times.*

—For some days past a band of gypsies have been encamped near Portland, and several of them have paid us brief visits. They say they have wandered all over the United States, the head of the family having come here some twelve years ago. A dark-browed leader of the band is a fortune teller. She says she met Queen Victoria in the Highlands of Scotland and told her fortune. She was asked if they regarded it as a high honor, and replied, "No, my people were great when her people were unknown, and then she only gave me a shilling.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—A boy was flying his kite on the commons near Cedar Avenue, east of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, Saturday morning. Some one was driving a herd of cows, and the cow in the lead got entangled in the kite string. Away she went and in the right direction to catch the wind. The kite soared aloft about fifteen feet above the cow, and the whole herd took after her. The boy did not want to lose his kite, and he with some men joined in pursuit. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme to observers.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

—It is a common mistake to regard the term negro as synonymous with Africa. The word negro does not denote a nation, but an ideal type constituted by the assemblage of certain physical characteristics exemplified in the natives of certain portions of Africa and their descendants in America and the West Indies. As a rule the prevalent color in Africa is that of the Arab, the Indian and the Australian. The true negro districts are the Senegal, the Gambia, the Niger and the intermediate rivers of the coast, parts of Sudania, Sennaar, Kardofan and Darfur.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The area of Chatham, on Cape Cod, which is quite popular as a summer resort, grows smaller every year, the onslaught of the ocean, when storms prevail, breaking away the bluff and washing the sandy cliff into the ocean. Where the main street of the village was twenty years ago, the surf of the Atlantic rolls. Several cottages of fishermen and villagers, situated near the bluff, have been undermined in years past, and several buildings have recently been abandoned as unsafe. The original fishing hamlet is rapidly going out to sea, and the old village will be entirely obliterated before long.—*Boston Budget.*

ICEBERGS.

Suggestions Looking to Protection Against Them.

Never were there so many icebergs in the Atlantic as during last May and June. These were found as far south as 39 degrees, and were in the line of the steamships that ply between Europe and America. Navigation, therefore, has been extra perilous, for the vapor of icebergs is foggy, and in the night there is no means of gauging how near they are to a ship. The City of Berlin, with 1,400 passengers, struck an iceberg in the night, but she was saved from destruction by her long bowsprit and prow, an unusual appendage to a newly built steam-vessel. Inventors have recently been at work to find means of protecting steamships from these collisions. Prof. Bell suggests that an echo might tell of the proximity of an iceberg, and commended the plan proposed by Mr. F. Della Torre, of Baltimore, for effecting this object. This was tested on Chespeake Bay. The apparatus consisted of a speaking-trumpet attached to the muzzle of a musket, from which blank cartridges were fired at passing vessels. The experiment so far succeeded that at a mile off river steamboats and passing schooners returned echoes at intervals proportionate to their distance. Another apparatus employs a bell for producing the sound, and a large open vessel received the echo. The sound in this case was conveyed to the officer of the deck by telephone. These and other inventions are being tested, and, if successful, they will greatly reduce the danger of iceberg collisions. Intense fogs and a lower temperature are now the only means of suggesting that a large icefield is near. Steamships now plow through the ocean at so rapid a pace that a collision with an iceberg would be certain destruction. There are other ocean perils, such as abandoned vessels, of which there are thousands afloat on the ocean, a collision with any one of which might sink a noble ship freighted with human lives.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A NEW WEATHER BUREAU.

A cyclone in the nursery
Sent Noah's ark a-flying;
It made the dolls turn pale with fear
And almost fall to crying.
It rent the house of jointed blocks
From turret to foundation,
And pulled poor Rover's tail until
He howled in desperation.

The cyclone in the corner stood
(Her other name is Florence);
Her face was overcast with clouds,
The tears rained down in torrents.
And looking in the door just then,
Her teasing brother Truro
Inquired, with feigned anxiety:
"Is this the weather bureau?"

"A weather bureau! What is that?"
She asked, and stopped to wonder.
"It tells about the storms," he said,
"Of wind and rain and thunder.
Hurrah! I'll get a flag and make
This room a signal station,
And you shall snow me every day
The weather indication."

"What's that?" inquired the puzzled child.
Again the tears had started.
"Hold on a minute; you shall see,"
Said True, and off he darted.
He waved a banner in his hand
A minute or two after;
It may have been enchanted, for
It turned her tears to laughter.

"This means no storms to-day," he said.
"Why, Flo, how did you know it?
Now, every time you smile like this,
The flag shall fly to show it.
I'll hang it by the picture here,
This one of the Madonna,
'Twill tell you're trying to be good,
Are trying upon honor.

Though out-of-doors 'tis cold and damp
From wind and rain together,
Sweet looks will change the dreariest day
To bright and pleasant weather.
But if you are a naughty girl
And fly into a passion,
The flag shall disappear at once
In a very hasty fashion."

A great improvement this has wrought
In temper and in manner,
For in the nursery still I see
A pretty blue silk banner.
And this I know, that earnestly
A little maid is trying
To be a sweet, good child and keep
Her signal flag a-flying.
—*Anna M. Pratt, in Golden Days.*

STORY OF A DOG.

How He Rescued a Child from Drowning and Kept at Bay Its Mother and Friends —Paul's Ingenious Plan.

On the margins of the beautiful winding streams and rivers of France washerwomen may often be seen at their work, presenting, under the leafy shade of the grand old trees, a very picturesque effect. No doubt you have seen pictures of these watering-places. They are furnished with a row of shallow, three-sided boxes, open toward the shore, and with the back resting on posts set in the water. Just below the surface of the water a smooth board slants downward, and the washerwoman, kneeling in the box, holds her piece of washing upon this slanting board with her left hand, while in her right she grasps a kind of paddle, with which she beats the linen, turning it again and again, until with the beating and the force of the running water it becomes entirely clean and white.

One summer day, many years ago, a washerwoman who was too fond a mother to leave her baby in any one else's care, brought it with her, and while at work, placed the child in the box where she was half kneeling, half sitting at her washing, and where she could occasionally bend down to fondle her darling baby. Suddenly, and without any warning, the child sprang from the mother's lap and slipped over the side of the washing-box into the bubbling river. The mother's shriek was echoed by the startled cries of the other washerwomen as the child was borne off by the current; and the poor mother was with difficulty restrained from leaping in after her child. At that moment, some one watching the tiny form perceived a dark object making its way from shore straight toward the drowning baby, still kept afloat by its clothing.

"A dog! it is a dog!" they cried. "See! he is swimming for the baby!"

The few seconds of suspense that followed seemed almost like hours. Then the watchers embraced the agonized mother, with words of cheer.

"He has her by the frock!" they cried. "See how he keeps the darling's head above the water! She is saved; yes, nearly saved!"

For a moment the strong animal buffeted with the strong current and then struck out bravely for the opposite shore. Then a new fear assailed the watchers, for that opposite shore was solitary and uninhabited; there were reports every season of prowling wolves that were seen there. What if this great creature were no dog, but a ferocious wolf that had saved the child only to devour it? And the dismayed women stepped before the weeping mother, so that she might not see the other shore.

The four-footed swimmer reached the land; he laid the rescued child on the ground, shook the water from his heavy coat and then—calmly stretched himself panting and watchful by the silent form.

A cry of relief came from the watchers, and with swift feet they hurried to the ferryman's hut, not far up the stream. They found the old ferryman sitting in his boat, mending a row-lock, and chatting with his nine-year-old grandson, little Paul Dericker, who was on a visit to his grandfather from his home near Peaolo, on the Rhine. As soon as he heard the story, the ferryman untied his boat and quickly landed the excited washerwomen on the opposite bank. First to spring ashore, little Paul darted to the spot where the baby lay, but was speedily back with the information that the child was alive, for he had seen it move its arms and kick up its little feet, but that the dog would not let him come near.

Here was a dilemma. The dog guarded his prize determinedly, rolling a pair of fiery eyeballs and snarling savagely at the intruders when they attempted to approach. In the intervals, he would lick the face and hands of the infant, now cooing contentedly, and would give it the most affectionate attention. But let one of the party advance a step, and it was the signal for him to turn on them and drive them back. No coaxing had the least effect; and when one of the women, remembering a lunch of bread and meat in her pocket, tried to win him with food, he scorned to look at it. Losing patience, the ferryman provided himself with a club, and thought to try what a show of force could do. This merely enraged the dog, who was more than a match even for an armed man. Very much in earnest, then, Paul's grandfather sent the boy to bring from the boat his duck gun, declaring that the dog must be shot.

Away flew Paul, while the women set up such a lamentation because of the necessity of killing the dog that had saved the baby from drowning, that the ferryman made them go some distance away, lest the dog, if only wounded, should spring upon them indiscriminately, at a time when he would have all he could do to defend himself. But the gun, too, was a failure. It was evident the dog understood a gun, but supposed that they intended to shoot the child; for he protected its body so closely with his own, that to fire at one would be to fire at both. Completely baffled, the old man threw the weapon on the ground.

"Hold! Grandpa!" cried Paul, at his elbow. "I know what I can do!" And the swift feet were off toward the ferry once more.

"He is going to try a lasso on the beast—the way he caught the pig that broke out of the pen yesterday," said grandfather to himself, and then he shouted, but too late to be heard: "Don't take the rope that ties the boat, Paul! Don't let the boat loose!"

The women, waiting in terror for the report of the musket, saw Paul run past, and thought of him no more until three minutes later, when a cry for help attracted their attention, and Paul was seen to fall headlong over the boat's stern into the deep water. As he rose to the surface he grasped the rudder with one hand, but long before help could arrive, his hold slipped and he disappeared. The old man, running as fast as his stiff limbs could carry him, reached the boat at the same time as the women; but he was less frightened than they.

"Why—that chap can swim—like a duck," were his words, as he caught his breath. "He drown ng?—I wouldn't—wouldn't have believed it!"

"He was frightened by the accident," some one remarked, while the old man worked at a disadvantage in getting off the boat, as he kept his eyes turned on the water.

"There! away yonder! so far down—oh!" came the cries from the shore, as the women, shielding their eyes from the sun with their hands, caught sight of the lad's head and shoulders above the surface, nearly opposite the point where the child had been landed. All felt that he was drowning, but none dared say so to the fond old grandfather. In the same breath Paul gave one last, long, piercing cry, and sank gradually amid the curling waves.

That call had an instant effect. True to his life-saving instincts, the great dog leaped into the river again, and swimming to the boy, drew him, heavier burden than the baby, slowly ashore at the spot where the baby had lain. But the baby lay there no longer; for its mother, whom the shriek of distress had also aroused, had snatched it up, as the dog left it, and borne it away in joy and triumph. And as soon as Paul was on land, he stood up and hailed the boat, swinging his arms and shouting:

"All right, Grandpa. Carry over the womenfolks, and when I'm ready presently, I'll walk across."

He broke into a laugh that startled the echoes, the merriest laugh, those who heard it said, that ever fell on their ears.

"The young rascal," cried the grandfather, gayly, while a tear of gratitude stole down his bronzed cheek, "to frighten and fool us so!"

"But how fine for him to have fooled the dog!" said the women.

The dog did not appear to take the loss of his former prize to heart, as he had now secured a larger and better. In a little while the boat was seen approaching. Paul stood up on his feet, patting the rather astonished dog upon the head, and the pair trotted along shore to meet the ferryman.

"We were just going to swim across for sport—can't we, Grandpa?" cried Paul.

But his grandfather thought there had been enough of that kind of sport for one day, and so the boy and his new playmate crossed in the boat.

Some hours later a sportsman appeared at the ferry, inquiring for a dog answering the description of the one that now, hearing his master's voice, came rushing out of the ferryman's cottage. Both were glad to meet again, and the sportsman, when he had heard the story, expressed his delight that his noble runaway had so well employed his time.—*Lavinia S. Goodwin, in St. Nicholas.*

How Princes Make Love.

How Princes make love is told in the "Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine," which have just appeared in Paris. When the Czar Nicholas was eighteen years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection. On the evening before his departure he sat next to the Princess at dinner. "I shall leave to-morrow," he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered: "We shall all be sorry that you leave us so soon. Can not your departure be delayed?" "That depends on you." "How so?" asked the Princess. The Prince now declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it toward his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who had received it of the Empress of Russia. And in taking it off to give to the Prince she read for the first time on the inside the inscription: "Empress of Russia."

—A leading model has a set of cuff and shirt studs made of Chinese finger-nails, set in gold. He points with pride at his exclusive possessions, which are made of a Chinaman's finger nail which was four inches long when cut. The nail in the studs presents a shiny appearance and is susceptible to changes in the weather. Their owner claims that they were successfully used by him as a weather barometer when he first got them, but their usefulness in this direction has been lost through age.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Table scraps are better food for poultry than for pigs.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A light dusting of salt sown on buckwheat is said to largely increase the productiveness of its grain, making it fill well even in dry weather.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If farmers who would like to sow orchard grass, but are deterred from its habit of growing in tufts, would remember that the seed weighs only fourteen pounds to the measured bushel the reflection would come that not less than two bushels per acre should be sown. Blue-grass and red-top also weigh each fourteen pounds per bushel, and when exclusive seeding is practiced not less than three bushels per acre should be given.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Soda biscuit: Sift into one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; half teaspoonful of salt; add to it four tablespoonfuls of thick cream or (if you have not cream) one tablespoonful of lard, and the same of butter; cup and a half of sweet milk; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk; work well together; mould into biscuit with the hands. Do not let them touch when in the baking tin; bake in a quick oven.—*Boston Budget.*

—The following mixture forms an excellent brown coating for protecting iron and steel from rust: Dissolve two parts of crystalized iron chloride, two of antimony chloride and one of tannin in four of water and apply with a sponge or rag and let dry. Then another coat of the paint is applied and again another, if necessary, until the color becomes as dark as desired. When dry it is washed with water, allowed to dry again, and the surface polished with boiled linseed oil. The antimony chloride must be as nearly neutral as possible.—*Albany Journal.*

—The *Farmers' Magazine* says the best method of ridding the ground of cut-worms is to plow late in the fall, turning the earth up deep. Do not harrow it, but leave it in the rough condition. The frost will penetrate the soil and kill the worms. Should, however, the plowing be done too soon, the worms will have time to seek protection lower down, and the plowing therefore should be done as late as possible, for fear that some of the worms may escape. Plow the field again in the spring, but as early as possible, and the work of extermination will be complete.

—Glazed Cucumbers: Cut the cucumbers into quarters, split them in the middle, remove their seeds; peel them, let them blanch for a few minutes; then range them in a stewpan, spread with slices of raw ham; moisten them with a little gravy; let them boil, letting the moisture reduce to glaze; then dish them up. Dilute the stock of the stewpan with a little white wine, let it boil, thicken it with a little kneaded butter; pass the sauce, through a sieve, over the cucumbers. Glazed cucumbers may be masked with bechamel sauce, white sauce, brown sauce, and even with tomato sauce.—*Boston Globe.*

INDIAN CORN.

A Cereal Which Emphasizes the Hope and Hardihood of the New World.

Our ntaional escutcheon displays an eagle. Now, if it were required to choose an emblem from the vegetable kingdom to bespeak the hope and hardihood of the new world, where would the selection fall? The plant to be promoted to the place of honor must possess the virtue of accommodation, growing readily north, south, east and west; be notable for its fruitfulness; a right-hand reliance of the pioneer; above all, it must be an immemorial occupant of the soil. The western continent has produced the potato, the pumpkin, and the tobacco plant; also maize. The first, prone in its ways, and fruiting subterraneously, would do wrong to our national genius; the second a golden braggart, with its earth-embracing habits—afar be its suggestion! The third would but conjure up a vision of Columbia, lapped in nicotian haze and vagaries, inviting the nations to smoke with her! There remains only the maize, and how can we do better than to adopt as our armorial device the Indian's own plant? No other species in the list of cultivated cereals appears to such good advantage in the isolated individual. A single full-grown plant of Indian corn, though but a fleeting, annual growth, possesses presence and dignity no less than does the oak itself. It stands erect, poises sufficient, its green blades sweeping right and left in the curve of beauty, and ready at the wind's excitation to engage in a mock battle of scythes with its neighbors.

First the blade. It must be an eye indifferent to contrast in color that will not take distinct delight in those little pennons of sunshiny green, fluttering above the rich umber of the soil, and signaling the welcome intelligence, "Corn is up." Every stage of its growth, as in the life of some lovely child, is interesting and repays attention, from the time when its blades, clasping the stalk, first form chalices to hold the rain, to its midsummer pride of two-fold flowerage, yellow or brownish tassel above and flowing silk below. What strides of growth it makes from evening to the next day's light! A sly, silent bacchanal, it gets drunk upon the dew every blessed night. By and by, it is seen standing on tiptoe; toes white, or, sometimes, prettily roseate. (The farmer, I am bound to say, sees only "brace-roots," the botanist only "aerial roots," extending from the first joint of the stalk downward until they fasten themselves in the soil; yet it will be evident to one who makes corn a sympathetic study that it stands a tiptoe out of pure good spirits and valiance.) Its leaf, closely scanned, shows, not one uniform green, but streakings of paler and deeper color. Hold the blade between you and the light, and you will see on each side of the strong, straight midribs an equal number of lucid hair-line channelings. The upper surface is roughish, being set with minute hairs; the under surface is of a cool smoothness. A day of "ninety in the shade" tells upon the leaves, causing them to curl their margins upward, as though to shut out the glare of the sun; but the night does not fail to bring restoration.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

—Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms, and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A BROOKLYN lady now calls her pet cat "Stolen" instead of Helen.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, ulcers, obstructions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental, and organic debility, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of prostate gland, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendance, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAJOR-GENERAL PLUME is the commander of the New Jersey soldiers. It is very appropriate to have a plume at the head.—*Texas Siftings.*

Drowsiness in the Day-time

unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it be accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

ONE difference between a sailor and a showman is, that a sailor likes a lighthouse and a showman does not.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

IT is reported that female dentists are gaining ground in Germany. They seem to be taking root in this country.—*Oil City Derrick.*

I WAS a great sufferer from rheumatism. As a last resort I tried Athlophoros, and after a few doses felt almost immediate relief. I used two bottles and am entirely well of my rheumatism. Mrs. Margaret Ingham, 634 East Exchange St., Akron, O.

WHEN a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the b'ar.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

"GOOD gracious," said the hen, when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

WHEN all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

THE inventor of a flying machine, if he doesn't soar very high, has the satisfaction of being sore when he drops.

"AS GOOD as represented," is what everybody says of Frazer's Axle Grease.

PORCELAIN finger-rings are the latest fashion. They are probably intended for China-wear.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHEN a woman wants to make complete change of front she leaves off her bangs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

LOVE'S sacrifice—taking the small plate of ice-cream.—*Boston Post.*

TRAVELERS that beat their way—John Sullivan's two wrists.—*Chicago Tribune.*

POLICEMAN ADDIS, of Philadelphia, recently tried to arrest a rough who fired on him, but the ball was stopped by a suspender button. This little incident shows that Policeman Addis has a noble wife, otherwise his suspender would have been fastened by an old shingle nail or wooden toothpick.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE height of impudence—taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella store.

A WISE sausage dealer never uses the semi-profane expression, "Dog gone!"

A PITTSBURGH man has been fined fifty dollars for keeping a cow. The cow belonged to a neighbor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A POLITE way of dunning a delinquent is to send him a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

A VASSAR graduate being out in the country, went into the stable of a farmhouse. "Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked. "Yes, mum; but we have to do that." "Why so?" "So they will give condensed milk."—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is hard to tell at what age man loses his faith in circus bills.—*Whitehall Times.*

MY son, if anybody smokes the filthy weed, don't chew.—*Chicago Sun.*

THE character of the Chinamen is apt to be wish-ha-washy.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PATRIOTISM with the small boy is a matter of fire-crackers, rockets and so Fourth.—*Judge.*

BANANA beer is drank by the natives of equatorial Africa as a preventive of fever. If banana beer will throw a man as unceremoniously as the banana skin, a man's health is safer with the fever.—*Norristown Herald.*

CATARRH
SUMMER
COLDS IN HEAD
AND HAY FEVER.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price fifty cents; of druggists.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 456 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Frightful Case of a Colored Man.

I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated with the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen and full of pain. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought it would be a good time to test the virtues of Swift's Specific. I improved from the very first dose. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the first of October, 1884, I was a well man again. LEM McCLENDON.

Lem McClendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statements to be true. W. B. CROSBY, Manager Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.
Atlanta, Ga., April 15, 1885.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

Many Years

Mr. R. Foster, 326 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana, suffered from Neuralgia and found no relief till he used ATHLOPHOROS, then in one day's time the pain was half gone. It will give prompt relief in all cases of Neuralgia. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

BAND UNIFORMS! Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of BAND AND DRUM CORPS UNIFORMS. 30 colored fashion plates. Illustrations and prices of Hats, Helmets, Caps, Pouches, Belts, Drum Major Outfits, Pompons, Plumes, Epaulettes, Shoulder Knots, Gold Cord and Lace, Buttons, Ornaments, Band and Presentation Flags and Banners, Cap Lamps, etc. Mailed free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago

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WANTED For the best-selling publication in the United States. It is well established, and pays a very liberal salary, with a chance for competing for several Premiums worth from $25 to $200. For full particulars address
P. O. BOX 497, CHICAGO, ILL.

Established FAY'S 1866.
MANILLA ROOFING!
Resembles fine leather; for ROOFS, OUTSIDE WALLS, and INSIDE in place of Plaster. Very strong and durable. CARPETS and RUGS of same material. Catalogue with testimonials and samples, Free. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.
Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75. per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE. Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

Beautiful RED on Cotton Turkish Rubrum. Samples free to every person sending address to L. T. WHITE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

A Clear Skin

is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

TRAVELERS should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists,

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; $1 a bottle.

Dr. Radway's Pills,

For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cts.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, N. Y.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp

JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE.
Made in Button, Congress and Lace. *Best Calf Skin*, Unexcelled in *Durability, Comfort and Appearance.* A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory.
J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Cut; that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

RUGS MADE IN A DAY
Delightful employment. Easy and profitable. No Hooking, Knitting, Braiding, or Weaving. Use any kind of cloth (new or old), rags or yarn. A handsome Turkish Rug made with 25 cts. worth of carpet waste. THE PEARL RUG MAKER can be used on all sewing machines, or by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at sight. Price $1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory. JNO. C. HOTT & CO., 218 State St., Chicago.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE.
Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.
VESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS. TO SQ. INCH

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EDUCATIONAL.

Palm's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $10. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL COLLEGE of Cleveland, O. For announcements address G. J. JONES, M. D., Registrar, 91 Public Sq., Cleveland, O.

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or acquire Spencerian Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting, SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleveland, Ohio.

Facts for Farmers.

Now that harvesting is over remove the knives from the mowers and reapers, to avoid accidents, and see that all machinery used is properly oiled and stored in a dry place.

Crushed oats make the best feed for horses. Old horses cannot easily masticate whole grain, and the crushing of the oats consequently adds 25 percent to their value.

Between 1842 and 1860 England lost from contagious lung plague, it is estimated, 5,558,780 head of cattle, worth $400,000,000. During the following nine years she lost about $1,000,000 more.

Currant and gooseberry cuttings from new shoots, placed in rich soil, will now root nicely. One inch and one bud are enough to leave above ground, with four or five inches below.

If trees are growing too vigorously and are sending out too many or too long branches, lop them off now. If cleanly done no harm will follow. But cut smoothly; don't tear or twist them off.

Have your pigs and hogs access to plenty of fresh water? If not, provide it as soon as possible. Good, pure, fresh water is as essential to healthy development in the hog as in the cow or horse.

Every farmer should endeavor to keep down weeds, not only for his own benefit, but also in order to prevent injury to his neighbors. Compulsory clearing of weeds would soon lessen the nuisance,

All the extra care of the colts now will be handsomely repaid in the early developing of the young horse, and the better horse it will make gives a better return in ready cash for the extra feed and care of the colts.

In Northern Ohio droughts are much less frequent now under a system of mixed husbandry than they were twenty or thirty years ago under a system of pasture, meadow and dairying under old-fashioned methods.

Every man who breeds and handles improved stock should consider it necessary part of his business to keep himself well informed in matters of pedigree and the method of keeping private records of his own work.

Mr. William Stewart, of South Dumfries, Canada, has concluded to try the experiment of introducing the prairie chicken on his farm. With this object he has ordered eggs for hatching from the West. The experiment will be watched with much interest.

Farmers cannot be too guarded in the isolation and protection of their hogs. Disease is here, there and nearly everywhere, and a little carelessness may be the means of losing an entire herd, whilst with ordinary care the disease may possibly be entirely avoided.

How Grant Stiffened up an Aide.

An old army officer told me to-day how Gen. Grant revived the flagging courage of one of his staff officers. The latter, when he was first assigned to duty under Grant, had never been in any serious engagement. Almost the first day that he reported to Grant he was placed under a fire of the hottest and most severe kind. The screaming of the balls, the roaring of the cannon, and the sharp crack and rattle of the musketry thoroughly demoralized him. He became absolutely sick and paralyzed with fear. He was so weak from nervous excitement that he lost physical control over himself. Grant came up at the very climax of his fright, and noticing his pale face, his blue lips, and chattering teeth, he said: "Captain, you are frightened. This is natural enough. You will get over it." Suppose, continued Grant, "I should come to you with a hat containing ninety-nine white beans and one black one, and I should ask you to thrust your hand into the hat at a venture and pick out the black bean; do you think your chance of getting that black bean would be very good? Well, your chance for being hit under this fire is no greater than your chance for drawing the black bean." This officer at once took heart, and from then on he never showed the slightest sign of fear.—*N. Y. World.*

A Pathetic Incident.

The Greenville *Banner* tells the following pathetic story of how Conductor Frazier, of the International and Great Northern Railroad, tried to fight off death a few hours in order that he might see his wife once more. He had been shot by a tramp, and had been taken to Tyler, Tex., in a dying condition:

"Help me to fight back this cruel death, boys, until my wife gets here," said the dying man, cheerily. The doctors had already told him he could live but a few hours. With a calm courage he heard the verdict, and called all of his wonderful force to his aid in the struggle to live until his wife arrived. "Tell me exciting stories," he said to the boys around his bed, "for I must make this run till she comes!" And the boys did laugh and tell big stories, poor fellows, when their stout hearts were filled with regret. The hours sped rapidly by; the merry voice of the conductor grew fainter and fainter, but his courage never faltered. A telegram from his wife in answer to one sent her some hours before was brought into the room and read. She was coming on a special train, the road was cleared for her passage, and with lightning speed her train was annihilating distance. What a race! A young woman in the full flush of love and a new life, pitted against the king of terrors. The news nerved Frazier for a moment, and his efforts to keep up were renewed. A little later another telegram. "Old boy!" whispered a brakeman, "she will be here in an hour." Good God! But one short hour to wait—to live! "Turn me over, boys," he said. It was done. He whispered to an attendant: "Charley, I cannot run on this schedule—good-bye!" He was dead in an instant. Just thirty-one minutes later a beautiful young woman bent over the prostrate form, and, finding no life there, broke out in one of those wild wails which tell all too well that hope in life is done.

Boys, here is an alphabet of excellent counsel, by following which the great Baron Rothchild made himself famous and rich:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well; then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
'Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right.
And success is certain.

—*Farm Journal.*

To Avoid Colds.

The result of closing the pores of the skin is various, according to the direction the shock takes, and this is always to the weakest part. In the little child it is to the throat, and there is croup or diphtheria; to the adult it is to the head, giving catarrh in the head or running of the nose; to the lungs, giving a bad cold, or, if very violent, causing pneumonia or inflamation of the lungs themselves; or pleurisy, inflammation of the covering of the lungs; to the bowels, causing profuse and sudden diarrhœa, or to the covering of the bowels, inducing that rapid and often fatal malady known as peritoneal inflammation; if the current is determined to the liver there is obstinate constipation, or bilious fever, or sick headache. Hence, a cold is known by a cough, when perspiration is driven inward, and is directed to the lungs; by pleurisy, when to the lining of the lung; by a sick headache or bilious fever, when to the liver, etc.; diarrhœa or constipation, when to the bowels and liver.

To avoid bad colds, it is only necessary to avoid closing the pores of the skin, either rapidly, by checking perspiration, or slowly, by remaining still until the body is thoroughly chilled—that is, until the pores are nearly or entirely closed by inaction in a cold atmosphere or room. In the matter of health, these suggestions are of incalculable importance. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Pitch-Pine Industry.

"M. Quad's" Georgia Letter.

That curious industry—the extracting of oil and turpentine from pine by distillation—is represented in Augusta. Five cords of fat pine are used in the kiln or oven at a single charge. This charge is smothered, the same as if intended for charcoal. The first result is a quality of turpentine as clear as crystal. The second is turpentine oil, pure and unadulterated. The third is a liquid resembling tar, but much thinner, and having a pleasant odor. Three or four drops of this on a bit of sugar will cure an ordinary sore throat in an hour, and instantly relieve hoarseness and tickling in the throat. It is largely used south for man and beast, and most people regard it as a sure cure for everything except a broken neck. The fourth result is a mixture largely used by gravel-roofers, and to some extent by painters. It is not only water-proof, but a great preservative. The fifth and last result is a mass of the clearest and purest charcoal which can be produced in any known manner. The cost of operating these work is very slight, while there is a steadily increasing demand for the products at a fair profit.

After a sea diet, to prevent boils and eruptions, and assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Diabetes Cured.

New Orleans Picayune, Jan. 20, 1884.

Mr. Mathias Doll, business place No. 23 North Peters street, residence Royal street, between Jeanne and Bartholomew, New Orleans, has been a most intense sufferer from kidney trouble (diabetes) for the last six long and weary years. He said to us: "Even earlier than that I frequently suffered from pain in the back, and frequent making of water, but gave it no thought until about the time stated, when the almost constant desire to make water became unendurable. The pain in the back, and sometimes in the legs, made me so lame at times that I could scarcely walk. I consulted one of the best doctors in this city, and was under his constant treatment for one entire year without deriving the least benefit. I then consulted from time to time, during the last five or six years, six other physicians, each one standing in the front rank of the medical profession in New Orleans, and though I sometimes was a little relieved of some excruciating suffering, yet upon the whole I was not only no better, but in many respects much worse. My limbs became so swollen and sore that I could not cross my legs when sitting on a chair—all of which, they said, was caused by diabetes. I then tried some highly lauded patent medicine. But they all turned out to be humbugs. I had given up all hopes of ever getting relief, much less being cured, when I noticed in the papers some wonderful cures that PERUNA had made in this city, as prescribed by Dr. Hartman, giving the name and address of each person treated. I called to see him; he at once prescribed his PERUNA, which is not over three weeks ago. I am so much better that if I would not improve any more, I would not for any amount that I had not placed myself under his treatment. All my pain and lameness is gone. The swelling and stiffness in my legs has disappeared, and instead of making water every fifteen minutes, I now make it once in three hours during the day, and only twice in a whole night. I am, indeed, quite well again. Don't hesitate, don't say humbug, but get the PERUNA at once and take it as its printed label directs, or, if you think this is only an advertisement, and not strictly true, call and see me and see for yourself."

Mrs. Huldah Riple, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, & CO., Columbus, O. I have used your PERUNA and it has done me a great deal of good. Have recommended it to many of my friends, who have since expressed themselves as wonderfully pleased with its virtues."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.

Oakland, Md., June 30th, 1885.—tf.

FOR REMT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.

37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

July 23d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under The Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED

Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,

6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

GO TO

H. WEBER'S,

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABLES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Bouquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address

H. WEBER,

P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.

Jan. 3, 85, tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.19 A. M.
No. 1	12.27 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M.
No. 81	4.35 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.11 A. M.
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	9.33 P. M.
No. 14	5.56 P. M.
No. 84	9.15 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH AND MANHOOD

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY,

In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY Decay, and numerous obscure diseases and infirmities, the child of physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or overbrain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that has CURED THOUSANDS, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored, the alienating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS
1009 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for form of our Appliance. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class *cuisine*. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be finer than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, *Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.*

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.

Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to

J. O. MICHAEL,

1 26 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, will offer at private sale my farm containing 166 acres, known as part of the Elk Plain Survey, with a house and other out-buildings; about 50 acres improved, well fenced and watered with good springs, all in good order, with a young apple orchard of one hundred trees; 50 are bearing trees of choice fruit. Also a fine grove of sprace, hemlock, beech, birch and sugar trees, situated 2 miles from the W. Va., C. & P. Railroad, and 11 miles south of Oakland and 3 miles south of N. W. Pike.

For further particulars call and inquire of the owner on the premises.

NICHOLAS RINKER,

5 23 2m Garrett county, Md.

SWAN MEADOWS,

Situated about five miles from Oakland and Mountain Lake Park on Cherry Creek, near the head tributaries of the Yough river.

The Best Trout Fishing and Hunting Grounds in Garrett County.

Will be open for visitors June 15, 1885.

Livery stable attached, vehicles for hunting and fishing excursions, daily hack to Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, and parties met at any train; daily mail, and accommodations for riding or driving parties, picnic grounds, lawn tenis, croquet, swings, &c.

6 20 tf J. L. BURLEY, Proprietor.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

D. E. OFFUTT WILL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS and will pay the best prices in trade. Don't forget in your spring cleaning to save your rags. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Oakland, April 27, 1885.—3m*

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

eligibly situated and containing seven rooms with front porties, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4'84 1y

H. WHEELER COMBS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Brooks Building, (up stairs,) on R. R. platform. jan19-8

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

HAVING located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 3 21-6m.

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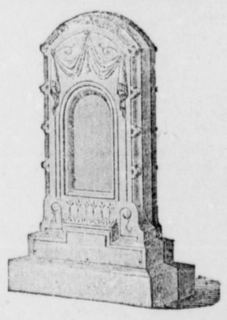

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

The best line of Implements on the market, at bottom prices.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

—DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

—SUCH AS—

Champion Reapers and Mowers,
Spring Wagons and Carriages,
Drake Shingle Mills,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Thomas Hay Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
Sewing Machines,
Brown Wagons,
Roland Plows,
Cider Mills,
Saw Mills,
Grain Drills,
Fanning Mills,
Feed Cutters,
Barbed Wire,
&c., &c., &c.

As we take the agencies for none but the very best machines, we are reasonably certain of giving satisfaction. Give us a trial.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

2 28 6m Oakland, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1885. NUMBER 30.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c., and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE from us. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or NORFOLK, VA.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 417 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plumber house. Large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—Goldsboro is fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
15m 3 Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.
MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.
Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.
An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.
THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.
HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.
600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.
HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.
NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.
100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.
GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Selbkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Self, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1621 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.
N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 20th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.
TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1351. Now occupied by Abraham Moon. Good land, part cleared.
No. 1321. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.
No. 1334. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.
TERMS—Part cash, part time.
Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1621-yl

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. B. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Gives him a call

HOW WE THREE FELL OUT.

We three were Miss Emily Daniels, Mr. John Christy, and myself; the one was my dearest intimate and the other was my best esteemed friend. The one was sedate, amiable and no longer young; the other was elderly, staid, and benign. Neither seemed to much admire the other as a gracious concession to me—for whom both professed the stanchest regard. Miss Emily—dear soul!—declared herself devoted to me; and she had indeed cheered me in many a grief and indulged me in many a foolish joy. And Mr. John, with his honest soul and his big heart, considered me his special protege.

"I am going to Europe for the summer, Bessie," he said to me one day, "and I intend to take you with me."

"But, my friend, I cannot go," answered I, mindful of my meagre income and my recent resolution to obtain a place as governess. "A European trip would be an impossible undertaking for me."

"Ah, but you must go, Bessie, my sister is such a helpless body traveling, and I should not know how to manage without you. And the trip will cost you nothing—I shall settle all the monetary difficulties," he persisted in his affectionately decided fashion.

"Oh, but I must have time to deliberate," I reluctantly returned.

I did not like to decline what was really a generous arrangement for me; neither did I like to acquiesce with what might perhaps not be wholly satisfactory to my dear Miss Emily. But I was not averse to the undertaking; indeed at the moment I should have been delighted to go to Africa or the Antipodes, since a dismal misunderstanding had just occurred between me and a certain young gentleman whose wife I had once believed I should some time be.

"I do not doubt the misunstanding is a lucky thing for you, after all," Miss Emily remarked some time later.

"Oh, I do not doubt that myself," I concurred readily enough; for I still felt that my young lover deserved all the blame of our miserable quarrel.

"Marriage is such an uncertain good," continued Miss Emily, who was always inclined to sniff disaster in everything matrimonial, "and many girls lock the gates upon their own happiness at the altar. There are so many

"Who start at the sound of the marriage bell
On a life-long walk of despair."

"I am rather glad you are no longer betrothed to Sidney Dwight; I am glad for myself too, dear; I am going to the Yosemite this summer, and now of course I can take you with me."

"Oh, but I cannot afford to take such a summer jaunt as that," answered I; "and besides, I shall soon begin my career as a governess, you know."

"The trip will be no expense to you," Miss Emily argued persuasively. "I can do that much for you, Bessie; and if you are squeamish enough to fancy some requital necessary, you may consider yourself as my companion if you choose. I am sure you would rather be with me than drudging as a governess among strangers."

"Indeed I would," I replied with all sincerity. "But I cannot promise hastily—I must have time to think."

"I do not know why thinking is so indispensible," the amiable spinster responded with unfamiliar asperity. "Of course you will go; no sane girl would refuse such a chance to see the magnificent Yosemite."

To behold the Yosemite had indeed been one of the ambitions of my life; but to behold the splendors of Europe had an equal charm. And was ever a girl so distracted by indecision as I? To choose the magnificent valley of the West would be to wound and offend my estimable Mr. John; to choose the glories of the Old World would be to hurt and affront my dear Miss Emily. I could promise neither and deny neither; I could only temporize and cavil with both. Oh, was ever a girl so vacillating, so tantalizing, so hypocritical, as I was?

Each morning I was compelled to listen to Mr. John's complacent anticipations of my voyage with him across the glorious sea; each evening I was obliged to hear Miss Emily's blissful expectations of my journey with her across the great continent; and each night I lay pondering sleeplessly or tossing in perturbed dreams—wild and terrifying jumbles of shipwrecks and train collisions, in which my estimable elderly friend and my amiable intimate seemed transformed to curious birds or beasts of prey, each screeching or snarling defiance at the other, as I lay exhausted and lacerated beneath their hungry beaks or greedy claws.

And so the lengthening spring days lapsed, and the hour came when I must give the nay which would disappoint and offend the one, or the consent which would affront and disappoint the other.

"You are becoming alarmingly thin and colorless, Bessie; our voyage will be precisely what you need," Mr. John had just said.

"But I am not going; I cannot go, and I will not," I answered so resolutely at last, and I fear so rudely, that he started.

"Of course she will not," observed Miss Emily, who unluckily at the instant entered the room. "Bessie is going with me to the Yosemite."

"I am not going with you, either," I avowed with less civility than determination, I am afraid. "I cannot go, and I will not. I shall go with neither of you."

"I have done a great deal for you, Bessie—you know that," Mr. John said reproachfully.

I might have retorted that I had done a great deal for him, too; that I had sewed his buttons and mended his garments and tended his invalid sister ever since I was born. But I knew his big honest heart was wounded, and so I maintained silence.

"You are an ungrateful girl, Bessie; I am sure I have offered you everything which is considerate and liberal," Miss Emily said upbraidingly.

I might have reminded her that her consideration had never yet meant utter indolence for me, that I already had some experience of gratuitous duties as companion to herself. But I knew her amiable soul was really hurt, and so I remained silent.

"Well, we shall survive without you, I dare say," Mr. John growled sarcastically.

"Of course I shall not force kindness upon anybody," Miss Emily snapped simultaneously.

"And I have no time to be scolded," said I, attempting a mollifying smile. "I have finally secured a situation; my trunk is already packed, and I shall leave you both directly."

They each looked startled and unaffectedly anxious.

"And of course you do not care, John Christy, how unhappy the poor child will be among strangers," Miss Emily complained to him. "I do not believe you really cared to take her with you at all—you only proposed the European trip to prevent her going with me."

"I dare say you are entirely satisfied now, madam; I am disposed to believe you thrust your Yosemite plan upon her only to spite me," Mr. John grumbled in unison.

And so we three fell out; and with a sigh I turned and left the more inimical two together.

"I am not astonished that Bessie is so eager to leave you," I heard, with my hand on the knob of the door. "You have always kept her at your beck and call; and of course she is weary doing your mending and odd jobs for nothing but an occasional gown, which your sister has worn threadbare."

"I am not at all amazed that Bessie wishes to leave you," I heard as I passed out of the room, "I dare say she is tired doing all your correspondence and accounts for a yearly drive in the park, or a corner in your church."

Had the curtain rolled up on the beak and claw of my dream? I questioned as I hastened away.

An hour later I was admitted to an ante-room of the mansion where I had supposed myself unconditionally engaged as governess. But as I had disappointed the two whom I had left behind, so was I myself destined to be disappointed.

"Our present governess has been induced to continue with us," I was politely informed. "We are willing to indemnify you for any loss incurred, but we naturally prefer to retain a person to whom we are accustomed."

The explanation was sufficiently satisfactory perhaps; but nevertheless I felt miserably dejected as I again went out into the Avenue and lagged homeward, through the chill, sluggish, depressing drizzle of a sombre spring evening.

But the misty dusk was no more sombre than my life had suddenly become to me. My cares and worries had been grevious enough before "we three fell out," but in the brief time since my difficulties seemed grown and multiplied like some giant horde of an Arabian night; and I felt faint and sick at heart with a strange new sense of utter isolation and loneliness.

"I have displeased every body, and everybody is angry with me," I sighed, as I choked down the hot, thick tears. "I could not help quarrelling with them—Mr. John and Miss Emily!—but I could have helped quarrelling with Sidney." I thought regretfully and penitently—just as latterly I had often thought.

At the moment, as I was loitering dejectedly and absently onward, my umbrella came into collision with the robust shoulder of somebody whose nearness I had not perceived through my blurring tears.

"I beg pardon. Why, Bessie!" he enunciated, with prompt courtesy, swiftly changing to surprise and wistful concern, as he noted the trouble on my face.

"I am the one to beg pardon," I returned with a foolish blush. "I should have been more heedful where I was walking. But everything seems to go awry to-day," I added with a little irrepressible cry from the bitter depths of my despondent spirits.

"Something has gone awry evidently," he commented with another comprehensive glance at the straggling tears which were more and more provokingly rebellious, as with the old tender manner he closed my umbrella, installed me under his own and tucked my nervous hand within his arm.

"You would look more radiant with a summer of travel before you, I should suppose," he resumed somewhat tentatively, as he walked on beside me.

"But—but I am not," I began with a stammer and a badly suppressed sob. And then, somehow, between my suffocating heart beats and my doleful sighs, I faltered forth all my woes.

"Well, my darling, since their projects for you are frustrated, and since the governess scheme has been defeated, I suggest that our marriage be hastened, my home is waiting for you," my gallant Sidney said with as much assurance as if we had never quarreled and parted and vowed to meet no more.

"I am afraid I am a victim of circumstances," I laughed, as gayly as if but a moment ago I had not been the most miserable girl in the whole wild world.

And so, arm in arm, together we entered the familiar house which I had so disconsolately left a brief while before.

The inimical two were still in the family parlor, but, somehow, neither seemed particularly gratified at my altered mood.

"We have been so unhappy about you," Miss Emily said in her most amiable tones. "John has been lecturing me dreadfully about my delinquency toward you; and we are both so sorry and so ashamed of ourselves! We have always allowed you to do so many serviceable things for us and without compensating you in any material way. Of course John is not nearly so much to be blamed as I am——"

At this juncture the astonishing speech was interrupted by one no less surprising.

"My dearest Emily, I shall not permit you to blame yourself at all," my estimable Mr. John interposed in his most benign fashion, and with an air of proprietorship which was a revelation; "the great fault was mine. I was an apostate of my own creed when I insisted the dear child must do what I deemed best for herself; for I have always advocated that true friendship must impose neither restraint, nor compulsion, nor obligation upon the friend. We have both been remiss toward you, Bessie; but we intend to make amends to you."

"You shall have a nice little marriage dot from me," said Miss Emily.

"I will donate the trousseau," said Mr. John.

"And we four shall be married the same day," my audacious Sidney interpolated mischievously.

"Oh, certainly," they both assented rather sheepishly.

And so everything was restored to normal order, only where three fell out, four live together in harmony.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sending pure blood to the brain, gives a sound mind in a sound body.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A youth he came upon a maid
Within a shady arbor,
A-reading of a learned book,
One summer at Bar Harbor.
The fog was slowly drifting down.
She wore a fine æsthetic gown.

"O, will you walk with me?" he said,
The youth so brave and comely.
"'Twould be less hard," the maiden sighed,
"If he were only homely;
But surely I this lovely gown
Should ruin, walking through the town."

The youth he sought another maid
Within another arbor.
She smiled on him as maidens will
In summer at Bar Harbor.
She wore a gown of homespun rough.
She said she could not walk enough.

They tarried till the sun went down.
The youth he waxed romantic.
The other maiden sighed and sighed
Above the book pedantic.
The moon came out and like a ghost
With pale lips told of chances lost.

She went back to the prosy town,
No ring upon her finger.
She heard the thrill of wedding bells
Upon the sad air linger.
"Alas," she cried, "what bitterness
Is wrought by too æsthetic dress!"

O, all ye fair aspiring maids
Who tarry at Bar Harbor
And bide the sly approach of Fate
Within a shady arbor,
Take warning of my doleful rhyme,
And be, I pray you, wise in time.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHAT BELLE DID.

Saved by the Pluck of the Captain's Wife.

The Master's Story of a Foundered Schooner—How a Ship's Crew Was Rescued Through the Efforts of a Brave Little Woman.

"She was the bravest woman I ever saw, and a little bit of a body, too, but if it hadn't ha' been for her pluck and courage God knows what would have become of us.

The speaker, one of the crew of the ill-fated schooner John T. Ferris, was seated on the deck of the steamship City of Durham, which was plowing her way through a heavy sea towards Boston Light the morning of Thursday last. The little knot of seamen who gathered about the wrecked mariner asked eagerly for the story, and at their request the following account was given. It is here related for publication by an officer of the Durham, who was present at the rescue. He said:

"After Captain Lund observed the signals of distress that were displayed Thursday morning by a schooner which afterwards turned out to be the Ferris, we were very much perplexed, because some hours before two vessels, which I think were American craft, passed us sailing in the exact direction of the distressed vessel. We were eight miles away at the time when the schooner was discovered. The moment the Captain saw the [illegible] gave orders to turn the steamer in the direction of the sinking ship and to fire up.

"This was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the storm was but slowly going down. It was blowing a gale and the sea was very rough. As we continued on our course all eyes on board the Durham were intently fixed on the schooner, which, as we came nearer, could be seen to roll heavily in the sea. It could be readily seen that she was full of water, and the only question was, How long can she be kept afloat? The Captain, with characteristic promptness, had ordered the boats to be made ready for lowering, and he only waited for a favorable opportunity to give the word.

"The Durham presently came within speaking distance, and then the Captain shouted, 'Shall I send you boats?'

"'No,' was the answer sent over the water in a clear, feminine voice; we have a boat, and will come to you.'

"At this point I came on deck, and the sight which met my eyes I shall always remember. The low, dark hull of the Ferris was almost under water. The waves were breaking forcibly over her bows, and what remained of a once full deck cargo was being gradually forced overboard. In the stern, with his hands upon his head, as if to steady his wasted and weary brain, stood the Captain, knee-deep in water, while off to leeward of the sinking craft was floating the ship's boat, in which we saw the form of a man and woman, while in the bottom was lying the figure of a boy.

"It was some minutes before the man on board made up his mind to leave the deck. Finally, however, a call from the boat brought him to his senses, and casting around a sorrowful glance, he went over the side and made for the frail shell that was floating with great buoyancy on the tops of the waves. The old Durham, true to her helm, came up into the wind, and as we passed by a rope was thrown. Ten minutes later the last of the party was on board, the steamer's head was turned, and as we glanced over the stern of the boat we saw the Ferris, her sails flapping wildly in the wind, give a long roll, and then go down like lead into the deep waters.

"As the party came over the side the master grasped the hand of Captain Lund and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: 'God bless you, Captain, you have saved my wife.' A slight figure, clad in dark, wet garments, next came to our sight. I was never, to tell the truth, more surprised in my life. The figure was that of a girl scarcely eighteen years of age. Her light, thick hair was gracefully blowing about her face, which, though soiled and careworn, gave evidence of much beauty. She was under middle height and quite small. As she stepped upon the deck she gave us a look I shall never forget. So weak was she that she could scarcely stand. She attempted to walk but could not, and would have fallen if the second mate had not caught her in his arms and carried her in a partly unconscious condition to the cabin below. The boy and seaman were then pulled up, and while the officers were providing for the comforts of the castaways the story of their misfortunes was graphically told.

"The master, Captain Betts, said: 'If it had not been for Belle, God knows what would have become of us. She is the best wife a man ever had, and though I have now lost everything I have in the world save her I ought to rejoice that we have escaped together. We left Calais Sunday morning, and had a good run until the storm struck us. Wednesday night the gale was terrific. There were only three hands on board beside my wife; one of these was a boy, and could not be counted on to do men's work. The storm had caused us to be up much, and we were well nigh exhausted when the report came up from below that we had sprung aleak. The night was dark and dreary, and the waves were high. No vessel was within hail from which we could get assistance. All that remained for us to do was to man the pumps and battle as long as we could against the water in the hold, which was slowly but surely gaining on us. At this time all hope seemed out of place; before morning the Ferris would be cables under the waves, and all that would be left to tell the tale of our life and death would perhaps be found floating on the water by a passing ship days after the storm was over. Only one who has been in similar circumstances can realize how little life seems worth.

"'But at that hour, when it seemed impossible to make a successful effort, Belle came from the cabin, her face white, but determined, and said: "Don't give up, there is hope yet. Hasten to the pumps. I will steer the ship." And in truth she did, all the long hours of that fearful night. She stood at the wheel, using her entire strength to keep the vessel up into the wind. The rest of us pumped, pumped until it seemed that our limbs would break. Nerved by the fearfulness of the situation we worked with full force all the time, and much to our satisfaction found that the water no longer gained on us. Our hope and prayer was for the morrow, because when daylight came there would be a chance for help. Before dawn our hearts again sunk. Nature could no longer stand the test, and our boy, who had been making manly efforts, sank to the deck. So exhausted was he both in mind and body that blood commenced to ooze from his ears and nose. I, myself, the moment my efforts were relaxed, grew faint. I felt almost unconscious of what was going on around me. It seemed as if the fatal hour were come. Death no longer was a dreaded visitor. His presence would be almost a welcome.

"'But Belle, who had been steering all these long hours and had shouted out words of encouragement to us, now left the wheel and hurried to my side. "Don't give up yet, husband; we may be saved. O, for daylight!" With these words she grasped the handles and vigorously commenced to work the pumps. I followed her efforts, and leaving the schooner to drift we gave all our attention to the pumps. Soon it was dawn. It was with feelings of a new lease of life that we continued our work. Occasionally one would stop and glance over the waste of waters to search for a passing sail. Again and again disappointment greeted us, but suddenly my wife looked up, and, gazing a moment, cried: 'A sail! now we may be saved!'

"'I looked up, and sure enough a white sail was above the horizon. Our flag was at the masthead, and we waited with strange feelings to see if they would see our condition. But, no! No change was made in their course, and once more we turned to the pumps with aching hearts. All but my wife were disappointed and gloomy. She, however, put on a cheerful face and, working harder than ever before, said, 'Now we must pump until we see another ship.'

"'A little later another vessel hove in sight, and our hopes for a second time grew as we came nearer together. The vessel passed us in plain sight, but no indication of our discovery was seen. On, on they went, directly away. It seemed for sure that we must go down. The fates were all against us. Our chances for life were but a delusion. What I did the half-hour following the last disappointment I scarcely know. My wife's feeble words of encouragement came as if in a dream. How rapidly through my mind passed recollections of home, which are so dear to man! Little would I have thought one year before, when we were married, that a short twelvemonth would bring about such a situation as that we were in. Then I would determine that Belle should not drown, and would force myself to greater efforts.

"'When it was announced that another ship was in sight I could scarcely hope; too strong was the belief that like the others she would pass on her way without seeing us. But Providence had not so ordained, and soon we saw for sure that we were seen. The huge iron steamer's prow was turned and the black smoke that poured out of her stacks showed us we would soon be safe. I then got all the party into the boat and waited for the ship's arrival. I wanted to put a force on board to pump her and keep her afloat until we could get to land, but my wife said if I remained on board she would, so I left. It would have been of no use, though; the leak was too large. The poor Ferris! It was too bad to lose her, but, thank God, Belle is safe.'

"When the master finished speaking Captain Lund was in tears. I never saw him so affected in my life. All he said was, 'Thank God I did save her. If she is a representative of your American women you have won a fortune in knowing her worth. I am an Englishman, but I tell you frankly I don't believe there is a woman in all England that could have done as much.'

"The officers then returned to their duties, but later in the day were all introduced to the young lady. She told us that she was but eighteen years of age, and came from Ellsworth, Me. She spoke gravely concerning their narrow escape, saying little in regard to their losses. 'That was of little consequence; both had their health, and could work together for a living.' I asked if they had any money. She said: 'Ten dollars in change is all we have.' This got noised among the crew, and all with generous impulse wished to contribute something to help the couple out. We gathered forty-five dollars before Boston was reached. Superintendent Furber of the Boston & Maine Road, hearing of their condition, sent them free passes to her home, and to-day the couple reach there, I believe."—*Boston Globe.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

ALCOHOL IN THE SYSTEM.

Notes from an Address to the Students of Knox College by Prof. Albert Hurd.

The familiar phenomenon of blushing is produced by some emotion, either agreeable or other. V. A. S. Hill's Rhetorics, p. 47. The circulatory system, consisting of heart, arteries, veins and capillaries, is supplied with nerves from the sympathetic system. When these nerves are in their normal condition, they maintain a certain tension in the muscular walls of the arteries and veins. If from any cause the sympathetic nerve is paralyzed, the tension is removed from the blood-vessels which it supplies, and the result is an increased flow of blood in the arteries, so that the small capillaries become gorged with blood. Such is the case when some sudden emotion takes possession of the mind; a hot flush is felt, the skin grows red. Sometimes these changes are confined to the cheeks only, or they extend to "the roots of the hair," or "all over."

Alcohol produces the same results. Very soon after alcohol is taken into the system it paralyzes the sympathetic nerve. The tension in the walls of the blood-vessels is lost; an increased flow of blood finds its way into the small capillaries which gives the skin of the face and neck especially, a flushed appearance. When alcohol is habitually taken, the elasticity of the muscular walls of the blood-vessels is, in a large measure, lost; so that after the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed away the blood-vessels fail to resume their normal size, and the flushed appearance of the face becomes permanent.

Now, the heart is a pump, filling the arteries which lead from it with blood. When the normal tension is removed from these arteries and they become enlarged, it takes more blood to fill them. So that, whereas, in a healthy state the arteries by their tensions are a check upon the action of the heart under the diseased condition produced by alcohol, that check is removed and the flabby walls of the arteries, crying for more blood, offer no resistance to the action of the heart. In a healthy person the heart beats seventy times per minute, or about 100,000 in a day. Careful experiments show that two ounces of alcohol, the amount a very moderate ale or whisky drinker takes daily, increase the heart beats 6,000 in twenty-four hours. So then the heart of a moderate drinker beats 106,000 times, instead of 100,000 times in a day. The force exerted by the heart in beating 6,000 times would lift a weight of seven tons to a height of one foot. Putting the result in another form, the heart is driven to do extra work equal to lifting 655 pounds one foot high each hour. Is it any wonder that a feeling of languor succeeds, or that reaction follows when the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed off?

The effect of alcohol upon albumen can readily be seen by dropping an egg into a glass of alcohol. It is immediately cooked. Albumen forms a large part of the tissues of the body. Alcohol hardens the albumen in the tissues, just as it hardens it in the egg. The very delicate walls of the air-cells of the lungs are thus thickened and hardened. When the impure blood is brought to the lungs, to exchange its carbonic acid and other waste products for oxygen, it finds between it and the fresh air a thickened, hardened membrane through which the exchange can be made but slowly and imperfectly. The blood must return to the tissues of the body still filled with impurities. The corpuscles still charged with carbonic acid are enlarged, and thus the blood is made thick.

Alcohol has a strong affinity for water. It drinks up all the moisture of the body and causes inordinate thirst. Alcohol begets a strong appetite for itself, so that the thirst which it produces is generally slaked for the time being by more copious draughts from some drink containing alcohol, thus only augmenting the evil.

Alcohol is not assimilated by the body, but must be thrown off as waste matter. This is the opinion of many eminent physicians on both sides of the Atlantic. It is true that a few physicians of acknowledged authority maintain that a small amount of alcohol may be incorporated into the body. Yet in the amount of alcohol that a very moderate drinker takes daily, this can be but an exceedingly small per cent. Undoubtedly almost the entire amount of alcohol taken into the system remains a foreign element until it is thrown off by the excretory organs. Alcohol thus enta ls upon the excretory organs an undue amount of labor which they are not calculated to perform.

The effects of alcohol upon the brain are easily foreseen when we reflect that the brain is composed largely of albumen. It is not a matter of speculation, but of actual experiment. The brains of drunkards are upon examination found to be hardened. The delicate structure is destroyed. The mental effect produced by alcohol, leading on to the most dreadful of all diseases of the nerves, are well known.

The exhilarating effects of alcohol are only apparent. For a short time it produces, as we have seen, an increased activity of the circulatory organs, but a reaction follows. Under its continued use the tone of the system is lowered. Persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors are in more danger from epidemics than temperance people. The system that is clogged by alcohol, so that the heart is overworked, in which the tissues of the air-cells of the lungs are hardened so that the blood is not imperfectly purified in the lungs, is in no condition to repel the attacks of disease. This has been clearly shown in cases of epidemics. In one town in France cholera proved fatal to every drunkard there.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was one day dining with a party of friends when one of them offered Mr. Lincoln some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln bravely replied: "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change habits now."—*N. Y. Herald.*

MANY W. C. T. Unions are being organized in Washington Territory.

MEMORIAL TABLETS.

Monuments to be Placed in Historic Spots in Concord, Mass.

The following has been decided upon in regard to memorial tablets at Concord, Mass.: On the Simon Willard farm, which is at present owned by C. H. Hurd, a handsome boulder will be set into the stone wall, and on a panel sunk into this boulder will appear the following inscription: "On this farm dwelt Simon Willard, one of the founders of Concord, who did good service for town and colony for more than forty years." Another boulder, set in the wall at the locality known as Meriam's Corner is inscribed as follows: "Meriam's Corner. The British troops retreating from the old North bridge were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown." An inscription on a panel to be sunk in the Sudbury river face of Egg rock which is nearly perpendicular, will read thus: "On the hill Nashantuck, at the meeting of the rivers and along the banks lived the Indian owners of Musketaquid before the white men came." A stone post is to be located on the site of the old town house, and a small-sized bronze tablet will be set in it. The following inscription will be placed on this tablet: "Near this spot stood the first town house used for town meetings and the county courts, 1721-1794." That spot of special historic interest known as the "Butterick farm," where the Americans formed on that memorable 19th of April, 1775, will be designated by a slab, firmly set in a stone wall, and inscribed as follows: "On this field the minute men and militia formed before marching down to the fight at the bridge." The site of Rev. Peter Bulkley's residence is to be honored with a brown tablet, bearing the following: "Here is the house of Rev. Peter Bulkley, first minister and one of the founders of this town, a bargain was made with the squaw Sachem and Sagamore Tahattawan and other Indians, who then sold their right in the six-mile square called Concord to the English planters, and gave them peaceful possession of the land A. D. 1665." Concord's "Old Hill burying ground," so called, always a spot of sacred interest, will be designated by a slate tablet, which will be set in the wall and inscribed: "On this hill the settlers of Concord built their meeting house, near which they were buried. On the southern slope of the road, and on the summit stood the liberty pole of the Revolution."—*Boston Post.*

TEA IN THE EAST.

How the Hunnias, Mongols and Tartars Prepare the Delicious Beverage.

The Hunnias (Himalayan natives) drink tea which comes from China in small packets, made up of the large leaves, small branches, seeds, etc., forming a mass reduced to the smallest possible size by pressure, and rendered sometimes still more compact by a slight addition of sheep's blood. The Hunnias travel great distances, living only on tea and what the Hindus call *suttoo*—that is, flour made from roasted beans or peas. To prepare the tea, they boil the leaves for some hours—all night in fact, if they are in camp—in a small earthen pot; then they pour out the infusion into a large basin full of hot water, adding some salt and clarified butter (ghee), if they happen to have it. All these naturally make a kind of soup; and the natives can live on it several months, and undergo severe fatigue without taking any other nourishment.

"The method adopted by the Mongols and other Tartar tribes for the preparation of tea in bricks is," says Johnston, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, "it is believed, that which extracts from the leaves the greatest possible amount of nourishment. They scrape the tea into fine powder, and boil it in the alkaline water of the steppes, adding some fat and salt, after which they pour off the liquid, leaving the deposit. They drink twenty, even forty, glasses of this liquor in the day, mixing in it some honey and butter with a little roast-meat; but with only a little milk instead of the meat, they can subsist many weeks with this drink for sole sustenance."—*Chambers' Journal.*

OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

A Great Boom That Will Be Succeeded by a Steady Onward Movement.

Washington Territory had 11,594 inhabitants in 1860, 23,118 in 1870, and 75,116 in 1880; and is alleged to contain now 125,000, which is probably somewhat over the mark. Its two largest towns are Seattle and Tacoma—the former with 12,000 and the latter with 8,000 inhabitants. The total population of both Oregon and Washington is, therefore, something like 375,000 at the present time. As railway building has ceased in both, and the "boom" caused thereby has subsided, hard times have set in and come to stay for a considerable period. The harbors of Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are no longer crowded with fleets of steamers and sail craft bringing in railroad-construction material, passengers seeking work, and speculators spending money, laying out cities, and selling corner lots at fancy prices. All that is a thing of the past, and business is settling down to hard-pan. The millions brought in and scattered while the railroads were building made things as lively while it lasted as the gold-mining fever did in California. The future growth and development of Oregon and Washington will be comparatively slow, as they were before the railway-building period. Both will continue to move onward at a steady but not fast pace. The beginning of the next century—fifteen years hence—may find Oregon with half a million and Washington a State in the Union, with 300,000 population.—*Portland (Ore.) Cor. Chicago Times.*

—More than five thousand copies of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" were ordered before it was published, and its sale since has been very rapid. This is another proof that the original issue of a book as a serial does not hinder the sale of it afterwards in its complete form.—*Boston Budget.*

YOUNG CHILDREN.

The Care of Infants During the Critical Period.

Cholera infantum is the enemy at this age, and a very fatal one. Prevention is the safest treatment. A child is helpless except in the charge of an honest, painstaking and conscientious nurse, whether mother or guardian. If in the city or large town and cow's milk is the order, then give the baby preferably mixed or milkman's milk, because there is safety in numbers. While one cow's milk is considered pre-eminently the best by most parents, the mixed milk is practically more conducive to the child's welfare, in that one cow may be consumptive, cancerous, or ill in many ways; it may have abscess of the liver or other organ, may have tumor, or an irritable temper (a cow being very human). And though many in a drove may be below par in health and spirits, some of them are undoubtedly well and give rich and wholesome milk, sufficient to leaven the whole, and thus nourish and satisfy the baby. Boiling purifies the milk, and makes it a safer diet for children, or raw milk may be alternated with boiled, depending upon the child's condition. There is a long list of artificial food, the first one experimented with being generally the favored one in the family. There seems too little difference between them to choose. Condensed milk certainly makes the majority of babies who try it thrive well. It has this in its favor, it is the same in its properties yesterday, to day and tomorrow, and the most stupid or lazy nurse could not err much in administering it. Sameness is the one qualification which a baby insists upon in its food and care and attendant. Change in any of these, when once they are acceptable to the wee mankin, jars severely upon its adaptability and nervous system, and soon the repeated changes usher in disease, which may become fatal. For the first few months the breast is sufficient, and the most desirable if the mother is healthy and well cared for, and she in turn is careful of her diet and personal cleanliness, and avoids all excitement of the emotions, whether of temper, sorrow or joy. If not the mother, then a wet-nurse should be obtained, who must be a first class in regard to health and habits. A new baby with no breast milk and one in the second year are a miserable community regarding their chances for life. These are the *enfants terribles* termed "bottle babies." The new baby has really the better chance provided it can be made to live comfortably five or six months, by even a wooden-headed nurse, because in that time the latter may have blundered into a way of awakening some affinity between baby and bottle, and so establishing an easy time through teething. Whereas the second year toothless baby may have to eat too much grown-up food, or learn to use the bottle in its declining strength, whether by illness or starvation or neglect or what not, and will become a sudden prey to its surroundings, even in the midst of apparent plenty. Many a time when a baby seems to want milk, it is thirsty and wants water. It should be offered water several times a day, hot or cold (no ice). A baby is rarely ill who has an honest nurse. A few months' old baby as well as that in the second year should have mellow fruit occasionally, and at long intervals some grown-up food, until it is "out of arms" and independent of breast and bottle. The bottle must be carefully cleaned after each meal, with brush and cloth, and to avoid the risk of infecting the milk with the germs from the accumulated dirt of the brush and cloth, it is wisdom to renew the latter daily. The baby must have a carriage and be kept out of doors in all suitable weather, rather than in the house, in the parks, boat-riding, etc. The baby's nurse should take care of it in the house, under the mother's or guardian's eye, and the mother or guardian should take airing with the baby, for fear of surreptitious work out of sight. If the baby is worth saving and bringing up, it is worth the closest watching day and night. As soon as it has the first sign of bowel trouble make every movement about the child in the most gentle manner possible. The utmost quiet is now paramount.—*Odelia Blinn, M. D., in Western Rural.*

CAPTURING SUPPLIES.

How a Colored Teamster Was Paralyzed by a Flying Battery.

A member of an Ohio battery tells how the organization managed to supply itself with fresh meat once upon a time. We knew it would be night before the slow-paced baggage wagons reached Bowling Green, and perhaps morning before we could find them. The thought made the soldiers ravenous. Clearly, something must be done to procure rations for supper. Far off down the road in front we could see a negro driving an ox team, making his way home, probably scared into an ague fit by the sudden appearance of Yankees. It was the first time, the reader must remember, that the Federal troops had penetrated the South, and the ignorant people regarded them with comical terror. The negro was making what haste he could to avoid being overtaken. At this moment a wheel ran off from the leading gun carriage, and the first detachment halted, drawing to one side to enable the battery to pass. In a minute or two it was replaced, but by this time the battery had thundered by the ox team, leaving the negro half paralyzed with fear, sitting in his wagon by the roadside. A hurried consultation in the detachment resulted in the sergeant giving it one minute to convert the oxen into beef. We approached the team on a run, halted, and while the negro still sat on the wagon with staring eyes, shivering with fright, twenty men fell to the work of slaughter. They worked like wild men, for fear of losing their rations. In a minute or two it was all over, eight quarters of beef adorned the caisson chests, the detachment clattered on the run to overtake the battery, and the negro still sat on his wagon, gazing alternately at the hides, heads and debris encumbering the yoke and wagon tongue, and the flying artillery disappearing down the road.—*Cleveland Leader.*

EXPENSIVE UNDERWEAR.

Suits That Cost One Hundred Dollars—Extravagant Hosiery.

A narrow-chested young man whose long neck, high-arched eyebrows, and receding chin were harmonious aids to a supercilious expression, ambled into a gents' furnishing store on Wabash Avenue, twirling a silver-tipped cane in his right hand.

"I am in a bit of an 'urry," said the young man, with a marked cockney accent, at the same time directing a stony gaze at the merchant, who lost no time waiting on his customer. The latter, who wore a tightly-fitting suit of plaid, a collar reaching almost to his ears, and a bell-crowned hat, emerged from the store a few minutes later holding in his left hand a package of amber-colored paper about twice the size of an ordinary walnut.

"It's all English now," said the storekeeper after the young man reached the outside. "Even for a gentleman to carry a small parcel on the street is considered the proper thing, because it's a 'bit English, you know.' Not a great while ago the fashionable young gentleman of America would sooner go without his dinner than to be seen carrying a bundle on the street. Now the same young gentleman affects the custom of carrying small bundles, and is pleased when his friends see him with one on the streets. It has all grown out of a custom that is supposed to obtain in England, and so long as Anglomania lasts it will be popular here. But America is not the only country favoring the English style of dress. Why, Paris, the centre of all fashion, copies closely after the London styles. Formerly you couldn't sell a flat scarf in Paris, or a heavy walking glove, or heavy English shoes. Now all these are the fashion there, and the five biggest shops for gentlemen's supplies in Paris buy all their goods in London. London is the great center in trade of this kind, besides being the formulator of all fashions in gentlemen's wear. Centuries of experience have given its weavers especial skill; then, too an extra kind of wool is to be had in that country. The quality of silk used in the manufacture is of the very best, and all have combined to make English goods easily saleable. The chief reason for this is that they wear well. The material is always good. Take, for example, the hosiery manufactured by a well-known London firm. For summer wear silk is the only material that a wealthy man would affect, and in the matter of taste hosiery ranges from $2 to $6 a pair. A kind of silk-spun over-cotton sells readily for a dollar a pair, sometimes less than that; but bright thread, hard-finished goods sell for $6 a pair. In the matter of gentlemen's underwear, a suit of sixteen-thread pure silk of what is known in the trade as "Brighton Novia" is worth $100. That is the most expensive suit of underwear known. Color has nothing to do with the price, and the same quality of goods can be had in cardinal red, blue and tan colors. This quality of goods is generally sold by weight or the number of threads. There are eighty strands to one thread, and in the $100 suits there are sixteen threads to a shirt. Gauze suits of silk range from $18 to $30; pure thread silk, of which salmon color is the most popular, range from $36 to $50. Bright thread, having a hard finish, ranges from $36 to $100 a suit, and suits of spun silk, which is almost the raw material, ranges from $10 to $30.

"Light wools are used almost exclusively in this climate during the cold season. The demand just now is for solid colors, plain not striped, and for material that will wear well and not shrink. Hosiery of this kind sells from $2 to $6.50 a pair. Camel's hair hose having silk toes and heels are worth from $3 to $5 a pair. Balbriggan hose manufactured in Belfast, Ireland, sells rapidly for $1.25 a pair. These are often used instead of the ribbed silk article manufactured in London, which sells from $5 to $6 a pair.—*Chicago News.*

A NOTED BETTER.

Plunger Walton's Bets—His Dealings With Book-Makers.

Plunger Walton has not been absent a day from the Monmouth course during the prolonged season. Nobody knows definitely whether he is, on the whole, making or losing money. He bets heavily, though not in the amounts which enriched him and terrified the book-makers in England. Stories are rife of his great enrichment having dissolved away in steady losses since his return to America, but I doubt their accuracy, and deem it likely that he is poorer, but by no means cleaned out. He is ruddy of face and rotund of body, with abounding spirits, such as a man under the process of financial ruination could scarcely maintain. He lives with his family at the West End, where his rooms are of the best, his road horses well kept and his expenses altogether lavish.

It is comical to see the constant onslaught on him by his acquaintances for tips on the races. He is constantly being pulled aside and whispered to, and he responds to these demands with a freedom that robs the replies of valuation, because the recipients of his points get frightened with the idea that he may be fooling them in order to make opportunities for contrary betting by himself. The book-makers are shy of him, and he could not operate as heavily as he did in England if he wished to. Besides they are masters of the same tactics which he employed so successfully over there, and he can not outdo them in dealing with the trainers and jockeys.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A prize fight was arranged between two young women in Australia. The pugilists came up defiant and jaunty for the first round, which ended in a mutual knockdown, each receiving a blow squarely in the nose. At the expiration of the allowable interval the referee called "Time!" but the antagonists had lost all vim, and both were weeping over the possible disfigurement of their faces—a calamity compared with which the loss of the fight was nothing.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE BOARDING-HOUSE DOG.

His Agonizing Attributes and How One of the Specie Was Removed from a Party of Suffering Castaways.

In a few brief hours the summer will of been passed. Or, I should say, it will of had passed. Alas, the cares of this here busy world have so corroded my impulsive pen that I fear sometimes Harvard College would of been ashamed of her forgetful child if he had of returned to the halls of his alamo mater and of laid such ungrammatical offerings upon her altars. However, I did not sit down to boast of my learning. I have got it; let the world judge what I done with it, although it has not yet saw what I can do with the rest of it. Away, brief scandal.

I have set my heart upon a crime to which, ere the golden rod heralds the coming of the hosts of autumn, I shall set my read write hand. I am a summer boarder, and my deeds shall, of right, be summary as those of the borderers of an older thyme, where deeds of fright are even yet contagious to the summer boarder.

Do you know Mister Brown's Dog? He is one of our boarders. The dog, not Mister Brown. Of course, Mister Brown boards with us, too, but he does not count, save as an adjunct to Mister Brown's Dog. In your own unhappy life it has sometimes been your sad lot to be stranded upon the desolate shores of the summer boarding-house, where one of the guests was a man and his Dog? Then you know how much greater is the Dog than the man or woman who belongs to Him. And you know also, the smaller the dog, the Greater the Nuisance.

Well—ah me, if I could but keep down these fierce revengeful thoughts that burn and blister in my stormy heart—Mister Brown and his Dog were like all other boarding-house dogs and their men. They were Siamese twins. We never heard of one nor did we ever mention one without the other. The Dog had no name. He was always called Mr. Brown's Dog. And Mister Brown was merely known on account of his relation to the Dog. All the boarders became acquainted with each other through the medium of Mr. Brown's Dog. We opened breakfast with fruit and Mister Brown's Dog. "Did you hear Mister Brown's dog last night, Miss Sillibub?" "Not very much; our rooms are on the other side of the house you know." And as the cats and visiting dogs chased Mister Brown's Dog around and around the house all night long, I inferred that the Sillibubs must have taken rooms on the weather vane, and there was a chronic whirlwind up on the roof. When I speak of the cats chasing Mr. Brown's Dog, I make a calm, simple, unvarnished statement of fact. Mister Brown's Dog was about the size and general physique of a yearling calf, but he was passionately timid. The unmuzzled dogs of the street made life a burden to him, and often, when he was running away from a kitten or a hen, or some prowling raider of that kind, we could hear him wishing that he could trade off his useless tail for a pair of wings. And so at night, when Mr. Brown was not on hand to protect his property, Mister Brown's Dog, I think the very crickets used to chase him under the house where he would moan and mutter and shiver.

Somehow, we never could start any conversation at the boarding-house, that did not eventually drift into Mister Brown's Dog. At our meals the Dog intruded himself, wailing outside the window until his own provender was brought out to him. And when the boarders arose Phoenix-like (from their hashes), and sought the piazza, Mister Brown's Dog was brought around and we all talked to Him and about Him, to the entire exclusion of Mister brown and ourselves. But that seemed perfectly right.

Sometimes—but why recount all things that happened? You know what the boarding-house dog is. He not only has his day, but he has our days. And he even divides the nights, which belong of right to the cats. I think I could learn to love a cat. Along toward the end of the siege when I had had nothing to eat for six weeks.

Toward the close of the summer, Mister Brown's Dog became troubled in his mind. He had sucked an egg, or fought a kitten, or barked at a cow, or something. Some deed of reckless daring or measureless wickedness lay heavily upon his mind, for he began to howl, low and mournfully, during the day. Or, maybe he was only pining for the gayety of the great city. Anyhow, he howled during the day. No boarder so daring that he can complain about it. We affect to enjoy it, and we express our hypocritical sorrow for "Poor Mr. Brown's Dog." The "poor" referring of course wholly to the Dog. But I can stand it no longer and he must die.

You see, now, with such a crime burning in my guilty soul, why life is dark and joyless to me. To kill a common dog is nothing, but a boarding-house Dog, whose board is paid for, who is the greatest central thought of all the boarders, whose life is interwoven with the lives of the human beings who circle around him in their various orbits, to take the life of such a Dog is to strike at the heart of a perfect though complex human system. Therefore, when I kill Mister Brown's Dog, Mister Brown lies stark and bleeding at my feet.

* * * * *

I have sat up all night under the pitying stars. Sleep has not kissed my eyes, but the problem is solved and my heart is lighter, happier. When I came down to breakfast the other castaways saw the change in my manner and they stopped talking about Mister Brown's Dog long enough to remark that my laugh had its old cheery ring again. Yes, the trouble was over, the cloud and the burden was gone. I can not kill Mister Brown's Dog. I have decided to kill Mister Brown. Then the administrator will take the dog. Let us be gay. Ta lira la! lira la! la lira, lira, la!

* * * * *

The day has crept far into the afternoon and the deed is not done. Mister Brown seems to suspect me. Twice I tried to coax him to come out into the woods with me, but he would not leave his Dog. One I got him into my room and offered him a piece of pie, but he said he wasn't hungry. I finally determined to wait until to-night, when I could creep into his bedroom and slay him as he slept; but, alas, he snores so like my father that I can not do it. Infirm of my purpose——!

* * * * *

It is done! And yet my hands are clean! While Mister Brown was taking his afternoon nap I sold his dog for three dollars to a broom peddler, who promised that he would not sell him this side of the county line. The Dog is missed. Mister Brown has gone down the road in the other direction, and he has already whistled all the dogs in the township except his own around him. I am to follow straight after the peddler. Mister Brown grasped my hand and said: "Bless you!" when I volunteered. All is well. When I come back to-night I am going to set up the ale and toast (Mister Brown is a Proh bitionist) with that three dollars I got for his Dog. This willonly be doing the square thing by both Mister Brown and the Dog.

In conclusion. I have returned from my fruitless pursuit, but I have not the three dollars. I gave it to the peddler to take the Dog fifteen miles further than his contract called for. It is well.—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

TOWER CLOCKS.

Interesting Information on a Subject That Is Little Discussed.

"I judge from what you say that in England tower clock manufacture is an older industry than here?"

"O yes; much older. You can judge of that when I tell you that the Westminster clock was built in 1288. A few years later a clock was put up in Canterbury Cathedral, and in 1317 the Exeter Cathedral clock was made. The Westminster clock is second largest in the world. In point of size the great tower clocks of the world run as follows: Mechlin (Belgium), forty feet diameter of face; Westminster, twenty-two feet and six inches; St. Paul's Cathedral, seventeen feet; Shandon Church (Cork), sixteen feet; Pancras Station, twelve feet and nine inches; Scarborough, Old Church, twelve feet; St. James (Piccadilly), ten feet, and King's Cross Station, Bow Church, Manchester Infirmary, and Royal Exchange, each nine feet."

"Have we nothing to compare with any of these in this country?"

"I am happy to say that we have put up two clocks in this city which rank with the Scarborough Old Church clock. They are twelve feet in diameter. One of these is the Produce Exchange clock. By the way, this clock, through electrical connection, rings bells throughout the building to notify members of the sessions of the Exchange."

"Is that the largest tower clock you are prepared to make?"

"No. We have machinery ready for clocks with dials fifteen feet in diameter. But we can manufacture them of any size. Tower clocks are divided into time clocks and striking clocks. The former simply indicates the hour, the latter in addition strike bells, and are either hour or quarter strikers. Our clocks run from forty-inch diameter dial plates up. The small clocks are ordered for factories and stables. We have one, for instance, in William H. Vanderbilt's stables."

"Does the size of the bells depend on the size of the clocks?"

"It does. Our clocks of five feet diameter are calculated to bring the tone out of bells weighing 1,500 pounds, our ten-foot clocks will handle bells of 6,000 pounds weight and our fifteen-foot clocks use bells of 10,000 pounds weight."

"Is there any rule for determining the diameter of the dials?"

"The diameter of the dial should not be less than a tenth of the height of its centre from the ground. The centre of the Mechlin clock is only 300 feet from the ground; that of the Westminister clock 180 feet. Speaking again of the Westminster clock reminds me that its dials cover an area of 400 feet and cost £5,334. The minute spaces are a foot square and the figures two feet long."

"Do tower clocks often need regulating and oiling?"

"When they are only recently put up the swing of the pendulum has to be lengthened or shortened by the adjustment of a movable weight. A drop of oil should be put in the oil hole once or twice a month. When the clock has settled down to steady work a drop of oil every two or three months will do."

"How do the prices of tower clocks range?"

"All the way from $300 to $7,000. The work for the largest as they stand here, without dials and fixings, are worth $1,700. The difference between that sum and $7,000 is made up by the dials and the work required to put the clock in."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Harmful Insects.

Few persons are aware of the immense field which the study of insects opens to the student, or what a host the cultivator has to encounter among the large portion which do him harm, instead of the other portion which are a positive benefit. There are over 200,000 known species, and the whole number is estimated at 500,000 or 600,000. There are 900 species of the butterfly in North America, and 2,500 North American flies. There are, altogether, at least 20,000 species of *Hymen-optera*, including wasps and bees; and 90,000 *Coleoptera*, or shell-wing beetles. Prof. Lintner enumerates 176 different insects which attack the apple, although only a small number are formidable. A minute insect has destroyed about a million acres of vineyard in France; and we are familiar with the many million dollars' worth of property ruined by the Rocky Mountain locust.—*Country Gentleman.*

—Colonel Short, editor of the Crosby County *Clarion*, came to New Orleans not long since, and upon being shown his room at a hotel and reading the printed notices hung up in his room, said: "This is a queer hotel. If a guest can pay his bill every week, what use has he got for a fire-escape? And if there is a fire-escape, why should he pay his board at the end of the week? There is some mystery about this hotel that I can't understand."—*N. O Times.*

THE RED LIGHT.

How an Inventive Brakeman Obtained a Danger Signal.

"Talking about presence of mind," said the brakeman, "let me tell you of a little incident that I know something about, 'cause I was there. We were out one bad night, when we got stuck in a snowdrift. I was head brakeman, and had nothing to do with flagging our rear. That was the business of the other brakeman, but, as he had been drinking a good deal, I felt a little alarmed for fear he would go to sleep. So pretty soon I skipped back to see if he was attending to business, and I found him lying flat on the track, asleep. He had fallen on his lantern—the red one—and broken it all to pieces. Just then I heard the passenger coming, and she was coming fast, too. How to stop that train I didn't know. I had my white lantern, but a white light isn't just the thing for a danger signal in a snow-storm. The only red lantern within reach was broken into a thousand pieces at my feet. I suppose I might have stopped the train with my own lantern, but it would have been risky, as the drunken cuss hadn't gone back more than half as far as he should, and a white light doesn't show far in a storm. But I was mad, and as the darned tipsy fool got up I suddenly concluded I would make sure of my work."

"What did you do?"

"I hit him in the nose and held my lantern to catch the blood. In thirty seconds I had the daisiest red lantern ever engineer set eyes on."—*Chicago Herald.*

GETTING EVEN.

A Story Which Proves That No Man Can Get Ahead of an Undertaker.

"Some folks regard the negro as childish and simple-minded," said the South Carolina undertaker, as he borrowed another match to relight his cigar, "but it doesn't always do to look upon 'em that way. It was only last week one of 'em beat me out of ten dollars as slick as grease."

"How?"

"Well, I was sitting in my office, growling about hard times and the dislike of people to fall into my sympathetic care, when in walked a negro. He was the picture of health and a jolly fellow.

"'How's times?' says he.

"'Poor,' says I.

"'How much for a coffin for me?' says he.

"'When?'

"'To-day.'

"'I'll give you that coffin over there and see you put under ground this afternoon for fifteen dollars, and that's ten dollars off the regular price.'

"'Dun,' says he, and he put down his 'X.'

"'Well?'

"'Well, I'll be kicked to death by rabbits if he didn't hang himself within two hours, and before night I had to bury him!'

"'No!'

"'Sure's you're born. He had planned to suicide before he came in. I got even, though.'

"'How?'

"'Resurrected the stiff and sold it for four dollars, and put the coffin back in stock.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Cincinnati Joke.

A Yale graduate spent part of the summer at Clarksboro, down in Jersey, and a mischief-loving friend whom he had intrusted to send part of his luggage addressed it to "Mr. So and So, B. A., Clarksboro."

"In the railroad business, I suppose?" remarked the West Jersey station agent when the Yale man came to get his trunk.

"Railroad business? Why, no! What made you think that?"

"Well, if B. A. doesn't stand for Baggage Agent, I'm a crow," was the response.

It took a week for the Yale man to enjoy the joke, and now he tells it on himself with the best grace possible.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

One Way to Save Money.

Of course, on such a bright morning she couldn't resist calling around to see how many of her friends had returned from vacation.

"Why Cicely, dear," she exclaimed, "so you too have returned?"

"Ye-es, I—I—that is I haven't been away."

"But you have a beautiful tan on your complexion."

"Oh, yes, that cost me twenty-five cents, while a vacation would have cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I'll have a new cloak this fall, and you'll have to fix up your old one."

It was cold enough to put the cloak on immediately.—*Hartford Post.*

SEER-SUCKERS.

I.

DeJune and DeMay start for a holiday attired in their seer-suckers.

II.

They return in a thunder-storm after experiencing a shrinkage in transitu.—*Sam.*

SHE KNEW HIM.

The Sad Predicament of a Drummer Who Flirted with a "Green Maiden."

It always touches a tender spot in the hearts of travelers on railways to see a giddy young girl fall into the clutches of a designing drummer or something, and they watch proceedings with a deep interest. The other day on an outgoing Chicago & Alton train, a chipper young woman in a short dress tripped into the luxurious chair car and sat down near the center on the shady side. She was heavily veiled, and seemed to be about sixteen years old. A little later, a pert-looking drummer came in by the front door, and walked through the coach looking with interest at all the female passengers, and then, although there were plenty of vacant chairs, he walked up to the one beside the chipper young woman and saying:

"Permit me ——" sat down. He rapidly endeavored to draw her into conversation, and, although she did not say much, she giggled like a giddy girl on

"IS THIS YOUNG WOMAN YOUR SISTER?"

her first trip alone and seemed much interested with the drummer.

"Fine day," said the masher.

The girl giggled and agreed that it was.

"Going far?" he asked.

"Not very," she replied.

"Ever rode on the cars alone before?"

"No, sir," and she giggled again.

"Ought to have a protector, eh?"

To this she said she did not know, and vented another charmingly innocent giggle.

"I guess I'll protect you," and his arm stole around the back of her chair and rested on her shoulder.

She giggled again and leaned over toward him, and the passengers began to pity her and feel like thumping the drummer.

"Say, I like you!" he said, drawing her nearer.

"You musn't," she replied simpering.

"Oh, yes, I must. You are just as sweet as you can be. I'd like to kiss you now."

"Oh my!" she exclaimed, but he bent down his head and kissed her through her veil, and she bent her head over and let it rest on his shoulder, and he drew her closer to his side. An old man who had been watching could contain his righteous indignation no longer, and jumping up, he went over to the drummer, and taking him by the shoulder yanked him around and cried:

"Is this young woman your sister?"

"No, sir."

"Daughter of yours?"

"No, sir."

"Is she your wife?"

"Well, I don't know as it is any of your business, sir, but I never saw her until fifteen minutes since."

"Oh yes he did," said the giddy girl.

"Well, well," said the masher, "of course

"GENTLEMEN, HE IS MY HUSBAND."

I did, but it is none of his business, you know. Don't talk to him!" The old man walked away and the hugging was resumed.

"Pretty good joke, ain't it?" said the drummer.

"Splendid!" giggled the girl.

"He thinks we're married! Well, I wish we were," he sighed, drawing her closer.

"Do you now?"

"You bet!"

"What would you give to have me for a wife?" she archly inquired.

"Five dollars!"

"Would you though?"

"You bet I would!"

"All right!" said she, and throwing back her veil, she added: "Fork over now!" and as he saw it really was his wife, he paid the money and tried to look happy, but the passengers roared with happy relief as she took him by the ear and led him out of the coach, saying:

"Gentlemen, he *is* my husband, but he did not think so five minutes ago."—*Through Mail.*

A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

The girl with the freckled face is now fashionable.—*Fashion Paper.*

He fondly gazed at her freckled face,
Then an arm he placed about
Her waist, and gave her a fond embrace,
And called her his pretty trout.

Into her face a red flush came
And her eyes with tears grew dim
As she said: "Why call me such a name?"
And she turned her back on him.

"Oh, to praise his girl is a lover's right,"
He said, "and a lover's duty,
And I called you a pretty trout to-night
Because your a speckled beauty."
—*Boston Courier.*

His Housekeeping Knowledge.

First Chum—This is a very pleasant room, old man, and we ought to enjoy ourselves.

Second Chum (gloomily)—Yes; but it will soon go to ruin unless we get a woman to take care of it.

"Oh, no it won't; we can manage that ourselves."

"Nonsense! You don't know anything about housework."

"Don't I? Well, now, let me tell you, since I've been going to see that girl with a cross father on Green street, I've learned how to dust at a moment's warning."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Outwitted.

"No, darling," George was saying to her as they walked along the brilliantly lighted street, "I have never loved as I love now. You are the only girl for whom I have ever felt that deep longing that is born of true love. And in saying that I am not guilty of—"

"Chestnuts," yelled a street-vender.

George hurried away; but before he could gain full possession of his senses she had pulled him across the street and said "Vanilla" to the waiter.—*Tid-Bits.*

HOW ANIMALS TALK.

A Farmer's Claim That All Animals Can Be Taught to Understand Language.

"If you talk with the creatures in your back yard, they soon get not only to understand your general meaning, but to reply with modifications of sound that are meant for you in particular. One or two hens in a flock will show particular aptitude in telling you what they think. Some horses have, or can have, an octave of sounds, and express very nice gradations of dislike or pleasure, even up to defined laughter. Other animals laugh, notably birds, with articulate sounds. Some years since I owned a horse with which I undertook to drive to a neighboring town over the hills in winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs, and that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm. On another occasion a pet Morgan called me while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent calls, that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables I found the cows had broken down a door and were capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating quietly.

"But for real vocalization the fowls surpass both animals and birds. I have had one rooster that had a remarkable power of laughing. No one could possibly hear him without doing as he would when Gough laughs—laugh with him. Now, a dog has a diffused laugh all over, but especially concentrates a chuckle in his tail. The dog's tail is the most cultured tail among animals. It not only laughs, but it talks. The tail of a cow has no more sense than an ox-gad, and a horse's tail is not much wiser. They even lash flies in a loose way that shows they don't know, except in a general way, where the fly is. It was necessary that men should lose such a brainless appendage. As the brain increases the tail decreases, and laughing and talking go over to the brain.

"In studying animal language we must study not only their power of adaptability to us, but our power of adaptation to them. That is, having ourselves evolved our language from the sign and emotional stage, there still is in us a capacity for going back to those creatures that have not yet come up to an intelligent language; we can put forth an effort to meet them half way. Prof. Bartholomew, with his trained horses, talks with them in equine language. It needs to drop words and throw expressions into terms. In that way and for that reason singing brings us nearer to the most of our friends than articulation. Yet if we constantly talk to animals as if they understood us, we shall find ourselves involuntarily modifying our sounds, and shall be surprised to find how much they evidently comprehend our meaning.

"The relations which we assume to animals rapidly modifies their articulation. It is not the parrot only that learns to talk from human intercourse, but all animals and birds as well. You have only to test this in your own yard or on your farm. I have a horse that, when purchased, knew human beings from some unpleasant side, and was accustomed to put on terrible pretences of devouring stall boys. They had probably deserved to be eaten. She never vocalized except a snort of anger, and declined any familiarity. She is now capable of expressing herself in a way that would satisfy Dean Swift. There is a consciousness in every motion that she is conversing with me, and she has quite a vocal range of affection and inquiry."—*Boston Budget.*

A LECTURE TO MEN.

Some Reasons Why Wives Should Be Posted Upon Their Husbands' Affairs.

What is my opinion of wives knowing their husbands' business? I think every wife should know exactly all the business of her husband. It may not be necessary to tell her the worries and anxieties of it, but all that portion in which her suggestions and her tact would be valuable, should be known to her, and she should also have such knowledge as would be of vital importance in settling the estate, in case of the death of its head. Too many men think, because their wives are only women, they don't have any idea of money except to spend it, but I am here to say that the wives, on an average, have just as much business sense as their husbands, and in many cases very much more, as the records will show. If a woman is extravagant and careless, a knowledge of what her husband's business is will often act as a restraint upon her, and unless she is a natural-born fool, will cause her to make an effort to cut her garments according to her cloth. Occasionally a wife does not want to know anything of her husband's affairs because she thinks she has enough care at home, but that kind of a wife is scarce, and the man who husbands her is an unfortunate, whose lot would have been happier if he had remained a bachelor. I believe in the unity of husband and wife, and the unity of material matters is almost as important as that of the spirit, indeed, true unity of spirit means unity in all things. A good wife is a man's best friend, and her sympathy is valuable, even though she has not the wisdom of Solomon. Mr. Brown always told me his business, and Mr. Brown left a widow who is not dependent on the world, nor does she have to ask a man to conduct her business for her now that her natural protector is no more.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A story is told by the *Presbyterian* of a New York woman who was asked to add her name to a subscription list for a charitable purpose. "I can not," was the reply; "I did all I could afford to do for charity during the winter. I went to the charity ball, the kirmess, and attended a number of private theatrical entertainments given for benevolence."

—Portland, Ore., has a new high school building which cost $125,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Marriage may be defined as a temporary social alliance, entered into for the purpose of acquiring a cheap notoriety through the medium of divorce.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The indications are that the great Lick Observatory in California will be completed in 1887, a French firm having successfully solved the problem of casting the disc, which is to be three feet in diameter.

—A late critic gives it as his opinion that the word "rye" in Burns' song, "Coming Thro' the Rye," means river, and not a field; that the author intended the word to mean crossing on the stepping stones in the river Rye.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The wits of the people in England go wool-gathering just as they do here, it seems. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address upon them, and in 1,600 of them coins and money were enclosed.

—A book has been published which advocates the eating of non-carnivorous insects. As Abraham Lincoln once remarked: "For those who like this sort of thing it is quite probable that this sort of thing is just about the sort of thing they would like."

—The late Dr. Holland evidently thought there was a better way of spending one's time than in card playing. He described it as "the resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations."—*Congregationalist.*

—There is nothing new in the idea of pneumatic tubes. A pneumatic conveyor for letters, etc., was suggested by Dr. Papin, in 1695; patented by Madhurst in England, 1810, on the compressed air principle, and by Valentine, in 1824, on the exhaust principle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The First Kiss of Love:

Her cheeks are flushed, her eyes are wet,
She heaves a gentle sigh;
Her hair is mussed, she scarce knows yet
What's best—to laugh or cry.
What makes her blush and tremble so
With mighty joy and fright?
The first time in his life her beau
Had kissed her sweet good-night.

—The largest and finest collection of orchids in this country is owned by Hon. Erastus Corning, of Albany, for which he was offered and refused $675,000 by a syndicate. The late Mrs. Morgan, of New York, left a choice collection valued at $250,000.—*Albany Journal.*

—In Portland, Me., recently an ingenious device was discovered for evading the liquor law. A lead pipe was carried up a chimney to the second story of the house, and investigation showed that it was carried beneath the ground across the yard to another building fully one hundred feet away. Here, beneath the floor in the second story, were two barrels of beer, the pipe running up the wall to connect them with.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is said that there is not a gambling-house in Boston which is not protected by a thick, bolted door, at which a watchman always stands. Electric communicators warn the occupants as soon as any unknown person comes in sight, so that by the time an entrance has been effected by battering down the door the chips, money, and other paraphernalia are all secreted and the gamblers are chatting and smoking together in the most innocent manner. It is practically impossible for the police to find a game in progress.—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Look here, Ransom," said an old negro to a young fellow. "I doan' min' yer 'sociatin' wid' my daughter, but I druther yer wouldn't come roun' my house no mo'. Time 'fore de las' what ye wuz heah I missed er water bucket, an' de las' time de bridle wus gone, an' now, ez I has a use fur de saddle, I druther yer wouldn't come heah. I doan't say that yer ain't hones', but such curis things happens while yer is in de neighborhood, so jes' ter please er ole man, what ain't enjoyin' very good health, pleas doan' come round dis house no mo'."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—This is the latest parrot story: "A common gray Polly, having been brought from Guinea by a sailor with a coarse, rough voice and afflicted with a cough, the parrot learned to imitate the exact tones of his master, even to the cough, so closely that the sound of his voice was often mistaken for that of the sailor. It was afterward taken in hand by another instructor and taught a softer tone, but it never forgot the harsh voice of its former master, and often amused bystanders by relapsing into sea slang, interspersed with the asthmatic cough of the sailor."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The explorers of the Congo Valley are surprised by the crudity of life there. The natives have no domesticated beasts of any sort, nor do they raise or catch any animals to eat, as they know nothing of flesh as food. No semblance of clothing is worn, and diet is practically confined to spontaneous products of the soil. Letters from missionaries say, too, that the negroes there are so low in mentality that any hope of Christianizing them must be based on a long and patient course of intellectual training. They are too densely ignorant to comprehend the simplest statements of doctrine.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Helen Jackson's Last Days.

A friend of Mrs. Helen Jackson, writing in the *Overland Monthly* of her last days, says: "Her illness was a painless one, a gradual prostration of all the vital energies under the influence of a powerful and irresistible disease. Throughout the long and trying ordeal neither her patience nor her courage ever failed. Whenever the conversation turned upon her ailment, with its mysterious symptoms and steady disorganization of the system, baffling the physicians' skill and thwarting the well-meant efforts of her friends, she was always first to turn the subject, saying with a reassuring little smile, token of the brave spirit's triumph over the failing body: 'Now let us talk of something more pleasant.' And she would so completely ignore her weak bodily condition, and enter into conversation with such spirit and zest, that one forgot she was an invalid, and was conscious only of the clear, analytical mind, with its flashes of humor, and of the great, generous heart."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1885.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR COMPTROLLER OF TREASURY:
FRANCIS MILLER,
of Montgomery County.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
WILLIAM M. MARINE,
of Harford County.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE L. MICHAELS,
SILAS WEIMER,

FOR CLERK OF CIRCUIT COURT:
W. H. TOWER.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
JACOB GNAGEY,
THOMAS K. HARVEY,
WILLIAM W. FRAZEE.

FOR SHERIFF:
JOHN H. RILEY.

REGISTER OF WILLS,
JOHN S. LAUGHLIN.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
DANIEL CHISHOLM.

Our Candidates.

Dr. E. H. Glotfelty, who heads our ticket, is a practising physician of large experience, and has an excellent reputation in his profession. He has had some experience in public life, having served in the Legislature of Maryland during the session of 1874. He is a man of sound judgement, active, energetic, of strict integrity, and enjoys the confidence of those who know him best. We feel we can safely say any trust committed to his care will not be abused nor neglected.

Silas Weimer, a candidate for the Legislature, has been identified with our public school interests since the organization of Garrett county, and has the reputation of being the best teacher in the county. He is modest, unassuming, honest, and has decided ability. He has been found faithful in the discharge of duty in every station in which he has been placed, and the people can safely trust him.

George L. Michaels, the other candidate on our ticket for the House of Delegates, is a farmer residing in the lower end of the county near Bloomington. He is one of the old citizens of Garrett county, and has been long and favorably known to our people. If elected he will do credit to his county, and his friends will have no regrets at having elected him to such an honorable position.

W. H. Tower, candidate for the Clerkship of the county, needs no commendation at our hands. He has filled the office acceptably for more than twelve years, and the thousands of people who have had business in the office during that time testify to his efficiency, and also to his courtesy and kindness. He will undoubtedly be his own successor.

Messrs. Jacob Gnagey, Thomas K. Harvey and William W. Frazee, candidates for County Commissioners are all farmers and know what our farmers and those residing in the rural districts need. These gentlemen have all managed their own affairs successfully, are heavy tax-payers and are therefore interested personally in having county matters economically managed. They are men whose characters are above reproach, and we believe the interests of the tax-paying community will not suffer in their hands.

No better selection could have been made for Sheriff than John H. Riley. He will, when elected, be beyond the peradventure of a doubt the right man in the right place.

John S. Laughlin, for Register of Wills is a first-class selection. The people can safely cast their votes for him knowing that he will make an excellent officer and will faithfully discharge his duties to the public when elected. He is a man of undoubted good character and can be safely trusted anywhere.

Mr. Daniel Chisholm our candidate for Surveyor is well known. He served for several years as county surveyor of Allegany county. The office of County Surveyor considering the unsettled condition of our land titles is an important one, and our people should be careful in making their choice for this office. Mr. Chisholm is, we doubt not, more familiar with the locations of the old tracts and lots of land in this county than any man in the county. He has been thoroughly trained in both the theory and practice of surveying. It is absolutely certain that we have no better surveyor in our community.

Take our ticket as a whole it is one which commends itself to the good sense of the people, and will, we believe, be triumphantly elected in November next.

The Democratic Ticket.

On Tuesday last the Democratic County Convention for Garrett county assembled at the court house in this town, and nominated a ticket for the support of the Democrats of Garrett county at the coming election, and there is blood on the moon, so to speak. We have been present at all, or nearly all, the Democratic conventions which have met in this county during a period of ten years, and if the statements made by Democrats themselves are to be taken as true, never has there been so much bitterness and dissatisfaction with the work of a convention. Many of the faithful do not hesitate to say the ticket is a weak one. Others cry out fraud, put up job, trickery, &c., &c. We take it for granted that there are some men who wanted place who were left out in the cold. To say that some of them are hurt, mortified, all broken up, so to speak, would be drawing it very mild. The evidences of dissatisfaction which we have seen and heard came from Democratic sources, and if they are true, there is every reason why Republicans should be pleased with the ticket. But whether they are true or false, the Republicans should make preparations at once to beat that ticket, and in making that preparation it is not wise to underrate the strength of our adversary. Democrats may be dissatisfied for the moment, they may cuss a little between there teeth, but they can beat the world eating crow, and you may expect those who make the most fuss now to walk up to the ballot box in November and put their tickets in straight. A word to the wise is sufficient.

There never has been such a chance for the Republicans of the state to get control of the Legislature and Senate, and the Democratic party will soon be around making frantic appeals for harmony and promising positions of assessors, boards of control and review, &c., &c., but Democrats of Garrett, don't forget that it is the same party that rode into power two years ago by promising everything to everybody, and they have just as little regard for their promise now as then.

Peace, Peace, was the cry in the Democratic Convention on Tuesday, but still there was no peace. When the Democratic brethren of Garrett get together, as a rule, they don't, to any great extent, dwell together as brethren in unity.

Elect our Senator and Representatives and there need be no fear that an expensive assessment bill will be passed and saddled upon our taxpayers, as before, just to reward a few Democratic party workers.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at a complimentary banquet to Hon. John A. Logan, at the Eutau House, Baltimore, Monday evening Oct. 8th, 1885.

Our ticket is not a fuss-and-feather ticket, but good, solid men, who can be depended upon to do their duty to the people.

The Ohio Campaign.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 29.—But two weeks now remain until the Ohio election. The campaign has been quietly conducted, the still hunt tactics having been very closely observed by both parties up to about a week ago, when Senator Sherman thrust out more vigorously than heretofore, and commenced forcing the fighting. It is plainly manifest that the plan of campaign adopted by the Democrats, and on which they hoped to continue the fight, namely, that of annoying the Republicans on the temperance question, is from this time on to be seriously interrupted by the sudden springing of the tariff question by Senator Sherman, who will be followed by such speakers as Major McKinley, General Grosvenor, A. L. Morrison, of Chicago, and General Beaver, of Pennsylvania. This move is like pulling out a new deck of cards on the Democratic managers, as they are not prepared for this new turn in the campaign, whereas the Republicans have their tariff literature already out.

The Baltimore *Sunday Times*, the organ of the "regular" Democrats of the State, is very much alarmed about the independent movement in Baltimore.

The great peril to the Democratic party in case they should lose the ensuing municipal election is thus set forth by the *Times*:

"If the Democratic municipal ticket should be defeated the moral effect would be so prejudicial to party prospects that the Republicans would probably carry Cecil, Kent, Talbot, Caroline, Dorchester and Somerset counties on the Eastern Shore; Anne Arundel, Prince George's, Charles, Calvert and St. Mary's counties in Southern Maryland, and Frederick, Washington, Allegany and Garrett counties in Western Maryland. The present State Senate is composed of 14 Democrats and 12 Republicans, of which 9 Democrats and four Republicans hold over. If the Republicans should carry the above named counties they will elect nine of the incoming Senators. This would make the composition of the Senate 13 Republicans and 12 Democrats, not including the senator from the second legislative district, who is to be elected this fall. The last House of Delegates was composed of 63 Democrats and 28 Republicans. Excluding the city delegation, the House stood 45 Democrats to 28 Republicans. If the Republicans should carry the counties above mentioned the House, exclusive of the city delegation, would stand 45 Republicans to 28 Democrats. The Democrats would then have to carry all three of the city districts to tie the Republican vote in the Senate and to have a majority of one vote in the House. If the municipal ticket should be defeated the probability is that at least one, and possibly another, city district would be carried by a Republican or fusion ticket. It will therefore be seen that Baltimore is the Democratic citadel, and to lose that means almost certain defeat."

The Results of Bossism.

Applause, once the solace of the statesman and the spur to fresh exertions and greater triumphs, has now but little meaning. A popular craze prevails for making heroes of everybody and everything from an adventurous road agent to an elephant, regardless of the qualities in which they excel. It is not surprising, therefore, that a successful political boss should share this fickle public favor and divide the honors with Jumbo, the fat woman and the latest walking prodigy. This singular infatuation for sawdust heroes is, in the main, harmless. To lift a base ball player to a plane which he never expected to reach, and from whence he dizzily looks down upon his less fortunate rivals, is to injure none but the individual who has been thus unexpectedly and unnaturally thrust into prominence. But this silly hero-worship at times works grave evils in the community. A boss raised far above his proper level is an ignis fatuus to an important class of citizens.

No thoughtful person can cast his eye over the political arena in Maryland to-day without a feeling of the keenest humiliation. Bright and promising young men no longer struggle in generous rivalry for the rewards which intellect and ambition crave. If found in the legislative halls of the state or in positions of trust and responsibility, with rare exceptions, they have been placed there by concessions to the bosses. They have paid the price at which a nomination is valued, or, by an apprenticeship of abject servility, they have gained the confidence of their masters, and are permitted to remain where they can further the ends of the machine, but can be of little use to their constituents or the state. They have learned to cringe, to fawn upon and to obey the orders of men whom in their better days they would have spurned, but during their tutelage they have unlearned pretty much all that was noble and manly in their lives. The majority of them look back upon a record black with ingratitude, upon the violation of the most sacred promises, upon mean and dirty acts which must still cause their young blood to tingle with shame—and for what? They certainly cannot entertain hopes of preferment beyond the precarious tenure of the boss upon the throttle of public administration. Their record is made up and in the hands of an inexorable tribunal. They have been weighed and judged. They have suffered themselves to be beguiled by the tempter. They have gazed upon the brazen image, and have groveled in the dust at its feet. There is no place of repentance for them in a healthy condition of public affairs.

But worse, perhaps, than the degradation of individuals is the loss to the state of the services of many vigorous and fertile young minds, against whom the avenues of political advancement are closed. Unwilling to sacrifice manliness and independence, the price of success under boss rule, they have distributed themselves through the various industrial channels of the state, and cannot now separate themselves from the obligations which have grown up around them. While there must always be abundant material to draw from, it is still a matter of profound regret that so many young men have been driven from the public service by the vicious rule of the boss in Maryland.

And yet it is the fashion to invest the boss with heroic attributes. Would not the public good be more truly conserved by exacting the lounger who awaits his victim at the street corner and lures him into the hells and deadfalls of the city to drug and rob him? The latter, at the worst, robs his victims one at a time, while the boss destroys them by scores, and involves in their destruction honor, manhood and self-respect.—*Balto. American.*

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—*Bradstreets* in its commercial summary says: "The movement of general merchandise throughout the country during the past week has been about equal to the volume of preceding weeks, though distributed somewhat differently. At various trade centers west and southwest, where the activity reported has not been proportionate to that recorded at eastern points of distribution, there has been a large inquiry and a heavier week's business, but at various cities in the east the movement of goods to the interior is smaller. Illustrating this it may be specified that at Boston the sales of dry goods have fallen off somewhat from the late heavy volume, and that the existing demand there is less than had been expected. The situation is, therefore, considered one for critical examination, and the succeeding few weeks will be closely observed to determine whether the result, as has been alleged, is to be a dull trade during the winter, succeeding the autumn spurt only.

The eastern dry goods trade in general is therefore characterized as quiet. Wool continues in fair demand from manufacturers in excess of immediate demands as well as from speculators. This makes prices firm and holders stiff in their views. The market is called strong and active. The new as well as favorable features are that at Chicago there is an improved distribution of general merchandise, and that the request for funds from the interior is heavier. Business is better at San Francisco, and at Cincinnati reports from various leading lines of trade show that business is 25 percent better than it was in the like period of 1884. The margin of profit, however, is not improved. Ocean freights generally are heavy and low, and the movement of exportable product is no better.

Butler's Prophecy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Gen. Butler in a published interview sneers at the efforts of the hard money men to solve the silver and gold problem, and argues that paper money is the only good currency. The people, he says, will eventually rise up and throw off the goke of coin money.

"Do you expect serious trouble?" asked the reporter.

"I do," replied the General. "I have grandchildren who will live to see the Vanderbilts and Goulds taken to the nearest lamp-post and hung. After there has been bloodshed we will settle down again for a while. These money kings see the danger already. But they do not see the remedies. When I was a candidate for President, Gould said, 'Butler must be crushed.' He could not see that it was better for a man with considerable wealth and a family and property interests to be at the head of the masses and able to control them. He only saw in the background the touch of communism, as he thought. Some day a real communist will lead them. Then we will see the difference.

"Every man is a communist now in the eyes of the community who preaches the equality of men. Christ was the communist of Jerusalem. As the head of the labor element I could have settled this whole railroad question as no other man could. The mistake I made in running for President was like running against a stone wall. In all crisises the people have failed themselves. I was foolish enough to think that the people had grown wiser; that the laborers of the new republic were more intelligent. They are not intelligent. They were afraid of me, because I had a little property. They were just as foolish as Gould. But that is not all. Nine out of ten of them would sell their votes for $2 a piece. I was a fool to think this age was any different from any other."

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by W. D. Nydegger.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POSTPONED.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 71, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1885.

at 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O. Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
10 3 2t Attorney for Mortgagee.

WANTED, IN OAKLAND, MD.,

an energetic business woman to solicit and take orders for The Madame Griswold Patent Skirt-Supporting Corsets. These corsets have been extensively advertised and sold by lady canvassers the past ten years, which, with their superiority, has created a large demand for them throughout the United States, and any lady who will give her time and energy to canvassing for them can soon build up a permanent and profitable business. They are not sold by merchants, and we give exclusive territory, thereby giving the agent entire control of these superior corsets in the territory assigned her. We have a large number of agents who are making a grand success selling these goods, and we desire such in every town. Address, MME. GRISWOLD & CO., 923 Broadway, New York. 10 3 4t.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass or allow their stock to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned near Swanton, Md. Violations will be prosecuted.

T. WILT.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, in the year 1885, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 5th and 6th days of October, in the year 1885, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of September, at William Ryland's store, and Friday, the 11th day of September, at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at William Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 8th and 9th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10th, 11th and 12th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, at Geo. T. Michael's house and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Accident, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Sylvester H. Ryland's house.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, at Fort Pendleton, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at Altamont, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September at the house of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of October at the house of Jacob Strickland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
GEO. T. MICHAEL,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
WM. F. DEAKINS,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
GEORGE L. LAYMAN,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Henry A. Rasche, Assignee, vs. Alpha Hinebaugh, and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, in Equity.

ORDERED, This Fifteenth day of September, 1885, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale of the land of Alpha Hinebaugh and wife and John Hinebaugh and wife, mentioned and described in these proceedings made and reported by Henry A. Rasche, assignee of Matthew Cullen, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
9 26 3t. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. References given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

Desiring to quit business, for the next thirty days we will offer our entire stock of

Groceries,
Notions, &c.,

AT COST

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office, Oakland.

Order of Publication

Joel Wiland vs. Florissa Biddinger, Simeon Biddinger and James Bowser.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 160 Equity.

The object for which the bill of complaint was filed in the above cause, was to have certain deeds therein mentioned set aside as fraudulent, and to procure a decree for a sale of the real estate conveyed by Florissa Biddinger and Simeon Biddinger to James Bowser, and to subject the same to the payment of the plaintiff's claim.

The bill states that in the year 1875 Simeon Biddinger was largely indebted to the plaintiff for work done and materials provided for him, the said Biddinger, and for board and clothes for the children of the said Biddinger, and that the plaintiff continued to furnish board for the children of said Biddinger up to the time of the filing of said bill.

The bill further states that on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1878, he instituted suit in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to recover from said Biddinger the amount due him, and that on the 9th of September, A. D. 1879, a judgment was rendered by said Court against the said Biddinger in favor of said plaintiff for the sum of $304.45, and $75.75 costs.

The Bill further charges that after the [illegible] of said suit at law, and until the [illegible] of the bill in this cause, the plaintiff continued to furnish board and clothing for the child of the said Biddinger, and that the said Biddinger is indebted to the plaintiff in the further sum of $142.50, making an entire indebtedness on the 15th of September, A. D. 1879, of $611.70.

The Bill further charges that prior to the month of May, A. D. 1878, the said Biddinger purchased from Jacob Hare and wife, a tract of land in Garrett county, called "Mount Airy," containing fifty acres of land; that the said Biddinger paid the entire purchase money for said land, amounting to $750.00 or more. That after said Biddinger had purchased said land and paid for it, he intending to cheat, defraud, hinder and delay the plaintiff in the collection of his said claim, and with a view to cheat and delay his other creditors in the collection of their claims, fraudulently procured and induced said Hare and wife to convey said land to Florissa Biddinger, his infant daughter, by deed dated May 22nd, 1876.

The Bill further states that at the time said deed was made and at the time of filing said bill, the said Florissa was an infant, under the age of twenty-one years, and that she had no money of her own, and that she was wholly incapable of earning any money, that she had not inherited anything, and that she paid no part of the purchase money for said land.

The Bill states that the said Biddinger further intending to cheat the plaintiff and hinder him in the collection of his said claim, did on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1879, procure, induce, and require his said infant daughter to join with him in executing a deed for said land to James Bowser, and that the said James Bowser knew all the circumstances surrounding the whole matter, and that his object was to cheat the plaintiff.

The Bill further charges that the said Biddinger was indebted and had not means apart from said property to pay his debts, and that the said conveyances were fraudulent and void and contrary to Equity and good conscience.

The Bill then prays that said deeds be set aside and that said land be sold for the purpose of paying the plaintiff's claim, and for general relief and for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this Second day of September, A. D. 1885, that the plaintiff cause a copy of the order together with the object and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland once a week for four successive weeks before the fifth day of October, A. D. 1885, giving notice to the said Florissa Biddinger, the non-resident defendant in said Bill, and warning her to appear in person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of October, A. D. 1885, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test.
9 5 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are notified and warned not to trespass on my lands for the purpose of hunting or otherwise, as they will be punished to the full extent of the law.

ALBERT COMBS.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Ladies' and children's wraps at Garthright's---very cheap. 10 3 4t

—Mr. P. M. Stemple has been appointed postmaster at Altamont, *vice* L. Wheeler, resigned.

Guests at Miss Edwards: Miss tance Howell, Charleston, S. C.; Allen McSherry, Baltimore, Md.

All persons knowing themselves bted to W. D. Nydegger are here- otified to call and settle on or be- Nov. 1st, 1885. 10 3 td.

—Married, in Oakland, Md., Satur , Sept. 26th, 1885, by Rev. J. M. vis, Mr. Jesse L. Jones and Miss ary L. Howard, both of Harrison unty, W. Va.

—Married, in Oakland, Md., Sunday, Sept. 20th, 1885, by Rev. J. M. Davis, Mr. John B. Cormany and Miss Jane S. Elsey, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, Monday, Sept 28th, 1885 at Terra Alta, W. Va., Mr. Michael Chrystal, of Hutton's Switch, this county, and Miss Maggie Joyce, of Terra Alta, Preston county, W. Va.

—Mrs. M. L. Scott has now open Fall and Winter Bonnets and Hats, a complete line of Trimmings, Fancy Feathers, Birds, Tips, Flowers, Velvets, Laces, Neck Wear and many new and desirable goods.

—Died, in Oakland, on Monday, Sept. 28th, 1885, Frederica Louise, infant daughter of Fred. A. and Maggie W. Thayer.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly her soul shall rest."

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

Selling Out at Cost.

The undersigned desiring to go out of business will offer their entire stock of Groceries, Notions, &c., at cost for the next thirty days. All persons desiring to save money and get bargains should call at once at

HARNE & LAWTON'S.

For Sale.

Will be sold on favorable terms—30 horse power steam saw mill complete, with cut-off saw.

Apply to

D. E. OFFUTT. Admst.,
Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Wraps.

Ladies' and Childrens Cloaks, Newmarkets, Russian Circulars, Short Jackets and Jerseys now open at

M. L. SCOTT'S,
Baltimore Store.

For Sale.

Desiring to quit business our stock and fixtures for Grocery, Notion, Flour and Feed Store are for sale.

HARNE & LAWTON,
Oakland, Md.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md, Oct. 3d, 1885.

Braddock, Rev. Wm.,	Hall, Marthy,
Bennett, J. S.,	Horton, Miss Ellen 2,
Kelly, Bridget Miss,	Hauser, J. L.,
Brown, Samuel T.,	Jemess, Edwin J.,
Clark, R. D.,	Rush, M.,
Chappel, Mrs Philly,	Rightmire, Miss Bell,
Crawford, C. C.,	Smith, J. D. Jr.,
Carroll, William,	Smith, Miss Emilie,
Clement, Anson,	Severer, Silas,
Cobill, Miss,	Tyson, D. M.,
Esberger, Wendell,	Thomas Charles,
Fitzer, Robert,	Tierney, Miss Kate,
McFadden, Miss M.,	Tatts, Mr. O.,
Murray, J. B.,	Toly, Hon. H. G.,
Grim, L. R.,	Whiting, E. J.
Harden, Sampson 2,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Instantaneous Potographs

At Pritchard's Gallery. Prices to suit the times. Having no partner now to divide with, I have made a reduction on photographs, and guarantee them to be as good as my partner and I together got up. Testing is believing. I also have on hand and for sale a nice lot of frames.

G. H. PRITCHARD.

In Memory of Lydia Kemp.

MR. EDITOR:—Lydia Kemp, relict of the late Reuben Kemp, died on the 22d of Sept., 1885, at the residence of her son Elijah Kemp, Bloomington, in this county, of an illness (old age rather) of about two weeks. She would have reached four score years on the 4th of November next. In her last days, indeed weeks, she endured no bodily pains, or mortal suffering. Her transit was so calm and peaceful that its exact time could hardly be noted. With one remaining motive for life, and that an anxiety for her almost dying son. Indeed the two frail ones seemed to prolong life, one for the other. She was universally beloved for her amiable and sweet disposition. Every neighbor (and none better are to be found elsewhere) was happy in ministering to her but few wants, and tenderly helping her remains to a place of rest. She had been a widow for forty-two years, and an invalid for nearly as many. With a frail constitution, she attained great age by a system of life blameless and almost free from friction. Three sons and two daughters survive her; also one sister and two brothers. She was the second daughter of the late Samuel and Amy Brown, born in Somerset county, Pa., but with her parents moved to Allegany county in 1812, where she has resided ever since. Her late husband, Reuben Kemp, was a very respectable man, and died in 1843, near Grantsville, where his remains repose and hers at the Westernport cemetery. About sixty years ago Mrs. Kemp became converted and a member of the M. E. Church in the days of Wesleyan simplicity, at "old Grantsville." The village and its church have long since disappeared, but not so with her religion; it endured and even strengthened as she grew older and weaker in body. For much of her life she was deprived of church advantages. There are yet those who remember how the ministers more than fifty years ago habitually held services at her neat and quiet home, at the old Brown homestead, for her small family and neighbors as worshipers. But her Bible was a substitute for church, which she read incessantly and trusted implicitly. Its truths and lessons were deeply impressed on her mind and actions, with a memory that seemed wonderful for a body so frail and diminutive. The relatives of this goodly woman will always feel a sacred pleasure in bearing the debt of gratitude they owe her neighbors for their unceasing, appropriate and tender kindness, not only in her last days but years, as age was doing his sure work.

NEIGHBOR.

Sept. 28th, 1885.

Accident Items.

Rain is badly needed.

Grasshoppers have never in our recollection been so numerous and destructive.

Mr. Albert Mosser, who was cut in both knees, is coming on well.

The threatening cold weather hurried up corn cutting.

Rev. Fleckenstein, a former pastor is visiting friends here.

Rev. Jacob Miller, of Stuttgart, Arkansas, preached an acceptable sermon in the English language.

The Missionary meeting was very well attended and was quite successful pecuniarily.

Mr. John E. Gnagey is visiting friends at Grantsville.

Mr. Adam Garinger, who was quite ill, is around again.

We notice Mr. Chas. Davis is doing a good business in cider mills.

There is going to be a big stream of cider started from the cider mills of Garrett county this fall. The apple crop is really immense.

Permit me in this connection to say to my friends of Accident and vicinity, that, in the event of my election to the State Senate, I will provide a competent man to take my place professionally for that length of time.

Miss E. C. Butler has had a successful season with music here. Besides the private pupils she has conducted a singing class for the Sabbath School, meeting twice and three times a week. This work was done altogether gratuitously.

The new singing book introduced by Miss Butler is giving great satisfaction, we notice, all over the United States. It is by Dr. Chas. Robinson and is published by the Century Company of New York. The selections are all good, the music not too difficult and there is a not a single frivilous, foolish piece in the book.

E. H. G.

Mountain Lake Park.

The Directors met on last Thursday but there were only three present, so there was no business of general importance transacted. It is to be hoped that they will all be here on the 5th inst., and that they will plan extensive improvements.

Mrs. Blake's addition to her cottage is about completed.

Miss Harris' cottage is under roof and the painters and plasterers are at work.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman left us on Monday to pursue their evangelistic work.

Rev. D. Lee has located here for one year, his health having failed in the mission work in India. We are glad to have this addition to our population, and hope that he may be greatly improved in health during his stay with us.

We are having the finest of weather now, and the scenery is just magnificent. The beauty in the ripening foliage I think has never been surpassed.

We will have preaching here next Sabbath at 3 o'clock.

J. A. E.

Democratic Convention.

The Democratic County Convention, for the nomination of a county ticket assembled in the court house Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and was called to order by Mr. R. T. Browning, Chairman of the County Committee.

On motion Hon. W. R. Getty was called to the Chair, and Mr. W. L. Rawlings was elected Secretary.

Committees of one from each district represented were appointed on Credentials, Rules, &c., and on Resolutions.

The committee on Credentials, Rules, &c., reported the following delegates entitled to seats in the convention:

District No. 1.—Rudolph Beckman, C. T. West, H. O. Hamill, L. C. Hamill, Edward Taggart.

No. 2.—W. W. Griffith, Jasper Guard, W. W. Schlossnagle, J. M. Miller, R. T. Liston.

No. 3.—Hon. W. R. Getty, J. B. Dorsey, Henry Winterberg, U. M. Stanton, George Smouse.

No. 4.—Wm. A. Brybon, W. L. Rawlings, Daniel Laughlin, C. Facenbaker, Edward Devine.

No. 5.—Daniel Hinebaugh, C. Snyder, Adam Synder, V. Kahl, M. J. Miller.

No. 6.—Christian Soelters, Henry Sines, N. C. Browning, Levi Echard, Wm. R. Porter.

No. 7.—E. Jamison, P. A. Chisholm, Thos. J. Browning, J. L. Burley, R. Reynolds.

No. 8.—J. McC. Mason, J. W. Fowler, C. H. Jamison, Wm. Haun, Geo. H. Serpell,

No. 9.—Not represented.

No. 10.—E. F. Droege, M. T. Brady, A. H. Williams, M. Garrett, Jr., M. T. Sollers.

No. 11.—John C. Chaney, Amos Broadwater, Sr., David Warnick, Wm. B. Broadwater, A. J. Lancaster.

The committee on Resolutions, after a considerable absence, reported two poor little resolutions, one endorsing the administration of President Cleveland, and the other recommending the re-election of "Boss" Gorman. They were adopted by half a dozen mild ayes.

Nominations were then declared in order, when Hon. W. R. Getty and R. T. Browning were placed in nomination for Senator. Mr. Getty declined, and, on motion, the nomination of Mr. Browning was made by acclamation.

For House of Delegates the names of Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Wm. Hinebaugh, Daniel Laughlin, R. J. West and E. M. Friend were placed in nomination. Dr. Bartlett declined.

Mr. Laughlin was nominated on the first ballot, receiviug 8 votes. Messrs. Hinebaugh and West received 5 each, and Capt. Friend 2 votes.

On the second ballot Mr. Hinebaugh was nominated, having received 6 votes to 4 for Mr. West.

Messrs. M. R. Hamill for Clerk of Court, R. S. Jamison for Sheriff and John T. Mitchell for County Surveyor, were nominated by acclamation.

For Register of Wills Messrs. G. W. Merrill and Titus Delawder were nominated. The first ballot resulted in favor of Mr. Delawder by a vote of 6 to 4.

For County Commissioners six names were brought forward as follows: R. J. West, A. J. Fike, J. W. Blocher, Norman Barnard, John Robeson and J. W. Shillingberg. The first ballot resulted as follows: West, 7; Fike, 8; Blocher, 8; Barnard, 2; Robeson, 2; Shillingberg, 3. Messrs. West, Fike and Blocher were declared the nominees.

Deer Park.

The Hotel has closed for the season, but the cottagers are all remaining to enjoy our lovely autumn weather.

Mr. John B. Davis, of Richmond, spent a few days here lately.

Mrs. John Sheridan and children, and Miss Kate Downey, of Piedmont, made a visit to Mrs. W. R. Davis last week.

Mr. S. C. Hoye, the newly appointed postmaster, will take charge of the office to-morrow, October 1st.

Mr. Williams' new cottage is progressing rapidly, and presents a fine appearance.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will commence the erection of new cottages, near the Hotel this fall, and also an immense swimming pool to be ready for next summer.

The Band of Hope will meet on next Saturday evening. Mr. Joseph Foster, of Swanton, will deliver a lecture on the occasion.

Mr. Jeremiah Tasker, of Ryans Glade, last week lost a horse valued at one hundred and thirty dollars.

Maj. Armstrong's family have arrived and are established in the house formerly occupied by Mr. D. F. Graham.

Dr. McFarlan, of Washington, who, with his wife, has been spending some time at Wing-and-Wing, has been a very valuable assistant in our Union Sunday School since he has been here. He has been for years the Superintendant of a Sabbath School in Washington, and his heart is in the work everywhere. He leaves for home to-morrow and will be greatly missed by all who have met him here.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Parkersburg.—A. D. Casteel.

Kingwood.—J. E. Kildow.

Washington.—E. K. Lundy, wife and two children.

Selbysport.—Jasper Guard, R. F. Arnson.

Baltimore.—J. F. Kreis.

Wheeling.—Clay Dean.

Valley Furnace.—J. W. Bowman.

***

Miller and Marine.

The Maryland Republican State Convention met in Baltimore on Thursday, and was well attended and harmonious. Hon. Francis Miller, of Montgomery county, was nominated for Comptroller by acclamation, as also was the Hon. William M. Marine, of Harford county, nominated for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

Following is the platform adopted:

Resolved by the *Republican party of Maryland in State convention assembled:* First. That in this hour of our national defeat we renew our allegiance to Republican principles—proud of the past history of our party, convinced of the continued efforts for its success, and confident that it will speedily resume control of the destinies of the nation, which it saved from destruction. Second. That, in common with the entire American people and the civilized world, we sincerely mourn the death of that great soldier and true patriot, General Ulysses S. Grant. Third. While we sincerely trust that the feeling of unity and good will aroused among our people of all sections and parties by the protracted suffering and final death of General Grant will increase and strengthen, we are constrained to appeal to the people of the Southern States to give practical expression to this feeling by a complete and hearty recognition of all the rights of every American citizen.

Resolved, That we view with alarm the tendency in Federal appointments in this state to appoint to office the worst element of the Democratic party, as testified to by the better element of the Democratic party itself, and that it is the duty of every good citizen, irrespective of party affiliations, to show their disapproval of such appointments as Higgins, Hahon and Thomas by defeating at the polls the nominees of Senator Gorman, whom we hold primarily responsible, such being the only way to overthrow bossism and stamp out the disgrace thus brought upon the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the principles of civil service reform, as set forth in the national Republican platform, should be extended and applied to all state and municipal offices.

Resolved, That free trade cannot exist in the relations of this country to other countries; that, of necessity, a very large sum must be raised annually from import duties; that the sum so raised should be the smallest amount sufficient to meet the actual necessities of the government, and in laying the duties to raise this sum every possible care should be taken so to adjust and apportion them as will most surely and efficiently protect American labor and secure the full development of our great natural resources. In the language of the brethren of New York, "The persistent threats of the Democratic leaders to overthrow this policy add to the present troubles of trade and the paralysis of industry. Until the full effects of the revision of 1883 can be fairly estimated agitation for the radical change of the tariff law is a gratuitous assault on the wages of labor, on all branches of production, and all the interests of traffic. We are opposed to the introduction of an system of free trade, the inevitable effect of which would be to destroy our mills and factories, and to crrry down American wages to the standard of the Old World."

Resolved, That the great question of the true relations of capital and labor demands the serious and careful consideration of every true patriot, and we demand such legislation as shall secure to capital safety, and to labor its fair share of the joint results of capital and labor.

Resolved, That while we recognise the duty of the state to provide means by which those confined in our penal and reformatory institutions, particularly the young, should be taught trades, by which they may earn a livelihood and become useful citizens when they return to society, we declare that the employment of convict labor, under the contract system, in competition with the labor of honest men is unjust and demoralizing, and should be prohibited by law.

Resolved, That the safety of the people demands that such legislation should be had at the earliest possible moment as shall control and restrict the gigantic corporations that have grown up in our midst in such a manner as shall render them a benefit, instead of a wrong and oppression to the people, and make them servants instead of the masters of the state,

Resolved, That we are in favor of such a modification of our constitution and laws as shall restrict the aggregate amount of bonded debt which any county or city within the state shall contract to some small percentage of the assessed value of the property within the same.

Resolved, That the Republican party will use all proper means to secure such legislation as will promote the propagation and cultivation of oysters in the non-productive waters of the state, and to reconcile the conflicting interests of the states of Maryland and Virginia and to remove the evils already existing in the oyster laws of the state.

Resolved, That the management of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal should be divorced from politics, as it is used for base and selfish purposes and to advance the political interests of the Democratic ring, by whom it is controlled.

Resolved, That the colored schools of the state are entitled to the same care, supervision and financial support as the white schools.

Resolved, That the first duty of every true son of Maryland, at this period of her history, is to secure the complete overthrow of the corrupt ring, by means of which *one man* rules as with a rod of iron the Democratic party of the state, and through that party subordinates the interests of the state and the people to his own selfish purposes.

SKETCHES OF THE NOMINEES.

The Hon. Francis Miller, the nominee for comptroller, is one of the best known and highly-respected Republicans in the state. He has been a delegate to Republican conventions for many years. Mr. Miller was born in Alexandria, Va., in 1829, and is a well-known member of the Society of Friends. He studied law under Mr. A. G. Riddle, in Washington, and has practiced his profession since his admission to the bar. In 1876 and 1877 he was United States assistant district attorney, and for about seven years was assistant attorney for the district. He resigned last spring. Mr. Miller was a candidate for chief judge of the circuit embracing Frederick and Montgomery counties, but was defeated by Judge John Ritchie a few years ago.

Mr. William M. Marine was born in Somerset county, Md., on August 25, 1843. He was educated at Irving Institute, Mechanicsburg, Pa. He studied law under ex-Congressman Thomas H. Walsh, in Baltimore, and has practiced ever since. He has been sent to state conventions ever since the Republican party was formed in Maryland. He ran for Congress in 1870 against Hon. Wm. J. O'Brien in the Second district when he was twenty-six years of age, and was a candidate for elector on the Grant tickets in 1868 and 1872, and on the Blaine ticket in 1884. Mr. Marine married a Miss Hall, of Prince George's county. He is now counsel to the Sheriff, and was for many years the corporation attorney of Havre-de-Grace.

We are registering all along the line. If you have a neighbor who so far has failed to register urge him out, so he can help administer a rebuke to the party of high taxes, broken promises and mischievous tendencies generally. For this is what the Democratic party in Maryland has proven to be.

The Chinese Must Go!

CHEYENNE, WY., Sept. 28.—The workingmen representing all classes of labor, held a secret meeting Saturday night and Sunday morning. A number of printed dodgers were distributed in different parts of the city and posted on the doors of all houses occupied by the Chinese, reading as follows: "A fair warning. All Chinamen found in the city of Cheyenne after October 1 will be subjected to a coat of tar and feathers and ridden from the city on a rail. Workingmen the Chinese must go!"

The most minute inquiry thus far cannot trace the source from which the dodgers originated. The affair has created a sensation throughout the city, and while nearly all the best citizens of Cheyenne would prefor to see the Chinese go, still there is no doubt should a mob attempt to drive them out with violence they would be protected.

The proprietor of a steam laundry publishes a card stating in deference to the public opinion he has discharged all his Chinese help.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, Sept., 28, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 4½@5¼ c. that generally rated first quality 3¾@4½ cts; medium or good fair quality 2@2½ cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2@2½ cts; extreme range of prices 2@5¾ cts; most of the sales were from 2½@4¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 3,290 head, against 2,833 last week and 3,175 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,863 head, against 2,165 last week, and 1,848 head the corresponding week of last year.

The quality of the offerings to-day on the Hill was inferior to any seen there for a long time, very few good butcher cattle or tops being among them. These, as to quality, showed a decline of nearly ½c., as compared with last week, while a larger fraction marked the difference on other grades. The common cattle this week, though fully as numerous as they were last week, were of a shade better quality than they were then. Some dealers accepted concessions of ⅜ to ½c., to affect a clearance. Prices 2½@5 1-5c., with most sales from 4½ to 4¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

The supply, though light, is fair, and about equal to a moderately fair demand. There is but little, if any, variation in the quality of the offerings as compared with the quality of last week's receipts. Prices are nearly ½c. lower than they were last week, and range at 5½ to 6c., for common to fair, 6¼@6¾ for fair to good, and a few extras sold at 6⅞. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@7½c., with most sales from 7¾ to 8¼c. net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

There is a full supply of Sheep on the market, though the offerings number more than 600 head less than last week. The quality shows a falling off in all the yards, as compared with that of last week's receipts. Trade is low. There is no outside demand, and butchers are not active buyers. Quotations range from 2 to 3¾c. gross for sheep, 2½@4¼ for lambs, and $1@2.50 for stock sheep. Same time last year butcher sheep sold at 2½@4¼c., with extra at 4¼, and lambs at 3½@5½. Stock sheep then sold at $1.50@2.75 per head.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR RENT,

The following properties belonging to A. A. Perry:

The Brooks building containing two large rooms suitable for stores on the first floor, six rooms on second floor, suitable for dwelling, with kitchen on first floor.

Also Back building of Perry Cottage, now in possession of Maj. Hill.

Also the Miss Stowe house, now in possession of Mr. Vance.

A. J. HARNE, Agt.

Oakland, Oct. 2, 1885.—3m.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 26th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Oct 12th, 1885,

for the purpose of transacting business.

By order,

G. W. MERRILL,
10 3 2t Clerk.

FOR SALE! A 152 ACRE FARM.

The undersigned offers for sale a small farm, on the waters of Lead Mine Run, Tucker county, W. Va. This property is known as the "Hershlin Place," and adjoins lands of the widow Schrader and others. There are 152 acres in the tract, about 50 of which are cleared, the balance is well timbered.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

G. P. KING,
9 26 3t Austen Mines, W. Va.

PATENTS!

A. A. THOMAS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Expert in all branches of Patent business including Interferences and Rejected Cases. Information and advice sent free on application.

ELECTION NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several election districts of Garrett county at the usual places of holding elections,

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885,

for the purpose of electing

A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals for the State of Maryland.
A State Senator,
Two members of the House of Delegates.
A Clerk of the Circuit Court.
A Sheriff.
Three County Commissionrs.
A Register of Wills.
A County Surveyor.

The polls of said election will be open in each and every election district of said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock A. M., and will be closed at 6 o'clock P. M., when the baliots shall be publicly counted.

Keepers of hotels, taverns, saloons or any place where liquors are sold, and all others will take notice that by Chap. 191, acts of 1868, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day.

M. R. HAMILL,
9 26 td. Sheriff.

ORDER NISI.

Jonas E. Gnagey and others, vs. Mary Otto, et. al. } No. 326 Equity

IT IS ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, this 29th day of September, 1885, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in the second report of Jonas E. Gnagey, trustee, in the above cause, and made to Elizabeth Swager, be ratified and confirmed, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of October next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2600.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
10 3 3t. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AT THE BARS.

I wait in the dusk at the bars in the lane,
  Waiting and watching at close of day;
When the world is stilled in the solemn hour
As it yields for a space to the night's brief power,
  And the moonshine chases the daylight away.

In the mystical purple of twilight the hills
  And valleys are wrapped, and the forces of night
Have conquered the day and driven him far
To the west, where the sentinel evening star
  Keeps a watchful eye on his sullen flight.

From the darkening meadows the tinkling bells
  Ring low and clear on the perfumed air,
Where a thousand delicate odors blend
From flower and bud that to Heaven ascend,
  An offering purer than human prayer.

The querulous plaint of the whippoorwill,
  Hiding away in its lonely nest,
Quivers and thrills with a note of pain,
Like a lover mourning who loves in vain,
  Or a lost soul crying to Heaven for rest.

Why cometh she not, my beauty, my Bess!
  With the tender eyes, so gentle and kind;
She is late; even now with noiseless fall
O'er the dull earth settles a gossamer pall,
  And the bat darts by on the rising wind.

With a nameless dread that I can not quell,
  And a fancy filled with doubts and fears,
I peer in vain where the ghostly trees
Frolic and play with the wooing breeze
  And the winding path on the hill appears.

At the bars, I wait, though the dews are falling,
  She will surely come though the hour be late;
Hark! there's a step on the path coming near,
Aha! and a call that I know, low and clear.
  So well does my brown beauty know I will wait.

She is coming at last! How the glad earth smiles
  And the breezes of Heaven grow sweeter;
See the clover heads bend in a dying caress
As they tremble and bow 'neath her foot's light press,
  On the path where I'm waiting to meet her.

Her foot falls as light as the dew on the grass,
  So quiet and shy as she comes to my side,
As her brown dreamy eyes look so softly in mines.
They rival the glow of the calm star shine,
  Where is any can equal my Bess in her pride?

All day she has gathered, in meadow and wood,
  Sweet grasses and flowers and buttercups white;
But now, in the gloaming, when the mists lie low,
On the river brink and the faint stars show,
  She comes to me here in the fading light.

So, I let down the bars and my pet comes through;
  With a step that a Duchess might envy, and now,
With a grateful moo and a musical low,
She enters, so glossy and stately and slow,
  My three hundred dollar prize Alderney cow.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOST HER FACULTY.

The Minister and the Arithmetician—Letty's Escapade.

A strong soft south wind had been blowing and the trees had dropped nearly all their leaves. There were left only a few brownish-gold ones dangling on the elms, and hardly any at all on the maples. There were many trees on the street, and the fallen leaves were heaped high. Mrs. Wilson Torry's little door-yard was ankle-deep with them. The air was full of their odor, which could affect the spirit like a song, and mingled with it was the scent of grapes.

The minister had been calling on Mrs. Torry that afternoon, and now he stood facing her on the porch, taking leave. He was very young, and this was his first parish. He was small and light and mild-looking; still he had considerable nervous volubility. The simple village women never found him hard to entertain.

Now, all at once, he made an exclamation, and fumbled in his pocket for a folded paper. "There," said he, "I nearly forgot this. Mr. Plainfield requested me to hand this to you, Mrs. Torry. It is a problem which he has been working over; he gave it to me to try, and wanted me to propose, when I called, that you should see what you could do with it."

She seized it eagerly. "Well, I'll see what I can do; but you an' he musn't make no great calculations on me. You know I don't know anything about the 'rithmetic books an' the rules they hev nowadays; but I'm willin' to try."

"Oh, you'll have it done while Mr. Plainfield and I are thinking of it, Mrs. Torry."

"You 'aint neither of you done it, then?"

"He had not at last accounts, and—I have not," replied the young man, laughing, but coloring a little.

The old lady's eyes gleamed as she looked at him, then at the paper. "I dare say I can't make head or tail of it," said she, "but I'll see what I can do by-an'-by."

She had something of a childish air as she stood there. She was slender, and so short that she was almost dwarfed; her shoulders were curved a little by spinal disease. She had a small round face, and a mouth which widened out innocently into smiles as she talked. Her eyes looked out directly at one, like a child's; over them loomed a high forehead with bulging temples covered with deep wrinkles.

"You have always been very fond of mathematics, haven't you, Mrs. Torry?" said the minister, in his slow retreat.

"Lor, yes. I can't remember the time when I wa'n't crazy to cipher.

"Arithmetic is a very fascinating study, I think," remarked the minister, trying to slide easily off the subject and down the porch steps.

"'Tis to me. An' there's somethin' I was thinkin' about this very forenoon—seein' all them leaves on the ground made me, I s'pose. It's always been a sight of comfort to me to count. When I was a little girl I'd 'most rather count than play. I used to sit down an' count by the hour together. I remember a little pewter porringer I had, that I used to fill up with beans an' count 'em. Well, it come into my head this forenoon what a blessed privilege it would be to count up all the beautiful things in this creation. Just think of countin' all them red an' gold-colored leaves, an' all the grapes an' apples in the fall; an' when it come to the winter, all the flakes of snow an' the sparkles of frost; an' when it come to the spring, all the flowers, and blades of grass, an' the little new light green leaves. I don't know but you'll think it ain't exactly reverent, but it does seem to me that I'd rather do that than sing in the other world. Mebbe somebody does have to do the countin'; mebbe it's singin' for some."

She stared up into the warm blue air, in which the bare branches of the trees glistened, with a sweet, solemn wonder in her old face.

The minister in a bewildered way pondered all the old woman had said, as he rustled down the street. Later, Mr. Plainfield (the young high-school teacher) and he would have a discussion over it. They often talked over Mrs. Wilson Torry.

After her caller had gone, the old woman entered the house. On the left of the little entry was the best room, where she had been entertaining the minister; on the right, the kitchen. A young girl was in there eating an apple. She looked up when Mrs. Torry stood in the door.

"He's gone, ain't he?" said she.

"Why, Letty, when did you come?"

"A few minutes ago. School's just out. I came in the back door an' heard him talking, so I kept still."

"Why didn't you come in an' see him?"

"Oh, I didn't want to see him. What you got there, grandma?"

"Nothin' but a sum the minister brought me to do. He an' Mr. Plainfield have been workin' over it."

"Couldn't they do it?"

"Well, he said they hadn't neither of 'em done it yet."

"Is it awful hard?"

"I don't know. I 'ain't looked at it yet."

"Let me see. He didn't get it out of any of our books, I know. We never had anything like this."

"I s'pose it's one he come across somewhere. I guess I'll sit down and look at it two or three minutes."

An old bureau stood against the wall; on it were arranged four religious newspapers in the exact order of their issues, the latest on top, Farmers' Almanacs for the last four years filed in the same way, and a slate surmounted by an old arithmetic. The pile of newspapers was in the middle, the slate and almanacs were on either side.

Letty, soberly eating her apple, watched her grandmother getting out the arithmetic and slate. She was a pretty young girl; her small, innocent face, in spite of its youthful roundness and fairness, reminded people of Mrs. Torry's.

"I don't think much of Mr. Painfield, anyhow," said she, as the click of her grandmother's pencil on the slate began; "and he knows I don't. He overheard me telling Lizzie Bascom so to-day. He came right up behind us on the street, and I know he heard. You ought to have seen his face!"

"I don't see what you've got agin him," remarked Mrs. Torry, absently, as she dotted down figures.

"I haven't much of anything that I know of against him, only I don't think he's much of a teacher. He can't do examples as quickly as you, I know, and I don't think a man has any business to be schoolteaching if he can't do examples as quickly as an old lady."

Mrs. Torry stopped her work and fixed her round, unwinking eyes full on the girl's face.

"Letty Torry, there's some things you don't understand. You never will understand 'em, if you live to be as old as Methusaleh, as far as that's concerned. But you'll get so you know the things air. Sometimes it don't make any difference if anybody's ignorant, an' 'aint got any book-learning; air old, an' h'd a hard-workin' life. There'll be somethin' in 'em that everybody else 'ain't got; somethin' that growed, an' didn't have to be learned. I've got this faculty; I can cipher. It 'ain't nothin' agin Mr. Plainfield if he 'ain't got it; it's a gift."

Her voice took on a solemn tone and trembled. Letty looked at her with childish wonder. "Well," said she, with a subdued manner, "he has no right to teach, anyhow, without it. I guess I'll have another apple. I was real hungry."

So Letty ate another apple silently, while her grandmother worked at the problem again.

She did not solve it as easily as usual. She worked till midnight, her little lamp drawn close to her on the kitchen table; then she went to bed, with the answer still in doubt.

"It ain't goin' to do for me to set up any longer," said she, forlornly, as she replaced the slate on the bureau. "I shall be sick if I do. But I declare I don't see what's got into me. I hope I ain't losin' my faculty."

She could not sleep much. The next morning, as soon as their simple breakfast was eaten and Letty had gone to school, she seated herself with her slate and pencil.

When Letty came home at noon she found her grandmother still at work, and no dinner ready.

"I do declare! cried the old woman. "You don't mean to say you're home, Letty! It ain't twelve o'clock, is it?"

"Course it is; quarter past."

"I 'ain't got one mite of dinner ready, then. I've been so took up with the sum I hadn't no idea how the time was goin'. I don't know what you will do, child."

"Oh, I'll get some bread and milk, grandma; just as soon have it as anything else. Got the problem done?"

"No, I 'aint. I feel real bad about your dinner. I'll kindle up a fire now and fry you an egg—there be time enough."

"I'd rather have bread and milk."

After Letty had gone to school for the afternoon, and Mrs. Torry had been working fruitlessly for an hour longer, she dropped her pencil.

"I declare," said she, "I'm afraid I am losin' my faculty!"

Tears stood in her eyes. "I won't give up that I am, anyhow," said she, and took the pencil again.

When Letty returned, in the latter part of the afternoon, she scarcely knew it, with the full meaning of the word. She saw her, but her true consciousness was so full of figures that Letty's fair face could only look in at the door.

Letty ran in hastily; a young girl was waiting for her outside. "Oh, grandma," cried Letty. "Lizzie's going to Ellsworth to do an errand for her mother; she's coming back on the last train. Can't I go with her?"

Her grandmother stared at her for a minute and made no answer.

"She's got tickets for both of us. Can't I go, grandma?"

"Yes."

Letty smoothed her hair a little and put on her best hat; then she went.

"Good-bye," said she, looking back at the intent old figure; but she got no answer.

"Grandma's so taken up with the example she's got that she doesn't know anything," she told her friend when she was outside. "She didn't answer when I said good-bye; she forgot to get dinner to-day, too."

Mrs. Torry worked on and on. She never looked up nor thought of anything else until it grew so dark that she could not see her figures. "I'll have to light the lamp," said she, with a sigh.

After it was lit she went to work again. She never thought of wanting any supper, though she had eaten nothing since morning.

The kitchen clock struck seven—Letty should have been home then—eight, and nine, but she never noticed it. A few minutes afterward some one knocked on the door. She ciphered on. Then the knocks were repeated, louder and quicker.

"Somebody's knockin' I guess," she muttered and opened the door. Mr. Plainfield stood there. He was a handsome young man with rosy cheeks; he was always smiling. He looked past her into the room inquiringly.

"Is Letty at home?" said he.

"Letty?"

"Yes, Letty. Is she at home?"

"Why, yes, she's here, Letty!"

"Has she gone to bed?"

"Why, yes, I guess she has." Mrs. Torry opened the door at the foot of the stairs. "Letty! Letty!"

"I guess she must be asleep," said she, turning to the young man, who had stepped into the kitchen. "Want me to go up and see? Did you want anything particklar?"

He hesitated. "If you had—just as soon—I—had something special——"

The old woman climbed the steep, uncarpeted stairs, feeble, with a long pat on every step. She came down faster, reckless of her trembling uncertainty. "She ain't there! Letty's gone! Where is she?"

"You know she went to Ellsworth with Lizzie?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why, she said something to you about it, didn't she?"

"I don't know whether she did or not."

"Lizzie just told me that she missed her in the depot. She left her there for a minute while she went back for something she had forgotten. When she came back she was gone. The train was all ready, and Lizzie thought she must be on it, so she got on herself. She did not see her in the depot here, and has been crying about it, and afraid to tell till just now. I came right over as soon as I knew about it."

"O, Letty! Letty! Where's Letty? O, Mr. Plainfield, you go an' find her! Go right off! You will, won't you? Letty allers liked you."

"I always liked Letty," said the young man, brokenly. "I'll find her—don't you worry."

"You'll go right off now?"

"Of course I will; I won't wait a minute."

"O, Letty, Letty! Where is she? What shall I do? That little bit of a thing—and she was always one of the frightened kind—out all alone; an' it's night! She never went to Ellsworth alone in all her hull life. She didn't know nothin' about the town, an' she didn't have a cent of money in her pocket."

"I'll send Mrs. Bascom over to stay with you," Mr. Plainfield called back as he hurried off.

Soon Mrs. Bascom came, poking her white, nervous face in the door inquiringly, "She 'ain't come?"

"No. O, Mis' Bascom, what shall I do?"

"O, Mis' Torry, I do feel so bad about it I don't know what to do! If Lizzie had only told before! but there she was upstairs crying, and afraid to tell. I've been scolding her, but she felt so bad I had to stop. She called me, an' told me finally; an' I guess 'twa'n't long before Mr. Plainfield started off, to find out if she was home. It was lucky he was boarding with us. He'll find her if anybody can: he's as quick as lightning. He turned white's a sheet when I told him."

"O, Mis' Bascom!"

"Now, don't give up so, Mis' Torry. He'll find her. She can't be very far off. You'll see her walking in here first thing you know. He's got a real fast team, an' he's started for Ellsworth now. He went past me like a streak when I was coming up the road. He'll have her back safe and sound before morning."

"O, Letty! Letty! O, what shall I do? It's my own fault, every mite of it's my own fault. 'Tis; you don't know nothin' about it. The minister brought me a sum, he an' Mr. Plainfield had been workin' on, to do, yesterday afternoon, an' I jest sat an' ciphered half the night, an' all day. I didn't know no more what Letty asked me, when she came in from school, than nothin' at all. I didn't know nothin' but them figgers, an' now Letty's lost, an' it's my fault."

"Why, you might have let her gone if you'd known."

"I guess I shouldn't let her gone all alone with your Lizzie, to come home after dark in the last train, little delicate thing as she was. I guess I shouldn't; an' I guess I should have started up an' done something, if I'd known, when she wasn't here at train time. I didn't get the sum done, an' I'm glad of it; it seems to me jest as if I was losin' my faculty as I'm growin' older, an' I hope I am."

"Now don't talk so, Mis' Torry. Sit down an' try to be calm. You'll be sick."

"I guess there ain't much bein' calm. I tell you what 'tis, Mis' Bascom, I've been a wicked woman. I've been thinkin' so much of this faculty I've had for cipherin' that I've set it afore everything—I hev. Only yesterday that poor child didn't hev any dinner but crackers an' milk, 'cause I was so took up with the sum that I forgot it. An' she was jest as patient as a lamb about it; said she'd rather hev crackers an' milk than anything else. O, dear! dear!"

"Don't cry, Mis' Torry."

"I can't help it. It don't make no difference what folks are born with a faculty for—whether it's cipherin', or singin', or writin' poetry—the love that's betwixt human beings an' the help that's betwixt 'em ought to come first. I've known it all the time, but I've gone agin it, an' now I've got my pay. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Bascom remained with her all night, but she could not pacify her in the least. She was nearly distracted herself. She was fearful that her Lizzie might be blamed.

The next day people flocked to the house to inquire if there was any news from Letty, and to comfort her grandmother. Sympathy seemed fairly dripping like fragrant oil from these simple, honest hearts; but the poor old woman got no refreshing influence from it. She kept on her old strain in their ears. She had lost Letty, and it was all her own fault, and what should she do! Mr. Plainfield did not come home. The minister took his place in school. Nothing was heard until noon; then a telegram from the teacher came. He thought he was on Letty's track, he said; they should hear again.

Next day there was a second message; Letty was safe; coming home as soon as possible. The following day passed then, and not another word came. The old grandmother's faith and hope seemed to have deserted her. She knew Letty was not found: she never would be found. She and Mr. Plainfield were both lost now. Something dreadful had happened to both of them.

"The worst of it is," she told Mrs. Bascom one afternoon, with a fierce indignation at herself, "I can't help thinkin' about that awful sum now after all that's happened. Them figgers keep troopin' into my head right in the midst of my thinkin' about Letty. It's all I can do to let that slate alone, an' not take it off the bureau. But I won't—I won't if it kills me not to."

On the fourth day after Letty's disappearance, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Torry was sitting alone in her kitchen. The last sympathizer had gone home to eat her supper.

The distressed old woman had drank a cup of tea; that was all she would touch. The pot was still on the stove. There was a soft yellow light from the lamp over the room. The warm air was full of the fragrance of boiling tea.

Mrs. Torry sat looking over at the bureau. She would have looked the same way if she had been starving and seen food there.

"O," she whispered, "if—I could—only work on that sum a little while, it does seem as if 'twould comfort me more'n anything! O Lord! I wonder if I was to blame? 'Twas the way I was made, an' I couldn't help that. P'haps I should hev let Letty gone, an' she'd been lost, anyway. I wonder if I hev lost my faculty?"

She sat there looking over at the slate. At last she rose and started to cross the room. Midway she stopped.

"O, what am I doin'? Letty's lost, an' I'm goin' to cipherin'! S'pose she should come in an' ketch me? She'd be so hurt she'd never get over it. She wouldn't think I cared anything about her."

She stood looking at the slate and thinking for a moment. Then her face settled into a hard calm.

"Letty won't come back—she won't never come back. I might as well cipher as anything else."

She went across the room, got the slate and pencil, and returned to her seat. She had been ciphering for a minute or so when a sound outside caused her to start and stop. She sat with mouth open and chin trembling, listening. The sound came nearer; it was at the door. Of all the sweet sounds which had smote that old woman's ears since her birth—songs of birds, choral hymns, Sabbath bells—there had been none so sweet as this. It was Letty's thin girlish treble which she heard just outside the door.

For a second, as she sat listening, her face was rapt, angelic; in spite of its sallowness and wrinkles it might have figured in an altar-piece. Then it changed. The slate was in her lap. What would Letty think?

It was all passing swiftly; the door-latch rattled, she slipped the slate under her gingham apron, and sat still.

"O, poor grandma!" cried Letty, running in; "you've been frightened 'most to death about me, haven't you?" She bent over her grandmother and laid her soft pretty cheek against hers.

"O, Letty! I didn't think you'd ever come back."

"I have; but I did have the dreadfulest time. I got carried 'way out West on an express train. Just think of it! I got on the wrong train while I was waiting for Lizzie. I was frightened almost to death. But Mr. Plainfield telegraphed ahead. He found out where I was going, and they took me to a hotel; and then he came for me. You haven't said anything to Mr. Plainfield, grandma."

The young man was standing smiling behind Letty. She looked astonished when her grandmother did not rise to speak to him, but sat perfectly still as she uttered some broken thanks.

"Why, grandma, you ain't sick, are you?" said she.

"No—I ain't sick," said her grandmother, with a meek tone.

When Mr. Plainfield left, in a few moments, Letty gave a half-defiant, half-ashamed glance at her grandmother, and followed him out, closing the door.

When she returned Mrs. Torry was standing by the table pouring out a cup of tea for her. The slate was in the usual place on the bureau.

"Grandma," said Letty, blushing innocently, "I thought I ought to say something to Mr. Plainfield, you know. I hadn't, and I knew he heard what I said to Lizzie that day. I thought I ought to ask his pardon, when he'd done so much for me. I've made up my mind that I do like him. There's other things besides doing arithmetic examples."

"I guess there is, child. Them things is all second. I think I'd rather have a man who hadn't got any special faculty, if I was goin' to get married."

"Nobody said anything about getting married, grandma."

Pretty soon Letty went to bed. She was worn out with her adventures.

"Ain't you going too, grandma?" asked she, turning around, lamp in hand at the foot of the stairs.

"Pretty soon, child; pretty soon. I've—got a little somethin' I want to do first."

The grandmother sat up till nearly morning working over the problem. Once in a while she would lay down her slate and climb upstairs and peep into Letty's little peaceful girl-chamber to see if she was safe.

"If I have got that dear child safe, and 'aint lost my faculty, it's more'n I deserve," muttered she, as she took her slate the last time.

The next evening the minister came over. "So Letty's come," he said, when Mrs. Torry opened the door.

"Yes, Letty's come, and—I've got that sum, you gave me, done."—*Harpers' Magazine.*

SCAB IN SHEEP.

A Remedy Which May Produce a Permanent Cure.

To one hundred gallons of water use twenty-five pounds flowers of sulphur and ten pounds of quick lime. The sulphur can be put into tank as soon as water is pumped. The lime should be slacked in a separate barrel and the liquid poured into the boiling vat, taking care that no slaggy pieces of lime will cake upon the bottom of the iron boiler. The water should boil well before letting it out in the dipping vat, and time allowed for it to cool before dipping. This preparation usually can be made the day before the sheep are to be washed, and more water added to the boiling vat, keeping the mixture in proportion as above stated. A pen in the form of a letter V, large enough to hold fifty sheep, should receive the sheep at the end of the dipping vat. Each sheep, when incrustation or yellow dandruff is seen on flesh, must be thoroughly scarified with a curry-comb, or some hard brush, with frequent applications of the liquid, used at from 110 degrees to 125 degrees Fahr., and, for fear of getting too hot, not above the degree last mentioned. We are now ready to dip, which, after tests are made, is to be commenced slowly, and continued till all the flock are dipped. Pushing sheep through a vat to see how many can be dipped in a day will only double the care and expense of attending to the flocks, while the chances are that the disease will continue to infect the sheep and all the work must be done again. After treating, they must be taken to a range where they have no infected sheep, and be fed with salt and sulphur in proportion of one part sulphur to twelve parts salt.—*Sheep Breeder.*

Velvets and Plush.

Plain velvets are so largely imported that of themselves they would constitute a "velvet season," but to these are added striped and figured velvets, and the beaded and embroidered velvets that are to form the combinations with plain velvet or with uncut velvet costumes. A *plomb* or lead-colored costume, with the front beaded with lead beads, will be a stylish choice for autumn and winter, but the still larger importations of brown velvets both for dresses and bonnets point to these warmer browns as a more certain choice for a winter toilet. The use of carved wood beads in brown shades on brown velvet is a novelty for the front breadth, the plastron, collar, and cuffs of brown velvet dresses. There are also many brown wool laces for such dresses, and the velvet bonnets to accompany such toilettes have wooden beads forming the coronet or edging the brim, while many tinsel threads are employed in embroidering the crown. While brown remains a leading color, gilt will not be entirely banished, yet the best dealers import it sparingly, giving the preference to tinsel threads of many shades. The shaded plushes are shown in brown and gray tints, some of which are called tiger plushes, and others merely ombre, but these are shaded in stripes or in close patterns instead of all the way across from selvedge to selvedge as they formerly were. Next the beaded velvet fronts there are applique velvets that have the effect of transparents when put on wool or silk of contrasting color; these come in side panels or in a single front breadth, or a foot border, and with the necessary garniture for the basque.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Pretty Anecdote.

The prettiest of literary anecdotes has been related by William Grimm, one of the pair of famous story-tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words: "Are you the Mr. Grimm that writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother." "And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?" "Yes, certainly." "Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now, I don't believe that a Princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.—*The Household.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Some Stories Concerning His First Inaugural Address.

Mr. Lincoln gave a cordial greeting to me when I called on him after his arrival at Willard's Hotel, and he indulged in some pleasant reminiscences of his Congressional career. Of course I talked with him about his forthcoming message, and, after having made me promise that what he told me should not get into print, he gave me an account of it. He had written it at his Springfield home, and had it put into type by his friend, the local printer. A number of sentences had been reconstructed several times before they were entirely satisfactory, and then four copies had been printed on foolscap paper. These copies had been locked up in what Mr. Lincoln called a "gripsack" and intrusted to his eldest son Robert. "When we reached Harrisburg," said Mr. Lincoln, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception he believed he had let a waiter take the gripsack. My heart went up into my mouth, and I started down-stairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the gripsack I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Going there I saw a large pile of gripsacks and other baggage, and thought that I discovered mine. My key fitted it, but on opening it there was nothing inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whisky. A few moments afterward I came across my gripsack, with the document in it all right, and now I will show it to you, on your honor, mind!" The inaugural was printed in clear-sized type, and wherever, Mr. Lincoln had thought that a paragraph would make an impression upon his audience he had preceded it with a typographical fist—viz.: ☞

At the inauguration, when Mr. Lincoln came out on the platform in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, his tall, gaunt figure rose above those around him. His personal friend, Senator Baker, of Oregon, introduced him to the assemblage, and as he bowed acknowledgments of the somewhat faint cheers which greeted him, the usual genial smile lit up his angular countenance. He was evidently perplexed just then to know what to do with his new silk hat and a large gold-headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglass saw the embarrassment of his old friend, and, rising, took the shining hat from its bothered owner and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address. Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great earnestness, and evidently desired to convince the multitude before him rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was plain that he honestly believed every word he spoke, especially the concluding paragraphs, one of which I copy from the original print.

"☞I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. ☞The mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearthstone, all over our broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."—*Ben. Perley Poore, in N. Y. Tribune.*

AN ATHLETE'S DIET.

Wallace Ross Describes How He Trains and Physics Himself.

"I eat," he said the other day, "and I always have eaten since I was a boy, plenty of nourishing, generous food, and I am very wide in my choice, eating as a rule any good food that tempts my appetite, and that is hearty enough to be easily tempted. For myself I am not specially fond of what you call made dishes, but prefer food in its plainer forms. For meats I eat chiefly mutton and beef, and I use a good deal of bread, of course, being as careful as I can to get the best. My own idea is that so long as you have sound, sweet food it doesn't make as much difference what kind it is as how you eat it. I am very particular to eat slowly. I eat three times a day. Breakfast is a light or hearty meal, according to how I feel about it at the time. Lunch in the middle of the day is always light, and dinner at 6:30 or seven is the principal meal of the day. I always take an hour for that. If I haven't an hour to spare at dinner time, I put off dinner till I have the time.

"I find, though, that aside from meat and bread, I must have plenty of vegetables. No man can make any kind of an athlete without eating plenty of vegetables. I take all kinds, and pretty much of all fruit, too. Fruits are good. A man can't stay without that kind of food. He has no endurance.

"Yes, I'm Scotch, and I believe in oatmeal; but I don't think you ought to eat too much of it. I have it at breakfast about three times a week. I am fond of milk, too, and am specially careful to drink it slowly. It's excellent food, but its very bad to drink it fast. And it isn't good to take much liquid at any time, especially at meals. I drink very little at my meals. I have a habit of always drinking a glass of water when I first get up; spring water if I can get it. I don't exactly know why I do it. I don't know that it is very good for me. I guess it is because I like it. There's no accounting for taste, you know.

"Tea is my greatest stimulant. I don't drink much coffee, but I do take considerable tea—black tea always; I never use green—and I take it with sugar and milk, and never take it iced. I don't believe in iced drinks.

"In training? Well, I make no difference in my diet in training. I only try to keep more regular hours, especially in sleeping. And I take no physic. Physic is bad always. In training it's fatal."—*The Cook.*

—Statistics show that the wheat trade of California, Oregon and Washington Territory with Europe give employment annually to more than four hundred sailing vessels going around Cape Horn. The average passage for each vessel is about 16,000 miles, in an average time of a little over four months.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The National Educational Association, in session recently, at Saratoga, elected N. A. Calkins, of New York, President.

—During his ministry at Cheltenham, the late Dean Close received over fifteen hundred pairs of worked slippers from lady members of his flock.

—During the past convention year the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa traveled, on official duty, upward of fifteen thousand miles.

—It was stated by Dr. Vose, of Providence, at a farewell meeting to a lady of his church about to start for India, that hitherto no foreign missionaries had gone from Rhode Island.

—"What do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy; "do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit," said his father, "they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it alone."—*Exchange.*

—Women have been elected for the first time, to positions on the Glasgow School Board. When Scotland breaks through the trammels of conservatism in any particular, it is usually safe to be the rest of the world to follow.—*Current.*

—The number of names carried in Baptist Church books of members who—whereabouts are unknown is said by the New York *Examiner* to be very large, and the same thing is said of the Presbyterians by the New York *Observer*, while a third authority reckons the proportion of these lost members at ten per cent. of the whole.

—The Legislature refused to add the History of Tennessee to the list of books for public schools. The idea seems to prevail with some that the schoolboy should learn more about Greece and Rome and other ancient countries and people than about the history of his own country and State.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

—The *Christian Advocate* says: "There are signs of the total break-up of the Salvation Army in this country. Something has taken away the measure of sympathy which was freely given at first. The opinion expressed when their work first opened in this country—that the churches could and soon would do all the work the Army proposed to do, is still held. No organization outside the Church is called for when the Church is alive. The one lesson of value which the Army teaches is that the Church may safely go outside the churches to do its work. Methodism has known that for a long time. But latterly we have been too much afraid of eccentric methods."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A life insurance policy—never to bring spring poems to the editor in person.—*Judge.*

—A Philadelphian has invented a flying machine of a new kind, with which he will soon experiment. Why he is tired of life is not stated.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Henry Karat went to sleep on a doorstep in New York and was robbed of his "turnip." Henry says the policeman was not on his "beet."—*Boston Bulletin.*

—A soft answer. "Whenever I can find a donkey with a loud enough voice and long enough ears," he growled, "I'll bring him up here and let him argue with you." "Well, my dear," she replied sweetly, "what subject do you want to discuss?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—At last we know why "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." A newly arrived chiropodist from the old country announces himself as late corn doctor to the court of Germany, and tells us he has removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe.—*Life.*

—A young man denounces straw bonnets "because they chafe his ears." Here, now, is a question for scientists. Can they explain how it is that a bonnet worn by one person can chafe the ears of another person not wearing it? Eh? How's that? O—well, well, now that may be. How stupid not to see it before.—*Foreign Ex.*

—Clara—I understand that Mr. Featherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day? Ethel—Yes? What was it? Clara—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party last night was Miss Clara Smith. Ethel (with a cough)—Yes, I noticed you among them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Brown was ruminating on Archimedes and his lever. "Old Archimedes had a long head when he said he could raise the world if he had a long enough lever," he said to Burns. "Well, fairly so," was the reply, "but I have done better." "How so?" "Raised some money with my lever." "What do you mean?" "Pawned my watch."—*Rambler.*

—The mistress of a large establishment, starting out on a "shopping expedition," asked the cook what she would bring her from the city. The cook replied, "I'd like mighty well to have a pah er fine shews, please, ma'am." She was asked what size she wore. "I kin wah numbah threes easy, but on account ob de size ob my feet, I reckon ye bettah git me number nine."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Traveling Aphorisms.

We kick a worn-out old purse which we see in our pathway, until we hear the clink of gold in it, and then we clasp it to our bosoms.

Other people's tears are little drops of salt water; our own are rolling floods of bitterness and woe.

A baby comes to us on angels' wings, but it hangs the wings up in a dark closet when its feet have once touched the earth.

A beautiful polished shoe may hide a painful corn.

The selfish man's stomach is larger than his heart.

That man is weak, indeed, who can not lift his eyes to Heaven.

One hair in the butter does not condemn the roll.

A woman doesn't have to dance very long until her knees are too stiff to bend in prayer.

The devil paints his most alluring pictures on a backgronnd of gold.

It takes a long time for a lie to fade.

There's more honesty in the wag of a dog's tail than in the shake of a man's hand.—*Merchant Traveler.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MARGIE AND THE GOLDEN-ROD.

"O pretty Lady Golden-Rod,
I'm glad you've come to town!
I saw you standing by the gate,
All in your yellow gown.
No one was with me, and I thought
You might be lonely too;
And so I took my card-case
And came to visit you.

"You're fond of company, I know;
You smile so at the sun,
And when the winds go romping past,
You bow to every one.
How you should ever know them all,
I'm sure I can not tell;
But when I come again, I hope
You'll know me just as well.

"I love you, Lady Golden-Rod;
You are so bright and fine;
You never have a rumpled frock,
Or tangled hair like mine.
I think your mamma comes at night,
When we are all away,
And dresses you in green and gold
Fresh for another day.

How tall you are, dear Golden-Rod!
You're taller 'most than I;
I can not grow so very fast,
Although I try and try.
Oh, here's mamma, dear Golden-Rod!
I'll ask her please to stop;
And she shall say which one of us
Comes highest at the top."

The lovely Lady Golden-Rod!
She surely understood;
For when wee Margie turned around,
She bent down all she could,
Until the fluffy yellow heads
Upon a level came,
And Margie's mother, smiling, said:
"Your heights are just the same!"

—*Carrie W. Bronson, in St. Nicholas.*

SNAKES.

Many Erroneous Ideas Entertained Concerning Them—The Poisonous and Dangerous Comparatively Few in Number and Variety.

More than once, in the history of wars, two valiant armies have marched together, looked each other in the face, and then ran away, each scared out of its wits by the mere sight of the other. In the history of men and snakes the same thing has frequently happened. The man runs in one direction and the snake in the other, and it is hard to tell which is the more frightened.

We are apt to look upon snakes as terrible monsters, but they seem to look upon men and boys as equally terrible, and the most poisonous serpent will fly if it has a fair chance, and only fights when it finds itself cornered.

There are many wrong ideas entertained about these gliding reptiles, and it may not be amiss to stick a pin in some of these false notions and let out what truth is in them. The general idea seems to be that all snakes are horridly ugly and deadly poisonous monsters, hereely bent on destroying the race of man, and armed with a forked sting which they constantly thrust out from their dreadful jaws in search of victims.

The fact of the matter is that many snakes are very handsome, being brilliant in color and graceful in form, while their flexible, gliding motion is perhaps the most attractive of all movements in the animal kingdom. As for the forked sting, it is only the tongue of the serpent, and is as soft and harmless in its touch as a piece of velvet.

The poisonous organs are a pair of [illegible] teeth or fangs, often sharper than [illegible]. These are either hollow, or have a sort of canal down the [illegible]. The poison is a liquid which lies in a gland at the base of the fang. The moment the teeth enter the flesh of a victim certain muscles press on the gland, the poison is forced out, and runs down the hollow of the tooth and into the wound.

As for the forked tongue, which plays in and out with such rapidity, it seems to be the feeling organ of the serpent. It is used as we use our fingers—to find out more about things that can be told by the eyes.

The great majority of snakes are as harmless as a mouse. In all North America there are only three or four poisonous kinds of snakes. These are the rattlesnake, the moccasin and the copperhead, which are very dangerous, and a little snake found in some of the Southern States, called the harlequin, which is only slightly poisonous. All these snakes, except the harlequin, are marked by a deep pit on each side of the head, between the eye and the nostril. What the pit is for no one knows, but if any of my readers meets a snake with these holes in the sides of its head, he had better have business in the other direction if he does not want to get into trouble.

Most of our common snakes are as harmless as doves. The black, the whip and the milk snake, the water and garter snake, the hog-nosed snake, and the big and ugly pine snake of New Jersey, with many other common species, may be handled as safely as one would handle a flexible strip of India rubber. There is no reason why man, boy or girl should show the same senseless fear of snakes as is shown by monkeys. These animals, as is well known, are dreadfully afraid of snakes, and can not be made to come near even a dead one, but will stand off at a safe distance, chattering and flying in wild fright if the slightest motion is seen. The human race is like the monkey race in this. They seem born with a natural dread of snakes.

The rattlesnake is born with a small knob or button at the end of the tail. After that, every time the snake sheds its skin, as a rule a new rattle is added. But this may happen three or four times a year, and it is not possible to tell the age of a snake by the number of its rattles. They are all alike in one thing; they shake the tail, causing a rattling sound, when they are disturbed or cornered.

There are in all from fifteen to eighteen species of rattlesnakes. Some of these average seven or eight feet long. The most common variety in the mountains of the Middle States and in the South is the banded rattlesnake. It is about four feet long, of a yellowish or grayish color, with black bands. It is mostly found in rocky situations and feeds on birds, frogs, toads and the like small game.

The only other poisonous snake in the Middle and Eastern States is the copperhead. This creature is seldom more than three feet long, is very slender, and rather pretty. It is of a pale red color, with a row of dark brown spots on the back. The head is of a color something like copper. It lives in rocky places, and grows scarcer the farther north we go.

The moccasin seems to be only found in the Southern States. It is from three to four feet long, and lives in swampy places, often on tufts and hummocks of grass. It is a short, thick snake, with rough scales. When young it is of a greenish hue, with dark bands on the neck; but when old it becomes almost black. The common water-snake of the North is often called a moccasin, though it is not at all like the true moccasin, and is quite harmless.

All snakes may be divided into three classes: those that kill by poison, those that constrict, or coil around their prey, and those that swallow their prey alive. Their mode of swallowing is one of the most remarkable features of snake life, since they often swallow creatures much larger than themselves. It is rather curious to see a slim-bodied serpent slowly swallowing a fat frog two or three times its diameter, and looking after the operation like a rubber tube with a base ball in its center.

In fact, all snakes have a rubber-like power of stretching. The head is very curiously constructed. Instead of the bones being firmly joined together, as in other animals, they are held together by elastic ligaments. These readily stretch, so that the bones can be pulled apart, and the opening of the jaws greatly widened. It is the same with the body. It has great stretching powers, and can easily hold something of a diameter several times larger than its own. But the stories that are sometimes told of the great tropical boas swallowing oxen or other large animals need not be believed. In these travelers' stories there is shown a power of stretching which beats that of any snake.

No one need believe the story that the snake licks its prey all over, and covers it with a slimy substance before attempting to swallow it. Snakes have a great flow of saliva, and their food when taken into the mouth is quickly covered with a slimy substance which makes it more easily swallowed.

The snake's mouth has six rows of long, fine teeth, curved inward, which are not suited to cut or bite, but are good at holding on. When a frog, mouse or bird is caught, it is worked into the mouth, the teeth letting it enter easily, but not letting it out again. The six bones which bear the teeth each moves separately, and each keeps loosing its hold and taking a new hold further out, so that the prey is steadily drawn back by this active motion.

The bodies of all snakes are covered with scales. These help them in their movement by the friction of their edges with the ground. But the main moving organs are the ribs. Of these some snakes have as many as three hundred pairs, all movable and able to press backward through the skin upon the ground.

As to the power of snakes to charm other animals this needs yet to be proved. It is well known that many animals become motionless and helpless when seriously frightened, and what is usually charming is probably this effect of fright. The wonderful stories of bird charming by snakes are no doubt a little embellished to make them seem more remarkable. It is possible that the effect is something like what we call mesmerism, or animal magnetism.

Snakes are divided by some writers into five classes—the burrowing, the ground, the tree, the fresh-water and the sea-snakes. The burrowers live mainly underground. They have a short, stiff body, with firm, close-set scales, and live on worms and slugs, etc. The tree-snakes are small-sized, swift-moving creatures, often bright green in color. Many of them can swing downward by the tail when seeking their favorite food of eggs or young birds. Some of them are poisonous. The ground-snakes comprise far the greater number, and are those best known. Though ordinarily living on the ground, they frequently take to trees or to the water. The true water-snakes are small in size and harmless, though poisonous ground-snakes often frequent the water.

Snakes are very fond of milk, though they do not milk cows, as has been asserted. They are also fond of eggs, and there is a story of a cobra having entered a hen-house through a chink and swallowed so many eggs that he could not get out again. The robber was slain, the eggs placed under the hen again, and duly hatched out as if nothing had happened.

On an average, snakes sleep half the year, while the green garter snake of the United States sleeps eight months out of the twelve.—*Charles Morris, in Harper's Young People.*

"But I Want To."

That is what Alice Belden always says when she is told not to do anything. She is a sweet, pretty little girl, but she is an only child, and is badly spoiled. When her mamma says: "Come now, Alice, and learn your lessons; do not swing any longer this morning," Alice whines out: "But I want to!" And then her weak mother does not say any more.

One day her nurse was with her by the riverside, and Alice got into a little rowboat that was there. "Oh, Miss Alice," said the nurse, "you must not do that. I am sure your mamma would not like it."

"But I want to!" said Alice, in a pet, and she lifted one of the big oars and tried to put it into the water. How frightened she was when the little boat turned over, and she felt herself going down, down in the deep river! The foolish child would have been drowned had not some men in the field heard the cries of her nurse and plunged into the water to save her.

I hope Alice will learn before long that "But I want to" is not a good reason for doing anything that it is not best to do.—*Our Lambs.*

—Charles Henderson says that the ventilation of a greenhouse has more to do with the health of its contents than any other one cause. This is particularly true of roses. If air is given in a rose house day and night during July and August, there will be little trouble with mildew, as the cool night air and the action of the wind all tend to toughen the fiber of the wood and leaves and give strength of constitution to the whole plant, so that when the spores of mildew and other fungoid diseases strike, they do not take root, but glance off harmlessly from the hardened and fortified foliage.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Persian insect powder is not poisonous, and is only destructive to insects by suffocating them, as its fine particles enter the orifices through which they breathe.—*Troy Times.*

—When a timothy sod has borne one crop of hay that is enough for one year. The after-growth is worth more to lie on the ground as protection for the roots than it can be as pasture.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Fruit Cookies: Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of chopped raisins, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of nutmeg, cloves and soda. Bake same as other cookies.—*The Household.*

—There is a general belief that late cultivation is injurious to the potato, causing it to set a large number of small tubers with few marketable specimens. This effect is the result of deep plowing between the rows after the potatoes have set. Shallow culture does no injury at any time, and pulling out grass or weeds is beneficial even after the potatoes are half-grown.—*Toledo Blade.*

—When oats fall down after getting full in head the quality of the grain is not much affected, providing they have cool weather to fill in. The largest crops almost always fall before they are ready to cut, and the principal loss is from the greater difficulty in harvesting and the waste of heads cut too short to be gathered into the bundles.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Put your clothes in warm water over night; in the morning wring them from this into a boiler containing strong hot suds, to which is added salsoda the size of a hickory nut. Boil them one-half hour, dip them into cold water, rub them out, rinse in clear cold water, then in water slightly blued, and you will be surprised to see how easily your washing is done.—*Albany Journal.*

—There are few greater nuisances than bushes, large rocks, thistles and other large weeds in the meadow and pasture. Grub up the bushes, remove the stones, and with a spade cut the thistles, docks, etc., that will seed next year, just beneath the surface of the ground. It does not pay to mow around obstructions, and they are also unsightly in a pasture.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A good dish for supper: Slice cold boiled potatoes very thin; sprinkle a thin layer of cracker crumbs in a baking dish, and cover with a thick layer of potatoes; scatter on salt, pepper and small bits of butter; then repeat the layers until the dish is filled; then pour on a cup of cream or a cup of rich chicken soup. Half an hour's baking in a quick oven should be enough for a small dishful.—*Boston Budget.*

—The place which the pumpkin can be made to fill on the farm is an important one. As a food for cattle it is excellent, and after removing the seed may be fed with profit to the milch cows. Horses are fond of them. Hogs revel in their rich and appetizing juices. Sheep eat them with avidity. Chickens, ducks, and geese feed on them at every opportunity. As a winter food for all kinds of stock they are excellent.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Cocoanut Candy: One large grated cocoanut, one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar; put the sugar and the milk of the cocoanuts together (if not enough, add a little water), heat slowly until the sugar is melted, then boil for five minutes; add the cocoanut, finely grated, and boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly to keep from burning; pour on buttered plates and cut in squares; will take about two days to harden.—*Exchange.*

IRONING.

How This Difficult Housework Can Be Done Nicely.

As in washing, everything should be ready and in proper order before the day's work is begun. The irons should be scrupulously clean and smooth; this can be done by rubbing them with beeswax and salt or powdered bath brick. The heaviest irons accomplish the best work, and should be used with a rolling motion and a strong pressure. Muslins and prints do not require very hot irons, but stiff white garments need hotter ones. The ironing table and board should be firm and strong and covered with a coarse woolen blanket, over which a clean coarse sheet should be pinned. A bosom board about eight inches wide, and a long board for skirts and dresses, are a necessity to the laundry. Iron holders should be padded to protect the hand from burning. Collars, cuffs and similar articles should be covered with a clean, thin cloth, and the iron passed over it several times, when it may be removed and the iron passed directly over the article. Fine, soft laces and muslins that do not require polishing should be carefully unrolled, one at a time, and spread on a soft blanket, covered with a thin, soft sheet. Laces, embroideries and trimmings must be carefully pulled into shape, with all the edges and purling picked out; those needing ironing carefully smoothed, and those that do not, folded. Always iron by the thread of the material. Embroidery should be ironed on the wrong side of a soft blanket.

In ironing shirts use heavy irons well heated. First iron the thick bands, then the bodies and sleeves, and last the bosom, which should be rubbed over with a clean cloth wrung out of warm water. Then the iron should be passed over rapidly, then rubbed again with a damp cloth and ironed until it is polished. To gloss the linen a polishing iron with smooth, round edge should be used with all possible force. The thickest parts of dresses, such as the waistbands, the gathers and sleeves, should be ironed first. Dresses should always be ironed on the wrong side first and finished on the right. Fine muslins look much better if they are ironed twice in opposite directions. Caps, fichus and aprons, where the lace is full, should have the frill ironed first. In plaiting frills, each plait should be laid by the thread, and held until ironed in place.

While ironing is difficult work to accomplish nicely, any housekeeper who will take the trouble to give personal supervision to the work will soon teach even an indifferent servant to do it properly. A willing hand, guided by a kind and intelligent instructor, will soon overcome all obstacles and make the work easy.—*Mrs. Eliza R. Parker, in Good Housekeeping.*

A Sad Case of Poisoning

Is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick-headaches, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

THE sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.—*Worcester Gazette.* The grass, unlike man, is most delightful when the greenest.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHAT can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they *try* to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

WHILE the Czar is compelled to have a mastiff to guard him, some of our American ladies feel secure with a pug.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ATHLOPHOROS is the best rheumatism cure I have ever tried. I never had anything do me as much good for that painful disease, and there has been a great deal of it sold on my recommendation. C. R. Bruner, Urbana, Ohio.

FRANCE presents America with the statue of liberty, and we put up the pedestal—a sort of base ingratitude.—*Texas Siftings.*

* * * * Rupture radically cured, also pile tumors and fistulas. Pamphlet of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

LITTLE girl at breakfast table: "Mamma this is very old butter; I have found a gray hair in it."

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

IT seems appropriate for a druggist to subscribe himself, "Cordially yours."—*Oil City Derrick.*

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH ROSE COLD HAY FEVER CURES COLD IN HEAD PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste and smell.

NOT a LIQUID or SNUFF.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try S. S. S. She commenced seven weeks ago. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder, resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold. JOHN F. BRADLEY,
Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885. 54 Griswold St.
For sale by all druggists.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

M. W. DUNHAM
Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,
HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
Percheron Horses valued at $5,500,000, which includes about
70 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Whose purity of blood is established by pedigrees recorded in the Percheron Stud Book of France, the only Stud Book ever published in that country,
EVER IMPORTED TO AMERICA.

STOCK ON HAND:
140 Imported Breed Mares
200 Imported Stallions, Old enough for Service,
125 COLTS Two years old and younger.

Recognizing the principle accepted by all intelligent breeders that, however well bred animals may be said to be, if their pedigrees are not recorded, they should be valued only as grades, I will sell all imported stock at grade prices when I cannot furnish with the animal sold, its pedigree recorded in the original French certificate of its number and record in the Percheron Stud Book of France. 100-page Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Wayne, Illinois, is 35 miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago & North-Western Ry.

LANDS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.
500,000 ACRES
of Choice Hardwood Farming Lands for Sale on EASY TERMS to ACTUAL SETTLERS. Extraordinary inducements offered. NO DROUTHS or CYCLONES! Full Particulars, with good Map, FREE. Address CHAS. L. COLBY,
Land Commissioner Wis. Central R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

No Words
could express the agony I endured from Rheumatism, and it was all I could do to endure it. Crippled, not able to walk or sleep, I took two-thirds of a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS and in a few days was well. T. E. Chatfield, 265 11th Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Athlophoros is the only real cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

RUGS MADE IN A DAY
Delightful employment Easy and profitable. No Hooking, Knitting, Braiding, or Weaving. Use any kind of cloth (new or old), rags or yarn. A handsome Turkish Rug made with 25 cts. worth carpet waste. THE PEARL RUG MAKER can be used on all sewing machines, or by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at sight. Price $1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory.
JNO. G. HOTT & CO., 218 State St. Chicago.

WANTED An active man or woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silver-Ware Co. Boston, Mass.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address P. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

Beautiful RED on Cotton Turkish Rubrum. Samples free to every person sending address to L. T. WHITE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

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Palm's Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

HOME STUDY. Secures Business Education by mail, from BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Clear Skin
is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 256 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Narrow Escape.

* * * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!
"Which made me delirious!
"From agony!!!!
"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!
"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.
Morphine and other opiates!
"Had no effect!
"After two months I was given up to die!!!!
"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.
The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.
"I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I pooh-ed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.
It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years, and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. I here is no need to be sick a[illegible]s are used
J. J. BERK, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother,
"Or daughter!!!!
"Can be made the picture of health!
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!
"*Will you let them suffer!!!!*"

Prosecute the Swindlers!!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "*Hop Bitters*" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.
See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen and agents. Druggists, and other imitators, take warning.
HOP BITTERS MFG CO.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY

By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.
The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.
The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten, "good Digestion waiting on Appetite, and Health on both." Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison, are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route, Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of Interior Dakota.
Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayette and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable, as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing
R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases. ONE PILL A DOSE. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a Valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

RIDGE'S FOOD

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp
JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE.
Made in Button, Congress and Lace, *Best Calf Skin*, Unexcelled in *Durability, Comfort and Appearance.* A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory.
J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.

"A niece of mine, nine years ago," says D. L. Milliken, the well-known publisher (of *Cosmopolitan*), "was taken at three months from its consumptive mother's arms emaciated, and placed on Ridge's Food exclusively. At once it commenced to gain, and was soon plump and healthy; and the child still lives." Such testimony as this shows beyond all cavil its true value.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER.
DR. GANSFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
Is a cure for Liver Complaints and ills caused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and invigorates the system.
AN INVALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.
Thousands of Testimonials Prove its Merit.
ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

ORGANS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. *Low prices, easy payments.* Send for catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., York, Pa.

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd. only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.

HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list free. B. C. Strehl & Co., 113 Wabash-av., Chicago.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Senator Sawyer's Parable.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

There was rather an amusing incident at the Ebbitt House a day or two ago. Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who was here en route to New York, met Senators Beck and Harris at the hotel, and after passing the compliments of the day, said: "Well, gentlemen, how do you like the new administration?"

"Well," said Senator Beck, after waiting in vain to hear from Harris, I, am tolerably well satisfied. It beats the administration which preceded it, anyhow. Yes, I am pretty well satisfied."

"So am I," said Harris, in a way that showed that he was about as happy as Beck, who, everybody knows, is not happy at all.

"Well," said Senator Sawyer, "I think I can tell you a story that will illustrate about how well you are pleased. Now promise me that if I hit it right the first time you will own up."

So they promised.

"Well," he said, "there were a dozen fellows up in our pine timber country who [illegible] another one fall to go into the woods and cut logs. They hadn't much money, and their plan was to work together, incurring just as little expense as possible, run their logs together, and, after marketing them in the spring, divide the money equally. This plan was acceptable to all, when it occurred to some one that they should have decided who should be cook for the party. It was positively necessary that some one should do the cooking, for they were determined not to hire a cook. So they all fought against the duty. But some one must do it, and so it was decided that they should draw lots, and the one getting the longest should be cook, but if any fellow complained of the cooking he should take that duty himself and excuse the first one selected. So they went into camp, and the first duty that the new cook essayed was to cook a pot of beans. By some chance he got them altogether too salty, so much so that they were entirely unfit to eat. The men were hungry, however, and at meal time were promptly on hand for their beans. Some of the more cautious tasted them in silence, but one fellow, who was especially hungry and fretful, bolted a whole mouthful, and springing to his feet, shouted in his disappointment, 'Great heavens, how —— salty these beans are!' Then suddenly recalling their agreement about the fate of the first kicker, sat himself down quickly, and resumed his meal with the remark, 'but then I like them salty.'"

There was a roar from the politicians who had gathered around to hear the conversation, and Beck and Harris said quietly: "I guess you are right, Sawyer; we are pleased with the Administration, but we like salt."

A New York church congregation recently made quite a ceremony of the burning of a mortgage which, "in the order of Providence," they had been enabled to pay off. After the sermon the pastor stepped down from the chancel and took from within his vest a folded manuscript. "This," said he, "is a mortgage. Until now I've never seen one. Have you any idea what the holders of this bond could do? They could turn you out of your church, but, thank heaven, they can't do it now, for it is paid." He then tore the paper into slips, and crumbling the pieces into a ball, placed it on a tray. Lighting a small lamp, he ignited the ball, and while the congregation sang the doxology, the mortgage paper of $6,000 was burned to ashes. When the services ended, the trustees assembled and held a second cremation. Upon the same tray which held the ashes of the mortgage the note was burned. During the service many of the older members were moved to tears. The ashes are now inclosed in a sealed envelope, but will be placed in a silver urn, which, with the lamp, will be inclosed in a glass case and hung in the parlor of the church.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work.

Trade Reviving.

The Philadelphia *Press* prints several columns of special dispatches from all parts of Pennsylvania on the condition of trade. The following is summary of the dispatches: A revival of business in many lines, and a constant expectation of further improvement are reported. The greatest prosperity is shown in the oil regions, where confidence seems perfectly restored, in spite of a belief a few weeks since that the advance in oil was chiefly speculative. Reports of the iron trade are somewhat conflicting, but many Eastern mills show marked prosperity. The bituminous coal trade has been somewhat injured by the extended use of natural gas and in the anthracite region there is lack of confidence and an apparent fear to base sanguine calculation on the present improvement. Among the most discouraging are those from the Susquehanna lumber region, though Williamsport seems prosperous in spite of an over-stocked market. Most industries at Chester droop in sympathy with the paralysis at the great ship yards, but from other parts of Delaware county the reports are cheering. Reports from the purely agricultural counties indicate conditions varying with the quality of the crops. Perry county sends, perhaps, the gloomiest message, and generally the region west of the Susquehanna seems less active than the eastern counties. Among the most cheerful reports are those from Columbia, Easton, Bradford, Titusville, Media and Tottstown.

A Remarkable Will.

An old French physician of St. Mande, who had for years lived a hermit's life, died a few days ago, and when the relations put in an appearance the following will was found: "8th of January, 1882. This is my will and testament. At the present moment I consider myself bodily healthy, but cannot swear that I am so in mind. Such ridiculous presumption I bequeath to others. My fortune amounts to 70,000 francs How many hypocritical tears might I have purchased for such a sum. I intended at first to devote these 70,600 francs to a beneficient object; but I asked myself, what would be the use of this? The only benefactors of mankind are war and cholera. Besides this, I am under obligations to my dear wife, Celestine Melanie, of whose whereabouts I have not the slightest idea. She once did me a great kindness. She left me one beautiful morning, and I have never heard of her since. With the most heartfelt thankfulness I appoint her my heir-in-law, but subject to the following condition, that she marry again immediately, so that at least there may be one man who will deeply deplore my death."

Both houses of the Georgia Legislature have passed a local-option bill and it is now a law. The bill provides that upon the application for prohibition signed by one-tenth of the voters in any county, the ordinary shall hold an election to determine whether or not spirituous liquors shall be sold in that county. All persons qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly are qualified to vote in this election. The tickets shall be written "For Sale" and "Against Sale." If the result of the election should be against the sale, the ordinary shall give notice once a week for four weeks, and the act shall take effect as soon as the result is ascertained except as to the vested rights of persons whose annual license has not expired. If the result of the election should be "for sale," no other election on the question shall be held in that county within less than two years.

Convenient to Church.

"How do you like your new home Mrs. Gazatem?"

"Splendid! It's a charming place."

"I'm so glad to hear it, for I was afraid you would not like it."

"On what account?"

"Why, the church across the way. It would be an annoyance to some."

"Why, that's just what makes the place so lovely, according to my notion. It's a privilege I never enjoyed before, for without taking the trouble to dress and go out I can peep through the blinds, and look at the fashions until my eyes ache, and if I want to grit my teeth I can do it, and nobody's the wiser. It's perfectly splendid, and makes a body feel as contented as a wax figure in a show window."

Jumbo, the celebrated large elephant, which was imported from the London Zoological Garden in the spring of 1882, was killed on the Grand Trunk Railroad half a mile east of St. Thomas, Ontario, week before last. His keeper was leading him along the track when a freight train came up behind unnoticed and ran him down. He was injured so badly that he died in 30 minutes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Remarkable Case.

Mrs. Henry Ellis, 500 Scott street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, O.: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hopes of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your MANALIN and PERUNA, and I am most happy to say in three months I was perfectly well —entirely cured, without any appliances or support of any kind."

Mr. G. A. Proehl, New Portage, Summit County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sick for about five years. In the first place the doctor called it leucorrhœa, and treated it about one year, and she grew worse, and turned to ulceration of the womb, and was treated for that two years, but she grew worse and the doctor gave her up. Then I employed Dr. Underwood, one of the best doctors of Akron, but under his treatment she grew worse. She was paralyzed; she had lost all of the sense of feeling and her eyesight. She could not walk for nearly two years. About six months ago Underwood gave her up. She tried your PERUNA. She has taken three bottles, and it is worth a good than any other medicine. The paralysis has about left her; her eyesight is getting better. We will continue the use of PERUNA until she is well."

Mr. Isaac Nicodemus, Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pa., writes: "I am induced, by a sense of duty to the suffering, to make a brief statement of your remarkable help, as a sufferer of catarrh in my head and throat. I doctored with one of the best physicians in our place for that dreaded disease, catarrh, and found no relief. But in 1883 I lost my speech, and was not able to do any kind of work for near three months. I could neither eat nor sleep. PERUNA and MANALIN did wonders for me. I used three bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and now I am in better health than I have been for ten years, and I can heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering from that dread disease, catarrh."

Mr. I. W. Wood, Mt. Sterling, Ohio, says: "Your medicine gives good satisfaction. My customers speak highly of its curative properties."

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

The undersigned having been appointed trustee under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity in a cause wherein Henry A. Shaffer is plaintiff, and John M. B. Shaffer and others are defendants, I will on the

20th Day of October, A. D. 1885,

at 11 o'clock A. M., in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, the real estate described in said decree, it being the farm of which Albert Beard, died, seized and possessed.

The said farm contains

163 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less. There are about 25 acres under fence and cultivation, the balance is in timber. It is well watered and is improved by a

DWELLING HOUSE,

barn, dairy and other out-buildings.

This property is situated in Election District No. 8, about 12 miles from Oakland, and would make a comfortable home for a man of small means.

TERMS—as prescribed by the Decree are—One-third cash on the day of sale; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, the purchaser to give his note with security to be approved by the trustee for the deferred payments.

HENRY A. SHAFFER,
9 26 4t. Trustee.

W. A. WORTMAN,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

PRITCHARD BUILDING,

OAKLAND, - - MARYLAND

A full line of Watches, Clock, Silverware, &c., &c., always in stock, of the very best quality for the money.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS Neatly and Promptly Done.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will take pleasure in showing my goods.

W. A. WORTMAN.
Oakland, Md., June 29th, 1885.—tf.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to
EDWARD A. OSSE.
57 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

FOR SALE!

A 152 ACRE FARM.

The undersigned offers for sale a small farm, on the waters of Lead Mine Run, Tucker county, W. Va. This property is known as the "Hershlin Place," and adjoins lands of the widow Schrader and others. There are about 50 acres in the tract, which is well timbered.

For terms, &c., apply to or address
G. P. KING,
9 26 3t Austen Mines, W. Va.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. D. BROOKE & SISTER

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

are now prepared to do both

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WORK,

and ask for a liberal share of the public patronage.

GALLERY ON PENNINGTON NEAR MAIN STREET,

and open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oakland, June 4th, 1885.—6m.

NOTICE!

I have taken the agency for the

CELEBRATED

RUMSEY & Co's PUMPS!

and will sell all kinds of pumps from a common pitcher pump, to a first class steam or fire engine pump. All pumps bought of me will be

SET UP AND STARTED Free of Charge,

where the distance is not more than five miles from Oakland.

S. LAWTON,
6 6 tf Under "Republican" office.

GO TO

H. WEBER'S,

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

HEADQUARTERS

—— FOR ——

Melons, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Bananas,

And all kinds of FRUITS in season, and all kinds of FRESH VEGETABLES from our own Gardens, at

Wholesale and Retail, and at Lowest Cash Prices!

We invite our friends to come and see us before going elsewhere.

Choice Cut Flowers, Roses, &c., made up into Boquets, Baskets, &c., suitable for presents, balls, dinners or funerals, on short notice.

Also FLOWERS EMBALMED.

Address
H. WEBER,
P. O. Box 16, Oakland, Md.

☞ Market price paid for County Produce in Cash.
Jan. 3, 85, tf

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 3d, 1885.

GOING EAST.

No. 5	7.10 A. M.
No. 1	12.37 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 11	12.25 A. M
No. 33	4.35 P. M
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.11 A. M
No. 4	3.56 P. M.
No. 6	8.37 P. M.
No. 14	5.30 P. M.
No. 34	9.45 A. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable: No Calomel. Price 25c. All Druggists.

VICEROUS HEADACHES

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR OVER SIX YEARS BY OVER A MANY THOUSAND CASES.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., MFG CHEMISTS
306th N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss.
Call for terms of our Appliances.
WE GIVE FREE TRIAL.

THE COLONNADE,

ONE OF THE BEST and most commodious hotels of Atlantic City, N. J. Pleasantly located on Pacific Avenue, two squares from the depot and one square from the ocean. Beautiful surroundings. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. First class cuisine. Terms liberal. C. C. LEFLER & CO., Proprietors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIG CHANCE!

SMITH & GALLIS.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.,

Desire to inform the people of Garrett county and the rest of mankind, that their stock this season will be larger than ever heretofore, and their prices lower. Their stock consists in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, *Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.*

FINE LOT OF SUMMER HATS JUST RECEIVED.

We especially desire the patronage of the farmers in this neighborhood, and guarantee to sell as low as anywhere in the county, for the same grade of goods.

Patronize us and keep your money at home.
Johnstown, April 28, 1885.—6 t.*

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

FOR SALE

An elegant new residence on Oak street Oakland, Md., opposite the "Bosley House," containing 8 rooms. Best location in the town. Large lot, improved by ice house, barn, carriage house, and other out buildings. Well of good water. Terms easy.

For particulars apply to
J. O. MICHAEL,
1 20 3m Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road.

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address
J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Estate of John Airronhalt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentory on the personal estate of

JOHN AIRRONHALT,

of Garrett county, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 22d day of September, 1885.

JOHN W. HARVEY,
9 26 3t. Executor.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies.

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

ellegibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to
E. C. TILSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
(one door East of Postoffice.)

Special attention given to Collections and the negotiation of Loans.
Sept. 25, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, Md.

Will practice in all the Courts of Md. and adjoining States. Will also N[illegible] loans and sales of real estate. All co[illegible] remitted as soon as made.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOW[illegible]

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and the adjoining Counties of West Va. and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v2 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, [illegible]ston to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

I can

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MD.,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

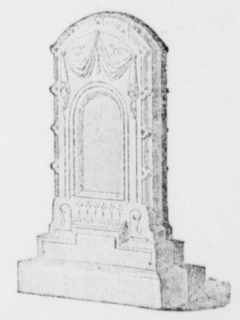
with Special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Sidney, DaCosta Agnew, Hamilton Fonyes, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 5 21-6m

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material Known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

In giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shurizer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD APPLICATIONS and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1885. NUMBER 31.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD. or NORFOLK, VA.

$72 for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once. Delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house, large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and Sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

15m 3 G. L. BOSLEY, Oakland, Md.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or cut a stick of timber on the tract of land known as "Dundalk," the property of the undersigned, as the law will be rigidly enforced against trespassers.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

NOV 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2250.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full description of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 9 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeever and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it deserves to.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,

Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.

Oakland, June 20th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains

—IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1361. Now occupied by Abraham Moon Good land, part cleared.

No. 1362. On Railroad and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.

No. 1367. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.

No. 196. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.

No. 163. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Joins Henry Brae's Dwelling.

No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No. 163.

No. 1331. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.

No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,

Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-v1

FOR RENT,

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,

295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Crazy Quilt Architecture.

The following from the pen of Bill Arp, in the *Chattanooga Times*, *The American Architecture and Building* describes a few thinks, contains more truth than fiction:

I may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical estimation—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc.—that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent architecture.

Because a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know me any better than to build me a summer house, and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and daub it up with colors they have bought at auction, and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of Renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman nor Venitian. Any man can originate a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whisky long enough, and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive. But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of a disorded imagination must soon pass away, and the bright sunlight of hard horse-sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables of gnawed off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine a few days ago showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it firstrate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

The house taken as a whole looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money, and then suddenly changed its mind, and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect, and blo-somed into a full-blown "drunk and disorderly," surmounted by the smoke stack of a foundry, and with the bright future of thirty days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch, to get fresh air. This porch was painted of dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a brand new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Farther up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw now and then places where the workman's mind had wondered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up, and then painted them with Paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd-looking structure indeed. If my friend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it at nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course the sceme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three-cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at ca

About Choosing a Husband.

No sensible man, no man whose affection is worth retaining, is driven away by being told by the lady of his choice that she likes him, that she feels that in time she may come to love him, but that her heart is not yet his. If he really loves her he will come back again, and it is pretty certain that he will learn before a second asking whether his affection is returned or not. But a girl, if she can not always choose, can always refuse; and generally her difficulty is this. It is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him, but I think I might do so if I choose; shall I choose or shall I forbear? It is here that the power of choice comes in, and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all.

In such circumstances a girl will act wisely if she gives considerable weight to the general opinion that is held of the gentleman in question by his professional brethren or his business acquaintances. It is, in short, not the man who is agreeable among women, but he who is well liked by his own sex, who is the man to choose for a husband. A mother, of course, always speaks well of her son; it is not what she says of him, but his behavior to her, that is to be looked to. A woman may feel certain of this point, that as a man now treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat her six months after marriage.

All this may seem very cold-blooded, very far removed from the tender feeling which courtship induces. But, after all, a girl has a choice to make—a choice upon which the whole happiness of her life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgement. Without better judgement than her own feelings she is very likely to make a mistake, but if she can assure herself that her lover is a man who is respected and liked by his male friends, and is a favorite at home, she may be pretty sure that in listening to his love she is choosing wisely.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Nydegger's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

The following mixtures are recommended for coating plows and tools in order to keep them from rusting. Dissolve one ounce of rosin in four ounces of linseed oil, and add one quart of kerosene, stirring the mixture well. Apply in a warm condition. Another method is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in turpentine and add four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish; mix well and rub on with a rag.

Don't allow the accumulation of Scurf or Dandruff, when it can be so easily prevented by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"Tiss Me, Papa."

A well to-do-citizen of New York, who is a hard drinking man, had a sweet little daughter to whom, when sober, he was devotedly attached, but when drunk he was inclined to be ugly. In the latter condition he was frequently in the habit of calling her to him for a kiss. If she hesitated, the maudlin beast would wrap her on the head with his cane, knuckles or whatever came handy. The result was, that after a while his mere approach served to throw his little one almost into convulsions in anticipation of the blows she expected to receive. All this appeared to please the brute while he played upon her fears, and the shyer she grew the severer grew the punishment that followed the enforced caress. Finally she was taken ill, and the physician who was summoned pronounced it a case of brain fever. On examining her head it was found to be full of knots and bruises. It was unnecessary to make a further diagnosis and the father was informed that the child must die. The intelligence sobered him, and he insisted on being present at her bedside continuously. Just before the child breathed her last she looked at him wearily, while her head tossed from side to side in pain and said: "Papa, I ain't afraid of oo now, oo may tiss me now as much as oo please, and oo may knock my poor head, too, if oo wants, papa, for I ain't going to tubble oo any more!" and with that she turned her baby face to the wall and slept the sleep that knows no waking. The father, recognizing at last what he had done, uttered a cry and fell insensible to the floor. The physician who described the scene says he has in the father another patient who will never recover, for his mind is gone and he wanders hopelessly around the house moaning and weeping for his murdered child.

Puzzles for Boys.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 9. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1885. NUMBER 31.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALIVE! ALIVE!

Alive to the wants of the people, I have opened, in my old

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Main street, Oakland, Md., a

PROVISION & FEED STORE,

where I will keep constantly on hand and for sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour, Meal, Chop, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Bacon, Fish, &c., &c.. and all kinds of

Country Produce.

JOHN SHARTZER.

3 21 tf

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

BAUGH & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ORIGINAL RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

AND OTHER

STANDARD BONE MANURES

ALSO

HIGH GRADE CHEMICALS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES

Buyers will be surprised to find how low they can buy WARRANTED PURE BONE MEAL &c. Write for Baugh's Phosphate Guide. Address

BAUGH & SONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BALTIMORE, MD., or BOSTON, MASS.

$72 for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, direction, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 517 F. St., Washington, D. C.

A RARE CHANCE!

will offer at private sale my entire property known as the

BOSLEY BOARDING HOUSE,

containing thirty-one rooms. One-half acre lot, with good cellar, well of good water, large ice house, coal and plunder house large water tank, and everything complete for a boarding house. Also a house and lot opposite the above property. Also a lot on corner Alder and sixth streets. Reason for selling—California fever.

For further particulars inquire of the owner on the premises, or address

G. L. BOSLEY,
Oakland, Md.

15m 3

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said land by cutting of timber or otherwise. Any trespassing on said land will be prosecuted according to law.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2250.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full description of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1?24 DAVID LITTLE.

AYER'S Ague Cure

contains an **antidote for all malarial disorders** which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

JEWELRY STORE,

—BY—

F. G. HYDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Eye-Glasses, etc. All the above goods are stylish, and of a good quality; new features, new designs, reduced prices. I propose to be the leader on small profits. Any order by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Repairing of all kinds carefully and neatly executed. I say just what I mean, and mean just what I say.

SATISFACTION ASSURED.

The celebrated Silver Klenzer, for cleaning silverware, gold, etc. The best thing in the world. It is has no equal. Put up in 4 ounce vials, at 25 cents each.

My prices the lowest of the lowest. Reiterating thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronage in the future, I remain, very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Opposite Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—My terms are strictly CASH.
Oakland, June 29th, 1885.—6 m.

I AM NOW OFFERING Good Bargains —IN— BOOTS AND SHOES!

Having just received a very

LARGE STOCK!

—ALSO—

CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
10 18 1y Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE.

SOLDIER LOTS, 50 ACRES EACH.

TITLES OF HEIRS.

No. 1391. Now occupied by Abraham Moon Good land, part cleared.
No. 1521. On Braddock Run and River, near Gorman Station, part cleared, with Mill Stream.
No. 1317. Wood Lot, near Mr. Lee's Dwelling.
No. 193. Good Wood Lot, east of Mr. Thomson's Land.
No. 165. Wood Lot, 3 miles west of Blaine Station. Johns Henry Brue's Dwelling.
No. 149. Wood Lot, near Lot No 163.
No. 733. Part cleared, Mr. G. Everett on it.
No. 63. Near Frankville, 3 miles S. W. of Bloomington. Coal and wood.

TERMS—Part cash, part time.

Enquire of

E. Z. TOWER,
Attorney-at-Law, Oakland, Md.
July 28th, 1885.—tf

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The building formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas White will probably be for rent May 1st. There are six available rooms up stairs; a room on the first floor, that has been used for a Barber shop. Would make a desirable stand for a grocery, flour and feed store, with room enough for a family above. Would also make a convenient and desirable place for Post Office, having an unobstructed entrance on Liberty street.

For further information apply at this office or to

A. A. PERRY, Agent,
295 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

JOHN A. WOLF.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

EAST END OAK STREET, OAKLAND.

Furniture repaired. Will also take orders for new furniture. Rustic work on hand and manufactured to order. Give him a call

Crazy Quilt Architecture.

The following from the pen of Bill [illegible], in the *Chattanooga Times*, *The American Architecture and Building* [illegible] thinks, contains more truth than fiction:

I may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical esprit de corps—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc.—that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent architecture.

I suppose a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know me any better than to build me a summer house, and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and daub it up with colors they have bought at auction and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of Renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman nor Venitian. Any man can originate a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whisky long enough, and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive. But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of a disorded imagination must soon pass away, and the bright sunlight of hard horse-sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables of gnawed off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine a few days ago showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it firstrate. Then I went home and went all night. It was my first falsehood.

The house taken as a whole looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money, and then suddenly changed its mind, and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect, and blossomed into a full-blown "drunk and disorderly," surmounted by the smoke stack of a foundry, and with the bright future of thirty days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch, to get fresh air. This porch was painted of dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a brand new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Farther up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw now and then places where the workman's mind had wondered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up, and then painted them with Paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd-looking structure indeed. If my friend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it at nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course the sceme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three-cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at ca

About Choosing a Husband.

No sensible man, no man whose affection is worth retaining, is driven away by being told by the lady of his choice that she likes him, that she feels that in time she may come to love him, but that her heart is not yet his. If he really loves her he will come back again, and it is pretty certain that he will learn before a second asking whether his affection is returned or not. But a girl, it she cannot always choose, can always refuse; and generally her difficulty is this. It is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him, but I think I might do so if I choose; shall I choose or shall I forbear? It is here that the power of choice comes in, and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all.

In such circumstances a girl will act wisely if she gives considerable weight to the general opinion that is held of the gentleman in question by his professional brethren or his business acquaintances. It is, in short, not the man who is agreeable among women, but he who is well liked by his own sex, who is the man to choose for a husband. A mother, of course, always speaks well of her son; it is not what she says of him, but his behavior to her, that is to be looked to. A woman may feel certain of this point, that as a man now treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat her six months after marriage.

All this may seem very cold-blooded, very far removed from the tender feeling which courtship induces. But, after all, a girl has a choice to make—a choice upon which the whole happiness of her life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgement. Without better judgement than her own feelings she is very likely to make a mistake, but if she can assure herself that her lover is a man who is respected and liked by his male friends, and is a favorite at home, she may be pretty sure that in listening to his love she is choosing wisely.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Nydegger's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

The following mixtures are recommended for coating plows and tools in order to keep them from rusting. Dissolve one ounce of rosin in four ounces of linseed oil, and add one quart of kerosene, stirring the mixture well. Apply in a warm condition. Another method is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in turpentine and add four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish; mix well and rub on with a rag.

Don't allow the accumulation of Scurf or Dandruff, when it can be so easily prevented by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"Tiss Me, Papa."

A well to-do-citizen of New York, who is a hard drinking man, had a sweet little daughter to whom, when sober, he was devotedly attached, but when drunk he was inclined to be ugly. In the latter condition he was frequently in the habit of calling her to him for a kiss. If she hesitated, the maudlin beast would wrap her on the head with his cane, knuckles or whatever came handy. The result was, that after a while his mere approach served to throw his little one almost into convulsions in anticipation of the blows she expected to receive. All this appeared to please the brute while he played upon her fears, and the shyer she grew the severer grew the punishment that followed the enforced caress. Finally she was taken ill and the physician who was summoned pronounced it a case of brain fever. On examining her head it was found to be full of knots and bruises. It was unnecessary to make a further diagnosis and the father was informed that the child must die. The intelligence sobered him, and he insisted on being present at her bedside continuously. Just before the child breathed her last she looked at him wearily, while her head tossed from side to side in pain and said: "Papa, I ain't afraid of oo now, oo may tiss me now as much as oo please, and oo may knock my poor head, too, if oo wants, papa, for I ain't going to tubble oo any more!" and with that she turned her baby face to the wall and slept the sleep that knows no waking. The father, recognizing at last what he had done, uttered a cry and fell insensible to the floor. The physician who described the scene says he has in the father another patient who will never recover, for his mind is gone and he wanders hopelessly around the house moaning and weeping for his murdered child.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HARNESS-MAKER'S WOOING.

"I never went to school, Miss May,
And sew I'm not horse-collar,
But I'm as harnessed as the day,
And not 'strapped' for a dollar."

She guessed his spur-pose, and at once
Said to the harness-maker:
"You show no traces of a dunce
In being a heart-breaker."

Then he got harness knees. Sighed he:
"Your sweet words stirrup in me
A hope that you my bridle be—
O try a bit to win me."

"O, no, surcingle will I stay,
Ere I do that, dear Walter."
"Then, darling, won't you name the day
To meet me at the halter?"

"No maiden hames the day," she said,
A blushing in her beauty,
"But if you're hitching soon to wed,
You'll buckle to that duty."

"I'll name to-morrow, then," he cried,
"Lest saddle be our marriage—"
"And, if it reins," the maiden sighed,
"Whip better have a carriage."
—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE BREAD WE EAT.

Some Points Relating to Its Wholesale Manufacture.

Interesting Secrets of the World's Cooking Rooms—Description of Bread Baking—How Crackers are Evolved, Etc.

A reporter made a very thorough tour of an extensive and well-known Minneapolis bakery and cracker factory. The bakers are all men. "The fact is," explained one of the firm, "that the trade is a hard one, requiring not only skill, judgment, and activity, but a far greater physical strength than women usually possess. I think housewives, as a rule, regard breadmaking as about the hardest kind of work they have to do. The making of bread in large quantities would prove far more taxing on the strength."

"How about pies and cakes?"

"Oh, they might do that. However, there is not the same inducement for them to learn a small part of a trade like that. At any rate, I know of very few women bakers."

An inspection of the actual process of bread-making, from the setting of the sponge to the time it goes into the oven under the sidewalk, convinced the visitor that the occupation is one which demands a great amount of muscle and the eminent ability to "hustle" as well. A trough full of dough under the influence of "a little leaven" shows no more inclination to wait for a man's convenience than do time, tide or the tailor. The sponge for bread or rolls is made in one end of a stationary wooden trough, about three feet wide by the same depth, and from fifteen to twenty feet long. Likely as not, another sponge is setting in the other end, and the space between is conveniently dammed with flour. Either the compressed yeast (bought in five-pound packages) or a liquid yeast made by the firm is used as leaven. Sometimes the two are combined. There is very little machine work about breadmaking. After it has "proved," or risen, two able-bodied men go to the bottom and haul up the lower stratum to the surface, and everlastingly agitate the mass for fifteen or twenty minutes. Because of the depth of the trough and the mass of dough, usually sufficient for two or three hundred loaves, and the dispatch with which the work must be done to get it out of the way before another batch comes on, the process does not appear in the light of a recreation exactly. The reporter thought he knew of nothing but base ball that would demand so much concentrated strength combined with activity. The bread is left in the trough to rise after this kneading. It lies there perhaps an hour and a half, and is then lifted out upon a floured table and tackled by four men. The first cuts off a lump of dough about as large as his two hands. The second lays it on a pair of scales and pinches off a bit or adds a morsel, so as to make the "pound nominated on the bond." A single addition or subtraction makes it right five times in six, and the operation does not take two seconds. A man stands on each side of the table beyond him, and, seizing a pound of dough in each hand, rolls them round with quick, deft motions. Then the balls are placed regularly upon the further end of the table, where they stand fifteen or twenty minutes before they are worked out in the oblong, pointed shape in which most loaves, especially Vienna and Eureka bread, appear. The loaves, having now attained their final form, are placed in tins and encouraged to rise by a coating of egg and sugar, which excludes the air and imprisons the gas. Then they are placed on a long-handled wooden shovel and slid into an oven which has an area of probably four hundred feet, and a temperature far above that to be attained in the ordinary range oven.

The reporter had always heard and implicitly trusted the tradition that the reason that women are less successful (as it is alleged they are) than men in culinary operations lies in the fact that they have not a head for weights and measures—that they will guess and take a pinch of this and a lump of that, and, hence that the results attained at different times are as variable as the proportions of the ingredients are liable to be. Hence the expectation that these practiced scientific bakers would stick close by their weights and measures and thermometers—which expectation was very far from the facts.

"Oh, no," said the head bread-baker, "in mixing we just keep adding flour and water until the dough is of the right consistency, you know. Then, as to the temperature of the oven, I can tell that by running my hand in. So about the time of rising. That varies with the temperature of the room, and there can be no rule about it. We use our judgment, and so does any woman, if she has any. There is no such thing as baking by an exact rule any more than there is about bringing up a family."

"Is there any secret about your Eureka and Vienna bread that you can't give out?"

"None at all. The Vienna bread is mixed with sweet milk instead of water, and that is all the difference. The Eureka bread has a pound of lard and a pound and a quarter of sugar to every 150 pounds of flour, and that, and the facilities we have for a high, even temperature in baking, make all the difference there is. We use a pound of compressed yeast to 150 of flour in setting the sponge. A great deal, of course, depends on the yeast. If that is not first class you may as well 'throw up the sponge' at once.

"In making rolls, they are placed in a steam-box and made to rise twice as fast. The rolls are not weighed, but guessed at. A man makes one in each hand, and you may see him pick a piece off one, and add it to the other, to get them about the same size. Our brown bread we bake in pails for two and one-half hours. It has corn, graham, and rye flour in it. Rye bread we raise with a little salt—no yeast. The Vienna and rye loaves are raised in cloths, without pans, and are baked right on the bottom of the oven.

A visit to the cake, pie, and turnover department was not less interesting. These viands are all made by hand except that the eggs are beaten by a machine. Out of one dough mixture as a foundation half a dozen different sorts of cake may be made by the addition of some slight ingredient. But the science comes in knowing "what kind of an oven," as women say, to use for each variety. The decorative material is ordinary frosting, made out of pulverized white sugar and eggs, with enough acid, lemon, or cream of tartar to cut the grain off the sugar. The frosting is put into a cloth or rubber bag and squeezed out through a tube, just as the paints with which plaques and landscapes are evolved. There is an endless variety of tubes through which stars and garters and different styles of posies and foliage are squeezed. The liner work, however, such as the tracing of vines, birds, and other elaborate patterns, is done with a minute tracing tube, and gives room for real freehand drawing rather than mechanical execution. The more elaborate solid pieces, such as wedding bells, horseshoes, cooing doves, and palpitating hearts, which surmount the most pretentious table architecture, are made of gum paste, and are not edible, so the foreman of the cake department said. They are imported from Italy along with organ-grinding and macaroni.

"What is the work of an apprentice at the baker's art?"

"Well, he begins by sweeping up the floor, washing dishes, and doing odd jobs of any sort. Then he dusts the turnovers with powdered sugar, or beats the eggs, or paints over the loaves before they go into the oven—anything for which he is needed. If he is apt and industrious he ought to know his business pretty well in three or four years; but it is a trade in which there is always something new to be learned, and there is a wonderful facility to be gained in practice."

The cracker factory, which is an immense business in itself, was yet to be inspected. While the bread, cakes and pies go to feed hungry Minneapolitans only, the crackers are largely shipped to supply outside demands.

The process of cracker making was found to be more mechanical and less freehand than bread, pie or cake making. Winter wheat is used exclusively. Crackers made from spring sown wheat are tough and springy. The cracker sponge is set over night in an immense trough, and is worked the next morning through a patent screw mixer. The dough comes out in round columns about a foot through, and is dumped back two or three times until it is well kneaded. Then it is sent down through a chute in the floor to the platform, from which it is fed in sections to three rollers, one after another. The piece is passed under each one several times, and the rollers are so graded that the dough gradually thins and lengthens out as it proceeds. It finally passes into what is called the "form," which determines the width of the strip of dough. This strip is then started upon a canvas revolving belt, over which is a large revolving bush, which constantly dusts flour upon it. Two or three feet further on the dough comes under the stamp, operated also by machinery, and the crackers are given any one of the dozens of shapes known to the trade and families. If it is the usual square soda cracker, there will be five in a row, and the strip, of course, is endless as long as the dough holds out. As they emerge from under the stamp a boy stands ready with a sort of very thin wooden shovel, without raised edges, and with a handle several feet long, and with this instrument called a "peel," he takes off a section about three feet long, which he dexterously flirts with a twist of the wrist into the oven, or rather upon one of the immense revolving iron shelves which are contained in the oven. These shelves are about three feet wide and fifteen feet long, and one revolution serves to bake the crackers a delicate brown. As they come up done, another boy stands with a rake and hauls them unceremoniously into larger baskets, in which they are transferred by elevator to the third floor for packing. When only partially cooled they are put away by girls into barrels and boxes neatly lined with white paper, and are left uncovered until cooled and dried. While still warm they have a toughness which makes it possible to handle them in a way that would break them into bits when cold.

In getting a perfect edge on the outside rows of crackers a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide is incidentally sacrificed on each side, and this thrown back into the general mass of dough, is supposed to greatly improve it. The batch must consequently improve from first to last, as the amount of scraps keeps climbing up toward a majority. Cracker dust is another branch of the manufacture. Any crackers that may have been broken in handling or packing are ground fine and sold, principally to hotels and restaurants, for breading meats, oysters, and soups. All the flour sweepings are sold to farmers for cattle feed, so there is little actual waste anywhere about.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

QUEENSLAND.

A Country for a White Man to Stay Away From.

Mr. Finch-Hatton has written a book on Queensland. Much as he has to say in its praise, it hardly strikes one as an eligible place for the white man. This is his description of Mackay, the first place he landed at:

"Of all horrible places to live in, the worst is a small coast town in Queensland. They are all alike. There is not a green thing to be seen anywhere. Dust is everywhere, inches deep in the streets that are not macadamized; and thus bushes, houses, and everything were powdered over with it. The population was under 1,000, but I counted seventeen public houses in the place.

"The cane-fields around he described as beautiful, and the River Pioneer as lovely. But it is full of alligators, which run to nineteen feet long. The scrub, as the forests of Queensland are called, is beautiful; but "the monotony of the endless timber is appalling, and it is easy to realize the terrible madness that so often comes over those who get lost in the bush. The only change is from white gum-trees on the flats to black iron-barks on the ridges, and one ridge and one flat is so like another to an inexperienced eye that it seems incredible that any one can ever find the way about. The author went to his brother's cattle station, and was put into a "slab hut," "through the spaces of which, as he lay in bed, he commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. . . . He also counted five little streamlets of water descended on his bed." On going to bed he found a huge snake coiled up in it, which turned out, luckily, to be a tame one belonging to his brother's partner. But in Queensland "there are five deadly kinds," one eight or nine feet long; but "but by far the worst is the death adder. It has this peculiarity; it does not attempt to move out of anybody's way, but lies quite still until it is touched, when it fastens with a spring upon its victim. I have never known a well-authenticated instance of recovery from it," except in the case of one Underwood, who used to let any snake bite him, and by means of an antidote never suffered harm. The Victorian Government foolishly refused to give him £10,000 for his secret, and as he one day let a snake bite him when he was drunk and had forgotten where he had put his antidote, this all-valuable secret died with him. Then there are other cheerful beasts. "A small black spider, about the size of a large pea, with a brilliant crimson markupon its back, frequently takes up its abode in an inhabited house, and does not want to be provoked before attacking. * * * Death is by no means an uncommon result, but more frequently the victim becomes hopelessly insane or is paralyzed." Mr. Finch-Hatton was himself bitten. He took up the piece of his leg where the bite was between the finger and thumb, and cut it clean out. "I always had some ammonia with me, and I rubbed a quantity of it in. Certainly not more than ten seconds elapsed between the time I was bitten and when I cut the piece out. But the pain was intense for days, the whole leg swelled and became soft, like dough. The place itself became a running sore, which did not heal for four months afterwards." And there are centipedes and scorpions, and "the real pests of the bush," worse than mosquitoes, the flies. Then there are the blacks, who, "even when half-tame in the settled districts, can not resist the temptation of spearing the traveler," to say nothing of lifting the cattle. Mr. Finch-Hatton's partner was "digging one day in the garden. Suddenly he became aware that half a dozen of these 'Myalls,' as they are called, were creeping at him through the long grass, armed with spears and boomerangs. He waited until they got about fifty yards off, and then, as they stood up ready to sling their spears at him, he suddenly pointed his spade at them like a gun. Two warriors fell flat down on the spot from sheer fright, upsetting a third who was just about starting to flee. Two of the remaining then tried to run away so fast that they hardly made any progress at all, and the last one, while scattering a Parthian glance at the object of terror in his rear, ran with awful violence against a gigantic gum-tree."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LAKE SAILORS.

Their Ordinary Superstitions and Their Extraordinary Fear of Red-Headed Women.

At supper we spoke again of sailors and their superstitions. The Captain said:

"Sailors on the lakes are very superstitious. Lots and lots of 'em would sooner lose a place than sail on Friday. They're awfully afraid of anything that appears the least bit supernatural. Anything in the shape of will-o'-the-wisp or St. Elmo's light will make most of 'em tremble in their shoes. Once I frightened a set of 'em half to death by muffling a lantern to give it a weird appearance, and then tying it to the yard-arm. Then they are firm believers in the power of certain things to bring luck or ill-luck, just like old Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and the albatross. They're particularly timid of red-headed women. I was mate on a boat once on which a red-headed woman took passage, and the sailors complained right off. Once outside everything seemed to go wrong. Finally, we ran into a schooner and lost our jib-boom. This was too much. Half the fellows came to the Captain and actually asked to be put ashore anywhere in the woods rather than run the risk of a possible loss of life, as they said. They weren't accommodated, of course, but once in port you should have seen those fellows draw their pay and skedaddle. A red-headed Captain would either have to use hair-dye or quit the business. Cook, bring me another cup of tea."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Red squirrels lose no time in picking out the toothsome mushroom from the tempting toadstool. The cute little creature never touches the latter, but the mushroom is "nuts" to them, and no doubt they make merry when they read daily in the papers of some poisoning case of the sort. "What fools these mortals be who eat toadstools," chuckles the red squirrel.—*Troy Times.*

HOW LIVES ARE SAVED.

The System of Work Adopted by the United States Life-Saving Service.

The method of saving lives from shipwreck, at present in use at our United States Life-Saving Stations, may be best understood by supposing an actual case and describing the operations of the surfmen.

If the sea will permit, the people on the vessels are brought ashore in the surf-boat." If a high sea is running, however, this is rendered impracticable, and recourse is had to the "Breeches Buoy." When the discovery of a wreck is announced at the station, all the apparatus is at once carried along the beach to the point nearest the wreck. The Lyle gun, a small brass cannon, which weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds, is loaded with powder. Then into its mouth is slipped a long steel "projectile," to the outer end of which is attached a light but stout line, called the "shot line." Then the gun is aimed and fired. The projectile, followed by the long cord, flies out toward the wreck, passes over it, and drops into the sea, and the "shot line" falls on deck. Thus the first means of communication is established between the wreck and the shore. The crew of the vessel now pull in this "shot line," until they draw on deck a pulley block, which the men on shore have fastened to it. Through this pulley block is running an "endless line," that is, a long line which is called endless, because the two ends have been fastened together. It runs also through another pulley block, which has been kept on shore. The sailors tie their pulley block well up on the mast, and the men on shore fasten theirs to a "sand anchor," which they have firmly buried in the sand.

You have often seen the double string which children, living across the street from each other, run between their houses and call a "telegraph." It is a long, endless line, running through a pulley, or a staple, at each end, and when a basket or other article is tied to one side of the double line, and the other side is pulled in, the basket of course moves off across the street. This is like what has now been rigged between the vessel and the shore. So now the men on shore can tie anything on to the endless line, running through a pulley block at each end, and starting the circular motion of the line, soon send it out to the vessel. What they do tie on is the end of a great hawser, or heavy rope, and when this hawser is drawn on deck, it is at once fastened to the mast a few feet above the pulley block. Then the other end of the hawser, which has been kept on shore, is hauled in as tight, or "taut," as possible, and also fastened a few feet above the pulley block, which has been tied to the sand anchor. Now the "breeches buoy" is brought out by the men on shore. This is a circle, or large ring of leather stuffed, of perhaps two feet in diameter. Hanging below it is a pair of stiff canvas knee-breeches. It is now hung from the heavy hawser so that it can slide freely to and fro upon it. Then it is securely fastened to one part of the endless line, the other part of the line is hauled steadily in, and away moves the buoy, slipping along on the hawser from which it hangs, and drawn by the small endless line to which it is secured. One person is dropped in through the circle, with one leg in each side of the canvas breeches. The circular line, which has been described, is fastened also to the buoy, or rather to the pulley block of the buoy, and is again put in motion, and the buoy retraces its course to the shore. The rescued person is taken out, and again and again the buoy makes the journey, until every one on board is brought safe to land.—*Youth's Companion.*

THOROUGHLY COMPETENT.

A Steamboat Mate Who Displayed Remarkable Courage in Drowning Out Incipient Flames.

The mate of the steamer was showing me over the boat as we rushed along down the great Father of Waters. The one particular thing he wanted me to take notice of was the fact that the boat was as near fire-proof as a steamboat could be made. Fire hose was coiled up all along the various decks, nozzles all ready to play, and buckets of water were kept standing in various localities to drown out incipient fires.

"It's all right if you have a system," I said, as we finally halted.

"System is dead perfect," he replied. "At the cry of 'fire' I tap the bell. That calls all the crew to the spot. There isn't a spot on the boat which we can't reach with three streams of water, and I rather guess I'm competent to take charge. I'm an old fireman of twenty years' experience."

Well, I went off to bed by and by, but hadn't turned in yet, when somebody shouted "fire!" as loud as he could yell. I rushed out. We were bowling along within fifty feet of the shore, and away aft there was a bright blaze of flame and a rush of smoke. I started that way, but somebody ran over me, sprawled out, sprang up and I heard a splash in the water. A negro ran past me and rang the bell, and a second got down a coil of hose, opened fight on the fire, and directed matters so sensibly that the flames were soon subdued. Then the Captain came aft and roared out:

"Johnson! Johnson! Where in blazes is the mate?"

Nobody knew. We hunted for him, but he was not found. He was the old fireman of twenty years' experience who went overboard and struck out for shore at the first alarm, leaving the negro deck-hands to save the boat and one hundred and eighty lives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Let any farmer compute the sum which a full annual crop of apples would produce, even at a low rate per bushel, and he will be surprised to find how much more profitable his apple orchard is than any part of the farm devoted to grain growing. With good management and manuring a full crop of apples may be grown every year with as much certainty as any grain crop and with less expense.—*N. Y. Herald*

A DISAGREEABLE SET.

Indifferent People Unfit to Live in Civilized Communities.

What is my opinion of indifferent people? They are a disagreeable cross between boorishness and selfishness. They are so thoroughly devoted to themselves and their interests that they can give no thought to anybody else, and they frequently go so far in this exclusion as to be positively uncivil. I have met men who go about with their business, or their cares, so closely wrapped about them, that it was not possible for them to see the world around them. That is the way it looked to the casual observer, but I somehow thought that those men had not mind or heart enough to attend to their own affairs and be polite at the same time. There are those, too, to whom you may talk, possibly not because you want to, but because the necessities of the circumstances compel it, and they will look at you with a kind of idiotic stare which is enough to paralyze a hundred-pound rifle gun loaded to the muzzle. You've seen hundreds of that kind, and they don't seem to decrease in numbers to any remarkable extent as the world increases in civilization and refinement. I can understand and allow for a certain percentage of selfishness in the sum of our existence, but I not believe that any man or woman has the right to increase that percentage to the discomfort or unhappiness of the majority. A very little thought and care for others goes a great way, and those who do not exercise it, differ from hogs only in their difference of anatomy and the clothes they wear.—*Merchant Traveler.*

VALUE OF THOUGHT.

Deep Reasoning on the Strength of Which a Colored Gentleman Obtained a Useful Implement.

"Let that wheelbarrow alone," cried Colonel Matterson, as he stepped to the end of the gallery and called to an old negro who had entered the back-yard.

"Sah?"

"I say put down that wheelbarrow or I'll send for a policeman."

"Oh, I ken put it down, sah, an' sabe yer all dat trouble. I neber wants er pusson ter go outen his way ter 'commodate me."

"All right. Now get out of this lot. First thing I know you'll steal——"

"Now, look heah, mister. I doan know whut yer name is, but I wants yer to look heah jes' de same. I wan't thinkin erbout takin' dis thing. I makes dese imperments, sah, an' I wanted ter 'zamine dis one, 'case it 'peered ter be er new 'vention, but, sah, of yer's so easy skeered, I'll bid yer good mawnin'."

"You must excuse me if I have wrongfully accused you."

"Oh, neber mine. De ole saints wuz 'cuzed an' pussycuted, sah. Ef da could stan' it widout 'plainin' I oughtenter grumble."

Shortly after the Colonel went into the house, the old negro, after quietly lifting the wheelbarrow over the fence, mused: "Folks is gittin' so 'spicious dese days dat somebody is gwine ter git inter trouble. Dat man ain't got no use fur dis 'borrer. Whut do he Bible say 'bout de pusson whut buried his talen's an' didn' make nothin' outen 'em? Folks oughter think erbout dese things."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Always Late.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly, and yet a large class of persons are almost more or less late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements. They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their appointments also. Their letters are sent to the postoffice just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so are generally in haste, or in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late and were forever trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she invariably was so early in her seat at church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were with all a part both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.—*Household.*

A Lucky Man.

Hostetter McGinnis is one of the most lucky men in Texas. If he takes a chance at a raffle he is sure to win. If he throws dice for the drinks, somebody else has to pay for them. Not long since a New York lawyer said to McGinnis:

"Lend me seventy-five dollars. I'd rather borrow money from you than any friend I've got."

"Why do you prefer to borrow from me?"

"Because you have such good luck that I really believe you would get your money paid back, although I never did did such a thing in my life."

As luck would have it, Hostetter did not have a cent of money with him at the time.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A female book agent has gone down into some of the deepest coal mines of Pennsylvania and has taken a large number of orders from the men while they were at work.—*Pittsburgh Psot.*

—A man died lately in London from the effects of a bite of a cat. And a verdict of "death from hydrophobia" was rendered by the Coroner's Jury that investigated the case.

—A genuine sealskin is valued at from $30 to $50. That with the necessary work and the silk lining makes a good cloak worth about $400.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Superior Court of North Carolina has decided that a railroad company can not force a passenger to ride in a smoking-car if he objects to doing so.

—It will pay to store the hay, straw and fodder under shelter, as such materials are often injured by the exposure to winter storms and spring rains.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—An Indiana farmer couldn't get any of the neighbors to sit on the fence with him and talk horse and whittle at a shingle, and so he went and drowned himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A man who abused Christopher Columbus in a restaurant in Sacramento was pounded until his life is despaired of. Christ has friends in this country who won't stand by and hear his motives in discovering America questioned.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The distance from Cologne to Berlin, 474 kilometers in a bee line, was recently covered by some carrier pigeons belonging to the Berlin Society "Pfeil" in eight hours and forty-one minutes, which is equal to nearly fifty-five kilometers an hour.

—During the fifty years since the first train ran in Belgium the railway companies claim that only thirty-one travelers have been killed through any error or disaster in the railway itself, although 7,250,000 passengers have been carried over the lines.

—Since New Year's Day 150 inventions have been filed in the Patent Office relating to roller skates. Boxwood, of which the wheels are generally made, has doubled in price. Contracts for ten thousand tons of steel for the skates have been given out.—*Washington Post.*

—In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.—*Detroit Post.*

—The unkindest thing that has recently been said about the legal profession is embodied in the remark made in a French provincial court the other day to a lawyer who was called as a witness: "Look here, Brother X—," he said, "just lose sight of your professional character for a moment, and tell us the truth."

—Prospective bridegroom (to prospective bride)—Would it be possible, do you think, dear, to postpone our wedding until Monday? I am in receipt of a dispatch calling me to Buffalo on important business. P. bride—I'm afraid not, George, dear. The wedding presents, you know, are only rented until Saturday.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Laconia (N. H.) correspondent of a Manchester paper is ready to swear that a trout weighing twenty-eight and a half pounds was caught in Lake Winnisquam recently. Another member of the same party, it is alleged, caught one weighing eleven and a half pounds. Owners of expensive trout tackle may be pleased to learn that the big fellow was caught with a cod line and hook, with a cold chisel for a sinker and a live bull frog for a bait.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A number of Concord (Vt.) people have been victimized by a fellow who claimed to be agent for a weekly paper. Each subscriber gave ten cents for the paper six months, and also was to have a chance at several valuable prizes. Then the agent sent each subscriber a certificate, saying that he had drawn an organ, and requiring one dollar to pay for boxing, etc. The subscribers have since found out that they all drew organs and all sent one dollar for boxing, but the organs do not come.—*Rutland Herald.*

—The Indian population of Dakota is 32,511, and the total area of Indian reservations, as they at present exist in the Territory, is 41,948 square miles, or 26,847,105 acres. This is an allowance of 825 acres of land for every individual Indian, counting in the old men, women and children. The population of the tribes of the Sioux Nation west of the Missouri River is 25,537, and the area of reservation is 33,739 square miles, or 21,593,129 acres—a farm of 853 acres for every Sioux west of the river, chief, brave, old man, squaw, boy, girl and papoose.—*Chicago Journal.*

—It was well worth the while of a Manitou (Col.) correspondent to write this, and it is worth anyone's while to read it: "The Rockies are piled up like purple clouds against the brittle, sparkling sapphire skies. They trail off in a royal glory of color to the far South, their pink and purple peaks picked out with piles of everlasting snow. They are the 'Rocky' Mountains in all truth. Not a tree blooms upon their bald sterility of rock, and yet in the amber atmosphere, under the sweet, clean sunshine, they look as if the next puff of wind might float them away."

SURE OF ONE THING.

Hot Water in the Hands of an Excited Woman as a Fight Exterminator.

There was a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day, and a witness with a black eye, several strips of court plaster across his nose and one ear badly lopped over was asked by the defendant's lawyer if he saw Brown strike White.

"Can't say as I did," he replied.

"Did you see the whole affair?"

"Mostly."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Smith and me sot on the reaper talkin' evolution. Jones and Green sot on the grass talkin', and Brown and White sot by the edge of the straw-stack disputin' on politics. Three or four boys was in the barn gittin' up a dog fight."

"Yes, go on."

"Fust I knowed, somebody called somebody else a liar. Next I knowed evolution, politics and fighting dogs was a rolling over each other on the grass, and every man kicking and biting and hitting away fur all he was wuth."

"But did you see Brown strike White?"

"Can't say as I did."

"Did you see White strike Brown?"

"Can't be sure it. The only thing I'm sure of, Mister Lawyer, is that my old woman came out with a pail of hot water and biled the hull crowd and had over two quarts left fur next time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

WINE ON THE TABLE.

A Son's Disgrace and a Mother's Remorse—"But for the Wine on Your Table I Should Never Have Been Here!"

I was a guest once at a beautiful home in one of the Eastern States. Nothing that wealth and taste could provide was wanting to beautify and adorn it. The father was a man of business, and immersed in its cares; the mother was a refined and cultured lady, who moved in the first circles of society. They had two children, one a young girl of some fifteen years of age, and the other a young man of more than eighteen years, who was attending the college in the town, and whom his fond parents designed for the profession of the law.

The home was a hospitable one, and its hospitality had been conducted on the old-fashioned lines of what was called polite society. No entertainments were more elegant, no table more daintily supplied, and none had costlier wines than were to be found in this home of a foremost business man. The latter were used to no excess in the private life of the family, and were dispensed with refined hospitality to the family guests. Father and mother, daughter and son, drank of them with their guests, and, so far as could be seen, drank of them sparingly and prudently. Once or twice the young man had been noticed to fill his glass more than once, but neither father nor mother dreamed that excess would ever mark his conduct. He was brought up to use wine as a gentleman, and would never so far forget himself as to allow it to master his self-control. So thought father and mother, if ever the matter became a subject of thought.

But who can answer for the consequences when once the subtle spirit of drink and the warm blood of youth are mingled. The facts unseen by all were that the wine-cup had already fatal charms for the youth. Often, when no eye saw him, did he quaff the extra glass or take the half empty bottle to his chamber. And often, when father and mother thought him with his student companions busy at work, was he to be found with companions, not at work, but playing the exciting game and drinking the still more exciting draught.

I had risen early, and was reading in the pleasant little library, when an anxious, hurried step was heard in the dining-room, and through the half-open door I caught the quick tones of a woman's voice, saying:

"Where's Tom? His bed was not touched last night. Where can he be?"

It was Mrs. A.'s voice. To it replied the slower, more careless words of the husband:

"Do not be anxious, dear; Tom's all right; he has likely gone home with one of his friends. He will turn up presently."

We sat down to breakfast, but the whole atmosphere was disquieted. I could notice the listening ear and the glancing eye of that stately mother as each step sounded near, or a form passed the window. But no Tom came.

Breakfast had just ended when the servant brought in a note and handed it to Mr. A. He quickly opened it, turned as quickly pale, and then, with a hurried, anxious look at his wife, left the room followed by the frightened mother.

A half hour later I learned it all. Tom had been arrested the night before and taken to the lock-up, and the note was from the kindly keeper, who wished to spare the respected family the disgrace of a public trial. I shall never forget the face of that mother. Pride, shame and love chased each other over it in varying light and shade, but love conquered and lighted it up with a sad, pitying, merciful glow. It was settled that she should go to the lock-up and that I should accompany her.

We alighted at the forbidding door, we entered the still more forbidding passage-way, and were conducted to Tom's cell. With a cry of unutterable love and mingled bitterness the mother flung her arms about the neck of the boy whom she had nurtured so delicately, and wept hot tears of shame and pity.

"Oh Tom, my son, my son, how could you disgrace me so?" she uttered between her sobs. The answer came, slowly, bitterly, almost defiantly, cutting into the conscience of that mother with the sharp, remorseless edge of retribution.,

"Mother, oh my mother, why did you teach me to drink? But for the wine on your own table, curse it! I should never have been here. It crept into my blood, fastened upon my will and chained me fast. What I did last night I know not. I was mad drunk. Oh, if you had kept it from me years ago."

That mother's face is before me now. Pale as death, agonized beyond possibility of description, every line of reproach for the wayward boy turned into a deepening furrow of self-reproach. She spoke but once: "Forgive me, my boy—I see it all now, and may God forgive me."

Tom was taken home. The disgrace was not suffered to become an open one. That night a lengthy and solemn conference took place between the proud mother and the wealthy father. And the next day no vestige of strong drink was to be found in the princely home. The evil spirit was cast out, but, alas! not before it had well nigh possessed the only son of those who had so thoughtlessly harbored it. I have visited that home since. Wealth and refinement mark all its appointments, as of old, hospitality reigns as royally, but the lesson of chastening is to be read in the absence of all that can intoxicate, and in the tender care and constant prayer that the Heavenly Parent may repair the error well nigh irrevocably wrought by the loving earthly parents. Yes, dear reader, keep it out of the house. Have no deceitful ally within, working hand in hand with the brazen confederate without. Keep it out of your kitchen, away from your table, make the family circle secure.

It may be that some member of your family will fall a victim to the terrible power of the drink appetite, but what a pitiable and almost unendurable thought it would be to haunt you forever, if conscience accused you of making it easy for the first step to be taken. If the lightning must strike your home, don't, for pity's sake, prepare the rod which draws the destroying bolt upon you.

Cider, beer, wine, may sound and seem harmless, but all these contain the subtle spirit of destruction, the fatal alcohol. They are the easy steps, the alphabet; once allow them to be learned, and you can not stop the goings forth and forward toward destruction. Make your homes pure. It is the cradle of youth, the refuge of middle life, the asylum of the aged. Whatever may be the temptation and the dangers without, give no place for them within. Keep the drink out of the homes.—*Prof. L. E. Foster, M. P.*

A BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Remarks of Bishop Spalding at the Recent Catholic Temperance Convention at Peoria, Ill.

The annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the State of Illinois was recently held at Peoria. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria Diocese, was chosen President of the Union for the ensuing year. After the business of the convention was finished a public meeting was held and Bishop Spalding delivered an eloquent address on Temperance, from which we make the following extracts:

The Temperance cause is one which beyond all question commends itself to all who have the welfare and progress of mankind at heart. The bases of all human happiness is virtue—right conduct. To be governed by that moral law of which we are all conscious is the best. Whatever tends to make men more earnest in their conduct and more able to practice what they preach is good. Since this is a general principle it follows that sobriety—temperance in whatever we may use—is right in human life.

The Temperance question is one of the absorbing questions of to-day.

Gladstone has said that intemperance has brought more wretchedness, sorrow or ruin upon mankind than war, famine and pestilence combined. And I am convinced of this. There is no evil to be compared in its dread and fatal power with the vice of drunkenness. Between 50,000 and 60,000 human beings die daily. This is unnoticed; but if 1,500 die in one day in Spain of cholera, everybody talks about it, and people become alarmed thousands of miles away. If fifty or sixty people are killed in a railroad accident the newspapers teem with the news. We need something startling to attract our attention. It is so with intemperance. It is a cancer, an ulcer in many a household—paving the way to ruin in thousands. It works its way silently. If you could gather in one place the drunkards of a city or State, and could depict the history of those blighted lives, public opinion would stand aghast. A kind of moral paralysis would take possession of all. We lose sight of it because it does not come on us like a pestilence, in an hour, but by slow and stealthy advances.

There are, however, very few even of those who hate Temperance who do succeed in shutting their eyes to the enormity of the evil. There is no evil which to me is so repulsive, that affects me in so unpleasant a way. There are other vices that may be worse—God knows. But to me the most pitiable wreck of a man is brought about by drunkenness. It seems more than any other vice to get control of a man. Of course there are some reformed drunkards, but as a rule they die by the hundred thousands and reform by tens. Its powers are almost as fatal as the force of gravitation that holds us to the ground. It weakens the will more than all the other vices. The most God-like thing in a man is his free will, which places him above other creatures. The tendency of all wrong-doing is to weaken the will, and drunkenness has that effect more than anything else.

My notion is that men do not love liquor for its pleasant taste, but for the effect it produces, and the direct effect is to deaden consciousness. It makes man for the time forget his labor, his troubles, the cares of life, and therein is the greatest charm of using alcoholic stimulants. But as the habit grows upon many it brings about the lessening of will power, and induces intellectual and physical decay. It is unworthy of man to seek this unnatural unconsciousness. It is a coward's refuge from the realities of life, and results in the destruction of the man.

I have a supreme belief in the good of life as it is given to us on earth. It is a God-like privilege to be able to think, to love, to work, to console, to see and enjoy the beauties and advantages of nature. It is a crime in any man to lessen the perfect goodness of his life, which I think drunkenness does. That is why I hate it. Life is sweeter, fonder and freer to me as a total abstainer than as a moderate drinker; so I say if you want to get the most out of life, if you want to sympathize with your fellow-men, to feel the true force of your being, abstain from alcoholic stimulants. I am convinced that even the most delicately-constituted man is liable to endure more as an abstainer than a moderate drinker.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that drunkenness has grown more general in our age than in past ages. On the contrary, I am convinced that in this country and in Europe sobriety is on the increase. Drunkenness was even approved of one hundred years ago. It was thought once to be a gentleman-like vice. Public opinion did not condemn it. Heaven, what progress since then! And this progress has been brought about by the force of public opinion. It is one of the glories of this country that it has so many Temperance societies. They are doing the work of educating public opinion on this question; of teaching the people to realize the awful results of intemperance. In the United States we have more true liberty than is enjoyed by people in other lands. With this social and religious liberty it becomes all-important to educate men, to teach them to control themselves. Here, the people are all in all, and since they govern, it becomes a matter of supreme importance that the people should be wise, sober and have self-control. One reason why I advocate total abstinence is because I believe it is the most philanthropic work of the age. In this country drink prevents ninety men out of a hundred from leaving their children in a better condition than that with which they started. Whisky, alcohol and beer are the great invincible enemies of women. They take self-respect from the children, fill the home with the seeds of anger, discontent and wretchedness, when they might be full of happiness, light and cheer.

We can not neglect taking sides on this question. It is of more importance than any political question. It is associated with all we love and cherish and glory in.

Concluding, the speaker argued that Temperance is the poor man's cause, because he is at great disadvantage in the struggle. It is not only his cause—it is the cause of the soul—the cause of the Eternal God.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

DRUNKENNESS is punishable by death in Japan. This is the most effectual method known of preventing a man getting drunk a second time.—*Current.*

THE body of a drunkard was recently brought into Guy's Hospital, London. His body was very much bloated, and upon being punctured and a lighted match applied the gas which escaped burned with the ordinary flame of carburetted hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these flames were burning at the same time.

THE Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory says that drunkenness can be traced in the ancestry of more than a third of the convicts sent there; that only one in four of their parents has received a common school education; and that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the home influence in half the cases has been distinctly vicious.

A CERTAINTY is better than an uncertainty. Which is why men prefer to procure their medicine at the saloon rather than at the druggist's. At the drug-store there is always a doubt whether you get the harmless drug your prescription calls for or a virulent poison. At the saloon it is different; you are sure to get poison every time.—*Boston Transcript.*

DUDE AND CANE.

In Three Scenes.

[Tid Bits.]

SCENE I.

MEDITATION.

SCENE II.

GRAVITATION.

SCENE III.

CONSTERNATION.

AN ALCOHOL SWEAT.

How It Is Administered—Entirely Proper That It Should Be Done by an Expert.

Did you ever take one? No? Then you have much to learn. They *will* knock a fellow out, though, there's no question about that; and if administered with due caution are not so very bad to take. The trouble is the person having charge of the ceremonies—one's mother if the victim is a boy, or his wife if he is a married man—is apt to underrate the caloric-producing properties of alcohol and turn out too much. But I will describe one that my better-half engineered a few years ago.

I caught a thundering cold somehow which didn't seem to loosen up at all, and in an evil moment asked my wife if she had ever run the motor of an alcohol sweat. She replied that she had not, but had seen her mother do it lots of times and knew just how it was accomplished. After it was all over the thought occurred to me that I had in the morning scolded her considerably for a little mercantile transaction of hers the day before, by which she parted with a suit of my summer clothes but little worn for a navy-blue cigar set worth about forty-five cents, and I shall always believe that the scolding had something to do with the way she fired up the alcohol. But I don't seem to get started on the story.

Well, the way an alcohol sweat is administered is this: You remove all your clothes and take a seat on a cane-bottomed chair. After being seated, a thick blanket or quilt is thrown around your person, leaving the head out. A small quantity of alcohol is then poured on a plate, which is thrust un-

der the chair, the fluid lighted and the opening in the blanket again closed. If too large a dose is not given the sensation is pleasurable at first, and by shifting occasionally and lifting the weight of the body from the chair by the hands and arms, one can generally stand it until the alcohol has burned up, and a feeling of relief is experienced. This is brief, however, for in a few seconds the thing is repeated, and unless you are very bad off indeed you begin to "sweat like a butcher." After you have thrown off a pailful or so of perspiration you are curried down with a coarse towel, then jump into bed, when you are loaded with quilts, and a secondary sweat occurs. You soon sink into the arms of Morpheus, and in the morning the backbone of the cold is broken.

The particular one I refer to, in which my wife made her *debut* as stoker, was unfortunate, however. In the first place she selected a rickety chair, which had seen its best days, and had no cane seat to speak of. I kicked on that chair, of course, but she overruled my objections, saying that her mother had just such a chair, which she kept especially for similar occasions. The first trial was a success while it lasted, as she poured out but a small dose, and I duly praised her dexterity. The second and third trials were also satisfactory, and I was beginning to get thoroughly warmed up, when she said: "Now I will put in a little more, and you must sit as still as possible." I told her to go ahead but to be careful, and didn't watch her as she poured the alcohol out. When she touched it off and closed the blanket, I knew at once that she had overdone the thing by several

spoonfuls. It was not heat alone that assailed me this time, but the veritable flames. And these didn't crawl and loiter on the way, but swarmed all over such part of my anatomy as came within their reach. I naturally yelled, and made a desperate effort to free myself from the blanket and get hence, when the chair gave way and I struck the home plate with a dull thud. Jerusalem, but that plate *was* hot! I will not give you all the details, as they might create an impression unfavorable to alcohol sweats, which are really very good and thorough, and succeed when nearly everything else fails. The splinters of cane which hung down caught fire, ditto the blanket, and we had a great time smothering the threatened conflagration; and what with the smell of scorched woolen and cuticle, the fumes of burning alcohol, my yells, and the fright of Mrs. S., it was a regular monkey and parrot time.

Did it cure my cold? Yes, indeed. Either that or the fact that I had to remain indoors for several days and take my gruel in bed, lying on my side, effected a complete recovery, and I didn't have another cold that winter. I generally take a Turkish bath now though, when I feel a cold coming on, although I do think an alcohol sweat will do the work just as well, and there needn't be any trouble if everything is all right. Going to try it? That's right; but caution your wife about the dose. So long.—*Peck's Sun.*

ABBE LISZT.

An Hour With the Great "Meister" and His Pupils.

Liszt is a man of the world in the highest degree, a gallant host, a convivial guest, but he adds to these qualities others of a far more solid kind. When his life one day comes to be written, it will be recorded that no more self-denying and no kinder hearted man ever existed. Many a promising pupil would, but for his material assistance, have been unable to pursue his or her career. In his early years he experienced the greatest triumphs due to his art, and takes no little pride in knowing in how high esteem his genius is held. The great refreshment of his declining years lies in handing down to posterity through the medium of others, whom he has especially chosen, his conceptions of music as a science, to be a living testimony to his greatness. There may be a little pardonable self-laudation in this, but there is no doubt that to have been a pupil of Liszt is a passport to most of the concert halls of the world. It must be remembered that "musical excellence" is the only introduction required to the charmed circle of which he is the center; but it must be excellence such as to augur greatness in the future. Not one farthing of pecuniary remuneration does he ever accept from any pupil.

Between two and four o'clock in the afternoon of about three days in the week musical reunions are held in the Meister's salon. There are then gathered together about twenty pupils around his grand piano—pupils is perhaps hardly the name suited to the persons here collected. It might be said that there were assembled a number of admirers looking to their chief for words of approbation, encouragement, and advice, but yet pupils they call themselves. A pupil is invited to play. Liszt's *modus operandi* is to allow them to choose their own pieces. The young lady singled out seats herself; the Meister paces the room and beats time with his finger; all the eyes of the remaining nineteen enthusiasts are fixed upon his face; a nod of approval means sullen looks from the nineteen; at remarks such as: "Go on, go on," "That is your way," "Tastes differ," the nineteen faces light up with glee and flash exultation, for this means failure on this occasion, and the sole endeavor of these rival artists is to narrow the circle of the Meister's admirers and favorites. It is, however, the highest reward if the player be constantly interrupted, and if the Meister himself takes his seat at the piano and replays the few bars. This is recognition, indeed. It is a bad sign if the piece is allowed to be finished without comment; the more frequent the interruptions, the greater as a rule the performer's perfection in the art—except, of course, in the case of a really famous performer. For Liszt, though sympathetic, is sparing of his interest until a first-rate standard has been reached.

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, plays nowhere in the world a greater role than in Weimar generally, and in the Meister's salon in particular. Petty intrigues to gain the great man's favor or to bring a rival into disfavor are unceasingly going on. To possess one of the hairs from the Meister's venerable head, to kiss his hand, and, in the case of a lady, to be chastely kissed upon the brow in return, constitutes the sole bliss of the hard-worked worshiper of Listz. Weimar echoes not with the din of arsenals and workshops, but with the clanging and banging of some scores of pianos, each endeavoring to out-Herod Herod, and to forge weapons to assert the superiority of Liszt in the musical world. While his pupils are interchanging glances and looking askance, the great man sometimes—not infrequently—retires to his buffet and refreshes himself with glad red wine. By four o'clock the seance is over, and now woe to the poor Meister, and woe to the happy possessor should he present a flower to any young lady as a mark of special favor. Those who know him more intimately will then successively upbraid him, and will, until they have received other and similar tokens of recognition, plot against the now luckless possessor. Those who stand more outside the charmed circle will beg morsels of the costly flower, and treasure them in their secretaries as souvenirs. It may, therefore, be readily conjectured that such marks of distinction are but seldom given.

The rest of the great Meister's waking hours are mostly given up to the composition of oratorios, one of which, "Die heilige Elizabeth," he conducted and introduced to the world at Marburg in 1883. Thus lives and thus works Liszt, the Altmeister of the tonic art; and so long as he lives the classic groves along the Ilm will not miss a worthy successor to the celebrities that have made the name of Weimar famous. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SANITARY COOKING.

The Nutritive Value of Foods as Affected by Cookery.

Next in importance to pure air is good food. This really includes good water, since the watery constituents of foods constitute a great part of them, and since water itself, as taken in addition, is a kind of conveyancer and distributer of the needed supplies throughout the entire system. Chemistry and experience have now made us pretty well acquainted with the various constituents which go to make up the human body, and their various modes of introduction, appropriation and settlement. It also enables us to know in what forms and quantities of food these are to be found, or when not found, how they are manufactured therefrom in the human system. Albumen, for instance, as found in an egg, may almost be said to be so identical with that found in the human body that it is the business of the digestive and circulating apparatus to distribute and place it, rather than to transform it. On the other hand, starch, which forms so large and valuable a constituent in foods, is not found in the human body. Yet the process by which, in the system, and in the process of digestion, it is changed to dextrine, sugar, and animal heat, and so made vital, is well understood. Great care has been exercised in the minute study of foods, in order to determine what is actually in them, so as to know how, and how far, they can be appropriated in the system. The two great divisions into flesh or fiber-forming and heat-producing food is still practicable, although the dividing line is not now so broad as in the chemistry of Liebig. It is to be remembered, however, that a bare chemical analysis may greatly mislead us as to the value of any given food. One has remarked that man is not so distinctly a carniverous or herbivorous, as he is a cooking, animal. Facility of assimilation has much to do with the value of any food-containing article. Changes may thus be made "which may double the nutritive value without affecting more than a small percentage of alteration in its chemical composition as revealed by laboratory analysis." Common boiling is a good illustration of this. There are some foods made less nutritious by boiling; others made more so; while many others are greatly affected by the manner of cooking. The various modes of cooking an egg is a simple illustration of this. If an egg is cooked in water which is raised and kept at a temperature of about 160° its albumen, which is also the chief constituent of the yelk, comes to be a tender, flaky substance, which is very easily digested. If, instead of this, the egg in plunged in water already at the boiling point, and kept there for four minutes or more, it becomes tough and hard. Even if kept in but three minutes, so as to be soft, the albumen is in a different condition of toughness from that of the first egg. So hard and tough is this albumen, when prepared by heating it a little over 212 degrees, that a valuable cement for china is made by smearing the edges of a broken piece with the glairy albumen and then plunging the cemented article into boiling water. An egg kept in water at from 160 degrees to 170 degrees for ten minutes will still be a soft-boiled egg, but is more easily digestible than an egg of apparently the same softness, which has been kept in boiling water for three and a half minutes. In this latter cooking, in order to cook the yelk at all, the white must be subjected to too high a temperature. This may make no difference to some stomachs, and yet, through all the years of three-score and ten, does make a difference to very many. The point would be of less importance were it not that this very albumen is found as a juice in all our meats, and in a varied form, in many vegetables, and forms a very valuable part of their food values. In meat it is everywhere, among the fibers of the muscles, and in the blood contained in the meat. Now if you put a piece of meat into cool water, or that only slightly warm, the albumen, together with other flavoring constituents of much nutritive value, come to be diffused through the water. If the design is to make soup, we thus extract from the meat some of its most valuable nutrition. But if the meat is being boiled for use, unless at the start it is immersed into water above one hundred and sixty degrees, so as to immediately coagulate the albumen on the surface and hold in the inner juices, the meat will lose greatly, both in value and in flavor. In order to make a quick sealing of the pores by making a firmly coagulated coating, the temperature into which the joint is plunged should be nearly or quite at the boiling point (212 degrees,) and be kept so for five minutes, but after that should not be higher than 180 degrees. This cooking will take about half as long again as cooking at boiling point, but furnish you a boiled meat of very different value and digestibility. The effect of adding salt, five or ten minutes after the joint has been put in, is that it helps to coagulate the outer albumen, that it slightly raises the boiling point of water, and that, by increasing the density of the water, it makes the oozing out of the juices less active. These rules apply to all preparations of meat by boiling where no soup is to be made, and, in a modified degree, to roast and fried or grilled meats.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Steering Clear of Sin.

Milkman—Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?

New Assistant—Yes, sir.

"Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?"

"But you told me to mix water with the milk."

"Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk.—*Chicago News.*

—During the sessions of the Chautauqua Assembly nearly 90,000 people visited the grounds. The gate receipts were $30,000, and the receipts from all other sources $60,000. The totals are larger than any of the preceding assemblies. Twelve thousand dollars was expended for the programme this year. —*Buffalo Express.*

A True Love Match.

"How are you coming on? I've not seen you in some time," remarked Hostetter McGinnis on meeting Colonel Witherspoon.

"I have just returned from my bridal tour."

"So you are married. How did that happen?"

"I married Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin. It was a love match between us."

"You don't say so. Well, I am surprised, for I heard you say once that you would never marry except for money."

"Esmerelda has got thirty thousand dollars in her own name."

"Is that what you call marrying for love?"

"Yes, I did marry for love, for I could have married another girl who had the same amount of money if I had wanted to, and she wasn't any uglier than Esmerelda, either."—*Texas Siftings.*

Was Going to Be Easy.

The druggist had filled the prescription while the man waited and walked up and down the store and drummed on the showcase with his fingers, but as he was pasting the label and directions on the bottle he gave a sudden start.

"Anything wrong?" asked the quick-eyed customer.

"N-o-a. That is——"

"You have made a mistake in the compounding and got in poison of some sort!"

"No, I haven't. I thought I had left out the tincture of opium, but it's all right. I knew I hadn't made any mistake."

"Oh, well," said the customer, as he received the bottle, "I wasn't going to kick about it anyhow. I am getting it for a neighbor!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not So Crazy.

Young Dudenthaler (whose brother-in-law has just failed)—Oh, yesh, Moses he takes on dreadful. He valked de floor all night. He's shust grazy—berfectly grazy.

Good Natured Merchant—Tell him not to trouble himself so much. Such things will happen. Let him call a meeting of his creditors, offer fifty per cent. cash, and I'll use my personal influence to have it accepted.

Y. D.—Fefety per shent! Fefety per shent!! Vell, Mose vas feelin' pretty bad, but he vasn't so grazy as all dot.—*The Rambler.*

S'm'other Girl.

A Fifth Ward young man possesses a very liberal endowment of perseverance.

"Miss B——," said he, "do you love me?"

"I am sorry to say that I do not," was the reply.

"Well, then," he persevered, "won't you at least permit me to renew the question this evening?"

"Not this evening," said the maiden.

"May I ask some other evening?"

"Not some other evening, Mr. Q——, but—you may ask some other girl."—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Hitch in the Testimony.

"So, Mr. Witness, you swear that at the time this theft was committed on the south side you saw the prisoner on the north side?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he going toward the south side or was he coming from that direction?"

"I can't answer that now."

"Why not?"

"Because the prisoner's lawyer forgot to tell me which way north is."—*Chicago News.*

A Maiden's Soliloquy.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I'd a beau and billet-doux and joined the gayest scenes, But lovers now have ceased to vow—no way they now contrive to poison, hang or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was e'er so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam without "the bliss, the honor, miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain and snow, fatigued and scarce alive, through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why Mr. Cruikshank Departed.

"Tommy, is your sister Clarinda in?"

"Mebby she is and mebby she ain't. What's your name?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Waal, ye see, she said if Mr. Tompkins called she'd be in, but if old Cruikshank came she'd be out. Which be you?"

Mr. Cruikshank departed.—*Chicago News.*

Two Curious Inscriptions.

Mr. Henry Jones communicates two specimens of inscriptions on houses. One is from an old stone let into a wall of Castle Caldwell, on Lough Erne. The stone is carved in the form of a violin, and thus inscribed:

"To the memory [sic] of Denis McCabe Fiddler who fell out of the St. Patrick's barge belonging to James Caldwell Bart. & Count of Milan and was drowned off this point August ye 15, 1770.

"Beware ye fiddlers of ye fiddler's fate
Nor tempt ye deep lest ye repent too late
You ever have been deemed ye water's foes
Then shun ye lake till it with whisky flows
On firm land only exercise your skill
There ye may play and safely drink your fill."

The other is from Favorn Royal, residence of Rev. J. Moutray, County Tyrone. The stone on which it is inscribed was saved from the old house when burnt down and incorporated into the new one:

"Wel . com . to . come in . a
16 . 70
nd . as . wel . com . to . go . by."
—*Notes and Queries.*

—A contemporary tells of a Virginia babe who mimics every tune he hears, and hums himself to sleep. But if the parents ever take the youngster to a minstrel show they will be willing to go back to the old reliable paregoric.—*San Francisco Post.*

—Jelly "speckled" with strawberries is the favorite dish for suppers after dances in England.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 10 lines 0 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1885.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR COMPTROLLER OF TREASURY:
FRANCIS MILLER,
of Montgomery County.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
WILLIAM M. MARINE,
of Harford County.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE L. MICHAELS,
SILAS WEIMER,

FOR CLERK OF CIRCUIT COURT:
W. H. TOWER.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
JACOB GNAGEY,
THOMAS K. HARVEY,
WILLIAM W. FRAZEE.

FOR SHERIFF:
JOHN H. RILEY.

REGISTER OF WILLS,
JOHN S. LAUGHLIN.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
DANIEL CHISHOLM.

Caution!

If any of our Republican friends are green enough, after their experience of two years ago, to think of voting for Democrats, we would advise them to be very sure they have something to gain by such a course. Be certain that the public will be benefitted. Unless you are certain you had better stick to your colors, like true men. Be not again deceived by Democratic promises.

Republicans of Garrett, if you ever had good sound reasons for going to the polls and putting in a solid Republican vote, you have them this fall.

Would be tax collectors, assessors, &c., run the Convention that nominated the Democratic ticket, and no doubt they all went home highly elated at their work. We will see you later, gentlemen.

The Republican party, while not blaming President Cleveland for the hard times, believes and holds that had Blaine been elected, business of all kinds would not be at a standstill as it is at the present time.

Resolved, That the first duty of every true son of Maryland at this period of her history is to secure the complete overthrow of the corrupt ring, by means of which one man rules, as with a rod of iron the Democratic party of the state.—*Rep. Platform.*

The fact is there seems to be a genuine break up in Baltimore. Thirteen prominent lawyers have declared the late city Convention irregular. The chairman is denouncing them as dudes and things are getting lively in Gorman's citadel, without doubt.

Much political capital will be made out of the increased assessment made by Surveyor Mitchell, but after getting pay for them Mr. Mitchell will make more than the courty out of the business. The evidence of three ex-Tax Collectors simply is confirmatory of the aboye, *i. e.* that the increased taxable basis is all fictitious.

High taxes have prevailed for two years. The first year they were enormous, almost a rental or quite so in many instances. This year they were cut down by increasing the taxable basis. Times are hard. Taxes are more burdensome than at the higher rate last year, while the unpleasant fact remains that the increasing assessment is fictitious, according to the judgement of every man who understands the matter, and the whole amount will be returned as insolvent.

Five, or one half of the Democratic ticket, are residents of Oakland district, and four of them reside in the town of Oakland.

Democrats again claim they will elect two County Commissioners by consolidating in two strong Republican districts and run their two men ahead and by getting only the regular party vote outside of those districts will insure their election. Very nicely laid out, but don't "count yonr chickens before they are hatched." Garrett is Republican, and we know enough to know that consolidation cannot possibly help us, and we won't consolidate to any very great extent. The scheme is "too thin." Not if the "court knows itsetf," and we think she does.

Two years ago quite a number of Republicans voted for Democratic Commissioners. We assume to ask them how much they have gained by such a course? Have taxes been decreased? Have they been benefited in any way by electing two Democratic County Commissioners? 'Tis true the Democrats promised to reduce taxes and to inaugurate various reforms if they should be elected, but did they fulfil these promises? Nay verily.

We do not think there are many readers or the REPUBLICAN who would wish to see this paper crippled. The organization of the party is intimately bound up with the welfare of the paper. We do not think we are claiming too much in saying that the work we have done for the party is incalculable. We therefore think it not unreasonable to ask our friends to hold up our hands by coming to the polls and voting the whole Republican ticket.

Nearly five thousand dollars the tax-payers of Garrett paid for an unfair assessment. Did not two men once assess the same territory? and are our County Commissioners not able to act as a board of review. But two or three offices will not parcel out among several hundred dissatisfied Democrats, and the prospects are that if the Democratic ticket is elected the machinery will be increased so as to "go round" rather than disminished.

The men who have been the bulwarks of the Democratic party of Garrett urged wise counsel. They were "set down on," and hard at that, and now the very shades of Thomas Jefferson will be invoked to bring them up to support the ticket. The prospects are good, however, for some more, and no doubt, very lively "setting down on" about Nov. 3d. A dose of physic is said to be a very good remedy at times.

Is not the Republican platform more in accord with the views of the Democratic party on Civil Service Reform than the platform of Senator Gorman? It says: "That the principles of Civil Service Reform as set forth in the national Republican platform should be extended and applied to all State and municipal offices." Are not these the President's avowed views upon the question?—*Exchange.*

Let us see. Six Assessors, three members of Board of Control and Review and a Clerk—ten in all. There are eleven districts in the county. Ten times eleven are one hundred and ten. This is a fair estimate of what will be pomised by the Democratic candidates this fall. Promises are going to be cheap, "and don't you forget it."

This is from the Baltimore *News* (Dem.): "Between the writer of this letter [to Mr. Eston] and the author of the Maryland Democratic platform there must of necessity be an 'irrepres-ible conflict,' although open hostilities may not break out for a while. Mr. Gorman, while really a complete infidel, so far as his belief in any improvement in politics on this side of the grave is concerned, has, nevertheless, something of a saint's appearance, and we doubt not at times can, to some extent, dissemble. The President had every reason to repose confidence in him, and it can be readily understood how difficult it is to break down that confidence. The irrepressible conflict,' however, must go on and Mr. Gorman be revealed in his true light as a spoilsman to a President who so sincerely desires to see the merit system adopted."

The Galveston *News* one of the organs of the Democracy of Texas, has been trying its hand at an analysis of its party, and sets down the result of its researches as follows: "The Democratic party is a promiscuous conglomerate of heterogeneous substances, without form and void of purpose and meaning, except such as is denoted by the immortal Flannigan war cry: 'What are we here for?' It is a great umbrella, under whose spreading arches can be collected prohibitionists, whiskey-men, greenbackers, communists, fence-cutters, socialists, free-traders, protectionists, civil service reformes, spoilsmen, monopolists, anti-monopolists, and all other elements, fragments, factions and particles wit. thought and opinion, or without thought or opinion." Come to think it all over carefully, we guess the *News* is about right. The Chicago *Times* takes up the same task and compares the Democracy to a new kind of church organized in the Garden City a few years. "They called themselves the 'Free Religious Society,' the name being intended to indicate that the new church was free to everybody, whatever his religious or irreligious notions might be. Pagans, devil-worshippers, Buddaists, infidels, Jews, Christians of all varieties, Atheists, Swedenborgians, spiritists, Mormons, saints, sinners and heathen of every style and degree, persons that believe nothing, all were eligible to membership of the Church of the Free Religion, without any charge of their miscellaneous opinions or the conduct of their miscellaneous lives.

It was a church without a creed, without a motive, without a reason to be. It was not a long lived religious establishment; the idea on which it was set up was too brilliant to be attained, in fact, too many kinds of brilliancy—for endurance." Coming from such high authorities, these definite descriptions of Democracy must be accepted as well deserved.—*Pitts Chronicle.*

The moral discredit brought upon the Government by the appointment and retention of Higgins, Mahon and Thomas is in every quarter admitted to be traceable entirely to that acute "adyiser of the Administration," Senator Gorman. The appointment of these three disreputable men, he is eager to let his henchmen know, was solely at his instigation. They were appointed in the first instance to reward this local boss for his much vaunted and much over estimated political services in the Presidential compaign. They are being retained in the face of a storm of public indignation, not because of any doubt in regard to the truth about their respective characters, but to defend this same local boss from a well deserved and imminent defeat at the hands of the next legislature. The Senator has hastened to assume the responsibility for this unpardonable insult to the people of Maryland. We are now prepared to take him for once at his word. He has staked his official position upon the appointments. The friends of good government in this community are not unwilling to go before the people upon this issue. Secretary Lamar claims to believe, in the words attributed to him, that the Senator is still "devoted to his fortunes"; that he deserves his "entire confidence"; that he would not "willingly put him under fire." The succession of criminal appointments has not been sufficient to disturb this "confidence." The loud-voiced indignation of the people of the State of Maryland has not yet been sufficient to disturb it. What, then, will break this mysterious tie of friendship between the Senator and the Administration? Will anything less than the ignominious defeat of the Senator himself? But our political ill-wind has fortunately been true to its proverbial character. It has blown some good to the ring-ridden people of the State of Maryland. It has at last opened their eyes to the true character of our Senator. Not the most blind and credulous of his constituency can any longer refuse to see him in his true light. But the events of the past few months have also served as a terrible warning to the people at large. What man is so guileless as to believe that these three appointments have emptied the Senator's political sink of its contents? Does anybody think that all the violence and all the fraud which has fought for the Senator for the past decade will be less exacting in its demands upon him in the future than that which has already found its reward in the past?—*Civil-Service Reformer.*

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The check to the activity in business circles at the east, noted in *Bradstreet's* last week, has become more pronounced. In New England the distribution of boots and shoes is as heavy as ever, but the demand for woolen and cotton goods has fallen off. Both staples are quieter. There is a diminished activity in dry goods. Prices are no more than sustained. Commission and jobbing houses find a check in the demand, and state that it will now be necessary for the retail demand to step in and take the wholesale purchases of the last month or two, if the late activity is to be upheld. Within a month it will be made plain whether the general public has the ability as well as the desire to buy more largely than within a year past. The movement of textile staples from second hands has visibly declined. Proyidence, R. I., advices are that cotton and woolen manufacturers now think that the foundation of the improvement in business within the past month or so is not so solid as had been hoped. Machinery generally is running, but the effort to obtain better prices has resulted disappointingly.

CONNELLSVILLE, Oct. 3.—The *Keystone Courier* has the following: The coke trade outlook is not very flattering this week. The shipments have declined slightly, and the stock of coke is accumulating upon the yards and in the cars at a rate that has a depressing effect on trade. Furnaces are well supplied and there is no disposition to lay in extra stock.

BOSTON, Oc. 3.—The *Advertiser* in its weekly review of the wool market says: The market has been less active, but prices are well sustained, and some wools are held higher than a week ago.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

[From Baltimore American.]

MONDAY, Oct. 5, 1885.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE MARKET TO-DAY.

Very best on sale to-day 4¾@5c. but generally rated first quality 3¾@4¼ cts; medium or good fair quality 2¾@3 cts; ordinary thin steers, oxen and cows 2@2¼ cts; extreme range of prices 2@5 cts; most of the sales were from 2¼@4¾.

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The arrivals of Cattle during the week amounted to 3,409 head, against 3,290 last week and 4,017 head the corresponding week of last year, and the sales were 1,880 head, against 1,863 last week, and 1,704 head the corresponding week of last year.

Trade was somewhat more active than last week, but at lower prices throughout the list, to the extent that country dealers bought more freely. The quality proved to be of a better average than last week, the tops were somewhat better, and there was a longer line of the middle grades and a smaller number of the commonest grades. Prices were off ¼@½c., generally through the list, considering the rather improved order of the offerings. Prices 2@5c., most sales 2¾@4¾c.

THE SWINE MARKET.

There is a moderately fair trade only to-day for hogs. The supply is fair, being an increase of a few hundred over last week's offerings. The quality generally is quite as good as it was last week. Prices are ½c lower than they were then, and range now at 5c. to 6¼, as to quality. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@7¾c.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

Trade for sheep generally is not active. There is no outside demand and the supply is fair, but there is a fairly good demand for good lambs, which are not plentiful. We quote sheep at 2@3¾c. gross, as to quality, and lambs at 3@5 gross; stock sheep sell at $1@2 25 per head. Same time last year butcher sheep sold at 2¾@4¼c.; lambs same as to-day. Stock sheep $1.50@2 75 per head.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE EVENING STAR is to be the name of a new afternoon Democratic paper to be issued in Baltimore. The first number will appear October 10. Sample copies will be sent to any one sending their address to

STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NO. 18 NORTH STREET,
Baltimore, Md

FOR RENT,

The following properties belonging to A. A Perry:
The Brooks building containing two large rooms suitable for stores on the first floor, six rooms on second floor, suitable for dwelling, with kitchen on first floor.
Also Back building of Perry Cottage, now in possession of Maj Hill.
Also the Miss Stowe house, now in possession of Mr. Vance.

A. J. HARNE, Agt.
Oakland, Oct. 2, 1885.—3m

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIORENS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 26th, 1885.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Oct. 12th, 1885,

for the purpose of transacting business,

By order
G. W. MERRILL,
10 3 2t Clerk.

ELECTION NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several election districts of Garrett county at the usual places of holding elections,

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885,

for the purpose of electing

A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals for the State of Maryland.
A State Senator,
Two members of the House of Delegates,
A Clerk of the Circuit Court.
A Sheriff.
Three County Commissionrs.
A Register of Wills.
A County Surveyor.

The polls of said election will be open in each and every election district of said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock A. M., and will be closed at 6 o'clock P. M., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.
Keepers of hotels, taverns, saloons or any place where liquors are sold, and all others will take notice that by Chap. 191, acts of 1865, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day.

M. R. HAMILL,
9 26 td. Sheriff.

LAND! Claims a specialty. Warrants, and ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. SUSPENDED ENTRIES, LAND, PATENT and PENSION cases attended to. Correspondence solicited. A. A. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Room 25 St. Cloud Bld'g, Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. LETROBE,

SPECIALIST

IN THE

Treatment and Cure

OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Read and send to your afflicted neighbor, as Dr. Letrobe is here to prove his practice and all he claims to be ABSOLUTE FACTS.

The doctor has had the advantages of many years in Europe, expended wholly to fit and qualify himself as a legitimate specialist. His marked and truly wonderful success in Europe and America in the treatment and cure of hundreds of GIVEN UP and hopeless cases is due in a great degree to the scientific adaptation, in each case of

NATURE'S OWN REMEDIES,

Vegetable or Botanic Medicines.

One of the many Wonders and Mysteries in his practice is the almost miraculous cure of all External Cancer. This great discovery has Cured and Saved the lives of thousands of hopeless sufferers for the past fourteen years. No person is allowed to be present while the Doctor is operating upon Cancer. One painless application of Three to Five minutes duration entirely destroys all cancer and cancerous growths in their first stages, and the cancer drops out wholly, body, root and branch the Seveth day after its application, and the wound heals of nature's own accord. All are curable in the first and second stages, all are incurable in the third stage, hence do not delay, but apply at once, and save yourself from the agony and certain terrible suffering that waits you, and save your life while your case is still in its early stages, for all cases become incurable in their last stage, as the germs infiltrate or pass through the system generally and attack the vital organs, rendering recovery strictly hopeless.

CATARRH, NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

I particularly solicit those cases that have been the rounds of the profession without receiving benefit, whether suffering from chronic, nasal catarrh, or other diseases leading to pulmonary consumption, feeling confident that I can give more than satisfaction in such cases, and fully realizing that every such hopeless case that I restore to health is the best possible advertisement that I can give. I never give encouragement unless very sure that I can greatly benefit or cure the case.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions or Fits, Insomnia or inability to sleep, and threatened Insanity, Nervous Debility arising from over study, excess and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible.

PILE TUMORS,

Piles, Fistula in Ano, and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel. I never fail to cure Pile Tumors, however large, as well as the most complicated forms of Fistula in Ano.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is an established fact that nine-tenths of all pains, afflictions and deformities are primarily caused by diseased conditions of the Liver. Therefore take warning in time and place yourself at once under skillful treatment and save yourself from a life of suffering.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

Diseases incident to women cured speedily and without cautery or the usual painful treatment.

LOSS OF VITALITY.

Many young and middle aged men through youthful indiscretions or disease, are suffering with loss of manhood or invitality. To all suffering as above you can be assured of a speedy and permanent cure by calling or addressing.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

If you are suffering with Kidney Disease, Diabetes or Chronic Disease of the urinary organs, call and be examined, you can be cured in the first stages.

DYSPEPSIA.

Every specie and type of Dyspepsia cured speedily and without fail. Call and be referred to the many cured.

Medicines sent with full directions by mail and express to all parts. Patients treated by correspondence. All Cancer cases must apply in person.

DR. LETROBE uses expensive medicines, many of which are expressly manufactured for special cases; also quantities of costly imported medicines for which he pays CASH, hence charges CASH for all medicines when DEDIVERED to patients.

In CANCER and EXTREME CASES special rates will be given after examination, and in accordance to the ability of the patients, or present means to pay.

DR. LETROBE

Performs all Surgery upon the EYE and EAR, and restores Sight and Hearing to the most hopeless Cases.

☞ French Imported Medicines used in all private cases.

☞ Consultation and Examination FREE at office.

Call on or address

DR. V. L. LETROBE,
Medical and Surgical Rooms at
CODDINGTON'S HOTEL,
OAKLAND, MD.

☞ DO NOT DELAY. Call at once while your case is curable. ☜

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Henry A. Rasche, Assignee, vs. Alpha Hinebaugh, and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, in Equity.

ORDERED, This Fifteenth day of September, 1885, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale of the land of Alpha Hinebaugh and wife and John Hinebaugh and wife, mentioned and described in these proceedings made and reported by Henry A. Rasche, assignee of Matthew Cullen, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of October next.
The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.
True copy—Test:
9 26 3t. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents, can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

Desiring to quit business, for the next thirty days we will offer our entire stock of

Groceries,
Notions, &c.,

AT COST

HARNE & LAWTON'S
GROCERY.
Under "Republican" Office, Oakland.

FOR SALE,
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:
"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.
"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.
A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.
Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:
Lots Nos. 403 and 402, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.
Lot No. 1014, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.
Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.
Lot No. 396, West of Garrett Moon's.
Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.
Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.
Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.
Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

POSTPONED.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from John Hinebaugh, Fannie B. Hinebaugh and Alpha Hinebaugh, to Melville E. Howe, bearing date the 6th day of April, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 16, folio 271, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was for value received, assigned by the said Melville E. Howe to David S. Andrews, I will on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1885.

at 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises, where said Hinebaugh's saw mill is now located, near Mountain Lake Park station, on the B. & O. Railroad, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one

STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL AND FIXTURES

complete, it being the property described in said mortgage. This mill is in good condition and is doing good work. A rare chance for a bargain.

FRED. A. THAYER,
10 3 2t Attorney for Mortgagee.

WANTED, IN OAKLAND, MD.,

an energetic business woman to solicit and take orders for The Madame Griswold Patent Skirt-Supporting Corsets. These corsets have been extensively advertised and sold by lady canvassers the past ten years, which, with their superiority, has created a large demand for them thr. ughout the United States, and any lady who will give her time and energy to canvassing for them can soon build up a permanent and profitable business. They are not sold by merchants, and we give exclusive territory, thereby giving the agent entire control of these superior corsets in the territory assigned her. We have a large number of agents who are making a grand success selling these goods, and we desire such in every town. Address, MME. GRISWOLD & Co., 923 Broadway, New York. 10 3 4t.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass or allow their stock to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned near Swanton, Md. Violations will be prosecuted.

T. WILT.

ORDER NISI.

Jonas E. Gnagey and others, vs. Mary Otto, et. al. } No. 326 Equity

IT IS ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, this 29th day of September, 1885, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in the second report of Jonas E. Gnagey, trustee, in the above cause, and made to Elizabeth Swager, be ratified and confirmed, pr ovided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of October next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $2600.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.
True copy—Test:
10 3 3t. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

PATENTS!

A. A. THOMAS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Expert in all branches of Patent business including Interferences and Rejected Cases. Information and advice sent free on appitcation.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—500 brilliant books, at Lakin's.

—Jasper Frazee has resigned as postmaster at Selbysport.

—Oranges, lemons and bananas, at Lakin's.

—Ladies' and children's wraps at Garthright's—very cheap. 10 3 4t

—The Glades Hotel is receiving a new coat of paint under the supervision of Mr. E. J. Fringer.

—Geo. F. Wass has been appointed postmaster at Mineral Springs, *vice* J. H. Strawn, resigned.

—Poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe, Scott, Milton, Dante, Dryden, &c., at Lakin's.

—Auction at Harne & Lawton's Saturday night, Oct. 10th, 1885, at 7½ o'clock.

—Books for young and old, at Lakin's.

—Mr. Henry Meyers, residing near Oakland, raised this season some of the finest apples we have seen in this market.

—All persons knowing themselves indebted to W. D. Nydegger are hereby notified to call and settle on or before Nov. 1st, 1885. 10 3 td.

—Dr. Glotfelty, Republican candidate for State Senator, and Messrs. Hinebaugh and Laughlin, Democratic candidates for the House of Delegates were in town this week.

—Choice books for birthday presents, at Lakin's.

—In the September and October Registrations in Oakland district there were newly registered 58, stricken from the list 45, making a net gain of 13.

—John W. Bosley, of Oakland, who has been afflicted with rheumatism for several months, was last week taken to the Garfield Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

—Aarrivals at Edwards cottage: Bishop O'Sullivan, Mobile, Alabama; Dr. McAlla and family, Washington, D. C.; Miss Mary Robertson, Fauqueer county, Virginia; Mrs Mary McNally, Wheeling, W. Va.

—Mr. Daniel Gnagey, of district No. 8, this county, raised this season from one pound of seed potatoes, of the "Empire State" variety, 120 pounds or two bushels. Six of the potatoes weighed seven pounds.

—Cash paid for chestnuts, at Lakin's.

—Quarterly Meetings, M. E. church will be held at the places and on the dates following: Cranesville, Oct. 10th and 11th; Albrightsville, Oct. 17th and 18th; Grantsville, Oct. 24th and 25th; Brandonville, Oct. 31st; Selbysport, Nov. 21st.

—Rev. M. W. Rider, who has acceptably filled the M. E. pulpit here for the past two years, goes to Guyandotte Circuit, as Presiding Elder. Rev. Rider has performed a good here, and will, no doubt, be followed to his new field of labor by the prayers of this congregation.

—Died, at the residence of Jas. W. White, in Oakland, Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1885, Mrs. Susan Taggart, in the 81st year of her age. Deceased had been making her home with the family of her now deceased brother, John G. Rinehart, for a number of years, and at the time of her death was visiting at Mr. White's, where she took suddenly ill and died in less than two hours.

—Mr. P. T. Garthright, at his store at Mountain Lake Park, has now on hand a very large stock of Clothing for men, boys and children, which he will sell within the next ninety days at a small advance on cost. Also boots and shoes, stocking yarns and many other lines of goods. Call and examine goods and prices.

Aug. 22, 13t.

—An impressive ceremony will take place in the Garrett Memorial church next Wednesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, the 14th inst. The Rev. John S. Foulk, who has been preaching there for six months, will then and there be installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church by a committee appointed at the fall meeting of the Presbytery of Winchester, in Gerardstown, West Va. Rev. F. M. Woods, of Martinsburg, W. Va., will preside, preach the sermon, and propose the constitutional questions, Rev. M. W. Woodworth, of Burlington, W. Va., will deliver the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Geo. W. Finley, of Romney, W. Va., the charge to the people. The first pastoral relation will thus be constituted with the Presbyterian church of Oakland.

—FOR SALE.—A horse and cow—should be sold before next Tuesday. Call on Theo. F. Combs.

—I purchased a White Bronze Monument from Mrs. Mary Tasker for my husband, and must say I much prefer it to marble or any other material for tombstones. It is very beautiful and every one who sees it admires it greatly.

ELIZABETH STAHL,
Oakland, Md.

Oct. 5th, 1885.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Dr. Letrobe.

Persons afflicted with Cancer or any painful and dangerous chronic diseases, should read carefully Dr. Letrobe's advertisement in another column of this paper. Dr. Letrobe's success in the treatment and cure of lingering and fatal diseases is truly remarkable and his cure of cancer is most miraculous. He guarantees to perform all he advertises, and just as he advertises to do, and will, for the first 10 days, make no charges until cured, except for medicine. The Doctor will remain here for 30 days. If you have Cancer or any chronic disease call at once and be cured while your case is in a curable stage, as delays are dangerous.

Dr. Letrobe's office is at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md.

Conference Appointments.

Following are the appointments for Oakland district, made by the W. Va., Conference of the M. E. Church, for the ensuing conference year:

P. E., C. H. Lakin.
Albrightsville—D. H. Friend.
Brandonville—L. W. Roberts.
Cranesville—D. B. Orr.
Deer Park—J. W. Bedford.
Evansville—N. L. Baumgardner.
Grantsville—S. P. Archer.
Newberg—B. B. Evans.
Oakland—J. Engle.
Pleasant Grove—J. B. Kurtz.
Randolph Mission—Hanson Ward.
Rowlesburg—A. D. Perry.
Selbysport and Johnstown—A. S. Arnett.
St. George and Aurora—W. P. Weekley.
Hamilton—W. Burton.

Accident.

Rain.

The next in order—snow.

Dr. Wm. K. Butler, of Washington, D. C., is visiting Dr. Glotfelty. Dr. Butler is a practicing physician in Washington, and comes to the mountains for recuperation.

A very distressing accident occured last week near here. A little child nine months old was accidently shot and instantly killed by his brother only nine years old. The rifle had no cap on and was not known to be loaded. G. D. caps had been used and enough composition remained to ignite the powder no doubt.

Mrs. George Dietrick aged 63 died and was buried in the English grave yard last week. Mrs. Dietrick was formerly the wife of Simeon Knox, and was a daughter of Willian Wiland.

Mrs. John Frantz, well known in this community, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Adrian Glotfelty, above Oakland, and was buried at Bear Creek, on Sabbath, 4th inst.

Mr. Abraham Turney hus brought to our office several large turnips one of which weighed six pounds.

Mr. Henry Feik has on exhibition at J. E. Gnagey's a pumpkin weighing 41 pounds. Mr. Feik also has raised the largest potatoes we have ever seen. One potato of the White Star variety weighed 1 pound and 6 ounces, being large, white and smooth. His Chili's are immense.

Mr. Feik raised his potatoes, 75 bushels, from ½ acre on sod land, manured on the sod and top dressed with lime. The harrow was run over the potatoes when coming out of the ground and again when about six inches high.

There are many ways of doing good *silently*, and we are teaching all the time, perhaps unconsciously for good or evil. Don't let us forget this fact.

Mr. John Beechy this year raised on Rev. Josiah Beeghley's farm, 750 shocks of corn, which at a low estimate will make twelve hundred bushels of corn in the ear.

E. H. G.

Prohibition in Allegany.

Twenty-three delegates in pursuance of a call from the State Central Committee of Prohibitionists of Allegany county, met at Good Templars' Hall, in Cumberland Saturday last to nominate a ticket for county officers and the legislature. The convention was called to order by O. H. Bruce, in the absence of Capt. H. H. Hartsock, chairman of the committee. Roland Dayton, of Rawling's, was selected as chairman, and James Hitechew, of Cumberland, secretary.

The following ticket was selected:

For Sheriff—Capt. H. H. Hartsock, of Cumberland.

For House of Delegates—Elisha C. Kerns, of Westernport; Alexander M. Adams and J. H. J. House, of Cumberland, and Charles Conner, of Frostburg.

For County Commissioners—Geo. W. Spangler, of Westernport; Josiah Eyler, of Oldtown; Rev. Isaac Thomas and Charles Weiskettle, of Cumberland, and James Banatyne, of Frostburg.

For Clerk of the Circuit Court—W. L. Morgan, of Cumberland.

O. H. Bruce was nominated for senator, but most emphatically declined.

The executive committee was then chosen as fellows: A. M. Adams, O. H. Bruce, Lincoln Porter, John Wilson and J. M. Hitechew, who were instructed to nominate a candidate for the Senate.

The Secretary of the Allegany County Temperance Alliance, who mailed to the legislative candidates on the Republican and Democratic tickets certain questions asking whether, if elected, they will vote for local option and prohibition legislation, has as yet received no reply from any of the candidates, several of whom, it is said, intend to take no notice of the circular, but to treat it with silent contempt.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of September:

John J. Ringer and wife to George D. Frantz, 2 acres, 3 roods and 22 perches of land; $28.87.

Geo. M. L. Serpell to J. R. Serpell, part of "William and Mary," one piece containing 10 acres and 80 ps. and a piece containing 5 acres and 148 ps., being part of military lots Nos. 1381 and 1374; $350.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Amos Broadwater, Sr., 13 acres and 90 ps. of a tract called "Cheviot Dale;" $82.

Richard Glover to Margaret Glover 25 acres of military lot No. 2977, and about 2 or 3 acres of lot No. 2979, and being part of a tract of "The Rose has Bloomed; $60.

L. M. Albright and wife to Wm. Ryland, 80 ps. of military lot No. 3282; $500.

Thos. W. Ashby and wife to Hannah E. Shaffer, 30 acres of a tract of land called "Maryland;" $50.

Edward L. Dorsey to Jesse H. Dorsey, his interest in lot No. 4, in "Brant's Addition to town of Oakland;" $100.

Jesse H. Dorsey, et al to Samuel W. Smith, lot No. 4, in "Brant's Addition to Oakland; $206.

Joseph Green and others to Aaron Trent, part of lots Nos. 3 and 4 of the subdivisions of Johnsons part of addition to "Eden's Paradise Regained;" $325.

John F. Robeson and wife to John Wilhelm, part of a tract called "Pathway," containing 7¼ acres; $47.25.

Ezra Savage and wife to L. Deterick, 5 acres of a tract called "Utica;" $25.

Ezra Savage and wife to Taylor Friend, 7 acres and 140 ps of land; $39.37.

Samuel M. Fike and wife to Wm. M. Fike, one acre of military lot No. 2998; $6.

Joseph P. Lewis and wife to Israel M. Frankhouser, 5 acres of land; $1 and other considerations.

Israel M. Frankhouser to Joseph P. Lewis, 5 acres of a tract of land called "Tudor;" $1 and other considerations.

Elizabeth Miller to Samuel J. Miller and others, her dower interest in a tract called "Hard Struggle," Mellinger house and 10 acres, and 2 other lots in Grantsville; $5.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Chas. T. West, part of a tract called "Latent Worth," containing 62 acres and 38 ps., and one piece of same tract containing ¼ acre; $350.

SELBYSPORT, MD, Oct. 7th, 1885.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—It has been circulated through the District that I am to be appointed to an office if W. W. Frazee is elected commissioner, simply because I have been working for his election; but not more for his than the whole ticket. Now, as a favor, I will ask you to say to those parties through the REPUBLICAN, that I do not ask any office in the gift of the commissioners, and further, that I never mentioned such a thing to Mr. Frazee, knowing him to be a man that makes no such promises. You will very much oblige me if you will do as above requested.

Yours, &c.,
ED. J. STUCK.

New Store, New Goods, New Terms, New Prices!

John Shartzer has just returned from the east with a full line of dry-goods, notions, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, &c., which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

National Road Recollections.

MR. EDITOR:—It has always been a maxim with me that every capable person owes something to history, and should make his contribution in due season. Historic germs or material precedes history itself, just as the seed does its product, and they should be utilized while yet serviceable and attainable. The octogenarian with his store of practical knowledge of facts dies, and the whole is lost to usefulness—a loss often greater than if the whole edition of some of our modern books were given to the flames. So we have from time to time in a feeble manner been endeavoring to discharge this obligation on our part by rescuing and recording yet living facts for the coming historian.

Considerable has already been written and published in regard to the Old National Road, but there is a feature of it that yet remains untouched; the hotel, or public inns, legally known as Ordinaries. The subject of this article will be the hotels and their proprietors in by-gone times in Garrett county.

In the flush times of this now deceased thoroughfare, there was upon an average about one of these useful institutions to each mile. They were in most cases, especially in early times, plain buildings of logs or frame work, with annexes from time to time as circumstances would authorize; however, there were some brick and stone edifices among them, notibly at Grantsville and Little Meadows. In busy seasons even these numerous Inns were insufficient to comfortably accommodate the immense "travel" on the road. Many a way-farer had to submit to pretty hard lodging; but always plenty to eat. The chambers in these buildings were neither large or numerous, with but little furnishing, always a good clean bed, however, sometimes with posts or spars mounting to the ceiling, with covering to suit temperature though it should be largely below zero, as very often it was. The table (not a lot of little desks as now dot the modern dining room) usually extended from one end of the room to the other, mostly loaded with good wholesome, well cooked edibles, fit for statesman or Prince. All the edibles were placed upon the table, which was generally so crowded as to not leave room enough for a napkin, but there were none in those days. The guests were summoned to their meals by the ring of a bell which would electrify all concerned, and who would respond in a manner according to their breeding and education. The hotels, especially the stage houses, furnished most excellent meals. Mountain provisions were plenty, cheap, and the very best. The mutton cannot be equaled by any other climate, and in those days venison and other game meat, such as wild turkey, pheasant, &c., were abundant, and easily obtained, with brook trout at about the price of beefsteak; just think of such an array of luxuries before promiscuous travelers, but of course this was not the general rule.

In the front part of the hotel was always found the *bar-room*, which formed a lobby for the guests and the public generally. Here in a corner was the bar itself, not for lawyers *especially*, but for the thirsty generally The bottles were numerous and sometimes grotesque in shape, but the varieties of the liquors not so manifold—the taste generally much the same. One remarkably candid proproietor had a habit of asking the applicant what his beverage would be, but always answered his own question by saying he had nothing but whiskey. Sometimes a little cheap brandy and gin would be found in a secret part of the lock-up. Once a prominent U. S. officer who had seen service in the Florida war called for brandy, which happened to be on hand. It was pronounced to be good by the partaker; the quiet old landlord replied yes, it ought, for it cost 75 cents per gallon. Common whiskey cost from 18 to 25 cents per gallon, and was doled out at 3 and 5 cents per drink. It was mostly made of corn, and generally hard stuff, and had many hard names, such as rot-gut, Perry grove, &c. It was drunk freely and almost by everybody, and strange to say, its effects were not so pernicious as now from liquor ten times as costly. None of these inkeepers were or could be tetotlers (one, however, was in the habit of declaring he had not taken a drink for 40 years, but really sometimes not so many minutes.) They had to treat and be treated, and were a generous set of fellows. Handled a great deal of money, but as a rule did not get rich.

The landlady, as the proprietors wife was styled, if clever in her ways, was an important and helpful factor about the establishment. She certainly could do much to cause the stranger to feel he had a temporary home when away from his own. But some of them were as robust in manner as their spouses, the garb had to be appealed to show the real authority.

The hotel business, like all others, had its grades and specialities. Those who were fortunate enough to secure the patronage of the great stage lines were the upper crust, and did not care for other custom except the more genteel kind. Then there were the wagon stands pretty much monopolized by the men who drove the great Connestoga wagons with their six powerful horses. As a class they were pretty rough, some very much so. Some were well to-do farmers; a good deal more civil at home than abroad. Most of them terribly profane and boisterous, and could almost annihilate each other with threats and gesticulations. Old Wilse Clemmet and Henry Poffenberger, when in good condition were better than Barnums sideshow, if not the show itself. The wagoners who made a trip or two during the season, and there were many such, were called "Sharp shooters;" shysesters, as lawyers of ill repute are called, and how they were hated and dispised by the regulars. The contempt of a regular army officer for a volunteer is not a just comparison. They always carried their own beds in a roll like a bundle of carpet. The bar-room floor was their sleeping place, which was often packed with them like cobble stones in a street, and woe to the person who happened to invade their lair. Then there were the droyers' taverns, preempted by the cowboys and pigpelters, who were generally noisy and loud-mouthed, but manageable as they were in the most boys. Hotel rates were moderate, and by no means uniform. Stage passengers, who always received the best, were invariably charged 50 cents per meal. The morning receipts of some of these hotels would be quite large in a currency that would shock business people now. Spanish-Mexican dollars, quarters, *levies* and *fips* by the fist full. The paper money hardly deserved the name—really a majority of it was rank counterfeit, broken banks, or under par notes. Counterfeit notes were passed by these innocent receivers until they became the acquaintance of everybody, then somebody would be the loser.

The travel and traffic on the National Road was immense up to about 1850, when they were diverted by a railroad on either side and the consumption of grain, provender and food products also large, consequently an excellent market at all times for the producers of these commodities, who were prosperous, industrious and contented. There were never a happier people than those who lived on and along this road. But a wail went up when the cruel railroad innovation came. Ruin and starvation were in plain view of inexperienced and narrow minds. The engineers who were scouting on either flank for locations for the two great trans-Allegany trunk roads, were hated as savages with "paint and knife," and lo, the change came in due time, and without harm, but general good. True, we sometimes sigh for a return of those "good old times," but really would we exchange what we enjoy for those extincts, though they are scented with precious recollections of a happy past.

The next communication will be devoted to particular hotels, and individual proprietors.

REMINISCENCE.

Grantsville, Md., Oct 5, 1885.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of September:

Jehu Paugh and Clarissa R. Demmitt.
John C. Hunter and Golda C. Wilt.
James F. Broadwater and Arminta Stanton.
Christian P. Miller, and Lulia A. Bittinger.
Wm. H. Newman and Lizzie A. Mason.
Christopher S. Funk and Maggie M. White.
Benj. F. Michaels and Ella E. Michael.
C. H. White and Carrie C. Chaney.
John B. Cormany and Jane S. Elsey.
W. G. Gregg and Amanda Davis.
James W. Uphold and Mary E. Turney.
John F. Satke and Mary E. Groves.
Pliny D. Foreman and Viola Kelly
David Albright and Isouri Frankhouser.
Jesse L. Jones and Mary L. Howard.
Elmore M. Tice and Mary E. McRobie.
John W. Orr and Ann Anderson.

Davis, W. Va.

A party of B. & O. photographers arrived here Friday for the purpose of taking views of the Blackwater Falls, the old Dobbin house, Point Lookout and other places of note.

Workmen are now engaged cleaning off ground for the erection of a hotel for the accommedation of city guests and sportsmen. It will be finished early next spring.

Snow, rain and hail fell here Sunday, the 4th, and Tuesday, the 6th insts.

F. S. Landstreet has been appointed postmaster at this place.

Eight car loads of cattle were shipped from this place Saturday.

It is not definitely settled whether the Messrs. Ladeau will locate their tannery here or not. The prospect is fair. The firm employs about two hundred men.

Mrs. Jos. Shillingberg is erecting a store house here.

The J. L. Rembarger Lumbering Company will have their dam completed shortly. They are also getting ready to put in a large saw mill early next spring.

Hon. S. B. Elkins and Col. T. B. Davis arrived here Saturday night in a special train, and remained until Saturday evening.

Mr. M. E. Howe will soon have saw mills in operation at Thomas, Fairfax and Hamilton.

Several deer have been killed here lately.

Mr. and Mrs. McCandlish, of Piedmont, were guests here Saturday and Sunday.

Mountain Lake Park.

I am glad to state that our Depot will be kept open all winter, and that Mr. A. R. Sperry is our agent. He will keep the postoffice in the Depot also.

Mr. D. C. List has just had his large cottage handsomely painted.

The probabilities are that we will have a public school here this winter.

There was a full board of Directors here to-day (Tuesday).

J. A. E.

A Severe Winter Predicted.

Persons who base their weather predictions on signs terrestrial rather than celestial, are unanimous in the opinion that we are to have a severe winter. All who have been close observers of weather signs for a number of years, find them more reliable than any other kind of meteorological prognostications. Three signs have been observed thus far this season by the weather-wise which convince them that the winter will be both early and cold. The first is the extreme thickness of the coverings of hulls of hickorynuts, walnuts, etc. This is an old sign well known to the country people, and seldom fails. The next is the unusual thickness of the corn husks. This has been remarked by many in all parts of the country. Whenever this is the case, unusually cold weather is almost a certainty. The husks are thicker this year than 1857 and 1858, when the winter was exceptionally cold. The third sign noticed is the early departure of the black birds for Southern latitudes. Three weeks ago they were very plentiful in the woods and fields, but now they are all gone. People who have observed the movements of these birds know they are prone to linger among us as long as there is a prospect for good weather, generally taking their leave late in September or early in October. Their fight at least a month earlier than usual is unexplainable, except upon an early winter.

Magistrate's Jurisdiction.

FREDERICK, MD., Sept. 28.—The decision of the court rendered on Saturday in the case of Magistrate Tyler vs. the County Commissioners settles some very important points. Among the items of the bill which he sued to recover were charges for sitting in the cases of vagrancy. The court sustained the refusal of the commissioners to pay the charges. According to the decssion, justices of the peace are entitled to recover fees for ministerial services such as issuing writs and making out commitments provided for under the code, but that vagrancy is an offence over which they have no jurisdiction and cannot accordingly collect for sitting in such cases.

Figures are wonderful things. Here is a sample of what can be done with them: By placing one grain of corn on the first square of a chess board, doubling the number of grains for each succeeding square, the quantity of corn required for the whole board of sixty-four squares would fill 1,844, 375 barns, each holding 1,000,000 bushels of 100,000 grains each. If the United States grows 1,800,000,000 bushels each year, it would require a little over 550 years to make enough.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!
A 152 ACRE FARM.

The undersigned offers for sale a small farm, on the waters of Lead Mine Run, Tucker county, W. Va. This property is known as the "Hershiln Place," and adjoins lands of the widow Schrader and others. There are 152 acres in the tract, about 50 of which are cleared, the balance is well timbered.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

G. P. KING,
9 26 3t Austen Mines, W. Va.

FOR RENT!

50 acres desirable land, fenced; easily cultivated, on Pond Run, 2½ miles Northeast of Deer Park, between the farms of Ramsey Browning and L. A. Stemple.

Apply to

EDWARD A. OSSE.
37 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
July 22d, 1885.—6t.